

UNDINE

A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS TRACY.

This translation of the beautiful romance of *UNDINE*, one of the most exquisite productions of the "magic" pen of La Motte Fouqué, is the work of an American Clergyman. We believe that it will be found, both in accuracy and elegance, a worthy transcript of the original, and at least not inferior to the version of Mr. George Swayne, through which this charming "Vision of Beauty" has hitherto been known to the English reader. As the production of one of our Transatlantic brethren, and a gratifying evidence of the just value they ascribe to elegant literature, with the neglect of which they have sometimes been charged, we have felt pleasure in adding this translation to the *STANDARD LIBRARY*: for remarks on the work itself we must refer to the Translator's preface.

P R E F A C E.

This translation of *Undine* is from the fourth impression of the original, that of Berlin, 1826. It was made in the winter of 1835, and has since received such revision and improvement as the kindness of literary friends, as well as my own wish to do as little injustice to the tale as I could, has enabled me to give it.

Undine is a beautifully imaginative tale, a masterpiece in this department of German literature. With a very antique simplicity it combines the most picturesque wildness, unbroken interest, excellent principles, a peculiar vein of pleasantry, and even what we seldom look for in works of this kind, touches of genuine pathos. We are esteemed, and I presume justly, a less imaginative race than the people of Germany, still the spirit of truth and tenderness is nowhere wholly extinct.

I am gratified to perceive that some of the most popular writers of the day make mention of this fiction of Fouqué. But the most accurate appreciation I have seen of it, I find among those golden fragments of the richest of minds, the *Specimens of the Table Talk* of S. T. Coleridge. This is the passage to which I allude:—"Undine is a most excellent work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character, before she receives a soul, is marvellously beautiful."

The author, to whom we are so much indebted for these *Specimens* and other *Literary Remains*, and to whom we hope to be still more indebted, observes in a note:—"Mr. Coleridge's admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He said there was something in *Undine* even beyond Scott,—that Scott's best characters and conceptions were *composed*, by which I understood him to mean that Baillie Nicol Jarvie, for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author's power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to be the conflux of the spoils of a city. But *Undine*, he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea."

This character being formed according to the principles of Rosicrucian philosophy, it has been suggested to me, that, "to enable the reader to understand and appreciate her story," I ought to prefix a sketch of that system to my translation, and I once thought of profiting by the suggestion. On reflection, however, I cannot but view the work as complete in itself. Whatever seems requisite, even for readers least conversant with such lore, Fouqué has contrived to incorporate, and I think very skilfully too, with the texture of his fable. See the developments of the eighth chapter. Everybody enjoys the delightful marvels of the *Arabian Nights*, marvels that have almost become numbered among the common-places of our experience; even children understand the machinery of genii, magicians, talismans, rings, lamps, and enchanted horses.

To this fourth edition, and it may be to an earlier, the author attached the following airy and graceful "dedication:"

" Vision of beauty, dear Undine,
Since, led by storied light,
I found you, mystic sprite.
How soothing to my heart your voice has been !

" You press beside me, angel mild,
Soft-breathing all your woes,
And winning brief repose,—
A wayward, tender, timid child.

" Still my guitar has caught the tone,
And from its gate of gold
Your whispered sorrows rolled,
Till through the world their sound has flown.

" And if toward me one dart a glance,
Say: 'It's a loyal knight,
'Who serves you, ladies bright,—
Guitar and sword,—at tourney, feast, and dance.' "

" And many hearts your sweetness love,
Though strange your freaks and state,
And, while I sing your fate,
The wild and wondrous tale approve.

" Now would they warmly, one and all,
Your fortunes trace anew:
Then, sweet ! your way pursue,
And, fearless, enter bower and hall.

" Greet noble knights with homage due;
But greet, all-trusting there,
The lovely German fair;
' Welcome,' they cry, ' the maiden true !'

The reader will allow me to say, in closing this advertisement, that, supported as well by my own feeling as by the judgment of Coleridge, I view Undine not only as a work of art, but as something far superior, an exquisite creation of genius. If I have failed to do justice to her peculiar traits, in thus introducing her to him in the costume of our language, it is not owing to want of admiration or of studiously endeavouring to be faithful to my trust; and, aware of the difficulty of presenting her the "vision of beauty" that Fouqué "found" her, he will forgive the fond impulse of my ambition. What welcome she may receive among us, it remains for the noble knights and lovely ladies of our country to show. She does not come as a stranger; she has already been once greeted with favour; and to all lovers of the imaginative,—to every "simple, affectionate, and wonder-loving heart,"—her fortunes are again committed

UNDINE.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE on a beautiful evening, it may now be many hundred years ago, there was a worthy old fisherman who sat before his door mending his nets.

Now the corner of the world where he dwelt, was exceedingly picturesque. The green turf on which he had built his cottage, ran far out into a great lake; and this slip of verdure appeared to stretch into it as much through love of its clear waters, blue and bright, as the lake moved by a like impulse, strove to fold the meadow, with its waving grass and flowers, and the cooling shade of the trees, in its embrace of love. They seemed to be drawn toward each other, and the one to be visiting the other as a guest.

With respect to human beings, indeed, in this pleasant spot, after excepting the fisherman and his family, there were few or rather none to be met with. For in the back-ground of the scene, toward the west and north-west, lay a forest of extraordinary wildness, which, owing to its sunless gloom and almost impassable recesses, as well as to fear of the strange creatures and visionary illusions to be encountered in it, most people avoided entering, unless in cases of extreme necessity. The pious old fisherman, however, many times passed through it without harm, when he carried the fine fish, which he caught by his beautiful strip of land, to a great city lying only a short distance beyond the extensive forest.

Now the reason he was able to go through this wood with so much ease, may have been chiefly this, because he entertained scarcely any thoughts but such as were of a religious nature; and besides, every time he crossed the evil-reported shades, he used to sing some holy song with a clear voice and from a sincere heart.

Well, while he sat by his nets this evening, neither fearing nor devising evil, a sudden terror seized him, as he heard a rushing in the darkness of the wood, that resembled the trampling of a mounted steed, and the noise continued every instant drawing nearer and nearer to his little territory.

What he had fancied, when abroad in many a stormy night, respecting the mysteries of the forest, now flashed through his mind in a moment; espe-

cially the figure of a man of gigantic stature and snowy white appearance, who kept nodding his head in a portentous manner. Yes, when he raised his eyes toward the wood, the form came before him in perfect distinctness, as he saw the nodding man burst forth from the mazy web-work of leaves and branches. But he immediately felt emboldened, when he reflected that nothing to give him alarm had ever befallen him even in the forest; and moreover, that on this open neck of land the evil spirit, it was likely, would be still less daring in the exercise of his power. At the same time, he prayed aloud with the most earnest sincerity of devotion, making use of a passage of the Bible. This inspired him with fresh courage; and soon perceiving the illusion, the strange mistake into which his imagination had betrayed him, he could with difficulty refrain from laughing. The white, nodding figure he had seen, became transformed, in the twinkling of an eye, to what in reality it was, a small brook, long and familiarly known to him, which ran foaming from the forest, and discharged itself into the lake.

But what had caused the startling sound, was a knight arrayed in sumptuous apparel, who beneath the shadow of the trees came riding toward the cottage. His doublet was of violet blue embroidered with gold, and his scarlet cloak hung gracefully over it: on his cap of burnished gold waved red and violet-coloured plumes, and in his golden shoulder-belt flashed a sword, richly ornamented and extremely beautiful. The white barb that bore the knight, was more slenderly built than battle-horses usually are; and he touched the turf with a step so light and elastic, that the green and flower-woven carpet seemed hardly to receive the slightest break from his tread. The old fisherman, notwithstanding, did not feel perfectly secure in his mind, although he was forced to believe, that no evil could be feared from an appearance so prepossessing; and therefore, as good manners dictated, he took off his hat on the knight's coming near, and quietly remained by the side of his nets.

When the stranger stopped, and asked whether he with his horse could have shelter and entertainment there for the night, the fisherman re-

turned answer: "As to your horse, fair sir, I have no better stable for him than this shady meadow, and no better provender than the grass that is growing here. But with respect to yourself, you shall be welcome to our humble cottage,—to the best supper and lodging we are able to give you."

The knight was well contented with this reception; and alighting from his horse, which his host assisted him to relieve from saddle and bridle, he let him hasten away to the fresh feeding-ground, and thus spoke: "Even had I found you less hospitable and kindly disposed, my worthy old friend, you would still, I suspect, hardly have got rid of me to-day; for here, I perceive, a broad lake lies before us, and as to riding back into that wood of wonders, with the shades of evening deepening around me, may Heaven in its grace preserve me from the thought."

"Pray, not a word of the wood, or of returning into it!" said the fisherman, and took his guest into the cottage.

There, beside the hearth, from which a fragrant fire was diffusing its light through the clean dusky room, sat the fisherman's aged wife in a great chair. At the entrance of their noble guest, she rose and gave him a courteous welcome, but sat down again in her seat of honour, not making the slightest offer of it to the stranger. Upon this the fisherman said with a smile:

"You must not be offended with her, young gentleman, because she has not given up to you the best chair in the house; it is a custom among poor people to look upon this as the privilege of the aged."

"Why, husband!" cried the old lady with a quiet smile, "where can your wits be wandering! Our guest, to say the least of him, must belong to a Christian country, and how is it possible then, that so well-bred a young man, as he appears to be, could dream of driving old people from their chairs? Take a seat, my young master," continued she, turning to the knight; "there is still quite a snug little chair across the room there, only be careful not to shove it about too roughly, for one of its legs, I fear, is none of the firmest."

The knight brought up the seat as carefully as she could desire, sat down upon it with gentlemanly good-humour, and it seemed to him for a moment, that he must be somehow related to this little household, and have just returned home from abroad.

These three worthy people now began to converse in the most friendly and familiar manner. In relation to the forest, indeed, concerning which the knight occasionally made some inquiries, the old man chose to know and say but little; at any rate he was of opinion, that slightly touching upon it, at this hour of twilight, was most suitable and safe; but of the cares and comforts of their home and their business abroad, the aged couple spoke more freely, and listened also with eager curiosity, as the knight recounted to them his travels, and how he had a castle near one of the sources of the Danube, and that his name was Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten.

Already had the stranger, while they were in the midst of their talk, been aware at times of a splash against the little low window, as if some one were dashing water against it. The old man, every

time he heard the noise, knit his brows with vexation; but at last, when the whole sweep of a shower came pouring like a torrent against the panes, and bubbling through the decayed frame into the room, he started up indignant, rushed to the window, and cried with a threatening voice:

"Undine! will you never leave off these fooleries! not even to-day, when we have a stranger-lord with us in the cottage!"

All without now became still, only a low titter was just perceptible, and the fisherman said, as he came back to his seat: "You will have the goodness, my honoured guest, to pardon this freak, and it may be a multitude more, but she has no feeling of evil or anything improper. This mischievous Undine, to confess the truth, is our adopted daughter, and she stoutly refuses to give over this frolicsome childishness of hers, although she has already entered her eighteenth year. But in spite of this, as I said before, she is at heart one of the very best children in the world."

"You may say so," broke in the old lady, shaking her head,—“you can give a better account of her than I can. When you return home from fishing, or from selling your fish in the city, you may think her frolics very delightful. But to have her figuring about you the whole day long, and never, from morning to night, to hear her speak one word of sense; and then, as she grows older, instead of having any help from her in the family, to find her a continual cause of anxiety, lest her wild humours should completely ruin us,—that is quite a different affair, and enough at last to weary out the patience even of a saint."

"Well, well," replied the master of the house with a smile, "you have your trials with Undine, and I have mine with the lake. The lake often beats down my dams, and breaks the meshes of my nets, but for all that I have a strong affection for it; and so have you, in spite of your mighty crosses and vexations, for our graceful little child. Is it not true?"

"One cannot be very angry with her," answered the old lady, as she gave her husband an approving smile.

That instant the door flew open, and a girl of slender form, almost a very miniature of woman, her hair flaxen and her complexion fair, in one word a blonde-like miracle of beauty, slipped laughingly in, and said: "You have only been making a mock of me, father; for where now is the guest you mentioned?"

The same moment, however, she perceived the knight also, and continued standing before the comely young man in fixed astonishment. Huldbrand was charmed with her graceful figure, and viewed her lovely features with the more intense regard, as he imagined it was only her surprise that allowed him the opportunity, and that she would soon turn away from his gaze with double bashfulness. But the event was the very reverse of what he expected. For after now regarding him quite a long while, she became inspired with more confidence, moved nearer, knelt down before him, and, while she played with a gold medal, which he wore attached to a rich chain on his breast, exclaimed:

"Why, you beautiful, you friendly guest! how have you reached our poor cottage at last? Have

you've been obliged, for years and years, to wander about the world, before you could catch one glimpse of our nook! Do you come out of that wild forest, my lovely friend!"

The old woman was so prompt in her reproof, as to allow him no time to answer. She commanded the maiden to rise, show better manners, and go to her work. But Undine, without making any reply, drew a little footstool near Huldbrand's chair, sat down upon it with her netting, and said in a gentle tone:

"I will work here."

The old man did as parents are apt to do with children to whom they have been over-indulgent. He affected to observe nothing of Undine's strange behaviour, and was beginning to talk about some thing else. But this little girl did not permit him to do. She broke in upon him: "I have asked our kind guest, from whence he has come among us, and he has not yet answered me."

"I come out of the forest, you lovely little vision," Huldbrand returned, — and she spoke again:

"You must also tell me how you came to enter that forest, so feared and shunned, and the marvellous adventures you met with there; for there is no escaping, I guess, without something of this kind."

Huldbrand felt a slight shudder, on remembering what he had witnessed, and looked involuntarily toward the window, for it seemed to him, that one of the strange shapes, which had come upon him in the forest, must be there grinning on through the glass; but he discerned nothing except the deep darkness of night, which had now enveloped the whole prospect. Upon this, he became more collected, and was just on the point of beginning his account, when the old man thus interrupted him:

"Not so, sir knight; this is by no means a fit hour for such relations."

But Undine, in a state of high excitement, sprang up from her little cricket, braced her beautiful arms against her sides, and cried, placing herself directly before the fisherman: "He shall not tell his story, father! he shall not! But it is my will:—he shall!—he shall, stop him who may!"

Thus speaking, she stamped her little foot vehemently on the floor, but all with an air of such comic and good humoured simplicity, that Huldbrand now found it quite as hard to withdraw his gaze from her wild emotion, as he had before from her gentleness and beauty. The old man, on the contrary, burst out in unrestrained displeasure. He severely reproved Undine for her disobedience and her unbecoming carriage toward the stranger, and his good old wife joined him in harping on the same string.

By these rebukes Undine was only excited the more. "If you want to quarrel with me," she cried, "and will not let me hear what I so much desire, then sleep alone in your smoky old hut!" — And swift as an arrow she shot from the door, and vanished amid the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER II.

HULD BRAND and the fisherman sprang from their seats and were rushing to stop the angry girl; but before they could reach the cottage door, she had disappeared in the cloud-like obscurity without, and no sound, not so much even as that of her light footstep, betrayed the course she had taken. Huldbrand threw a glance of inquiry toward his host: it almost seemed to him, as if the whole of the sweet apparition, which had so suddenly plunged again amid the night, were no other than a continuation of the wonderful forms, that had just played their mad pranks with him in the forest; but the old man muttered between his teeth:

"This is not the first time she has treated us in this manner. Now must our hearts be filled with anxiety, and our eyes find no sleep, the whole night; for who can assure us, in spite of her past escapes, that she will not some time or other come to harm, if she thus continue out in the dark and alone until daylight?"

"Then pray, for God's sake, father, let us follow her," cried Huldbrand anxiously.

"Wherefore should we?" replied the old man; "It would be a sin, were I to suffer you, all alone, to search after the foolish girl amid the lonesomeness of night; and my old limbs would fail to carry me to this wild rover, even if I knew to what place she has betaken herself."

"Still we ought at least to call after her, and beg her to return," said Huldbrand, and he began to call in tones of earnest entreaty: "Undine! Undine! come back, come back!"

The old man shook his head, and said: "All your shouting, however loud and long, will be of no avail; you know not as yet, sir knight, what a self-willed thing the little wilding is." But still even hoping against hope, he could not himself cease calling out every minute, amid the gloom of night: "Undine! ah dear Undine! I beseech you, pray come back,—only this once."

It turned out, however, exactly as the fisherman had said. No Undine could they hear or see; and as the old man would on no account consent, that Huldbrand should go in quest of the fugitive, they were both obliged at last to return into the cottage. There they found the fire on the hearth almost gone out, and the mistress of the house, who took Undine's flight and danger far less to heart than her husband, had already gone to rest. The old man blew up the coals, put on kindling stuff and billets of wood, and by means of the renewed flame, hunted for a jug of wine, which he brought and set between himself and his guest.

"You, sir knight, as well as myself," said he, "are anxious on the silly girl's account, and it would be better I think to spend part of the night in chatting and drinking, than keep turning and turning on our rush-mats, and trying in vain to sleep. What is your opinion?"

Huldbrand was well pleased with the plan; the fisherman pressed him to take the empty seat of honour, its worthy occupant having now left it for her couch; and they relished the beverage and enjoyed their chat, as two such good men and true ever ought to do. To be sure, whenever the

lightest thing moved before the windows, or at times when even nothing was moving, one of them would look up and exclaim, "There she comes!"—Then would they continue silent a few moments, and afterward, when nothing appeared, would shake their heads, breathe out a sigh, and go on with their talk.

But since they were both so pre-occupied in their minds, as to find it next to impossible to dwell upon any subject separate from Undine, the best plan they could devise was, that the old fisherman should relate, and the knight should hear, in what manner Undine had come to the cottage. So the fisherman, giving an account of the circumstances, began as follows :

"It is now about fifteen years, since I one day crossed the wild forest with fish for the city market. My wife had remained at home as she was wont to do ; and at this time for a reason of more than common interest, for although we were beginning to feel the advances of age, God had bestowed upon us an infant of wonderful beauty. It was a little girl, and we already began to ask ourselves the question, whether we ought not, for the advantage of the new-comer, to quit our solitude, and, the better to bring up this precious gift of Heaven, to remove to some more inhabited place. Poor people, to be sure, cannot in these cases do all you may think they ought, Sir knight ; but still, gracious God ! every one must do as much for his children as he is able.

"Well, I went on my way, and this affair would keep running in my head : it put my mind into a perfect whirl. This tongue of land was most dear to me, and I shrunk from the thought of leaving it, when, amidst the bustle and broils of the city, I was obliged to reflect in this manner, by myself ; 'In a scene of tumult like this, or at least in one not much more quiet, I too must soon take up my abode.' But in spite of these feelings, I was far from murmuring against the kind providence of God ; on the contrary, when I received this new blessing, my heart breathed a prayer of thankfulness too deep for words to express. I should also speak an untruth, were I to say, that anything befel me, either on my passage through the forest to the city, or on my returning homeward, that gave me more alarm than usual, as at that time I had never seen any appearance there, which could terrify or annoy me. In those awful shades the Lord was ever with me, and I felt his presence as my best security."

Thus speaking, he took his cap reverently from his bald crown, and continued to sit, for a considerable time, in a state of devout thoughtfulness. He then covered himself again, and went on with his relation :

"On this side the forest, alas ! it was on this side that we burst upon me. My wife came wildly to meet me, clad in mourning apparel, and her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gracious God ! I cried, 'where's our child ? Speak !'

"With the Being on whom you have called, dear husband," she answered ; and we now entered the cottage together, weeping in silence. I looked for the little corpse, almost fearing to find what I was seeking ; and then it was I first learnt how all had happened.

"My wife had taken the little one in her arms, and walked out to the shore of the lake. She

there sat down by its very brink ; and while she was playing with the infant, as free from all fear as she was full of delight, it bent forward on a sudden, seeing something in the water, a perfect fairy wonder of beauty. My wife saw her laugh, the dear angel, and try to catch the image in her tiny hands ; but in a moment,—with a motion swifter than sight,—she sprung from her mother's arms, and sunk in the lake, the watery glass into which she had been gazing. I searched for our lost darling again and again ; but it was all in vain ; I could nowhere find the least trace of her.

"Well, our little one was gone. We were again childless parents, and were now, on the same evening, sitting together by our cottage hearth. We had no desire to talk, even would our tears have permitted us. As we thus sat in mournful stillness, gazing into the fire, all at once we heard something without,—a slight rustling at the door. The door flew open, and we saw a little girl, three or four years old, and more beautiful than I am able to tell you, standing on the threshold richly dressed and smiling upon us. We were struck dumb with astonishment, and I knew not for a time, whether the tiny form were a real human being, or a mere mockery of enchantment. But I soon perceived water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and stood in immediate need of our help.

"'Wife,' said I, 'no one has been able to save our child for us ; still we doubtless ought to do for others, what would make ourselves the happiest parents on earth, could any one do us the same kindness.'

"We undressed the little thing, put her to bed, and gave her something to drink : at all this she spoke not a word, but only turned her eyes upon us, eyes blue and bright as sea or sky, and continued looking at us with a smile.

"Next morning, we had no reason to fear that she had received any other harm than her wetting, and I now asked her about her parents, and how she could have come to us. But the account she gave, was both confused and incredible. She must surely have been born far from here, not only because I have been unable, for these fifteen years, to learn anything of her birth, but because she then spoke, and at times continues to speak, many things of so very singular a nature that we neither of us know, after all, whether she may not have dropped among us from the moon. Then, her talk runs upon golden castles, crystal domes, and Heaven knows what extravagances beside. What of her story, however, she related with most distinctness, and what appeared to have in it some shadow of likelihood, was this, that while she was once taking a sail with her mother on the great lake, she fell out of the boat into the water ; and that when she first recovered her senses, she was here under our trees, where the gay scenes of the shore filled her with delight.

"We now had another care weighing upon our minds, and one that caused us no small perplexity and uneasiness. We of course very soon determined to keep and bring up the child we had found in place of our own darling that had been drowned ; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not ? She herself could give us no light on

the subject. When we asked her the question, she commonly made answer, that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory; and that as to what might promote the praise and glory of God, she was willing to let us determine.

"My wife and I reasoned in this way: 'If she has not been baptized, there can be no use in putting off the ceremony; and if she has been, it is more dangerous, in regard to the duties of religion, to do too little than too much.'

"Taking this view of our difficulty, we now endeavoured to hit upon a good name for the child, since while she remained, without one, we were often at a loss, in our familiar talk, to know what to call her. We at length concluded, that Dorothea would be most suitable for her, as I had somewhere heard it said, that this name signified a *Gift of God*, and surely she had been sent to us by Providence as a gift, to comfort us in our misery. She on the contrary, would not so much as hear Dorothea mentioned; she insisted, that as she had been named Undine by her parents, Undine she ought still to be called. It now occurred to me, that this was a heathenish name, to be found in no calendar, and I resolved to ask the advice of a priest in the city. He too would hear nothing of the name of Undine, even for a moment; and yielding to my urgent request, he came with me through the enchanted forest, in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage.

"The little maid stood before us so prettily adorned and with such an air of gracefulness, that the heart of the priest softened at once in her presence; and she had a way of coaxing him so adroitly, and even of braving him at times with so merry a querness, that he at last remembered nothing of his many objections to the name of Undine.

"Thus then was she baptized Undine; and during the holy ceremony, she behaved with great propriety and gentleness, wild and wayward as at other times she invariably was. For in this my wife was quite correct, when she mentioned the care, anxiety, and vexation the child has occasioned us. If I should relate to you"—

At this moment the knight interrupted the fisherman, with a view to direct his attention to a deep sound as of a rushing flood, which had caught his ear, within a few minutes, between the words of the old man. And now the waters came pouring on with redoubled fury before the cottage windows. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood rushing wildly over its banks, and whirling onward with its both stones and branches of trees in its rapid course. The storm, as if awakened by the uproar, burst forth from the clouds, whose immense masses of vapour coursed over the moon with the swiftness of thought; the lake roared beneath the wind,

* Some of these images may remind the reader of the vivid pictures of "The Buccaneer," that rich contribution to the permanent literature of America.

"The sea is driving wildly overhead."

"The seas run high;

Their white tops, flashing thro' the night,

Give to the eager, straining eye,

A wild and shifting light."

that swept the foam from its waves; while the trees of this narrow peninsula groaned from root to topmost branch, as they bowed and swung above the torrent.

"Undine! in God's name, Undine!" cried the two men in an agony. No answer was returned; and now, regardless of everything else, they hurried from the cottage, one in this direction, the other in that, searching and calling.

CHAPTER III.

The longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused he became. The impression, that she was a mere phantom of the forest, gained a new ascendancy over him;—indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the crashing of the trees, and so entire a transformation of the scene, that it discovered no resemblance to its former calm beauty, he was tempted to view the whole peninsula, together with the cottage and its inhabitants, as little more than some mockery of his senses; but still he heard, afar off, the fisherman's anxious and incessant shouting, "UNDINE!" and also his aged wife, who, with a loud voice and a strong feeling of awe, was praying and chanting hymns amid the commotion.

At length, when he drew near to the brook which had overflowed its banks, he perceived by the moonlight, that it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island.

"Merciful God!" he breathed to himself, "if Undine has ventured a step within that fearful wood, what will become of her!—perhaps it was all owing to her sportive and wayward spirit, because I could give her no account of my adventures there;—and now the stream is rolling between us, she may be weeping alone on the other side in the midst of spectral horrors!"

A shuddering groan escaped him, and clambering over some stones and trunks of overthrown pines, in order to step into the impetuous current, he resolved, either by wading or swimming, to seek the wanderer on the further shore. He felt, it is true, all the dread and shrinking awe creeping over him, which he had already suffered by daylight among the now tossing and roaring branches of the forest. More than all, a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, met his view, as he stood grinning and nodding on the grass beyond the water: but even monstrous forms like this only impelled him to cross over toward them, when the thought rushed upon him, that Undine might be there alone, and in the agony of death.

He had already grasped a strong branch of sea pine, and stood supporting himself upon it in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty keep himself erect; but he advanced deeper in with a courageous spirit. That instant a gentle voice of warning cried near him: "Do not venture, do not venture! the OLD MAN, the

STREAM, is too tricky to be trusted!"—He knew the soft tones of the voice; and while he stood as it were entranced, beneath the shadows which had now duskily veiled the moon, his head swam with the swell and rolling of the waves, as he saw them momentarily rising above his knee. Still he disdained the thought of giving up his purpose.

"If you are not really there, if you are merely gamboling round me like a mist, may I too bid farewell to life, and become a shadow like you, dear, dear Undine!" Thus calling aloud, he again moved deeper into the stream. "Look round you, ah pray look round you, beautiful young stranger! why rush in death so madly!" cried the voice a second time close by him; and looking side-ways, as the moon by glimpses unveiled its light, he perceived a little island formed by the flood, and reclined upon its flowery turf, beneath the high branches of embowering trees, he saw the smiling and lovely Undine.

O with what a thrill of delight, compacted with the suspense and pause of a moment before, the young man now plied his sturdy staff! A few steps freed him from the flood, that was rushing between himself and the maiden, and he stood near her on the little spot of green sward, in secret security, covered by the primeval trees that rustled above them. Undine had partially risen, within her tent of verdure, and she now threw her arms around his neck, so that she gently drew him down upon the soft seat by her side.

"Here you shall tell me your story, my handsome friend," she breathed in a low whisper; "here the cross old people cannot disturb us. And, besides, our roof of leaves here will make quite as good a shelter, it may be, as their poor cottage."

"It is heaven itself," cried Huldbrand; and folding her in his arms, he kissed the lovely and affectionate girl with fervour.

The old fisherman, meantime, had come to the margin of the stream, and he shouted across to the young lovers: "Why how is this, sir knight! I received you with the welcome which one true-hearted man gives to another; and now you sit there caressing my foster-child in secret, while you suffer me in my anxiety to wander through the night in quest of her."

"Not till this moment did I find her myself, old father," cried the knight across the water.

"So much the better," said the fisherman; "but now make haste, and bring her over to me upon firm ground."

To this, however, Undine would by no means consent. She declared, that she would rather enter the wild forest itself with the beautiful stranger, than return to the cottage, where she was so thwarted in her wishes, and from which the handsome knight would soon or late go away. Then closely embracing Huldbrand, she sung the following verse with the warbling sweetness of a bird:

"A RILL would leave its misty vale,
And fortunes wild explore;
Weary at length it reached the main,
And sought its vale no more."

The old fisherman wept bitterly at her song, but his emotion seemed to awaken little or no sympathy in her. She kissed and caressed her

new friend, who at last said to her: "Undine, if the distress of the old man does not touch your heart, it cannot but move mine. We ought to return to him."

She opened her large blue eyes upon him in perfect amazement, and finally spoke with a slow and lingering accent: "If you think so,—it is well; all is right to me, which you think right. But the old man over there must first give me his promise, that he will allow you, without objection, to relate what you saw in the wood, and—Well, other things will settle themselves."

"Come, only come!" cried the fisherman to her, unable to utter another word. At the same time, he stretched his arms wide over the current toward her, and, to give her assurance that he would do what she required, nodded his head: "this motion caused his white hair to fall strangely over his face, and Huldbrand could not but remember the nodding white man of the forest. Without allowing anything, however, to produce in him the least confusion, the young knight took the beautiful girl in his arms, and bore her across the narrow channel, which the stream had torn away between her little island and the solid shore. The old man fell upon Undine's neck, and found it impossible either to express his joy, or to kiss her enough; even the ancient dame came up, and embraced the recovered girl most cordially. Every word of censure was carefully avoided; the more so indeed, as even Undine, forgetting her waywardness, almost overwhelmed her foster-parents with caresses and the prattle of tenderness.

When at length, after they were able to realise the joy of recovering their child, they seemed to have come to themselves, morning had already dawned, opening to view and brightening the waters of the lake; the tempest had become hushed; the small birds sung merrily on the moist branches.

As Undine now insisted upon hearing the recital of the knight's promised adventures, the aged couple good-humouredly consented to gratify her wish. Breakfast was brought out beneath the trees, which stood behind the cottage toward the lake on the north, and they sat down to it with delighted hearts,—Undine lower than the rest (since she would by no means allow it to be otherwise) at the knight's feet on the grass. These arrangements being made, Huldbrand began his story in the following manner.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is now about eight days, since I rode into the free imperial city, which lies yonder on the farther side of the forest. Soon after my arrival, a splendid tournament and running at the ring took place there, and I spared neither my horse nor my lance in the encounters.

"Once, while I was pausing at the lists, to rest from the brisk exercise, and was handing back my helmet to one of my attendants, a female figure of extraordinary beauty caught my attention, as, most magnificently attired, she stood looking on at one of the balconies. I learned, on making

inquiry of a person near me, that the name of the young lady was Bertalda, and that she was a foster-daughter of one of the powerful dukes of this country. She too, I observed, was gazing at me, and the consequences were such as we young knights are wont to experience: whatever success in riding I might have had before, I was now favoured with still better fortune. That evening I was Bertalda's partner in the dance, and I enjoyed the same distinction during the remainder of the festival."

A twinge of pain in his left hand, as it hung carelessly beside him, here interrupted Huldbrand's relation, and drew his eye to the part affected. Undine had fastened her pearly teeth, and not without some keenness too, upon one of his fingers, appearing at the same time very gloomy and displeas'd. On a sudden, however, she looked up in his eyes with an expression of tender melancholy, and whispered almost inaudibly:

"You blame me for being rude, but you are yourself the cause."

She then covered her face, and the knight, strangely embarrassed and thoughtful, went on with his story:

"This lady Bertalda of whom I spoke, is of a proud and wayward spirit. The second day I saw her, she pleased me by no means so much as she had the first, and the third day still less. But I continued about her, because she showed me more favour than she did any other knight; and the result of my indiscretion was, that I playfully asked her to give me one of her gloves.

"When you have entered the haunted forest all alone," said she; "when you have explored its wonders, and brought me a full account of them, the glove is yours."

"As to getting her glove, it was of no importance to me whatever, but the word had been spoken, and no honourable knight would permit himself to be reminded of such a proof of valour a second time."

"I thought," said Undine, interrupting him, "that she felt an affection for you."

"It did appear so," replied Huldbrand.

"Well!" exclaimed the maiden, laughing, "this is beyond belief; she must be very stupid. To drive from her one who was dear to her! And, worse than all, into that ill-omened wood! The wood and its mysteries, for all I should have cared, might have waited a long while."

"Yesterday morning, then," pursued the knight, smiling brightly, upon Undine, "I set out from the city, my enterprise before me. The early light lay rich upon the verdant turf. It shone so rosy on the slender boles of the trees, and there was so merry a whispering among the leaves, that in my heart I could not but laugh at people who feared meeting anything to terrify them in a spot so delicious. 'I shall soon trot through the forest, and as speedily return,' I said to myself in the overflow of joyous feeling; and ere I was well aware, I had entered deep among the green shades, while of the plain that lay behind me, I was no more able to catch a glimpse.

"Then the conviction for the first time impressed me, that in a forest of so great extent I

might very easily become bewildered, and that this perhaps might be the only danger which was likely to threaten those who explored its recesses. So I made a halt, and turned myself in the direction of the sun, which had meantime risen somewhat higher; and while I was looking up to observe it, I saw something black among the boughs of a lofty oak. My first thought was, 'It is a bear!' and I grasped my weapon; the object then accosted me from above in a human voice, but in a tone most harsh and hideous: 'If I overhead here do not gnaw off these dry branches, wiseacre Sir Noodle, what shall we have to roast you with, when midnight comes!' And with that it grinned, and made such a rattling with the branches, that my courser became mad with affright, and rushed furiously forward with me, before I had time to see distinctly what sort of a devil's beast it was."

"You must not name it," said the old fisherman, crossing himself; his wife did the same without speaking a word; and Undine, while her eye sparkled with delight, looked at the knight and said: "The best of the story is, however, that as yet they have not actually roasted you. But pray make haste, my handsome young friend. I long to hear more."

The knight then went on with his adventures: "My horse was so wild, that he well nigh rushed with me against limbs and trunks of trees. He was dripping with sweat, through terror, heat, and the violent straining of his muscles. Still he refused to slacken his career. At last, altogether beyond my control, he took his course directly up a stony steep; when suddenly a tall white man flashed before me, and threw himself athwart the route my mad steed was taking. At this apparition he shuddered with new affright, and stopped trembling. I took this chance of recovering my command of him, and now for the first time perceived, that my deliverer, so far from being a white man, was only a brook of silver brightness, foaming near me in its descent from the hill, while it crossed and arrested my horse's course with its rush of waters."

"Thank, thanks, dear Brook," cried Undine, clapping her little hands. But the old man shook his head, and, deeply musing, looked vacantly down before him.

"Hardly had I well settled myself in my saddle, and got the reins in my grasp again," Huldbrand pursued, "when a wizard-like dwarf of a man was already standing at my side, diminutive and ugly beyond conception, his complexion of a brownish yellow, and his nose scarcely of less magnitude than all the rest of him. The fellow's mouth was slit almost from ear to ear, and he showed his teeth with a simpering smile of idiot courtesy, while he overwhelmed me with bows and scrapes innumerable. The farce now becoming excessively irksome, I thanked him in the fewest words I could well use, turned about my still trembling charger, and purposed either to seek another adventure, or, should I meet with none, to take my way back to the city; for the sun, during my wild chase, had passed the meridian, and was now hastening toward the west. But this villain of a manikin sprung at the same instant, and with a turn as rapid as lightning stood before my horse again. 'Clear the way there!' I cried fiercely;

‘the beast is wild, and will make nothing of running over you.’

“He will, will he!” cried the imp with a snarl, and snorting out a laugh still more frightfully idiotic, ‘Pay me, first pay what you owe me,—I stopped your fine little nag for you; without my help, both you and he would be now sprawling below there in that stony ravine: Hu! from what a horrible plunge I’ve saved you.’

“Well, pray don’t stretch your mouth any wider,” said I, ‘but take your money and off, though every word you say is false. It was the brook there, you miserable thing, and not you, that saved me.’—And at the same time I dropped a piece of gold into his wizard cap; which he had taken from his head while he was begging before me.

“I then trotted off, and left him; but, to think bad worse, he screamed after me, and on a sudden, with inconceivable quickness, he was close by my side. I started my horse into a gallop; he galloped on with me, impossible for him as it appeared; and with this strange movement, half ludicrous and half horrible, forcing at the same time every limb and feature into distortion, he held up the gold piece and screamed at every leap: ‘Counterfeit! false! false coin! counterfeit!’ and such was the strange sound that issued from his hollow breast, you would have supposed, that at every scream he must have tumbled upon the ground dead. All this while, his disgusting red tongue hung lolling from his mouth.

“Discomposed at the sight, I stopped and asked: ‘What do you mean by this screaming? Take another piece of gold, take two, but leave me.’

“He then began again his hideous salutations of courtesy, and snarled out as before: ‘Not gold, it shall not be gold, my smart young gentleman; I have too much of that trash already, as I will show you in quick time.’

“At that moment, and thought itself could not have been more instantaneous, I seemed to have acquired new powers of sight. I could see through the solid green plain, as if it were green glass, and the smooth surface of the earth were round as a globe; and within it I saw crowds of goblins,* who were pursuing their pastime, and making themselves merry with silver and gold. They were tumbling and rolling about, heads up and heads down; they pelted one another in sport with the precious metals, and with irritating malice blew gold dust in one another’s eyes. My odious companion stood half within and half without; he ordered the others to reach him up a vast quantity of gold; this he showed to me with a laugh, and then flung it again ringing and chinking down the measureless abyss.

“After this contemptuous disregard of gold, he held up the piece I had given him, showing it, to his brother goblins below, and they laughed themselves half dead at a bit so worthless, and hissed me. At last, raising their fingers all smutched with ore, they pointed them at me in scorn, and wilder and wilder, and thicker and thicker, and madder and madder, the crowd were clambering up to where I sat gazing at these wonders. Then terror seized me, as it had before seized my horse. I gave him both spurs to the quick; and how fast he rushed with me through the

forest during this second of my wild heats, it is impossible to say.

“At last, when I had now come to a dead halt again, the cool of evening was around me. I caught the gleam of a white foot-path through the branches of the trees; and presuming it would lead me out of the forest toward the city, I was desirous of working my way into it; but a face perfectly white and indistinct, with features ever changing, kept thrusting itself out and peering at me between the leaves. I tried to avoid it; but wherever I went, there too appeared the unearthly face. I was maddened with rage at this interruption, and determined to drive my steed at the appearance full tilt, when such a cloud of white foam came rushing upon me and my horse, that we were almost blinded, and glad to turn about and escape. Thus from step to step it forced us on, and ever aside from the foot-path, leaving us, for the most part, only one direction open. But when we advanced in this, it kept following close behind us, yet did not occasion the smallest harm or inconvenience.

“When at times I looked about me at the form, I perceived that the white face which had splashed upon us its shower of foam, was resting on a body equally white and of more than gigantic size. Many a time too I received the impression, that the whole appearance was nothing more than a wandering stream or torrent, but respecting this I could never attain to any certainty. We both of us, horse and rider, became weary, as we shaped our course according to the movements of the white man, who continued nodding his head at us, as if he would say: ‘Perfectly right! perfectly right!’—And thus, at length, we came out here, at the edge of the wood, where I saw the fresh turf, the waters of the lake, and your little cottage, and where the tall white man disappeared.”

“Well, Heaven be praised that he is gone!” cried the old fisherman; and he now began to consider how his guest could most conveniently return to his friends in the city. Upon this, Undine began tittering to herself, but so very low that the sound was hardly perceivable. Huldbrand, observing it, said: “I had hoped you would see me remain here with pleasure: why then do you now appear so happy, when our talk turns upon my going away?”

“Because you cannot go away,” answered Undine. “Pray make a single attempt; try with a wherry, with your horse, or alone, as you please! to cross that forest stream which has burst its bounds. Or rather, make no trial at all, for you would be dashed to pieces by the stones and trunks of trees, which you see driven on with such violence. And as to the lake, I am well acquainted with that; even my father dares not venture out with his wherry far enough to help you.”

Huldbrand rose, smiling, in order to look about, and observe whether the state of things were such as Undine had represented it to be; the old man accompanied him, and the maiden, in mockery, went gamboling and playing her antics beside them. They found all, in fact, just as Undine had said; and that the knight, whether willing or not willing, must submit to remaining on the island, so lately a peninsula, until the flood should subside.

* Hobolds or gnomes.

When the three were now returning to the cottage, after their ramble, the knight whispered the little girl in her ear: "Well, dear Undine, how is it with you? Are you angry on account of my remaining?"

"Ah," she pettishly replied, "not a word of that. If I had not bitten you, who knows what fine things you would have put into your story about Bertalda!"

CHAPTER V.

At some period of your life, my dear reader, after manifold triumphs and repulses in the crusade of the world, you may have reached a situation where you were happy; that love for the calm of our own fire-side, which we all feel as an affection born with us, again rose within you; you imagined that your home would again bloom forth, as from a cherished grave, with all the flowers of childhood, the purest and most impassioned love; and that in such a spot it must be delightful to dwell, and build your tabernacle for life.

Whether you were mistaken in this persuasion, and afterward made a severe expiation for your error of judgment, it suits not my purpose to inquire, and you would be unwilling yourself, it may be, to be saddened by a recollection so ungrateful. But again awake within you that foretaste of bliss, so inexpressibly sweet, that angelic salutation of peace, and you will be able, perchance, to realise something of the knight Huldbrand's happiness, the tender visions of his heart, while he remained on the point of land, now surrounded by the lake.

He frequently observed, and no doubt with heartfelt satisfaction, that the forest stream continued every day to swell and roll on with a more impetuous sweep; that, by tearing away the earth, it scooped out a broader and broader channel; and that the time of his seclusion on the island became, in consequence, more and more extended. Part of the day he wandered about with an old cross-bow, which he found in a corner of the cottage and had repaired, in order to shoot the water-fowl that flew over; and all that he was lucky enough to hit, he brought home for a good roast in the kitchen. When he came in with his booty, Undine seldom failed to greet him with a scolding, because he had cruelly deprived her dear merry friends of life, as they were sporting above in the blue ocean of the air; nay more, she often wept bitterly, when she viewed the water-fowl dead in his hand. But at other times, when he returned without having shot any, she gave him a scolding equally serious, since, owing to his indolent strolling, and awkward handling of the bow, they must now put up with a dinner of pickarel and crawfish. Her playful taunts ever touched his heart with delight; the more so, as she afterward strove to make up for her pretended ill-humour with that most endearing of prattle, of which lovers alone are able to understand the value.

In this familiarity of the young people, their aged friends saw a resemblance to the feelings of their own youth: they appeared to look upon them as betrothed, or even as a young married

pair, that lived with them in their age, to afford them assistance on their island, now torn off from the mainland. His retired situation, too, strongly impressed the young Huldbrand with the feeling, that he was already Undine's bridegroom. It seemed to him, as if, beyond those encompassing floods, there were no other world in existence, or at any rate as if he could never cross them, and again associate with the world of other men; and when at times his grazing steed raised his head and neighed to him, seemingly inquiring after his knightly achievements and reminding him of them, or when his coat-of-arms sternly shone upon him from the embroidery of his saddle, and the caparisons of his horse, or when his sword happened to fall from a nail, on which it was hanging in the cottage, and flashed on his eye as it slipped from the scabbard in its fall,—he quieted the dubious suggestions of his mind by saying to himself: "Undine cannot be a fisherman's daughter; she is, in all probability, a native of some remote region, and a member of some illustrious family."

There was one thing, indeed, to which he had a strong aversion: this was hearing the old dame reprimanding Undine. The wild girl, it is true, commonly laughed at the reproof, making no attempt to conceal the extravagance of her mirth; but it appeared to him like touching his own honour; and still he found it impossible to blame the aged wife of the fisherman, since Undine always deserved at least ten times as many reprimands as she received: so he continued to feel in his heart an affectionate tenderness for them all, even for the ancient mistress of the house, and his whole life flowed on in the calm stream of contentment.

But still there came some interruption at last. The fisherman and the knight had been accustomed at dinner, and also in the evening, when the wind roared without, to rarely fail to do towards night, to enjoy together a flask of wine. But now their whole stock, which the fisherman had from time to time brought with him from the city, was at last exhausted, and they were both quite out of humour at the circumstance. That day Undine laughed at them excessively, but they were not disposed to join in her pleasantries with the same gaiety as usual. Toward evening she went out of the cottage, to escape, as she said, the sight of two such lengthened and tiresome faces.

While it was yet twilight, some appearances of a tempest seemed to be again mustering in the sky, and the waves already rushed and roared around them: the knight and the fisherman sprung to the door in terror, to bring home the maiden, remembering the anguish of that night when Huldbrand had first entered the cottage. But Undine met them at the same moment, clapping her little hands in high glee.

"What will you give me," she cried, "to provide you with wine? or rather, you need not give me anything," she continued; "for I am already satisfied, if you look more cheerful, and have a livelier flow of spirits, than throughout this last most wearisome day. Only come with me; the forest stream has driven ashore a cask; and I will be condemned to sleep a whole week, if it is not a wine-cask."

The men followed her, and actually found, in a bushy cove of the shore, a cask, which inspired

them with as much joy as if they were sure it contained the generous old wine for which they were thirsting. They first of all, and with as much expedition as possible, rolled it toward the cottage; for a heavy shower was again rising in the west, and they could discern the waves of the lake, in the fading light, lifting their white foaming heads, as if looking out for the rain, which threatened every instant to pour upon them. Undine helped them as much as she was able; and as the shower, with a roar of wind, came suddenly sweeping on in rapid pursuit, she raised her finger with a merry menace toward the dark mass of clouds, and cried:

"You cloud, you cloud, have a care!—beware how you wet us; we are some way from shelter yet."

The old man reproved her for this sally, as a sinful presumption; but she laughed to herself with a low tittering, and no one suffered any evil from her wild behaviour. Nay more, what was beyond their expectation, they reached their comfortable hearth unwet, with their prize secured; but the moment the cask had been broached, and proved to contain wine of a remarkably fine flavour, then the rain first poured unrestrained from the black cloud, the tempest raved through the tops of the trees, and swept far over the billows of the deep.

Having immediately filled several bottles from the cask, which promised them a supply for a long time, they drew round the glowing hearth; and, comfortably secured from the tempest, they sat tasting the flavour of their wine, and basking in their pleasantries.

As reflection returned upon him, the old fisherman suddenly became extremely grave, and said: "Ah, great God! here we sit, rejoicing over this rich gift, while he to whom it first belonged, and from whom it was wrested by the fury of the stream, must there also, it is more than probable, have lost his life."

"His fate, I trust, was not quite so melancholy as that," said Undine, while, smiling, she filled the knight's cup to the brim.

But he exclaimed: "By my unsullied honour, old father, if I knew where to find and rescue him, no exposure to the night, nor any thought of peril, should deter me from making the attempt. But I give you all the assurance I am able to give, that provided I again reach an inhabited country, I will find out the owner of this wine or his heirs, and make double and triple reimbursement."

The old man was gratified with this assurance; he gave the knight a nod of approbation, and now drained his cup with an easier conscience and a more delicate relish.

"Undine, however, said to Huldbrand: "As to the repayment and your gold, you may do whatever you like. But what you said about your venturing out, and searching, and exposing yourself to danger, appears to me far from wise. I should cry my very eyes out, should you perish there on such a wild jaunt; and is it not true, that you would prefer staying here with me and the good wine?"

"Most assuredly," answered Huldbrand, smiling.

"Well," replied Undine, "you spoke unwisely then. For charity begins at home: our neighbour ought not to be our first thought; and whatever is

a calamity to him, would be one in our own case also."

The mistress of the house turned away from her, sighing and shaking her head, while the fisherman forgot his wonted indulgence toward the graceful little girl, and thus reproved her:

"That sounds exactly as if you had been brought up by heathens and Turks;" and he finished his reproof by adding: "May God forgive both me and you,—unfeeling child."

"Well, say what you will, this is what I think and feel," replied Undine, "be they who they may that brought me up,—and how can a thousand of your words help it?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a voice of stern rebuke; and she, who with all her wild spirit was extremely alive to fear, shrunk from him, moved close up to Huldbrand, trembling, and breathed this question in the lowest tone possible:

"Are you also angry, dear friend?"

The knight pressed her soft hand, and tenderly stroked her locks. He was unable to utter a word; for his vexation, arising from the old man's severity toward Undine, closed his lips; and thus the two couple sat opposite to each other, at once heated with anger and in embarrassed silence.

CHAPTER VI.

In the midst of this painful stillness, a low knocking was heard at the door, which struck them all with dismay. For there are times when a slight circumstance, coming unexpectedly upon us, startles us like something supernatural. But here it was a further source of alarm, that the enchanted forest lay so near them, and that their place of abode seemed at present inaccessible to the visit of anything human. While they were looking upon one another in doubt, the knocking was again heard, accompanied with a deep groan. The knight sprang to seize his sword. But the old man, said in a low whisper:

"If it be what I fear it is, no weapon of yours can protect us."

Undine in the meanwhile went to the door, and cried with the firm voice of fearless displeasure: "Spirits of the earth! if mischief be your aim, Kühleborn shall teach you better manners."

The terror of the rest was increased by this wild speech; they looked fearfully upon the girl, and Huldbrand was just recovering presence of mind enough to ask what she meant, when a voice reached them from without:

"I am no spirit of the earth, though a spirit still in its earthly body. You that are within the cottage there, if you fear God and would afford me assistance, open your door to me."

By the time these words were spoken, Undine had already opened it; and the lamp throwing a strong illumination upon the stormy night, they perceived an aged priest without, who stepped back in terror, when his eye fell on a sight so unexpected, the vision of a little damsel of such exquisite beauty. Well might he think there must be magic in the wind, and witchcraft at work, where a form of such surpassing loveliness appeared at

the door of so humble a dwelling. So he lifted up his voice in prayer:

"Let all good spirits praise the Lord God!"

"I am no spectre," said Undine, with a smile. "Do I look so very frightful? And you cannot but hear me witness yourself, that I am far from shrinking terrified at your holy words. I too have knowledge of God, and understand the duty of praising him; every one, to be sure, has his own way of doing this, and this privilege he meant we should enjoy, when he gave us being. Walk in, father; you will find none but worthy people here."

The holy man came bowing in, and cast round a glance of scrutiny, wearing at the same time a very placid and venerable air. But water was dropping from every fold of his dark garments, from his long white beard, and the white locks of his hair. The fisherman and the knight took him to another apartment, and furnished him with a change of raiment, while they handed his own suit into the room they had left for the females to dry. The aged stranger thanked them in a manner the most humble and courteous, but on the knight's offering him his splendid cloak to wrap round him, he could not be persuaded to take it, but chose instead an old grey over-coat that belonged to the fisherman.

They then returned to the common apartment. The mistress of the house immediately offered her great chair to the priest, and continued urging it upon him, till she saw him fairly in possession of it. "You are old and exhausted," said she, "and are moreover a man of God."

Undine shoved under the stranger's feet her little cricket, on which at all other times she used to sit near to Huldbrand, and showed herself, in thus promoting the comfort of the worthy old man, in the highest degree gentle and amiable. On her paying him these little attentions, Huldbrand whispered some railery in her ear, but she replied gravely:

"He is a minister of that Being who created us all, and holy things are not to be treated with lightness."

The knight and the fisherman now refreshed the priest with food and wine; and when he had somewhat recovered his strength and spirits, he began to relate how he had the day before set out from his cloister, which was situated afar off beyond the great lake, in order to visit the bishop, and acquaint him with the distress into which the cloister and its tributary villages had fallen, owing to the extraordinary floods. After a long and wearisome wandering, on account of the rise of the waters, he had been this day compelled toward evening to procure the aid of a couple of boatmen, and cross over an arm of the lake which had burst its usual boundary.

"But hardly," continued he, "had our small ferry-boat touched the waves, when that furious tempest burst forth, which is still raging over our heads. It seemed as if the billows had been waiting our approach, only to rush upon us with a madness the more wild. The oars were wrested from the grasp of my men in an instant; and shivered by the resistless force, they drove farther and farther out before us upon the waves. Unable to direct our course, we yielded to the blind power of nature, and seemed to fly over the surges

toward your remote shore, which we already saw looming through the mist and foam of the deep. Then it was at last, that our boat turned short from its course, and rocked with a motion that became more and more wild and dizzy: I know not whether it was overset, or the violence of the motion threw me overboard. In my agony and struggle at the thought of a near and terrible death, the waves bore me onward, till I was cast ashore here beneath the trees of your island."

"Yes, an island!" cried the fisherman. "A short time ago it was only a point of land. But now, since the forest-stream and lake have become all but mad, it appears to be entirely changed."

"I observed something of it," replied the priest, "as I strolled along the shore in the obscurity; and hearing nothing around me but a sort of wild uproar, I perceived, at last, that the noise came from a point, exactly where a beaten foot-path disappeared. I now caught the light in your cottage, and ventured thither, where I cannot sufficiently thank my heavenly Father, that, after preserving me from the waters, he has also conducted me to such pious people as you are; and the more so, as it is difficult to say, whether I shall ever behold any other persons in this world except you four."

"What mean you by those words?" asked the fisherman.

"Can you tell me, then, how long this commotion of the elements will last?" replied the spiritual man. "And the years of my pilgrimage are many. The stream of my life may easily sink into the ground and vanish, before the overflowing of that forest stream shall subside. And indeed, taking a general view of things, it is not impossible, that more and more of the foaming waters may rush in between you and yonder forest, until you are so far removed from the rest of the world, that your small fishing-canoe may be incapable of passing over, and the inhabitants of the continent entirely forget your age amid the dissipation and diversions of life."

At this melancholy foreboding, the old lady shrank back with a feeling of alarm, crossed herself, and cried: "May God forbid!"

But the fisherman looked upon her with a smile, and said: "What a strange being is man! Suppose the worst to happen: our state would not be different, at any rate your own would not, dear wife, from what it is at present. For have you, these many years, been farther from home than the border of the forest? And have you seen a single human being beside Undine and myself? It is now only a short time since the coming of the knight and the priest. They will remain with us, even if we do become a forgotten island; so, after all, you will derive the best advantage from the disaster."

"I know not," replied the ancient dame, "it may be so; still it is a dismal thought, when brought fairly home to the mind, that we are for ever separated from mankind, even though, in fact, we never do know nor see them."

"Then you will remain with us, then you will remain with us!" whispered Undine, in a voice scarcely audible and half singing, while with the intense fervour of the heart she moved more and more closely to Huldbrand's side. But he was immersed in the deep and strange musings of his

own mind. The region on the farther side of the forest-river, since the last words of the priest, seemed to have been withdrawing farther and farther, in dim perspective, from his view; and the blooming Island on which he lived, grew green and smiled more freshly before the eye of his mind. His bride glowed like the fairest rose, not of this obscure nook only, but even of the whole wide world, and the priest was now present.

Beside these hopes and reveries of love, another circumstance influenced him: the mistress of the family was directing an angry glance at Undine, because, even in the presence of their spiritual director, she was leaning so fondly on the knight; and it seemed as if she was on the point of breaking out in harsh reproof. Then was the resolution of Huldbrand taken; his heart and mouth were opened; and, turning toward the priest, he said, "Father, you here see before you an affianced pair, and if this maiden and these aged and worthy people of the island have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening."

The aged couple were both exceedingly surprised. They had often, it is true, anticipated an event of this nature, but as yet they had never mentioned it; and now when the knight made the attachment known, it came upon them like something wholly new and unexpected. Undine became suddenly grave, and cast her eyes upon the floor in a profound reverie, while the priest made inquiries respecting the circumstances of their acquaintance, and asked the old people whether they gave their consent to the union. After a great number of questions and answers, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all; and the mistress of the house went to prepare the bridal apartment for the young couple, and also, with a view to grace the nuptial solemnity, to seek for two consecrated tapers, which she had for a long time kept by her.

The knight in the meanwhile busied himself about his golden chain, for the purpose of disengaging two of its links, that he might make an exchange of rings with his bride. But when he saw his object she started from her trance of musing, and exclaimed:

"Not so! my parents by no means sent me into the world so perfectly destitute; on the contrary, they foresaw, even at so early a period, that such a night as this would come."

Thus speaking, she was out of the room in a moment, and a moment after returned with two costly rings, of which she gave one to her bridegroom, and kept the other for herself. The old fisherman was beyond measure astonished at this; and his wife, who was just re-entering the room, was even more surprised than he, that neither of them had ever seen these jewels in the child's possession.

"My parents," said Undine, "made me sew these trinkets to that beautiful raiment, which I wore the very day I came to you. They also charged me, on no account whatever to mention them to any one before my nuptial evening. At the time of my coming, therefore, I took them off in secret, and have kept them concealed to the present hour."

The priest now cut short all further questioning and wondering, while he lighted the consecrated

tapers, placed them on a table, and ordered the bridal pair to stand opposite to him. He then pronounced the few solemn words of the ceremony, and made them one; the older couple gave the younger their blessing; and the bride, slightly trembling and thoughtful, leaned upon the knight.

The priest then spoke plainly and at once: "You are strange people after all: for why did you tell me that you were the only inhabitants of the island? So far is this from being true, I have seen, the whole time I have been performing the ceremony, a tall, stately man, in a white mantle, stand opposite to me, looking in at the window. He must be still waiting before the door, if peradventure you would invite him to come in."

"God forbid!" cried the old lady, shrinking back; the fisherman shook his head without opening his lips, and Huldbrand sprang to the window. It appeared to him that he could still discern some vestige of a form, white and indistinct as a vapour, but it soon disappeared in the gloom. He convinced the priest that he must have been mistaken in his impression; and now, inspired with freedom and familiarity of perfect confidence, they all sat down together round a bright and comfortable hearth.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her, were foaming and bursting forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks and vagaries; and when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight by a few serious and expressive words, imposed silence upon her by calling Undine his wife.

The knight was himself, indeed, just as little pleased with Undine's childish behaviour as the rest: but still, all his winking, hemming, and expressions of censure were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband,—and this occasionally happened,—she became more quiet, placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whooped something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after, some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements, and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone: "My pleasant young friend, surely no one can witness your playful spirit without being diverted; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"Soul!" cried Undine, with a laugh, nearly allied to one of derision, "what you say has a remarkably pretty sound, and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive rule and profitable

caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She, however, went up to him with the most winning sweetness, and said:

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to some particulars before you frown upon me in anger; for your frown of anger is painful to me, and by no means ought you to give pain to a creature that has itself done nothing injurious to you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I meant."

It was evident that she had come to the resolution to give a full account of herself, when she suddenly faltered, as if seized with an inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intensesness of her feelings, and, with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said:

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man: a fearful curiosity was painted on her features, and this made her emotion appear terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer, "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And, alas! I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!"—And she burst into another flood of tears, and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her by the name of God most holy, if any evil or spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sunk before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting "that she wished the well-being of the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you in domestic life is—prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking he left the apartment, and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees; she uncovered her face and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand: "Alas, you will now refuse to regard me as your own; and still I have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked, and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She

smiled through her tears, and that smile was like the dawn playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered, with a confiding assurance, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He was thus in some degree withdrawn from those terrible apprehensions, that still lurked in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit-world; but, after all, only this single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:

"Dearest Undine, pray tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Kühleborn' when the priest stood knocking at the door!"

"Mere fictions! mere tales of children!" answered Undine, laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gaiety. "I first awoke your anxiety with them, and you finally awoke mine. This is the end of the story and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not exactly that," replied the enamoured knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride, while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their own bridal apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE fresh light of morning awoke the young married pair. Undine bashfully hid her face beneath their covering, and Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever during the night he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of spectres had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without; he looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep, and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When he had now perfectly awoke, and well considered all the circumstances of this connexion, he reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also earnestly begged her pardon for the injustice he had done her, but she only gave him her fair hand, heaved a sigh from the depth of her heart, and remained silent. But a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubting assurance, that Undine was conscious of no evil design against him whatever.

He then rose with a serene mind, and, leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying

in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, a brighter hope rose within them, and dispelled the cloudy traces that remained upon their brows : yes, the old fisherman began to be facetious with the knight, but in a manner perfectly becoming, so that his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humour.

Undine had in the mean time got ready, and now entered the door ; when all were on the point of rushing to meet her, and yet all continued standing in perfect admiration, so changed and at the same time so familiar was the young woman's appearance. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her, and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride, trembling with devotion, sunk on her knees before him ; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive, for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him, in a pathetic tone, to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and, after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said :

"O, I now feel in my inmost heart, how much, how infinitely much you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood !"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses ; but the moment she saw the good old mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her aged friend to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day ; calm, kind, attentive ;—at the same time, a little mistress of a family, and a tender, modest young woman. The three who had been longest acquainted with her, expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her, and he often said to the bridegroom :

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, making me its unworthy instrument, entrusted to you last evening an invaluable treasure ; regard and cherish it as you ought to do, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass, and upon the high, slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible : the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret hovered upon her lips, but sighs, and those scarcely perceptible, were all that made known the wish of her heart. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, if it were true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but yet a whole heaven of love and timid attachment. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest-stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful woman with an accent of weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing ; "for pray remember, even were I disposed to leave you, both the church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you, all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling! "But I still feel sure, that you will not leave me ; I am in truth too fondly attached to you to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island which lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, slip through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so grateful to rest in your arms ; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have sweetly rested in them once more, . . . for the last time."

Huldrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over now, first realizing the fact, that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side, he placed her upon the soft grass, and cherished with a lover's fondness the hope of sitting near his beautiful burden ; but she said to him, "Not here,—if you please, there over against me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lip pronounce it : now listen very attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began :

"You must know, my dear love, that there are beings in the elements, which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which, at the same time, but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and sport amid the flames ; deep in the earth the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels ; the forest-spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods ; while in the seas, rivers, and streams, live the wide-spread race of water-spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky appears with sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty ; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens ; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy—creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver ; and now the noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and entwining tufts of sea-fern."

* No reader of English poetry need be reminded of Southey's admirable description of the City of Babel, in his *Curse of Kéhana*.

"In sun-light and sea-green,

The thousand palaces were seen

Of that proud city, whose superb abodes

Seem'd rear'd by giants for the immortal gods.

How silent and how beautiful they stand,

Like things of nature !"

"Now the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He then spread to remotest shores the fame of her beauty, and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines. But what need of saying more?—You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself, that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment; a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, heaved a sigh from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner:

"In respect to the circumstances of our life, we should be far superior to yourselves, who are another race of the human family,—for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features,—had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we, and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements, vanish into air at death and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand, and sparks, and wind, and waves remain. We of course have no souls; the element moves us, and, again, is obedient to our will, while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water-prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now the race to which I belong, have no other means of obtaining a soul, than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and I, the very soul itself, thank you, dear Huldbrand, with a warmth of heart beyond expression, and never shall I cease to thank you, unless you render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? I was not permitted, however, to retain you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to our friends of the lake, a light-hearted and laughing child, he will also restore me to the home of my parents, a woman, possessing a soul, full of affection, and their to suffering."

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There, amid tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and cherishing within her the sweet confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart, how little cause she had for regretting what she had left, the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

CHAPTER IX

NEXT morning, when Huldbrand awoke from slumber and perceived that his beautiful wife was not by his side, he began to give way again to his wild imaginations: these represented to him his marriage, and even the charming Undine herself, as only a shadow without substance, a mere illusion of enchantment. But she entered the door at the same moment, kissed him, seated herself on the bed by his side, and said:

"I have been out somewhat early this morning, to see whether my uncle keeps his word. He has already restored the waters of the flood to his own calm channel, and he now flows through the forest, a rivulet as before, in a lonely and dreamlike current. His friends too, both of the water and the air, have resumed their usual peaceful tenor; all in this region will again proceed with order and tranquillity; and you can travel homeward without fear of the flood, whenever you choose."

It seemed to the mind of Huldbrand, that he must be wrapt in some reverie or waking dream, so little was he able to understand the nature of his wife's strange relative. Notwithstanding this, he made no remark upon what she had told him, and her infinite sweetness soon lulled every misgiving and discomfort to rest.

Some time afterward, while he was standing with her before the door, and surveying the verdant point of land with its boundary of bright waters, such a feeling of bliss came over him in this cradle of his love, that he exclaimed:

"Shall we then, so early as to-day, begin our journey? Why should we? It is probable, that abroad in the world we shall find no days more delightful than those we have spent in this little asylum, so secret and so secure. Let us remain here, and enjoy two or three more of its glorious sunsets."

"Just as my lord shall command," replied Undine meekly. "Only we must remember, that our aged friends will, at all events, think of my departure with pain; and should they now, for the first time, discover the true soul in me, and how fervently I can now love and honour them, their feeble eyes would surely become blind with weeping. As yet, they consider my present calm and exemplary conduct as of no better promise than my former occasional quietness,—merely the calm of the lake just while the air remains tranquil,—and they will now become as much accustomed to—"

cherish a little tree or flower, as they have been to cherish me. Let me not then make known to them this newly-bestowed, this love-inspired heart, at the very moment they must lose it for this world; and how could I conceal what I have gained, if we continued longer together?"

Huldbrand yielded to her representation, and went to the aged couple to confer with them respecting his journey, on which, however, he proposed to set out that very hour. The priest offered himself as a companion to the young married pair; and, after their taking a short farewell, he held the bridle, while the knight lifted his beautiful wife upon his horse; and with rapid step they crossed the dry channel with her toward the forest. Undine wept in silent but intense emotion; the old people, as she moved away, were more clamorous in the expression of their grief. They appeared to feel, at this moment of separation, a presentiment of what they were losing in their affectionate foster-daughter.

The three travellers had reached the thickest shades of the forest without interchanging a word. It would have been a picturesque sight, in that hall of leafy verdure, to see the figure of this lovely female sitting on the noble and richly ornamented steed, on her right hand the venerable priest in the white garb of his order, on her left the blooming young knight, clad in splendid raiment of scarlet, gold, and violet, girt with a sword that flashed in the sun, and attentively walking beside her. Huldbrand had no eyes but for his wife; Undine, who had dried her tears of tenderness, had no eyes but for him; and they soon entered into the mute and voiceless converse of looks and gestures, from which after some time they were awakened by the low discourse which the priest was holding with a fourth traveller, who had meanwhile joined them unobserved.

He wore a white gown, resembling in form the dress of the priests' order, except that his hood hung very low over his face, and that the whole drapery floated in such wide folds around him, as obliged him every moment to gather it up and throw it over his arm, or by some management of this sort to get it out of his way, and still it did not seem in the least to incommode him in his movement. When the young couple became aware of his presence, he was saying:

"And so, venerable sir, many as have been the years I have dwelt here in this forest, I have never received the name of hermit in your sense of the word. For, as I said before, I know nothing of penance, and I think, too, that I have no particular need of it. Do you ask me why I am so attached to the forest? It is because its scenery is so peculiarly picturesque, and affords me so much pastime, when, in my floating white garments, I pass through its world of leaves and dusky shadows;—and then a sweet sunbeam glances down upon me, at times, before I think of it."

"You are a very singular man," replied the priest, "and I should like to have a more intimate acquaintance with you."

"And who then may you be yourself, to pass from one thing to another?" inquired the stranger.

"I am called father Heilmann," answered the holy man, "and I am from the cloister of Our Lady of the Salutation, beyond the lake."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "my name

is Kühleborn, and were I a stickler for the nice distinctions of rank, I might with equal propriety require you to give me the title of noble lord of Kühleborn, or free lord * of Kühleborn; for I am as free as the birds in the forest, and, it may be, a trifle more so. For example, I now have something to tell that young lady there." And before they were aware of his purpose, he was on the other side of the priest, close to Undine, and stretching himself high into the air, in order to whisper something in her ear. But she shrunk from him in terror, and exclaimed:

"I have nothing more to do with you."

"Ho, ho," cried the stranger with a laugh, "what sort of a marriage have you made, then, so monstrous and genteel, since you no longer know your own relations? Have you no recollection, then, of your uncle Kühleborn, who so faithfully bore you on his back to this region?"

"However that may be," replied Undine, "I entreat you never to appear in my presence again. I am now afraid of you; and will not my husband fear and forsake me, if he sees me associate with such strange company and kindred?"

"You must not forget, my little niece," said Kühleborn, "that I am with you here as a conductor; or otherwise those madcap spirits of the earth, the gnomes that haunt this forest, would play you some of their mischievous pranks. Let me therefore still accompany you in peace; even the old priest there had a better recollection of me than you appear to have, for he just now assured me, that I seemed to be very familiar to him, and that I must have been with him in the ferry-boat, out of which he tumbled into the waves. He certainly did see me there, for I was no other than the water-sprite that tore him out of it, and kept him from sinking, while I safely wafted him ashore to your wedding."

Undine and the knight turned their eyes upon father Heilmann; but he appeared to be moving forward, just as if he were dreaming or walking in his sleep, and no longer to be conscious of a word that was spoken. Undine then said to Kühleborn: "I already see yonder the end of the forest. We have no further need of your assistance, and nothing now gives us alarm but yourself. I therefore beseech you, by our mutual love and good-will, to vanish and allow us to proceed in peace."

Kühleborn seemed to be transported with fury at this: he darted a frightful look at Undine, and grinned fiercely upon her. She shrieked aloud, and called her husband to protect her. The knight sprang round the horse as quick as lightning, and, brandishing his sword, struck at Kühleborn's head. But, instead of severing it from his body, the sword merely flashed through a torrent, which rushed foaming near them from a lofty cliff; and with a splash, which much resembled in sound a burst of laughter, the stream all at once poured upon them, and gave them a thorough wetting. The priest, as if suddenly awaking from a trance, coolly observed: "This is what I have been some time expecting, because the brook has descended from the steep so close beside us.—though at first sight, indeed, it appeared to resemble a man, and to possess the power of speech."

As the waterfall came rushing from its crag, it distinctly uttered these words in Huldbrand's ear: "Rash knight! valiant knight! I am not angry with you; I have no quarrel with you; only continue to defend your charming little wife with the same spirit, you bold knight! you rash blade!"

After advancing a few steps farther, the travellers came out upon open ground. The imperial city lay bright before them; and the evening sun, which gilded its towers with gold, kindly dried their garments that had been so completely drenched.

CHAPTER X.

THE sudden disappearance of the young knight, Huldbrand of Ringsletten, had occasioned much remark in the imperial city, and no small concern among those of the people, who, as well on account of his expertness in tourney and dance as in consequence of his mild and amiable manners, had become attached to him. His attendants were unwilling to quit the place without their master, although not a soul of them had been courageous enough to follow him into the fearful recesses of the forest. They remained therefore at their public-house, in the indulgence of idle hope, as men are wont to do, and, by the expression of their fears, kept the fate of their lost lord fresh in remembrance.

Now when the violent storms and floods had been observed immediately after his departure, the destruction of the handsome stranger became all but certain: even Bertalda had quite openly discovered her sorrow, and detested herself for having induced him to take that fatal excursion into the forest. Her foster-parents, the duke and duchess, had meanwhile come to take her away, but Bertalda persuaded them to remain with her until some certain news of Huldbrand should be obtained, whether he were living or dead. She endeavoured also to prevail upon several young knights, who were assiduous in courting her favour, to go in quest of the noble adventurer in the forest. But she refused to pledge her hand as the reward of the enterprise, because she still cherished, it might be, a hope of its being claimed by the returning knight; and no one would consent, for a glove, a riband, or even a kiss, to expose his life to bring back a rival so very dangerous.

When Huldbrand now made his sudden and unexpected appearance, his attendants, the inhabitants of the city, and almost all the people, rejoiced. We must acknowledge, indeed, that this was not the case with Bertalda; for although it might be quite a welcome event to others, that he brought with him a wife of such exquisite loveliness, and father Heilmann as a witness of their marriage, Bertalda could not but view the affair with grief and vexation. She had in truth become attached to the young knight with her whole soul, and then her mourning for his absence, or supposed death, had been more unreservedly shown, than she could now have wished.

But notwithstanding all this, she conducted herself like a prudent woman in circumstances of such delicacy, and lived on the most friendly terms with Undine, whom the whole city looked upon as

a princess, that Huldbrand had rescued in the forest from some evil enchantment. Whenever any one questioned either herself or her husband relative to surmises of this nature, they had wisdom enough to remain silent, or wit enough to evade the inquiries. The lips of father Heilmann had been sealed in regard to idle gossip of every kind, and besides, on Huldbrand's arrival, he had immediately returned to his cloister; so that people were obliged to rest contented with their own wild conjectures, and even Bertalda herself ascertained nothing more of the truth than others.

In addition to all this, Undine daily regarded this young lady with increasing fondness. "We must have been heretofore acquainted with each other," she often used to say to her, "or else there must be some mysterious connexion between us; for it is incredible, that one individual so perfectly without cause, I mean without some deep and secret cause, should be so fondly attached to another, as I have been to you from the first moment of our meeting."

And even Bertalda could not deny, that she felt a glowing impulse, an attraction of tenderness, toward Undine, much as she deemed this fortunate rival the cause of her bitterest disappointment. Under the influence of this mutual regard, they found means to persuade, the one her foster-parents, and the other her husband, to defer the day of separation to a period more and more remote; nay more, they had already begun to talk of a plan for Bertalda's accompanying Undine to Castle Ringsletten, near one of the sources of the Danube, and spending some considerable time with her.

Once on a fine evening, while they were promenading the city by starlight, they happened to be talking over their scheme just as they passed the high trees that bordered the public walk. The young married pair, though it was somewhat late, had called upon Bertalda to invite her to share their enjoyment; and all three proceeded familiarly up and down beneath the dark blue heaven, not seldom interrupted in their converse by the admiration, which they could not but bestow upon the magnificent fountain in the middle of the square, and upon the wonderful rush and shooting upward of its water. All was sweet and soothing to their minds; among the shadows of the trees stole in glimmerings of light from the adjacent houses; a low murmur as of children at play, and of other persons who were enjoying their walk, floated around them; so lonely were they, and sharing at the same time so much of social happiness, under a serene sky and amid the living world, that whatever had appeared difficult by day, now became smooth and easy of its own accord, and the three friends could no longer see the slightest cause for hesitation in regard to Bertalda's taking the journey.

At that instant, while they were just appointing the day of their departure, a tall man approached them from the middle of the square, bowed respectfully to the company, and spoke something in the young bride's ear. Though displeased with the interruption and its cause, she walked aside a few steps with the stranger, and both began to whisper, as it seemed, in a foreign tongue. Huldbrand thought he recognised the strange man of the forest; and he gazed upon him with a look so

intense and immoveable, that he neither heard nor answered the astonished inquiries of Bertalda. All at once Undine clapped her hands with delight, and turned back from the stranger, laughing: he, frequently shaking his head, retired with a hasty step and discontented air, and descended into the fountain. Huldbrand now felt perfectly certain that his conjecture was correct, but Bertalda asked:

"What then, dear Undine, did the master of the fountain wish to say to you?"

Undine secretly laughed within herself, and made answer: "The day after to-morrow, my dear child, when the anniversary of your name-day* returns, you shall be informed." And this was all she could be prevailed upon to disclose. She merely asked Bertalda to dinner on the appointed day, and requested her to invite her foster-parents; and soon afterward they separated.

"Kühlborn?" said Huldbrand to his lovely wife with an inward shudder, when they had taken leave of Bertalda, and were now going home through the darkening streets.

"Yes, it was he," answered Undine, "and he would have wearied me with stupid warnings and forebodings without end. But in the midst of his senseless trash, what was altogether the reverse of his intention, he delighted me with a most wholesome piece of news. If you, my dear lord and husband, wish me to acquaint you with it now, you need only command me, and I will freely and from my heart tell you all without reserve. But would you confer upon your Undine a very, very peculiar pleasure, only wait till the day after to-morrow, and then you too shall have your share of the surprise."

The knight was quite willing to gratify his wife, in regard to what she had requested with so beautiful a spirit; and this spirit she discovered yet more, for while she was that night falling asleep, she murmured to herself with a smile: "How she will rejoice and be astonished at what her master of the fountain has told me,—the dear, happy Bertalda!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE company were sitting at dinner; Bertalda, adorned with jewels and flowers without number, the presents of her foster-parents and friends, and resembling some goddess of Spring, sat beside Undine and Huldbrand at the head of the table. When the sumptuous repast was ended, and the dessert was placed before them, permission was given that the doors should be left open: this was in accordance with the good old custom in Germany, that the common people might enjoy the privilege of seeing the splendour and sharing the festivity of their superiors. Among these spectators the servants carried round cake and wine.

* A literary friend, from whose kindness I have derived the best aid in revising and correcting my version, informs me that this term "refers to a German custom of celebrating, not only the birth-day, but also the name-day, that is, the day which in the almanac bears the person's Christian name. The old almanacs contained a name for each day in the year, being either the name of a saint or some other remarkable personage in history."

Huldbrand and Bertalda waited with secret impatience for the promised explanation, and never, except when they could not well help it, removed their eyes from Undine. But the beautiful woman still continued silent, and merely smiled to herself with secret and heartfelt satisfaction. All who were made acquainted with the promise she had given, could perceive that she was every moment on the point of revealing a secret, which she felt to be of an exciting nature; and yet, as children sometimes delay tasting their choicest dainties, she still withheld the communication, with a denial, that made it the more desired. Bertalda and Huldbrand partook of the same delightful feeling, while in anxious hope they were expecting the unknown disclosure, which they were to receive from the lips of their friend.

At this moment, several of the company pressed Undine to give them a song. This appeared to her to be quite a well-timed request, and, ordering her lute to be brought, she sung the following words:

"Morning so bright,
Wild flowers so gay,
Where high grass so dewy
Crowns the wavy lake's border.

"On the meadow's verdant bosom,
What glimmers there so white?
Have wreaths of snowy blossoms,
Soft floating, fallen from heaven?"

"Ah, see! a tender infant!—
It plays with flowers, unwitting;
It strives to grasp morn's golden beams.—
O where, sweet stranger, where's your home?
Afar from unknown shores,
The waves have waded hither
This helpless little one.

"Nay, clasp not, tender darling,
With tiny hand the flowers;
No hand returns the pressure,
The flowers are strange and mute.

"They clothe themselves in beauty,
They breathe a rich perfume,
But cannot fold around you
A mother's loving arms;—
Far, far away that mother's fond embrace.

"Life's early dawn just opening faint,
Your eye yet beaming Heaven's own smile,
So soon your tenderest guardians gone;—
Severe, poor child, your fate,—
All, all to you unknown,

"A noble duke has cross'd the mead,
And near you check'd his steed's career:
Wonder and pity touch his heart;
With knowledge high and manners pure
He rears you,—makes his castle home your own.

"How great, how infinite, your gain!
Of all the land you bloom the loveliest,
Yet, ah! the priceless blessing,
The bliss of parents' fondness,
You left on strands unknown."

Undine touched her lute with the low undertones of feeling, and paused with a melancholy smile; the eyes of Bertalda's ducal foster-parents were filled with tears.

"Ah yes, it was so,—such was the morning on

which I found you, poor amiable orphan," cried the duke with deep emotion; "the beautiful singer is certainly right; still

'That priceless blessing,
The bliss of parents' fondness, -

it was beyond our power to give you."—

"But we must hear, also, what happened to the poor parents," said Undine, as she struck the chords, and sung:

"Through her chambers roams the mother,
Searching, searching everywhere;
Seeks and knows not what, with yearning,
Childless house still finding there.

"Childless house!—O sound of anguish!
She alone the anguish knows,
There by day who led her dear one,
There who rock'd its night-repose

"Beechen buds again are swelling,
Sunshine warms again the shore,
Ah, fond mother, cease your searching,
Comes the loved and lost no more.

"Then when airs of eve are fresh'ning,
Home the father winds his way,
While with smiles his woe he's veiling,
Gushing tears his heart betray.

"Well he knows, within his dwelling
Still as death he'll find the gloom,
Only hear the mother moaning,—
No sweet babe to smile him home."

"O tell me, in the name of God tell me, Undine, where are my parents?" cried the weeping Bertalda. "You certainly know; you must have discovered them, you wonderful woman, for otherwise you would never have thus torn my heart. Can they be already here? May I believe it possible?" Her eye glanced rapidly over the brilliant company, and rested upon a lady of distinction, who was sitting next to her foster-father.

Then, with an inclination of her head, Undine beckoned toward the door, while her eyes overflowed with the sweetest emotion. "Where then are the poor parents waiting?" she asked, and the old fisherman, diffident and hesitating, advanced with his wife from the crowd of spectators. Swift as the rush of hope within them, they threw a look of inquiry, now at Undine, and now at the beautiful lady, who was said to be their daughter.

"It is she! it is she there before you!" exclaimed the restorer of their child, with the imperfect utterance of rapture, and both the aged parents embraced their recovered daughter, weeping aloud and praising God.

But, shocked and indignant, Bertalda tore herself from their arms. Such a discovery was too severe for her proud spirit to bear, especially at the moment when she had doubtless expected to see her former splendour increased, and when hope was picturing to her nothing less brilliant than a royal canopy and a crown. It seemed to her as if her rival had contrived all this, and with the special view to humble her before Huldbrand and the whole world. She reproached Undine, she abused the old people, and even such offensive words as "deceiver, bribed and perjured impostors," burst from her lips.

The aged wife of the fisherman then said to herself, but in a very low voice: "Ah, my God! what a worthless vixen of a woman she has grown! and yet I feel in my heart, that she is my child."

The old fisherman, however, had meanwhile folded his hands, and offered up a silent prayer, that she might *not* be his daughter.

Undine, faint and pale as death, turned from the parents to Bertalda, from Bertalda to the parents; she was suddenly cast down from all that heaven of happiness, of which she had been dreaming, and plunged into an agony of terror and disappointment, of which until now she had never formed even a dream.

"Have you then a son? Can you really have a soul, Bertalda?" she cried again and again to her angry friend, as if with vehement effort she would rouse her from a sudden delirium or some distracting dream of night, and restore her to recollection.

But, when Bertalda became every moment only more and more enraged, as the disappointed parents began to weep aloud, and the company, with much warmth of dispute, were espousing opposite sides, she discovered a prompt and admirable presence of mind: she begged for the liberty of speaking in this her husband's dining-hall, and so worthy of praise for her purpose, and so earnest were her expressions and tones, that all around her were in an instant hushed to silence. She then advanced to the upper end of the table, where, both humbled and haughty, Bertalda had seated herself, and, while every eye was fastened upon her, spoke in the following manner:

"My friends, I am grieved to see you appear so dissatisfied and disturbed. This entertainment of mine, which you are interrupting with your heated discussion, I had hoped would prove a satisfaction to you and myself. Ah, my God! I knew nothing of these your heartless maxims, these your unnatural ways of thinking, and never so long as I live, I fear, shall I become reconciled to them. The disclosure I have made, it seems, is unwelcome to you; it has produced all this excitement and confusion; but I am not to blame for such a result. Believe me, little as you may imagine this to be the case, it is wholly owing to yourselves. One word more, therefore, is all I have to add, but this is one that must be spoken: I have uttered nothing but truth. Of the certainty of the fact I give you the strongest assurance; no other proof can I or will I produce; but this I will affirm in the presence of God. The individual who gave me this information, was the very person who decoyed the infant Bertalda into the water, and who, after thus taking her from her parents, placed her on the green grass of the meadow, where he knew the duke was to pass."

"She is an enchantress," cried Bertalda, "a witch, that has intercourse with evil spirits. She has even now confessed it herself."

"Never! I deny it," replied Undine, while a whole heaven of innocence and truth beamed from her eyes. "I am no witch; look upon me, see and acknowledge the injustice of her words."

"Then she utters both falsehood and folly," cried Bertalda, "and she is unable to prove that I am the child of these low people. My noble parents, I entreat you to take me from this company, and out of this city, beyond the breath of

calumny and abuse. Nothing but detraction meets me here."

But the aged duke, a man of honourable feeling, remained unmoved by her excited state, and his lady remarked: "We must thoroughly examine the circumstances of this matter. God forbid, that we should move a step from this hall, before we do so."

Encouraged by this kind word, the aged wife of the fisherman drew near, made a low obeisance to the duchess, and said: "Exalted and pious lady, you have opened my heart. Permit me to tell you, that if this evil-disposed maiden is my daughter, she has a mark, like a violet, between her shoulders, and another of the same kind on the instep of her left foot. If she will only consent to go out of the hall with me——"

"I will not consent to uncover myself before the peasant woman," interrupted Bertalda, haughtily turning her back upon her.

"But before me you certainly will," replied the duchess, with solemnity. "You will follow me into that room, young woman, and the worthy old lady shall go with us."

The three disappeared, and the rest continued where they were, in the breath of almost unbreathing expectation. In a few minutes the females returned, Bertalda pale as death, and the duchess said: "Truth must be acknowledged as it is; I therefore declare, that our lady hostess has spoken with perfect correctness. Bertalda is the fisherman's daughter; no further proof is required; and this is all, of which on the present occasion you need to be informed."

The princely pair went out with their adopted daughter; the fisherman, in consequence of a sign from the duke, followed them with his wife. The other guests retired in silence, or but imperfectly suppressing their murmurs, while Undine sunk weeping into the arms of Huldbrand.

CHAPTER XII.

THE lord of Ringstetten would certainly have been more gratified had the events of this day been different; but even such as they now were, he could by no means look upon them as unwelcome, since his wife had discovered so much discretion, kindness of spirit, and cordial affection.

"If I have given her a soul," he could not help saying to himself, "I have assuredly given her a better one than my own;" and now what chiefly occupied his mind, was to soothe and comfort his weeping wife, and even so early as the morrow to remove her from a place which, after this gross accident, could not fail to be distasteful to her. Yet it is certain, that the opinion of the public concerning her was not changed. As something extraordinary had long before been expected of her, the mysterious discovery of Bertalda's parentage had occasioned little or no surprise; and every one who became acquainted with the disclosure of Bertalda's story, and with the violence of her behaviour on that occasion, was only disgusted and set against her. Of this state of things, however, the knight and his lady were as yet

ignorant; besides, whether the public condemned Bertalda or herself, the one view of the affair would have been as distressing to Undine as the other; and thus they came to the conclusion, that the wisest course they could take, was to leave behind them the walls of the old city with all the speed in their power.

With the earliest beams of morning, a brilliant carriage, for Undine, drove up to the door of the inn; the horses of Huldbrand and his attendants stood near, stamping the pavement, impatient to proceed. The knight was leading his beautiful wife from the door, when a fish-girl came up and met them in the way.

"We have no occasion for your fish," said Huldbrand, accosting her, "we are this moment setting out on a journey."

Upon this the fish-girl began to weep bitterly, and then it was that the young couple first perceived it was Bertalda. They immediately returned with her to their apartment, when she informed them, that, owing to her unfeeling and violent conduct of the preceding day, the duke and duchess had been so displeased with her, as entirely to withdraw from her their protection, though not before giving her a generous portion. The fisherman, too, had received a handsome gratuity, and had, the evening before, set out with his wife for his beloved peninsula.

"I would have gone with them," she pursued, "but the old fisherman, who is called my father——"

"He certainly is your father, Bertalda," said Undine, interrupting her. "Pray consider what I tell you: the stranger whom you took for the master of the water-works, gave me all the particulars. He wished to dissuade me from taking you with me to Castle Ringstetten, and therefore disclosed to me the whole mystery."

"Well then," continued Bertalda, "my father, —if it must needs be so, my father said: 'I will not take you with me, until your mind and manners are changed. If you will venture to come to us alone through the ill-omened forest, that shall be a proof of your having some regard for us. But come not to me as a lady; come merely as a fish-girl.—I am determined therefore to do just what he commanded me; for since I am abandoned by all the world, I will live and die in solitude, a poor fish-girl, with parents equally poor. The forest, indeed, appears very terrible to me. Horrible spectres make it their haunt, and I am so timorous. But how can I help it?—I have only come here at this early hour, to beg the noble lady of Ringstetten to pardon my unbecoming behaviour of yesterday. Dear madam, I have the fullest persuasion that you meant to do me a kindness, but you were not aware how severely you would wound and injure me; and this was the reason, that, in my agony and surprise, so many rash and frantic expressions burst from my lips.—Forgive me, ah forgive me! I am in truth so unhappy already. Only consider what I was but yesterday morning, what I was even at the beginning of your yesterday's festival, and what I am at the present moment!"

Her words now became inarticulate, lost in a passionate flow of tears, while Undine, bitterly weeping with her, fell upon her neck. So powerful was her emotion, that it was a long time before she could utter a word. At length she said:

"Dearest Bertalda, do not despair; you shall

still go with us to Ringstetten; all shall remain just as we lately arranged it; only, in speaking to me, pray continue to use the familiar and affectionate terms that we have been wont to use, and do not pain me with the sound of 'madam' and 'noble lady,' any more. Consider, we were charged for each other, when we were children; even then we were united by a like fate, and we will strengthen this union with such close affection as no human power shall dissolve. Only first of all you must go with us to Ringstetten. As to the manner in which we shall share our sisterly enjoyments, we will leave that to be talked over after we arrive."

Bertalda looked up to Huldbrand with timid inquiry. He pitied her in her affliction, took her hand, and begged her, with the greatest tenderness, to intrust herself to him and his wife.

"We will send a message to your parents," continued he, "giving them the reason why you have not come;"—and he would have added more about his worthy friends of the peninsula, when, perceiving that Bertalda shrunk in distress at the mention of them, he waved the subject. He took her under the arm, lifted her first into the carriage, then Undine, and was soon trotting blithely beside them; so persevering was he, too, in urging forward their driver, that in a short time they had left the limits of the city, and with these a crowd of painful recollections; and now the ladies experienced a satisfaction, more and more exquisite, as their carriage rolled on through the picturesque scenes, which their progress was continually presenting.

After a journey of some days, they arrived, on a fine evening, at Castle Ringstetten. The young knight being much engaged with the overseers and menials of his establishment, Undine and Bertalda were left alone. Eager for novelty, they took a walk upon the high rampart of the fortress, and were charmed with the delightful landscape, which fertile Suabia spread around them. While they were viewing the scene, a tall man drew near, who greeted them with respectful civility, and who seemed to Bertalda much to resemble the director of the city fountain. Still less was the resemblance to be mistaken, when Undine, indignant at his intrusion, waved him off with an air of menace; while he, shaking his head, retreated with rapid strides, as he had formerly done, then glided among the trees of a neighbouring grove and disappeared.

"Do not be terrified, Bertalda," said Undine; "the odious monster of the fountain shall do you no harm this time."—And then she related to her the particulars of her history, and who she was herself,—how Bertalda had been taken away from the people of the peninsula, and Undine substituted in her place. This relation at first filled the young woman with amazement and alarm; she imagined her friend must be seized with a sudden alienation of mind. But, from the consistency of her story, she became more and more convinced that all was true, it so well agreed with her former adventures, and still more from that inward feeling, with which truth never fails to make itself known to us. She could not but view it as an extraordinary circumstance, that she was herself now living, as it were, in the midst of one of those wild fictions of romance, which she had formerly heard related for mere amusement. She gazed upon Undine with awe,

but could not avoid feeling a shudder, which seemed to separate her from her friend; and she could not but be extremely astonished, when the knight, at their evening repast, showed himself so kind and affectionate towards a being, who appeared, after the discoveries just made, more to resemble a phantom of the spirit-world than one of the human race.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE writer of this history, because it touches his own heart, and because he wishes it may equally move the hearts of others, begs you, dear reader, to grant him a single indulgence. Excuse him, if he now passes over a considerable period of time, and gives you only a general account of its events. He is well aware, that, perfectly conforming to the rules of art, and step by step, he might delineate the process by which Huldbrand's warmth of attachment for Undine began to decline and to be transferred to Bertalda; how Bertalda gradually became more and more attached, and met the young man's glance with a glow of love; how they both seemed rather to fear the poor wife, as a being of another species, than to sympathise with her; how Undine wept, and her tears produced remorse in the knight's heart, yet without awakening his former tenderness, so that his treatment of her would discover occasional impulses of kindness, but a cold shuddering would soon drive him from her side, and he would hasten to the society of Bertalda, as a more congenial being of his own race;—all this, the writer is aware, he could describe with the minute touches of truth, and perhaps this is the course that he ought to pursue. But his heart would feel the task to be too melancholy for, having suffered calamities of this nature, he is impressed with terror even at the remembrance of their shadows.

You have probably experienced a similar feeling yourself, my dear reader, for such is the inevitable allotment of mortal man. Happy are you, if you have rather endured than inflicted this misery, since, in matters of this kind, more blessed is he that receives than he that gives. For in this case, when such remembrances came over the mind, only a soft pensiveness steals into the soul, and perhaps a tender tear trickles down your cheek, while you regret the fading of the flowers, in which you once took a delight so exquisite. But of this no more; we would not linger over the evil, and pierce our hearts with a thousand separate pangs, but just briefly hint the course of events, as I said before.

Poor Undine was extremely distressed, and the other two were far from being happy; Bertalda in particular, whenever she was in the slightest degree opposed in her wishes, attributed the cause to the jealousy and oppression of the injured wife. In consequence of this suspicious temper, she was daily in the habit of discovering a haughty and imperious demeanour, to which Undine submitted in sad and painful self-denial; and such was the blind delusion of Huldbrand, that he usually supported the impropriety in the most decisive terms.

What disturbed the inmates of the castle still more, was the endless variety of wonderful apparitions, which assailed Huldbrand and Bertalda in the vaulted passages of the building, and of which nothing had ever been heard before within the memory of man. The tall white man, in whom Huldbrand but too well recognised Undine's uncle Kühleborn, and Bertalda the mysterious or spectral master of the water-works, often passed before them with threatening aspect and gestures; more especially, however, before Bertalda, so that she had already several times fainted and fallen through terror, and had in consequence frequently thought of quitting the castle. But partly owing to her excessive fondness for Huldbrand, as well as to a reliance on what she termed her innocence, since no declaration of mutual attachment had ever been distinctly made, and partly also because she knew not whither to direct her steps, she lingered where she was.

The old fisherman, on receiving the message from the lord of Ringstetten, that Bertalda was a welcome guest in his family, returned answer in some lines almost too illegible to be deciphered, but still the best his advanced life and long disuse of writing permitted him to form.

"I have now become," he wrote, "a poor old widower, for my beloved and faithful wife is dead. But bereaved and disconsolate as I am, sitting solitary in my cottage, I prefer Bertalda's remaining where she is, to her living with me. One thing is all I have to ask, which is this, that she do nothing to hurt my dear Undine, or to make her unhappy. Should she be thus guilty, she must expect, what she will certainly have, the visitation of a father's curse."

The last words of this letter, as they were, Bertalda flung to the winds; but the permission to remain from home, which her father had granted her, she remembered, and clung to as a peculiar indulgence, just as we all are wont to do in like circumstances.

One day, a few moments after Huldbrand had ridden out, Undine called together the domestics of the family, and ordered them to bring a large stone, and carefully to cover with it a magnificent fountain, that was situated in the middle of the castle court. The servants ventured to hint, as an objection, that it would oblige them to bring their water from the valley below, which was at an inconvenient distance. Undine smiled with an expression of melancholy.

"I am sorry, dear children," replied she, "to increase your labour; I should prefer to bring up the water-vessels myself, but this fountain must indeed be closed. Believe me when I say, that it must be done, and that by doing it we only avoid a greater evil,—one that may well be called a calamity."

The domestics were all delighted to gratify their gentle mistress; and making no further inquiry, they seized the enormous stone. While they were raising it in their hands, and were now on the point of adjusting it over the fountain, Bertalda came running to the place, and cried, with an air of command, that they must stop; that the water she used, so improving to her complexion, she was wont to have brought from this fountain, and that she would by no means allow it to be closed.

This time, however, Undine, while she showed her usual gentleness and more than her usual

resolution, remained firm to her purpose: she said it belonged to her, as mistress of the house, to direct the regulations of the establishment according to her best judgment, and that she was accountable in this to no one but her lord and husband.

"See, O pray, see!" exclaimed the dissatisfied and indignant Bertalda, "how the beautiful water is curling and curving, winding and waving there, as if disturbed at being shut out from the bright sunshine, and from the cheerful view of the human countenance, for whose mirror it was created."

In truth, the water of the fountain was agitated, and foaming, and hissing in a surprising manner; it seemed as if there were something within possessing life and will, that was struggling to free itself from confinement. But Undine only the more earnestly urged on the accomplishment of her commands. This earnestness was scarcely required. The servants of the castle were as happy in obeying their sweet-tempered lady, as in opposing the haughty spirit of Bertalda; and with whatever rudeness the latter might even scold and threaten, still the stone was in a few minutes lying firm over the opening of the fountain. Undine leaned thoughtfully over it, and wrote with her beautiful fingers on the flat surface. She must, however, have had something very acrid and corrosive in her hand; for when she retired, and the domestics went up to examine the stone, they discovered various strange characters upon it, which none of them had seen there before.

When the knight returned home toward evening, Bertalda received him with tears and complaints of Undine's treatment of her. He threw a severe look at his poor wife, and she cast down her eyes in evident distress. Still she spoke with great firmness:

"My lord and husband, you never reprove even a bond-slave, before you hear his defence, how much less then your wedded wife!"

"Speak, what moved you to this singular conduct?" said the knight, with a gloomy countenance.

"I could wish to tell you, when we are entirely alone," said Undine, with a sigh.

"You can tell me equally well in the presence of Bertalda," he replied.

"Yes, if you command me," said Undine, "but do not command me. Pray, pray, do not!"

She looked so humble, affectionate, and obedient, that the heart of the knight was touched and softened, as if it felt the influence of a ray from better times. He kindly took her arm within his, and led her to his apartment, where she spoke as follows:

"You already know something, my beloved lord, of Kühleborn, my evil-disposed uncle, and have often felt displeasure at meeting him in the passages of this castle. Several times has he terrified Bertalda even to swooning. He does this, because he possesses no soul, being a mere elemental mirror of the outward world, while of the world within he can give no reflection. Then, too, he sometimes observes, that you are displeased with me, that in my childish weakness I weep at this, and that Bertalda, if may be, is laughing at the same moment. Hence it is, that he conceives every sort of wrong and unkindness to exist, and in various ways mixes with our circle unbidden. What do I gain by reproving him! by showing displeasure, and sending him away! He does not

believe a word I say. His poor imperfect nature affords him no conception that the vicissitudes and satisfactions of love have so mysterious a resemblance, and are so intimately connected, that no power on earth is able to separate them. Even in the midst of tears, a smile is dawning on the cheek, and smiles call forth tears from their secret recesses."

She looked up at Huldbrand, smiling and weeping, and he again felt within his heart all the magic of his former affection. She perceived it, and pressed him more tenderly to her, while amid tears of joy she went on thus:

"When the disturber of our peace would not be dismissed with words, I was obliged to shut the door upon him; and the only entrance by which he has access to us, is that fountain. His connexion with the other water-spirits, here in this region, is cut off by the valleys that border upon us, and his kingdom first commences farther off on the Danube, in whose tributary streams some of his good friends have their abode. For this reason I caused the stone to be placed over the opening of the fountain, and inscribed characters upon it, which baffle all the efforts of my suspicious and passionate uncle, so that he now has no power of intruding either upon you, or me, or Bertalda. Human beings, it is true, notwithstanding the characters I have inscribed there, are able to raise the stone without any extraordinary trouble whatever; there is nothing to prevent them. If therefore this be your resolve, remove it according to Bertalda's desire, but she assuredly knows not what she asks. The rude Kühleborn looks with peculiar ill-will upon her; and should much come to pass that he has imperfectly predicted to me, and which is quite likely to happen, without your meaning any evil,—I fear, my husband, that you yourself would be exposed to peril."

Huldbrand felt the generosity of his amiable wife in the depth of his heart, since she had been so active in confining her formidable defender, and even at the very moment she was suffering in consequence of the reproaches of Bertalda. Influenced by this feeling, he pressed her in his arms with the tenderest affection, and said with emotion:

"The stone shall remain unmoved, all remains and ever shall remain, just as you choose to have it, my dear, very dear Undine!"

At these long-withheld expressions of tenderness, she returned his caresses with lowly delight, and ending what she had to say, observed: "My dearest husband, since you are so very kind and indulgent to-day, may I venture to ask a favour of you? Pray observe it is with you as with summer. Even amid its highest splendour, summer puts on the flaming and thundering crown of glorious tempests, in which it strongly resembles a king and god on earth. You too are sometimes terrible in your rebukes; your eyes flash lightning, while thunder resounds in your voice; and although this may be quite becoming to you, I in my folly cannot but sometimes weep at it. But never, I entreat you, discover such violence toward me on a river, or even when we are near a piece of water. For if you should, my relations would require a right to exercise authority over me. They would tear me from you in their fury with

inexorable force, because they would conceive that one of their race was injured; and I should be compelled, as long as I lived, to dwell below in the crystal palaces, and never dare ascend to you again: or should they send me up to you, O God! that would be infinitely more deplorable still. No, no, my beloved husband, let it not come to that, if your poor Undine is dear to you."

He solemnly promised to do as she desired, and, infinitely happy and full of affection, the married pair returned from the apartment. At this very moment, Bertalda came with some work-people, whom she had meanwhile ordered to attend her, and said with a fretful air, which she had assumed of late:—

"Well, now the secret consultation is at an end, it is to be hoped the stone may be permitted to come down. Go out, workmen, and execute your business."

The knight, however, highly resenting her impertinence, said, in brief and very decisive terms, "The stone remains where it is;" he reproved Bertalda also for the vehement and undisciplined spirit that she had discovered towards his wife. Whereupon the workmen, smiling with secret satisfaction, withdrew; while Bertalda, pale with rage, hurried to her room.

When the hour of supper came, no Bertalda appeared, they waited for her in vain. They sent for her; but the domestic found her apartments empty, and brought back with him only a sealed billet, addressed to the knight. He opened it in alarm, and read:

"I feel with shame, that I am only the daughter of a poor fisherman. That I for one moment forgot this, I will make expiation in the miserable hut of my parents. Farewell, with your beautiful wife!"

Undine was troubled at heart. With passionate emphasis she entreated Huldbrand to hasten after their friend, who had flown, and bring her back with him. Alas! she had no occasion to urge him. His passion for Bertalda again burst forth with vehemence. He hurried round the castle, inquiring whether any one had seen which way the fair fugitive had gone. He could gain no information, and was already in the court upon his horse, determining to take at a venture the road by which he had conducted Bertalda to the castle; when there appeared a shield-boy, who assured him, that he had met the lady on the path to the Black Valley. Swift as the impulse of passion, the knight sprung through the gate in the direction pointed out, without hearing Undine's voice of agony, as she cried after him from the window:

"To the Black Valley? O not there! Huldbrand, not there! or if you will go, for God's sake take me with you!"

But when she perceived that all her calling was of no avail, she ordered her white palfrey to be instantly saddled, and followed the knight without permitting a single servant to accompany her!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Black Valley lies secluded far among the mountains. What its present name may be, I am unable to say. At the time of which I am speaking, the country-people gave it this appellation from the deep obscurity produced by the shadows of lofty trees, more especially by a crowded growth of firs, that covered this region of moor-land. Even the brook, which ascended into it from among the crags, assumed the same dark hue, and exhibited nothing of that cheerful aspect, which streams are wont to wear, that have the blue sky immediately over them.

It was now the dusk of evening, and the view between the heights had become extremely wild and gloomy. The knight, in great anxiety, skirted the border of the brook; he was at one time fearful, that by delay he should allow the fugitive to advance too far before him; and then, again, in his too eager rapidity, he was afraid he might somewhere overlook and pass by her, should she be desirous of concealing herself from his search. He had in the mean time penetrated pretty far into the valley, and felt assured of soon overtaking the maiden, provided he were pursuing the right track. The fear, indeed, that he might not as yet have gained it, made his heart beat with more and more of anxiety. In the stormy night, which was now impending, and which always hovered more fearfully over this valley, where would the delicate Bertalda shelter herself, should he fail to find her? At last, while these thoughts were darting across his mind, he saw something white glimmer through the branches on the ascent of the mountain. He felt quite certain that the object he discerned was Bertalda's robe, and he directed his course toward it. But his horse refused to go forward; he reared with a fury so uncontrollable, and his master was so unwilling to lose a moment, that (especially as he saw the thickets were altogether impassable on horseback) he dismounted, and, having fastened his sporting steed to an elm, worked his way with caution through the matted underwood. The branches, moistened by the cold drops of the evening dew, smote his forehead and cheeks; thunder muttered remotely on the further side of the mountains; and everything put on so strange and mystic an appearance that he began to feel a dread of the white figure, which now lay at a short distance from him upon the ground. Still he could see with perfect clearness, that it was a female, either asleep or in a swoon, and dressed in long white garments, such as Bertalda had worn the past day. Approaching quite near to her, he made a rustling with the branches and a ringing with his sword,—but she did not move.

“Bertalda!” he cried, at first low, then louder and louder; yet she heard him not. At last, when he uttered the dear name with an energy yet more powerful, a hollow echo, from the mountain-summits around the valley, returned the deadened sound, “Bertalda!” Still the sleeper continued insensible. He stooped low, with a view to examine her countenance, but the duskiness of the valley and the obscurity of twilight would not allow him to distinguish her features. While with agonising uncertainty he was bending

near to her, a flash of lightning suddenly shot across the valley. By this stream of light, he saw a frightfully distorted visage close to his own, and a hoarse voice reached his ear:

“You enamoured shepherd, give me a kiss!” Huldbrand sprang upon his feet with a cry of horror, and the hideous figure rose with him.

“Home!” it cried with a deep murmur: “the fiends are abroad. Home! or I have you!” And it stretched toward him its long white arms.

“Malicious Kühleborn,” exclaimed the knight with restored energy, “if Kühleborn you are, what business have you here?—what’s your will, you goblin?—There, take your kiss!”—And in fury he flashed his sword at the form: But the form vanished like vapour; and a rush of water giving the knight a thorough drenching, left him in no doubt with what foe he had been engaged.

“He wishes to frighten me back from my pursuit of Bertalda,” said he to himself; “he imagines that I shall be terrified at his senseless enchantments, and resign the poor distressed girl to his power, so that he can wreak his vengeance upon her at will. But, impotent spirit of the flood! he shall find himself mistaken. What the heart of man can do, when it exerts the full force of its will, the strong energy of its noblest powers, of this feeble enchanter has no comprehension.”

He felt the truth of his words, and that, in thus giving utterance to his thoughts, he had inspired his heart with fresh courage. Fortune too appeared to be in league with him; for, before reaching his fastened steel, he distinctly heard the voice of Bertalda, where she was now weeping and now moaning not far before him, amid the roar of the thunder and the tempest, which every moment increased. He flew swiftly toward the sound, and found the trembling maiden, just as she was attempting to climb the steep, hoping to escape from the dreadful darkness of this valley. He stepped before her, while he spoke in tones of the most soothing tenderness; and bold and proud as her resolution had so lately been, she now felt nothing but the liveliest gratitude, that the man, whom she so passionately loved, would rescue her from this frightful solitude, and extending to her his arms of welcome, would still cast a brightness over her existence in their reunion at the castle. She followed almost unresisting, but so spent with fatigue, that the knight was glad to accompany and support her to his horse, which he now hastily unfastened from the elm: his intention was to lift the fair wanderer upon him, and then to lead him carefully by the reins through the uncertain shades of this lowland tract.

But, owing to the mad appearance of Kühleborn, the horse had become wholly unmanageable. Rearing and wildly snorting as he was, the knight must have used uncommon effort to mount the beast himself; to place the trembling Bertalda upon him, was impossible. They were compelled, therefore, to return home on foot. While with one hand the knight drew the steed after him by the bridle, he supported the tottering Bertalda with the other. She exerted all the strength in her power, in order to escape from this vale of terrors as speedily as possible; but weariness weighed her down like lead, and a universal trembling seized her limbs, partly in consequence of what she had suffered from the extreme harassment

with which Kùhleborn had pursued her, and in part from her continual fear, arising from the roar of the tempest and thunder amid the mountain forest.

At last she slid from the arm of her conductor, and, sinking upon the moss, she said: "Only let me lie here, my noble lord. I suffer the punishment due to my folly, and I must perish here through faintness and dismay."

"Never, Bertalda, will I leave you," cried Huldbrand, vainly trying to restrain the furious animal he was leading; for the horse was all in a foam, and began to chafe more ungovernably than before, till the knight was glad merely to keep him at such a distance from the exhausted maiden, as would secure her from still greater fear and alarm. But hardly had he withdrawn five steps with the frantic steed, when she began to call after him in the most sorrowful accents, fearful that he would actually leave her in this horrible wilderness. He was at a loss what course to take. He would gladly have given the enraged beast his liberty; he would have let him rush away amid the night and exhaust his fury, had he not shuddered at the thought, that in this narrow defile his iron-shod hoofs might come trampling and thundering over the very spot where Bertalda lay.

During this extreme peril and embarrassment, a feeling of delight shot through him, when he heard the rumbling wheels of a waggon, as it came slowly descending the stony way behind them. He called out for help: answer was returned in the deep voice of a man, bidding them have patience, but promising assistance; and two horses of greyish-white soon after came through the bushes, and near them their driver in the white frock of a cartier; and next appeared a great sheet of white linen, with which the goods he seemed to be conveying were covered. The whitish greys, in obedience to a shout from their master, stood still. He came up to the knight, and aided him in checking the fury of the foaming charger.

"I know well enough," said he, "what is the matter with the brute. The first time I travelled this way, my horses were just as wilful and headstrong as yours. The reason is, there is a water-spirit haunts this valley, and a wicked wight they say he is, who takes delight in mischief and witcheries of this sort. But I have learned a charm; and if you will let me whisper it in your horse's ear, he will stand just as quiet as my silver greys there."

"Try your luck, then, and help us as quick as possible!" said the impatient knight.

Upon this the waggoner drew down the head of the rearing courser close to his own, and spoke some half-dozen words in his ear. The animal instantly stood as still and subdued as usual, excepting his quick panting and smoking sweat produced by his recent violence.

Huldbrand had little time to inquire, by what means this had been effected. He agreed with the man, that he should take Bertalda in his waggon, where, as he said, a quantity of soft cotton was stowed, and he might in this way convey her to Castle Kingstetten; the knight could accompany them on horseback. But the horse appeared to be too much exhausted to carry his master so far. Seeing this, the man advised him to mount the

waggon with Bertalda. The horse could be attached to it behind.

"It is down hill," said he, "and the load for my greys will therefore be light."

The knight accepted his offer, and entered the waggon with Bertalda; the horse followed patiently after, while the waggoner, sturdy and attentive, walked beside them.

Amid the silence and deeper obscurity of the night, the tempest became more and more remote and hushed; in the comfortable feeling of their security and their commodious passage, a confidential conversation arose between Huldbrand and Bertalda. He reproved her in the most gentle and affectionate terms for her resentful flight; she excused herself with humility and emotion, and from every tone of her voice it was clear, just as a lamp guides a lover amid the secrecy of night to his waiting mistress, that she still cherished her former affection for him. The knight felt the force of what she said far too powerfully to regard the import of her words, and his replies related merely to the impression he received,—to the feeling and not the confession of love.

In the midst of this interchange of murmured feelings, the waggoner suddenly shouted with a startling voice: "Up, my greys, up with your feet! Hey, my hearts, now together, show your spirit! Do it handsomely! remember who you are!"

The knight bent over the side of the waggon, and saw that the horses had stepped into the midst of a foaming stream and were indeed almost swimming, while the wheels of the waggon were rushing round and flashing like mill-wheels, and the teamster had got on before to avoid the swell of the flood.

"What sort of a road is this? It leads into the middle of the stream!" cried Huldbrand to his guide.

"Not fit all, sir," returned he with a laugh, "it is just the contrary. The stream is running in the middle of our road. Only look about you, and see how all is overflowed."

The whole valley, in fact, was covered and in commotion, as the waves, suddenly raised and visibly rising, swept over it.

"It is Kùhleborn, that devil of a water-spirit, who wishes to drown us!" exclaimed the knight.

"Have you no charm of protection against him, companion?"

"Charm! to be sure I have one," answered the waggoner, "but I cannot and must not make use of it, before you know who I am."

"Is this a time for riddles?" cried the knight.

"The flood is every moment rising higher, and what does it concern me to know who you are?"

"But mayhap it does concern you though," said the guide, "for I am Kùhleborn."

Thus speaking, he thrust his head into the waggon, and laughed with a distorted visage; but the waggon remained a waggon no longer, the greyish-white horses were no longer, all was transformed to foam,—all sunk into the waves that rushed and hissed around them,—while the waggoner himself, rising in the form of a gigantic surge, dragged the vainly struggling courser under the waters, then rose again huge as a liquid tower, swept over the heads of the floating pair, and was on the point of burying them irrevocably beneath it; when at that instant the soft voice of Undine

was heard through the uproar, the moon emerged from the clouds, and by its light Undine became visible on a rising ground of the valley. She rebuked, she threatened the flood below her; the menacing and tower-like billow vanished, muttering and murmuring; the waters gently flowed away under the beams of the moon; while Undine, like a hovering white dove, dipped down from the knoll, seized the knight and Bertalda, and supported them to a green spot of turf on the hillock, where, by her earnest efforts, she soon restored them, and dispelled their terrors. She then assisted Bertalda to mount the white palfrey, on which she had herself been borne to the valley, and thus all three returned homeward to Castle Ringstetten.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER this last adventure, they lived at the castle undisturbed and in peaceful enjoyment. The knight was more and more impressed with the heavenly goodness of his wife, which she had so beautifully discovered by her instant pursuit, and by the rescue she had effected in the Black Valley, where the power of Kühleborn again commenced. Undine herself felt that peace and security, which the mind never fails to experience, so long as it has the consciousness of pursuing the path of rectitude; and she had this additional comfort, that, in the newly awakened love and regard of her husband, Hope and Joy were rising upon her with their myriad beams of promise.

Bertalda, on the other hand, showed herself grateful, humble, and timid, without taking to herself any merit for so doing. Whenever Huldbrand or Undine began to explain to her their reason for covering the fountain, or to her adventures in the Black Valley, she would earnestly entreat them to spare her the recital, since the fountain had occasioned her too much shame, and the Black Valley too much terror, to be made topics of conversation. With respect to these, therefore, she learnt nothing farther from either of them; and why was it necessary that she should be informed? Peace and Joy had evidently taken up their abode at Castle Ringstetten. They enjoyed their present blessings in perfect security; and in relation to the future, they now imagined it impossible that life could produce anything but pleasant flowers and fruits.

In this grateful union of friendship and affection, winter came and passed away; and spring, with its foliage of tender green and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded, to gladden the hearts of the three inmates of the castle. The season was in harmony with their minds, and their minds imparted their own hues to the season. What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel! On a bright morning, while they were taking a walk down to one of the sources of the Danube, Huldbrand spoke of the magnificence of this noble stream, how it continued swelling as it flowed through countries enriched by its waters, with what splendour Vienna rose and sparkled on its banks, and how it grew lower and more imposing almost the whole of its progress.

"It must be a glorious privilege, once our life, to trace its course down to Vienna," Bertalda exclaimed, with warmth; but, immediately resuming the humble and modest demeanour she had recently shown, she paused and blushed in silence.

This incident, slight as it may appear, was extremely touching to Undine; and with the liveliest wish to gratify her friend, she said, "Who, then, shall prevent our taking this little voyage?"

Bertalda leaped up with delight, and the two females the same moment began the work of imagination, painting this enchanting trip on the Danube in the most brilliant colours. Huldbrand, too, agreed to the project with pleasure; only he once whispered, with something of alarm, in Undine's ear:

"But, at that distance, Kühleborn becomes possessed of his power again?"

"Let him come, let him come," she answered with a laugh; I shall be there, and he dares do none of his mischief in my presence."

Thus was the last impediment removed; they prepared for the expedition, and soon set out upon it with lively spirits and the brightest hopes.

But be not be surprised, O man, if events continually happen very different from what you expect. That malicious power which lies in ambush for our destruction, delights to lull its chosen victims asleep with sweet songs and golden delusions; while, on the other hand, the messenger of Heaven, sent to rescue us from peril, often thunders at our door with the violence of alarm and terror.

During the first days of their passage down the Danube, they were unusually gratified. The farther they advanced upon the waters of this proud river, the views became more and more picturesque and attractive. But amid scenes otherwise most delicious, and from which they had promised themselves the purest delight, the stubborn Kühleborn, dropping all disguise, began to show his power of annoying them. He had few other means of doing this, indeed, than by mere tricks and illusions, for Undine often rebuked the swelling waves or the contrary winds, and then the insolence of the enemy was instantly humbled and subdued; but his attacks were renewed, and Undine's admonition again became necessary; so that the pleasure of this little water-party was completely destroyed. The oars-men, too, were continually whispering to one another in dismay, and eyeing their three superiors with distrust; while even the servants began more and more to form dismal surmises, and to watch their master and mistress with looks of suspicion.

Huldbrand often said to himself, in the silence of his soul, "This comes to pass when like marries not like,—when a man forms an unnatural union with a female of the sea." Excusing himself, as we are most of us so fond of doing, he frequently pursued a train of thought like this: "I did not in fact know that she was a maid of the sea. It is my misfortune, that my steps are haunted and disturbed by the wild humours of her kindred, but it is not my crime."

Making reflections like these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened; but on the other hand, he only the more entertained a feeling of ill-humour against Undine, almost amounting to

malevolence. He cast upon her glances of fretfulness and ill-nature, and the unhappy wife but too well understood their meaning. One day, grieved by this unkindness, as well as exhausted by her unremitting exertions to frustrate the artifices of Kùhleborn, while rocked and soothed by the gentle motion of the bark, she toward evening fell into a deep slumber. But hardly had she closed her eyes, when every person in the boat, in whatever direction he might look on the water, saw the head of a man, beyond imagination frightful: each head rose out of the waves, not like that of a person swimming, but quite perpendicular, as if firmly fastened to the watery mirror, and still moving on with the progress of the bark. Every one wished to show to his companion what terrified himself, and each perceived the same expression of horror on the face of the other, only his hand and eye were directed to a different quarter, as if to a point where the monster, half laughing and half threatening, rose opposite to himself.

When however they wished to make one another understand the sight, and all cried out, "Look there!" "No, there!" the frightful heads all became visible to each, and the whole river around the boat swarmed with faces of the most horrible expression. All raised a scream of terror at the sight, and Undine started from sleep. The moment she opened her eyes upon the mad group, the deformed visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was made furious by the frequent recurrence of these hideous visions. He would have burst out in wild imprecations, had not Undine, with the most submissive air and in the gentlest tone of supplication, thus entreated him:

"For God's sake, my husband, do not express displeasure against me here, — we are on the water."

The knight was silent and sat down, absorbed in a profound reverie. Undine whispered in his ear: "Would it not be better, my love, to give up this foolish voyage, and return to Castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured, in a voice expressive of the embittered state of his mind: "So I must become a prisoner in my own castle? and not be allowed to breathe a moment but while the fountain is covered? Would to Heaven that our frantic union —"

At these fatal words, Undine pressed her fair hand on his lips with the most touching tenderness. He said no more, but, assuming an air of composure, pondered on all that Undine had lately warned him to avoid.

Bertalda, meanwhile, had given herself up to a crowd of wild and wandering thoughts. Of Undine's origin she knew a good deal, but not the whole, and the terrible Kùhleborn had, more especially, remained to her an awful and yet in every view an impenetrable mystery. Never, indeed, had she once heard his name. Musing upon this series of wonders, she unclasped, without being fully conscious of what she was doing, a golden necklace, which Huldbrand, on one of the preceding days of their passage, had bought for her of a travelling trader; and she was now letting it swing in sport just over the surface of the stream, while in her dreamy mood she enjoyed the bright reflection it threw on the water, so clear beneath

the glow of evening. That instant a huge hand flashed suddenly up from the Danube, seized the necklace in its grasp, and vanished with it beneath the flood. Bertalda shrieked aloud, and a laugh of mockery and contempt came pealing up from the depth of the river.*

The knight could now restrain his wrath no longer. He started up, gazed fiercely upon the deep, poured forth a volley of reproaches, heaped curses upon all who interfered with his connexion or troubled his life, and dared them all, water-spirits or mermaids, to come within the sweep of his sword.

Bertalda, meantime, wept for the loss of the ornament so very dear to her heart, and her tears were to Huldbrand as oil poured upon the flame of his fury; while Undine held her hand over the side of the boat, dipping it in the waves, softly murmuring to herself, and only at times interrupting her strange mysterious whisper, when she addressed her husband in a voice of entreaty:

"Do not reprove me here, Huldbrand; throw whatever blame upon others you will, but me, show me no unkindness here. Surely you know the reason!" And, in truth, though his tongue was trembling with excess of passion, he with strong effort kept himself from articulating a single word against her.

She then brought up in her wet hand, which she had been holding under the waves, a coral necklace of such exquisite beauty, such sparkling brilliancy, as dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it. "Take this," said she, holding it out with affectionate sweetness to Bertalda; "I have ordered it to be brought, to make some amends for your loss, and do not be troubled any more, poor child."

But the knight rushed between them, and, snatching the beautiful ornament out of Undine's hand, hurled it back into the flood, and in a flame of rage exclaimed: "So then, you have a connexion with them for ever! In the name of all witches and enchanters, go and remain among them with your presents, you sorceress, and leave us human beings in peace!"

But poor Undine, with a look of mute amazement and eyes streaming with tears, gazed on him, her hand still stretched out, just as it was when she had so kindly offered her brilliant gift to Bertalda. She then began to weep with more and more of impassioned anguish, like a tender child, all innocence and bitterly grieved. At last she said in a tone of voice the most faint and affecting,

"Alas, dear friend, all is over, — farewell! They shall do you no harm; only remain true, that I may keep them from you. But I, alas! must go away, I must go away even in this early dawn of youth and bliss. O woe, woe, what have you done! O woe, woe!"

And she vanished over the side of the boat.

* This fine passage of Fouqué bears a strong resemblance to a finer one in Southey's *Thalatta*, Book v.

• "And he drew off Abdaldar's Ring,

And cast it in the gulf,

A skinny hand came up,

And caught it as it fell,

And peals of devilish laughter shook the Cave."

The reader, if he takes any interest in these coincidences of genius, may compare with these passages the account of King Arthur's death, in Percy's *Ballads*, where a hand seizes Arthur's sword.

Whether she plunged into the stream, or whether, like water melting into water, she flowed away with it, they knew not, her disappearance so much resembled both united, and neither by itself. But she was gone gliding on with the Danube, instantly and completely; only little waves were yet whispering and sobbing around the boat, and they seemed almost distinctly to say, "O woe, woe! Ah, remain true! O woe!"

But Huldbrand in a passion of burning tears threw himself upon the deck of the bark, and a deep swoon soon wrapped the wretched man in a blessed forgetfulness of misery.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE brief period of our mourning,—ought we to view it as a misfortune, or as a blessing? I mean that deep mourning of the heart, which gushes up from the very well-springs of our being; that mourning, which becomes so perfectly one with the lost object of our affection, that this *own* ceases to be a lost thing to the sorrowing heart; and which desires to make the whole life a holy office dedicated to the image of the departed, until we too pass that boundary which separates it from our view.

Some men there are, indeed, who have this profound tenderness of spirit, and who thus consecrate their affections to the memory of the departed; but still their mourning softens into an emotion of gentle melancholy, having none of the intensity of the first agony of separation. Other and foreign images intervene, and impress themselves upon the mind; we learn at last the transitory nature of everything earthly, even from that of our affliction; and I cannot therefore but view it as a misfortune, that the period of our mourning is so brief.

The lord of Ringstetten learnt the truth of this by experience; but whether he derived any advantage from the knowledge, we shall discover in the sequel of this history. At first he could do nothing but weep,—weep as bitterly as the poor amiable Undine had wept, when he snatched out of her hand that brilliant ornament, with which she so beautifully wished to make amends for Bertalda's loss. And then he stretched his hand out as she had done, and wept again like her with renewed violence. He cherished a secret hope, that even the springs of life would at last become exhausted by weeping; and when we had been severely afflicted, has not a similar thought passed through the minds of many of us with a painful pleasure? Bertalda wept with him, and they lived together a long while at the castle of Ringstetten in undisturbed quiet, honouring the memory of Undine, and having almost wholly forgotten their former attachment.

To encourage Huldbrand in this conduct, the good Undine, about this time, often visited his dreams; she soothed him with soft and affectionate caresses, and then went away again, weeping in silence, so that when he awoke, he sometimes knew not how his cheeks came to be so wet,—whether it was caused by her tears, or only by his own.

But as time advanced, these visions became

less frequent, and the severity of the knight's sorrow was softened; still he might never while he lived, it may be, have entertained any other wish than thus to think of Undine in silence, and to speak of her in conversation, had not the old fisherman arrived unexpectedly at the castle, and earnestly insisted on Bertalda's returning with him, as his child. He had received information of Undine's disappearance, and he was not willing to allow Bertalda to continue longer at the castle with the unmarried lord. "For," said he, "whether my daughter loves me or not is at present what I care not to know; but her good name is at stake, and where that commands or forbids, not a word more need be said."

This resolution of the old fisherman, and the fearful solitude, that, on Bertalda's departure, threatened to oppress the knight in every hall and passage of the deserted castle, brought a circumstance into distinct consciousness, which, owing to his sorrow for Undine, had of late been slumbering and completely forgotten,—I mean his attachment to the fair Bertalda; and this he made known to her father.

The fisherman had many objections to make to the proposed marriage. The old man had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to his mind, that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death. But were it even granted, that her corpse were lying stiff and cold at the bottom of the Danube, or swept away by the current to the ocean, still Bertalda would not be guiltless in her death, and it would be wrong for her to step into the place of the poor banished wife. The fisherman, however, had felt a strong regard also for the knight: this, and the entreaties of his daughter, who had become much more gentle and respectful, as well as her tears for Undine, all exerted their influence; and he seems to have been forced at last to give up his reluctance, for he remained at the castle without objection, and a courier was sent off express to father Heilmann, who in former and happier days had united Undine and Huldbrand, requesting him to come and perform the ceremony at the knight's second marriage.

But the holy man had hardly read through the letter from the lord of Ringstetten, ere he set out upon the journey, and made much greater despatch on his way to the castle, than the messenger from there had made in reaching him. Whenever his breath failed him in his rapid progress, or his old limbs ached with fatigue, he would say to himself:

"Perhaps I may still be in season to prevent the commission of a crime: then sink not, weak and withered body, before I arrive at the end of my journey!" And with renewed vigour he pressed forward, hurrying on without rest or repose, until, late one evening, he entered the embowered courtyard of the castle of Ringstetten.

The betrothed pair were sitting arm-in-arm under the trees, and the aged fisherman in a thoughtful mood sat near them. The moment

of joy, and pressed round him with expressions of cordial welcome. But he, in the fewest words possible, urged the bridegroom* to accompany

* The betrothed are called *bride* and *bridegroom*, in Germany.

him into the castle; and when Huldbrand stood mute with surprise, and delayed complying with his earnest request, the pious priest said to him:

"Why do I then defer speaking, my lord of Ringstetten, until I can address you in private? There is no occasion for the delay of a moment. What I have to say as much concerns Bertalda and the fisherman as yourself; and what we must inevitably hear, it is best to hear as soon as possible. Are you then so very *certain*, knight Huldbrand, that your first wife is actually dead! It hardly appears so to me. I will say nothing, indeed, of the mysterious situation in which she may be now existing; in truth, I know nothing of it with certainty. But that she was a most devoted and faithful wife, so much is beyond all dispute. And for fourteen nights past, she has appeared to me in a dream, standing at my bedside, wringing her tender hands in anguish, and imploring me with deep sighs: 'Ah, prevent him, dear father! I am still living! Ah! save his life! Ah! save his soul!'

"What this vision of the night could mean, I was at first unable to divine; then came your messenger, and I have now hastened hither, not to unite, but, as I hope, to separate, what ought not to be joined together. Leave her, Huldbrand! Leave him, Bertalda! He still belongs to another; and do you not see on his pale cheek the traces of that grief, which the disappearance of his wife has produced there? That is not the look of a bridegroom, and the spirit breathes the presage on my soul: 'If you do not leave him, you will never, never be happy.'"

The three felt, in their inmost hearts, that father Heilmann spoke the truth; but still they affected not to believe him, or they strove rather to resist their conviction. Even the old fisherman had become so infatuated, that he conceived the marriage to be now indispensable, as they had often, during the time he had been with them, mutually agreed to the arrangement. They all, therefore, with a determined and gloomy eagerness, struggled against the representations and warnings of the spiritual man, until, shaking his head and oppressed with sorrow, he finally quitted the castle, not choosing to accept their offered shelter even for a single night, or indeed so much as to taste a morsel of the refreshment they brought him. Huldbrand persuaded himself, however, that the priest was a mere visionary or fanatic, and sent at day-break to a monk of the nearest monastery, who, without scruple, promised to perform the ceremony in a few days.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was at the earliest moment of dawn, when night begins faintly to brighten into morning twilight, that Huldbrand was lying on his couch, half waking and half sleeping. Whenever he attempted to compose himself to sleep, he was seized with an undefined terror, that made him shrink back from the enjoyment, as if his slumber were crowded with spectres. But whenever he made an effort to rouse himself, the wings of a swan seemed to be waving around him, and soothing him with the music of their motion, and thus in a soft delusion

of the senses he sunk back into his state of imperfect repose.

At last, however, he must have fallen perfectly asleep; for, while the melody of the swan-wings was murmuring around him, he seemed to be lifted by their regular strokes, and to be wafted far away over land and sea, and still their music swelled on his ear most sweetly. "The music of the swan! the song of the swan!" he could not but repeat to himself every moment; "is it not a sure foreboding of death?" Probably, however, it had yet another meaning. All at once he seemed to be hovering over the Mediterranean Sea. A swan sung melodiously in his ear, that this was the Mediterranean Sea. And while he was looking down upon the waves, they became transparent as crystal, so that he could see through them to the very bottom.

At this a thrill of delight shot through him, for he could see Undine where she was sitting beneath the clear domes of crystal. It is true, she was weeping very bitterly, and such was the excess of her grief, that she bore only a faint resemblance to the bright and joyous being she was, during those happy days they had lived together at the castle of Ringstetten, both on their arrival and afterward, a short time before they set out upon their fatal passage down the Danube. The knight could not avoid dwelling upon all this with deep emotion, but it does not appear that Undine was aware of his presence.

Kühleborn had meanwhile approached her, and was about to reprove her for weeping, when she assumed the boldness of superiority, and looked upon him with an air so dignified and commanding, that he was well-nigh terrified and confounded by it.

"Although I too now dwell here beneath the waters," said she, "yet I have brought my soul with me. And therefore I may well be allowed to weep, little as you may conceive the meaning of such tears. They are even a blessed privilege, as everything is such a privilege, to one inspired with the true soul."

He shook his head with disbelief of what she said, and after the recollection of a moment, replied: "And yet, niece, you are subject to our laws of the element, as a being of the same nature with ourselves; and, should *He* prove unfaithful to you and marry again, you are obliged to take away his life."

"He remains a widower to this very hour," replied Undine, "and he still loves me with the passion of a sorrowful heart."

"He is, however, a bridegroom withal," said Kühleborn, with a chuckle of scorn; "and let only a few days wear away, and then comes the priest with his nuptial blessing, and then you must go up and execute your share of the business, the death of the husband with two wives."

"I have not the power," returned Undine, with a smile. "Do you not remember? I have scaled up the fountain securely, not only against myself but all of the same race."

"Still, should he leave his castle," said Kühleborn, "or should he once allow the fountain to be uncovered, what then? for doubtless he thinks there is no great murder in such trifles."

"For that very reason," said Undine, still smiling amid her tears, "for that very reason he is this

moment hovering in spirit over the Mediterranean Sea, and dreaming of this voice of warning which our conversation affords him. It is for this that I have been studious in disposing the whole vision."

That instant Kühleborn, inflamed with rage, looked up at the knight, wrathfully threatened him, stamped upon the ground, and then, swift as the passion that moved him, sprang up from beneath the waves. He seemed to swell in his fury to the size of a whale. Again the swans began to sing, to wave their wings, to fly; the knight seemed to be soaring away over mountains and streams, and at last to alight at Castle Ringstetten, where he awoke upon his couch.

Upon his couch he actually did awake, and his attendant, entering at the same moment, informed him, that father Heilmann was still lingering in the neighbourhood; that he had, the evening before, met with him in the forest, where he was sheltering himself under a booth, which he had formed by interweaving the branches of trees, and covering them with moss and fine brushwood; and that to the question, "What he was doing there, since he had so firmly refused to perform the nuptial ceremony?" his answer was:

"There are yet other ceremonies to perform, beside those at the altar of marriage; and though I did not come to officiate at the wedding, I can still officiate at a very different solemnity. All things have their seasons, and for this we must wait. Besides, marrying and mourning are by no means so very far from each other, as every one, not wilfully blinded, must know full well."

In consequence of these words and of his dream, the knight made a variety of reflections, some wild and some not unmingled with alarm. But a man is apt to consider it very disagreeable to give over an affair, which he has once settled in his mind as certain, and therefore all went on just according to the old arrangement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOULD I relate to you the events of the marriage festival at Castle Ringstetten, it would seem to you as if you were viewing a crowded assemblage of bright and joyous things, but all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil the whole splendour appeared less to resemble pleasure, than a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not because some spectral confusion disturbed the scene of festivity; for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief and menaces of water-spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests, were unable to banish the feeling, that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the amiable Undine, so dear to them all.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavour than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment; and the flashes of wit and merriment which had been passing at

times from one to another, ceased, and were succeeded by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and therefore the most happy; but even she, occasionally, found it difficult to realize the fact, that she was sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green garland and gold-embroidered garments, while Undine was lying a corpse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried out by the current into the ocean. For, ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day, in particular, they would neither fade from her memory, nor give over their intrusion.

Evening had scarcely arrived, when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by painful associations, joyless melancholy, and forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maids, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but these young bridesmaids and bridesmen, such was the gloomy tenor of this festival, made no attempt to amuse bride or bridegroom with the usual pleasantry and frolicsome good-humour of the occasion.

Bertalda wished to awake a livelier spirit: she ordered them to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants eagerly seized this opportunity of gratifying both their young mistress and themselves; and while, with many wishes and promises of happiness, they indulged their love of talking in her presence, and declared how charmed they were with all they saw, they failed not to extol the beauty of the new-married lady with their liveliest eloquence. They became more and more absorbed in this admiration and flattery, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh:

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place, and found the freckles, indeed, as their fair mistress had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle-fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water, so purifying to the skin. O, had I this evening only a single flagon of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing, as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so frantie," said Bertalda, in a voice of inquiry and agreeably surprised, "as to cause the stone-cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening?" That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the court-yard, and could see from the window where the damsel, so kindly officious, was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried levers and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda, with a smile, "if it does not take them too long." And,

charmed with the conviction, that the merest hint from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlight of the castle court.

The men seized the enormous stone, as if they must exert all their strength in raising it; some one of their number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labour, however, was much lighter than they had expected. It seemed as if some power, from within the fountain itself, aided them in raising the stone.

"It certainly appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water were become a jet or spouting fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and, almost without the assistance of the work-people, rolled slowly away upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance, from the opening of the fountain, filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water: at first they imagined it to be a spouting fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, and wrung them with anguish, as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrunk back, and fled from the fountain; while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them and uttered the low moaning of misery, and Bertalda thought she recognised through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on as sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, overpowered with terror and motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, her tears ever flowing in silent woe. Alas, with what different emotions had she once wandered through these rooms!

The knight had in the mean time dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment he heard a low tapping at his door, the least perceptible touch of a finger. Undine had formerly tapped in this way, when she wished to amuse him with her endearing sportiveness.

"It is all illusion! a mere freak of fancy!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must, indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw in the mirror, that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white wanderer entered, and gently secured it behind her.

"They have opened the fountain," said she in a low tone, "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt, in the shock and death-pause of his heart, that this must indeed be his doom; but,

covering his eyes with his hands, he cried: "Do not, in my death-hour, do not drive me to distraction with terror. If you have a visage of horror behind that veil, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the wanderer, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as beautiful now as when you wooed me on the peninsula!"

"O would to God it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly do I grant your wish, my dearest love," said she. And as she threw back her veil, her dear face met his view, smiling with celestial beauty. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight stooped to give and receive the embrace. She kissed him with the holy kiss of heaven; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more passionately in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms, and resting upon the pillow of his couch, a corpse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestics, who met her in the ante-chamber; and passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out and disappeared in the fountain.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATHER HEILMANN had returned to the castle as soon as the death of the lord of Ringstetten was made known in the neighbourhood; and he arrived at the very hour when the monk who had married the unfortunate couple was hurrying from the door, overcome with dismay and horror.

When father Heilmann was informed of this, he replied: "It is all well; and now come the duties of my office, in which I have no need of an assistant."

He then began to console the bride, now become a widow, small as was the advantage her worldly and light-minded spirit derived from his kindness.

The old fisherman, on the other hand, though severely afflicted, was far more resigned in regard to the fate of his son-in-law and the calamity of his daughter; and while Bertalda could not refrain from accusing Undine as a murderer and fiendlike enchantress, the old man calmly said: "The event, after all, could not have happened otherwise. I see nothing in it but the judgment of God; and no one, I am sure, could have his heart more pierced by the death of Huldbrand, than she who was obliged to accomplish his doom, the poor forsaken Undine!"

He then assisted in arranging the funeral solemnities as suited the rank of the deceased. The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard, in whose consecrated ground were the graves of his ancestors; a place which they, as well as himself, had endowed with rich privileges and gifts. His shield and helmet lay upon his coffin, ready to be lowered with it into the grave, for lord Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last

of his race ; the mourners began their sorrowful march, lifting their melancholy songs amid the calm unclouded heaven ; father Heilmann preceded the procession, bearing a lofty crucifix, while Bertalda followed in her misery, supported by her aged father.

While proceeding in this manner, they suddenly saw in the midst of the dark-habited mourning females, in the widow's train, a snow-white figure, closely veiled, and wringing its hands in the wild vehemence of sorrow. Those next to whom it moved, seized with a secret dread, started back or sideways ; and owing to their movements, the others, next to whom the white stranger now came, were terrified still more, so as to produce almost a complete disarrangement of the funeral train. Some of the military escort were emboldened to address the figure, and attempt to remove it from the procession, but it seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again, with slow and solemn step, among the followers of the body. At last, in consequence of the shrinking away of the attendants, it came close behind Bertalda. It now moved so slowly, that the widow was not aware of its presence, and it walked meekly on behind, neither suffering nor creating disturbance.

This continued until they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then it was that Bertalda per-

ceived her unbidden companion, and, prompted half by anger and half by terror, she commanded her to depart from the knight's place of final rest. But the veiled female, shaking her head with a gentle refusal, raised her hands towards Bertalda in lowly supplication, by which she was greatly moved, and could not but remember with tears, how Undine had shown such sweetness of spirit on the Danube, when she held out to her the coral necklace.

Father Heilmann now motioned with his hand, and gave order for all to observe perfect stillness, that over the body, whose mound was well-nigh formed, they might breathe a prayer of silent devotion. Bertalda knelt without speaking ; and all knelt, even the grave-diggers who had now finished their work. But when they rose from this breathing of the heart, the white stranger had disappeared. On the spot where she had knelt, a little spring, of silver brightness, was gushing out from the green turf, and it kept swelling and flowing onward with a low murmur, till it almost encircled the mound of the knight's grave ; it then continued its course, and emptied itself into a calm lake, which lay by the side of the consecrated ground. Even to this day, the inhabitants of the village point out the spring ;—and they cannot but cherish the belief, that it is the poor deserted Undine who in this manner still fondly encircles her beloved in her arms.

ESSAYS

ON

THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES

OF

TASTE

BY

ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B.,

P. B. S. LONDON AND EDINBURGH, PROPRIETARY OF SARUM, ETC. ETC. ETC.

DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.,

IN WHOSE FRIENDSHIP

THE AUTHOR HAS FOUND THE HONOUR AND THE HAPPINESS OF HIS LIFE,

THESE ESSAYS

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.

EDINBURGH,
November 22, 1810.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first Edition of this Work was published in the year 1790. After so long an interval, I should not have presumed again to present it to the public, if I had not been informed by my booksellers, that some wish had lately been expressed for a Second Edition. In preparing it for the press, I have thought it my duty to add a few observations on the Origin of the Beauty and Sublimity of the Human Countenance and Form, to complete the Second Essay.

Of the general plan which I have sketched in the Introduction, I lament to think that so little has been accomplished; and still more, that the progress of years, and the increase of more serious duties, render me still less able to accomplish the original design I had formed.

Yet, if the public should express any wish to see these Inquiries concluded, I shall be proud to feel myself under the obligation of attempting, at least, to obey it.

ARCHIBALD AIDSON.

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INTRODUCTION.

TASTE is, in general, considered as that Faculty of the Human Mind, by which we perceive and enjoy whatever is BEAUTIFUL or SUBLIME in the works of Nature or Art.

The perception of these qualities is attended with an Emotion of Pleasure, very distinguishable from every other pleasure of our Nature, and which is accordingly distinguished by the name of the EMOTION of TASTE. The distinction of the objects of Taste into the Sublime and the Beautiful, has produced a similar division of this Emotion, into the EMOTION of SUBLIMITY, and the EMOTION of BEAUTY.

The Qualities that produce these Emotions, are to be found in almost every class of the objects of human knowledge, and the Emotions themselves afford one of the most extensive sources of human delight. They recur to us, amid every variety of EXTERNAL Scenery, and among many diversities of disposition and affection in the MIND of Man. The most pleasing Arts of human invention are altogether directed to their pursuit: and even the necessary Arts are exalted into dignity, by the Genius that can unite Beauty with use. From the earliest period of Society, to its last stage of improvement, they afford an innocent and elegant amusement to private life, at the same time that they increase the Splendour of National Character; and in the progress of Nations, as well as of Individuals, while they attract attention from the pleasures they bestow, they serve to exalt the human Mind, from corporeal to intellectual pursuits.

These Qualities, however, though so important to human happiness, are not the objects of immediate observation; and in the attempt to investigate them, various circumstances unite to perplex our research. They are often obscured under the number of qualities with which they are accidentally combined: they result often from peculiar combinations of the qualities of objects, or the relation of certain parts of objects to each other: they are still oftener, perhaps, dependent upon the state of our own minds, and vary in their effects with the dispositions in which they happen to be

observed. In all cases, while we feel the Emotions they excite, we are ignorant of the causes by which they are produced; and when we seek to discover them, we have no other method of discovery, than that varied and patient EXPERIMENT, by which, amid these complicated circumstances, we may gradually ascertain the peculiar qualities which, by the CONSTITUTION of our NATURE, are permanently connected with the Emotions we feel.

In the employment of this mode of Investigation, there are two great objects of attention and inquiry, which seem to include all that is either necessary, or perhaps possible, for us to discover on the subject of Taste.

These objects are,

I.—To investigate the NATURE of those QUALITIES that produce the Emotions of TASTE: and,

II.—To investigate the NATURE of that FACULTY, by which these Emotions are received.

These investigations, however, are not to be considered only as objects of philosophical curiosity. They have an immediate relation to all the Arts that are directed to the production either of the BEAUTIFUL or the SUBLIME; and they afford the only means by which the principles of these various arts can be ascertained. Without a just and accurate conception of the Nature of these Qualities, the ARTIST must be unable to determine, whether the Beauty he creates is temporary or permanent—whether adapted to the accidental prejudices of his Age, or to the uniform constitution of the human Mind; and whatever the Science of CRITICISM can afford for the improvement or correction of Taste, must altogether depend upon the previous knowledge of the Nature and Laws of this Faculty.

To both these Inquiries, however, there is a preliminary investigation, which seems absolutely necessary, and without which every conclusion we form must be either imperfect or vague. In the Investigation of

CAUSES, the first and most important step, is the accurate examination of the **EFFECT** to be explained. In the Science of Mind, however, as well as in that of Body, there are few effects altogether simple, or in which accidental circumstances are not combined with the proper effect. Unless, therefore, by means of repeated Experiments, such accidental circumstances are accurately distinguished from the phenomena that permanently characterize the effect, we are under the necessity of including in the Cause, the causes also of all the accidental circumstances with which the effect is accompanied.

With the Emotions of **TASTE**, in almost every instance, many other accidental Emotions of Pleasure are united: the various simple pleasures that arise from other qualities of the object; the pleasure of agreeable Sensation, in the case of Material objects; and in all, that pleasure which by the Constitution of our Nature is annexed to the Exercise of our Faculties. Unless, therefore, we have previously acquired a distinct and accurate conception of that *peculiar* effect which is produced on our Minds, when the Emotions of Taste are felt, and can precisely distinguish it from the effects that are produced by these accidental Qualities, we must necessarily include in the Causes of such Emotions, those Qualities also, which are the causes of the accidental pleasures with which this Emotion is accompanied. The variety of Systems that Philosophers have adopted upon this subject, and the various Emotions into which they have resolved the Emotion of Taste, while they afford a sufficient evidence of the numerous accidental pleasures that accompany these Emotions, afford also a strong illustration of the necessity of previously ascertaining the nature of this Effect, before we attempt to investigate its Cause. With regard, therefore, to both these Inquiries, the first and most important step is accurately to examine the Nature of this Emotion itself, and its distinction from every other Emotion of Pleasure; and our capacity of discovering either the Nature of the Qualities that produce the Emotions of Taste, or the Nature of the Faculty by which they are received, will be exactly proportioned to our accuracy in ascertaining the Nature of the Emotion itself.

When we look back to the history of these investigations, and to the Theories which have been so liberally formed upon the subject, there is one fact that must necessarily strike us, viz., That all these Theories have uniformly taken for granted the *Simplicity* of this Emotion; that they have considered it as an Emotion too plain, and too commonly felt, to admit of any Analysis; that they have as uniformly, therefore, referred it to some *one* Principle or Law of the Human Mind; and that they have therefore concluded, that the Discovery of that *one* Principle was the essential

key by which all the Pleasures of Taste were to be resolved.

While they have assumed this fundamental Principle, the various Theories of Philosophers may, and indeed must, be included in the two following Classes of Supposition.

I. The first Class is that which resolves the Emotion of Taste directly into an original Law of our Nature, which supposes a Sense, or Senses, by which the qualities of Beauty and Sublimity are perceived and felt, as their appropriate objects; and concludes, therefore, that the genuine object of the Arts of Taste, is to discover, and to imitate those Qualities in every Subject, which the prescription of Nature has thus made essentially either beautiful or sublime.

To this first class of Hypotheses belong almost all the Theories of Music, of Architecture, and of Sculpture; the theory of Mr. Hogarth, of the Abbé Winkelmann, and perhaps, in its last result, also the theory of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is the species of Hypothesis which is naturally resorted to by all Artists and Amateurs—by those whose habits of Thought lead them to attend more to the Causes of their Emotions, than to the Nature of the Emotions themselves.

II. The second Class of Hypotheses arises from the opposite View of the Subject. It is that which resists the idea of any new or peculiar Sense, distinct from the common principles of our Nature; which supposes some *one* known and acknowledged Principle or Affection of Mind, to be the foundation of all the Emotions we receive from the Objects of Taste, and which resolves, therefore, all the various Phenomena into some more general Law of our intellectual or moral Constitution. Of this kind are the Hypotheses of M. Diderot, who attributes all our Emotions of this kind to the perception of Relation; of Mr. Hume, who resolves them into our Sense of Utility; of the venerable St. Austin, who, with nobler views, a thousand years ago, resolved them into the pleasure which belongs to the perception of Order and Design, &c. It is the species of Hypothesis most natural to retired and philosophic Minds; to those, whose habits have led them to attend more to the Nature of the Emotions they felt, than to the Causes which produced them.

If the success of these long and varied Inquiries has not corresponded to the Genius or the industry of the Philosophers who have pursued them, a suspicion may arise that there has been something faulty in the principle of their investigation; and that some fundamental assumption has been made, which ought first to have been patiently and securely ascertained. It was this suspicion that first led to the following Inquiries: It

seemed to me that the **SIMPLICITY OF THE EMOTION OF TASTE**, was a Principle much too hastily adopted; and that the consequences which followed from it (under both these **Classes of Hypotheses**), were very little reconcilable with the most common experience of Human Feeling; and from the examination of this preliminary Question, I was led gradually to conclusions which seemed not only to me, but to others, whose opinion I value far more than my own, of an importance not unworthy of being presented to the public. In doing this, I am conscious that I have entered upon a new and untrodden path: and I feel all my own weakness in pursuing it: yet I trust my Readers will believe, that I should not have pursued it so long, if I were not convinced that it would finally terminate in views not only important to the Arts of Taste, but important also to the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

The Inquiries which follow naturally divide themselves into the following Parts, and are to be prosecuted in the following order:

I. I shall begin with an **ANALYSIS** of the **EFFECT** which is produced upon the Mind, when the **Emotions of Beauty or Sublimity** are felt. I shall endeavour to show, that this effect is very different from the determination of a **SENSE**; that it is not in fact a Simple, but a **Complex Emotion**; that it involves in all cases, 1st, the production of some Simple Emotion, or the exercise of some **Moral Affection**; and 2dly, the consequent Excitement of a peculiar **Exercise of the Imagination**; that these concomitant effects are distinguishable, and very often distinguished in our Experience; and that the *peculiar* pleasure of the **BEAUTIFUL** or the **SUBLIME** is only felt when these two effects are conjoined, and the **Complex Emotion** produced.

The prosecution of the Subject will lead to another Inquiry of some difficulty and extent, viz., into the origin of the **Beauty and Sublimity of the Qualities of MATTER**. To this subordinate Inquiry I shall devote a separate **ESSAY**. I shall endeavour to show that all the **Phenomena** are reducible to the same general Principle, and that the **Qualities of Matter** are not beautiful or sublime in themselves, but as they are, by various means, the **Signs or Expressions of Qualities** capable of producing Emotion.

II. From this Examination of the **EFFECT** I shall proceed, in the **SECOND PART**, to investigate the **CAUSES** which are productive of it; or in other words, the **Sources of the Beautiful and the Sublime in Nature and Art**.

In the course of this investigation I shall endeavour to show, 1st, That there is no single emotion into

which these varied effects can be resolved; that on the contrary, every simple emotion, and therefore every object which is capable of producing any simple emotion, *may* be the foundation of the complex emotion of **Beauty or Sublimity**. But, *in the second place*, that this complex emotion of **Beauty or Sublimity** is never produced, unless, beside the excitement of some simple emotion, the **imagination** also is excited, and the exercise of the two faculties combined in the general effect. The prosecution of the subject will lead me to the *principal object of the inquiry*, to show what is that **LAW OF MIND**, according to which, in actual life, this exercise or employment of imagination is excited; and what are the means by which, in the different **Fine Arts**, the artist is able to awaken this important exercise of imagination, and to exalt objects of simple and common pleasure, into objects of **Beauty or Sublimity**.

In this part of the subject, there are two subordinate inquiries which will necessarily demand attention.

1. The **Qualities of Sublimity and Beauty**, are discovered not only in pleasing or agreeable subjects, but frequently also in objects that are in themselves productive of **PAIN**; and some of the noblest productions of the **Fine Arts** are founded upon subjects of **TERROR** and **DISTRESS**. It will form, therefore, an obvious and important inquiry, to ascertain by what means this singular effect is produced in **REAL NATURE**, and by what means it *may* be produced in the **Compositions of ART**.

2. There is a distinction in the effects produced upon our minds by objects of **Taste**, and this distinction, both in the **EMOTIONS** and their **CAUSES**, has been expressed by the terms of **SUBLIMITY** and **BEAUTY**. It will form, therefore, a second object of inquiry to ascertain the **NATURE OF THIS DISTINCTION**, both with regard to these emotions and to the qualities that produce them.

III. From the preceding inquiries I shall proceed, in the **LAST PART**, to investigate the **NATURE** of that Faculty by which these emotions are perceived and felt. I shall endeavour to show, that it has no resemblance to a sense; that as, whenever it is employed, two distinct and independent Powers of **Mind** are employed, it is not to be considered as a separate and peculiar faculty, and that it is finally to be resolved into more general Principles of our constitution. These speculations will probably lead to the important inquiry, whether there is any **STANDARD** by which the perfection or imperfection of our sentiments upon these subjects may be determined; to some explanation of the means by which **Taste** may be corrected or improved; and to some illustration of the **PURPOSES** which

this peculiar constitution of our nature serves, in the increase of human HAPPINESS, and the exaltation of human CHARACTER.

I feel it incumbent on me, however, to inform my Readers, that I am to employ, in these inquiries, a different kind of evidence from what has usually been employed by writers upon these subjects, and that my illustrations will be derived, much less from the compositions of the Fine Arts than from the appearances of common nature, and the experience of common men. If the Fine Arts are in reality arts of imitation, their Principles are to be sought for in the subject which they imitate; and it is ever to be remembered, "That Music, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general Sense and Taste of mankind, and not from the principles of these Arts themselves: in other words, that the Taste is not to conform

to the Art, but the Art to the Taste*." In following this mode of illustration, while I am sensible that I render my book less amusing, I trust I may render it more useful. The most effectual method to check the empiricism, either of Art or of Science, is to multiply, as far as possible, the number of those who can observe and judge; and whatever may be the conclusions of my readers with regard to my own particular opinions, I shall not have occupied their attention in vain, if I can lead them to think and to feel for themselves; to employ the powers which are given them to the ends for which they were given; and, upon subjects where all men are entitled to judge, to disregard like the abstract refinements of the Philosopher who speculates in the closet, and the technical doctrines of the Artist who dictates in the school.

* Mr. Addison.

ESSAYS

ON

THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF TASTE.

ESSAY I.

ON THE NATURE OF THE EMOTIONS OF SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON THE IMAGINATION BY OBJECTS OF SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY.

SECTION I.

THE Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty are uniformly ascribed, both in popular and in philosophical language, to the Imagination. The fine arts are considered as the arts which are addressed to the imagination, and the pleasures they afford are described, by way of distinction, as the Pleasures of the Imagination. The nature of any person's taste is, in common life, generally determined by the nature or character of his imagination; and the expression of any deficiency in this power of mind, is considered as synonymous with the expression of a similar deficiency in point of taste.

Although, however, this connexion is so generally acknowledged, it is not perhaps as generally understood in what it consists, or what is the nature of that effect which is produced upon the imagination by objects of sublimity and beauty. I shall endeavour, therefore, in the first place, to state what seems to me the nature of this EFFECT, or in what that exercise of imagination consists, which is so generally supposed to take place when these emotions are felt.

When any object, either of sublimity or beauty, is presented to the mind, I believe every man is conscious of a train of thought being immediately awakened in his imagination, analogous to the character or expression of the original object. The simple perception of the object, we frequently find, is insufficient to excite these emotions, unless it is accompanied with this operation of mind, unless, according to common expression, our imagination is seized, and our fancy busied in the pursuit of all those trains of thought, which are allied to this character or expression.

Thus, when we feel either the beauty or sub-

limity of natural scenery,—the gay lustre of a morning in spring, or the mild radiance of a summer evening, the savage majesty of a wintry storm, or the wild magnificence of a tempestuous ocean,—we are conscious of a variety of images in our minds, very different from those which the objects themselves can present to the eye. Trains of pleasing or of solemn thought arise spontaneously within our minds; our hearts swell with emotions, of which the objects before us seem to afford no adequate cause; and we are never so much satiated with delight, as when, in recalling our attention, we are unable to trace either the progress or the connexion of those thoughts, which have passed with so much rapidity through our imagination.

The effect of the different arts of taste is similar. The landscapes of Claude Lorraine, the music of Handel, the poetry of Milton, excite feeble emotions in our minds, when our attention is confined to the qualities they present to our senses, or when it is to such qualities of their composition that we turn our regard. It is then only we feel the sublimity or beauty of their productions, when our imaginations are kindled by their power, when we lose ourselves amid the number of images that pass before our minds, and when we waken at last from this play of fancy, as from the charm of a romantic dream. The beautiful apostrophe of the Abbé de Lillo upon the subject of gardening,

*N'avez-vous pas souvent, au lieux infrequentés,
Rencontré tout-à-coup, ces aspects enchantés,
Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image chérie
Vous jette en une douce et longue rêverie?*

*Hast thou not oft, in unfrequented ground,
A region full of wild enchantment found,
Which stays your steps,—and, e'en when left behind,
With its sweet memories cheers the pensive mind?*

is equally applicable to every other composition of taste; and in the production of such trains of

thought seems to consist the effect which objects of sublimity and beauty have upon the imagination.

For the truth of this observation itself, I must finally appeal to the consciousness of the reader; but there are some very familiar considerations, which it may be useful to suggest, that seem very strongly to show the connexion between this exercise of imagination, and the existence of the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

SECTION II.

THAT unless this exercise of imagination is excited, the emotions of Beauty or Sublimity are unfelt, seems capable of illustration, from many instances of a very familiar kind.

I.—If the mind is in such a state as to prevent this freedom of imagination, the emotion, whether of sublimity or beauty, is unperceived. In so far as the beauties of art or nature affect the external senses, their effect is the same upon every man who is in possession of these senses. But to a man in pain or in grief, whose mind, by these means, is attentive only to one object or consideration, the same scene, or the same form, will produce no feeling of admiration, which, at other times, when his imagination was at liberty, would have produced it in its fullest perfection. Whatever is great or beautiful in the scenery of external nature, is almost constantly before us; and not a day passes without presenting us with appearances, fitted both to charm and to elevate our minds; yet it is in general with a heedless eye that we regard them, and only in particular moments that we are sensible of their power. There is no man, for instance, who has not felt the beauty of sunset; yet every one can remember many instances, when this most striking scene had no effect at all upon his imagination; and when he has beheld all the magnificence with which nature generally distinguishes the close of day, without one sentiment of admiration or delight.—There are times, in the same manner, when we can read the *Georgics* or the *Seasons* with perfect indifference, and with no more emotion than what we feel from the most uninteresting composition in prose; while in other moments, the first lines we meet with take possession of our imagination, and awaken in it such innumerable trains of imagery, as almost leave the fancy of the poet behind. In these and similar cases of difference in our feelings, from the same objects, it will always be found that the difference arises from the state of our imaginations; from our disposition to follow out the train of thought which such objects naturally produce, or our incapacity to do it, from some other idea which has at that time taken possession of our minds, and renders us unable to attend to anything else. That state of mind, every man must have felt, is most favourable to the emotions of taste, in which the imagination is free and unembarrassed, or in which the attention is so little occupied by any private or particular object of thought, as to leave us open to all the impressions which the objects that are before us can produce. It is upon the vacant and the unemployed, accordingly, that the objects of taste make the strongest impression. It is in such hours alone, that we turn to the compositions of music, or of poetry, for amusement. The seasons

of care, of grief, or of business, have other occupations, and destroy, for the time at least, our sensibility to the beautiful or the sublime, in the same proportion that they produce a state of mind unfavourable to the indulgence of imagination.

II.—The same thing is observable in criticism. When we sit down to appreciate the value of a poem or of a painting, and attend minutely to the language or composition of the one, or to the colouring or design of the other, we feel no longer the delight which they at first produce. Our imagination in this employment is restrained, and, instead of yielding to its suggestions, we studiously endeavour to resist them, by fixing our attention upon minute and partial circumstances of the composition. How much this operation of mind tends to diminish our sense of its beauty, every one will feel who attends to his own thoughts on such an occasion, or who will recollect how different was his state of mind, when he first felt the beauty either of the painting or the poem. It is this, chiefly, which makes it so difficult for young people, possessed of imagination, to judge of the merits of any poem or fable, and which induces them so often to give their approbation to compositions of little value. It is not that they are incapable of learning in what the merits of such compositions consist, for these principles of judgment are neither numerous nor abstruse; it is not that greater experience produces greater sensibility, for this everything contradicts; but it is because everything, in that period of life, is able to excite their imaginations, and to move their hearts—because they judge of the composition, not by its merits when compared with other works, or by its approach to any abstract or ideal standard, but by its effect in agitating their imaginations, and leading them into that fairy land, in which the fancy of youth has so much delight to wander. It is their own imagination which has the charm which they attribute to the work that excites it; and the simplest tale or the poorest novel is, at that time, as capable of awakening it, as afterwards the eloquence of Virgil or Rousseau. All this, however, all this flow of imagination, in which youth and men of sensibility are so apt to indulge, and which so often brings them pleasure at the expense of their taste, the labour of criticism destroys. The mind, in such an employment, instead of being at liberty to follow whatever trains of imagery the composition before it can excite, is either fettered to the consideration of some of its minute and solitary parts, or pauses amid the rapidity of its conceptions, to make them the objects of its attention and review. In these operations, accordingly, the emotion, whether of beauty or sublimity, is lost, and if it is wished to be recalled, it can only be done by relaxing this vigour of attention, and resigning ourselves again to the natural stream of our thoughts. The mathematician who investigates the demonstrations of the Newtonian philosophy, the painter who studies the design of Raphael, the poet who reasons upon the measure of Milton, all, in such occupations, lose the delight which these several productions can give; and when they are willing to recover their emotion, must withdraw their attention from those minute considerations, and leave their fancy to expatiate at will amid all the great or pleasing

conceptions which such productions of genius can raise.

III.—The effect which is thus produced upon the mind by temporary exertions of attention, is also more permanently produced by the difference of original character; and the degree in which the emotions of sublimity or beauty are felt, is in general proportioned to the prevalence of those relations of thought in the mind, upon which this exercise of imagination depends. The principal relation which seems to take place in those trains of thought that are produced by objects of taste, is that of resemblance: the relation, of all others, the most loose and general, and which affords the greatest range of thought for our imagination to pursue. Wherever, accordingly, these emotions are felt, it will be found, not only that this is the relation which principally prevails among our ideas, but that the emotion itself is proportioned to the degree in which it prevails.

In the effect which is produced upon our minds by the different appearances of natural scenery, it is easy to trace this progress of resembling thought, and to observe how faithfully the conceptions which arise in our imaginations correspond to the impressions which the characters of these seasons produce. What, for instance, is the impression we feel from the scenery of spring? The soft and gentle green with which the earth is spread, the feeble texture of the plants and flowers, the young of animals just entering into life, and the remains of winter yet lingering among the woods and hills,—all conspire to infuse into our minds somewhat of that fearful tenderness with which infancy is usually beheld. With such a sentiment, how innumerable are the ideas which present themselves to our imagination! ideas, it is apparent, by no means confined to the scene before our eyes, or to the possible desolation which may yet await its infant beauty, but which almost involuntarily extend themselves to analogies with the life of man, and bring before us all those images of hope or fear, which, according to our peculiar situations, have the dominion of our hearts! The beauty of autumn is accompanied with a similar exercise of thought: the leaves begin then to drop from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; the woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who is there who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy? or who is able to resist that current of thought which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate, which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself? In such cases of emotion, every man must have felt that the character of the scene is no sooner impressed upon his mind, than various trains of correspondent imagery rise before his imagination; that whatever may be the nature of the impression, the general tone of his thoughts partakes of this nature or character; and that his delight is proportioned to the degree in which this uniformity of character prevails.

The same effect, however, is not produced upon all men. There are many whom the prospect of such appearances in nature excites to no exercise

of fancy whatever; who, by their original constitution, are more disposed to the employment of attention than of imagination; and who, in the objects that are presented to them, are more apt to observe their individual and distinguishing qualities, than those by which they are related to other objects of their knowledge. Upon the minds of such men, the relation of resemblance has little power; the efforts of their imagination, accordingly, are either feeble or slow; and the general character of their understandings is that of steady and precise, rather than that of enlarged and extensive thought. It is, I believe, consistent with general experience, that men of this description are little sensible to the emotions of sublimity or beauty; and they who have attended to the language of such men when objects of this kind have been presented to them, must have perceived, that the emotion they felt was no greater than what they themselves have experienced in those cases, where they have exerted a similar degree of attention, or when any other cause has restrained the usual exercise of their imagination. To the qualities which are productive of simple emotion, to the useful, the agreeable, the fitting, or the convenient in objects, they have the same sensibility with other men; but of the superior and more complex emotion of beauty, they seem to be either altogether unconscious, or to share in it only in proportion to the degree in which they can relax this severity of attention, and yield to the relation of resembling thought.

It is in the same manner, that the progress of life generally takes from men their sensibility to the objects of taste. The season in which these are felt in their fullest degree is in youth, when, according to common expression, the imagination is warm, or, in other words, when it is easily excited to that exertion upon which so much of the emotion of beauty depends. The business of life in the greatest part of mankind, and the habits of more accurate thought which are acquired by the few who reason and reflect, tend equally to produce in both a stricter relation in the train of their thoughts, and greater attention to the objects of their consideration, than can either be expected, or can happen, in youth. They become, by these means, not only less easily led to any exercise of imagination, but their associations become at the same time less consistent with the employment of it. The man of business, who has passed his life in studying the means of accumulating wealth, and the philosopher, whose years have been employed in the investigation of causes, have both not only acquired a constitution of mind very little fitted for the indulgence of imagination, but have acquired also associations of a very different kind from those which take place when imagination is employed. In the first of these characters, the prospect of any beautiful scene in nature would induce no other idea than that of its value. In the other, it would lead only to speculations upon the causes of the beauty that was ascribed to it. In both, it would thus excite ideas which could be the foundation of no exercise of imagination, because they required thought and attention. To a young mind, on the contrary, possessed of any sensibility, how many pleasing ideas would not such a prospect afford! ideas of peace, and innocence, and rural joy, and all the unblemished

delights of solitude and contemplation. In such trains of imagery, no labour of thought, or habits of attention, are required; they rise spontaneously in the mind, upon the prospect of any object to which they bear the slightest resemblance, and they lead it almost insensibly along, in a kind of bewitching reverie, through all its store of pleasing or interesting conceptions. To the philosopher, or the man of business, the emotion of beauty from such a scene would be but feebly known; but by the young mind, which had such sensibility, it would be felt in all its warmth, and would produce an emotion of delight, which not only would be little comprehended by men of a severer or more thoughtful character, but which seems also to be very little dependent upon the object which excites it, and to be derived in a great measure from this exercise of mind itself.

In these familiar instances, it is obvious how much the emotions of taste are connected with this state or character of imagination; and how much those habits or employments of mind, which demand attention or which limit it to the consideration of single objects, tend to diminish the sensibility of mankind to the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

SECTION III.

THERE are many other instances equally familiar, which are sufficient to show, that whatever increases this exercise or employment of Imagination, increases also the Emotion of beauty, or sublimity.

I.—This is very obviously the effect of all Associations. There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connexions. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recal so many images of past happiness and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or interesting emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture. There are songs also, that we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account; and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue, from this association and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person whose memory we admire produce a similar effect. "Movemur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramus adsunt vestigia." The scenes themselves may be little beautiful; but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwell, and converts every-

* We feel a certain indefinable emotion on beholding a spot exhibiting traces of those who have excited in us either admiration or delight.

thing into beauty which appears to have been connected with them. There are scenes, undoubtedly, more beautiful than Runnymede, yet, to those who recollect the great event which passed there, there is no scene, perhaps, which so strongly seizes upon the imagination; and although the emotions this recollection produces are of a very different kind from those which the mere natural scenery can excite, yet they unite themselves so well with these inferior emotions, and spread so venerable a charm over the whole, that one can hardly persuade one's self that the scene itself is not entitled to this admiration. The valley of Vaucluse is celebrated for its beauty, yet how much of it has been owing to its being the residence of Petrarch!

Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,
Moins que Pétrarque et Laure intéressent mon cœur.
La voilà donc disoit-je, oui, voilà cette rive
Que Pétrarque charmoit de sa lyre plaintive.
Ici Pétrarque à Laure exprimant son amour,
Voyoit naître trop tard, mourir trop tôt, le jour.
Retrouverai-je encore, sur ces rocs solitaires,
De leurs chiffres unis les tendres caractères?
Une grôte écartée avoit frappé mes yeux,
Grotte sombre, dis-moi si tu les vis heureux,
M'écriois-je! un vieux tronc bordoit-il le rivage?
Laure avoit reposé sous son antique ombrage;
Je redemandois Laure à l'écho du vallon,
Et l'écho n'avoit point oublié ce doux nom,
Partout mes yeux cherchoient, voyoient, Pétrarque et Laure,
Et par eux, ces beaux lieux s'émbellissoient encore.
Les Jardins, Chant 3me.

The streams, the bright blue skies, the enchanting vale,
Less move the heart than Petrarch's tender tale!
He and his Laura—Here within this grove,
He struck his plaintive lyre to songs of love;
All day he pour'd his melting lay of woe,
Eve came too quickly, and the dawn too slow.
Upon these lonely rocks I still shall find,
Fond work of love! their ciphers close entwined.
A deep dark cave I see—Speak rocks, and tell
What know ye of the bard who loved so well?
An old trunk by the river bank was laid;
Laura, I cried, once sat beneath thy shade!
I cleft on Laura, and the grey hill side,
Not unforgetful, to the call replied:
Petrarch and Laura were in all around,
They threw a charm o'er all and made it holy ground.

The Sublime is increased, in the same manner, by whatever tends to increase this exercise of imagination. The field of any celebrated battle becomes sublime from such associations. No man, acquainted with English history, could behold the field of Agincourt without some emotion of this kind. The additional conceptions which this association produces, and which fill the mind of the spectator on the prospect of that memorable field, diffuse themselves in some measure over the scene, and give it a sublimity which does not naturally belong to it. The majesty of the Alps themselves is increased by the remembrance of Hannibal's march over them; and who is there that could stand on the banks of the Rubicon, without feeling his imagination kindle, and his heart beat high!

"Middleton Dale," says Mr. Whately, "is a cleft between rocks, ascending gradually from a romantic village, till it emerges, at about two miles' distance, on the vast moorlands of the Peak. It is a dismal entrance to a desert; the hills above

it are bare, the rocks are of a grey colour, their surfaces are rugged, and their shapes savage, frequently terminating in craggy points, sometimes resembling vast unwieldy bulwarks, or rising in heavy buttresses one above another, and here and there a misshapen mass, bulging out, hangs lowering over its base. No traces of men are to be seen, except in a road, which has no effect on such a scene of desolation, and in the limekilns constantly smoking on the side. The soil is disfigured with all the tinges of brown and red which denote barrenness; in some places it has crumbled away, and strata of loose dark stones only appear; and in others long lines of dross, shovelled out of the mines, have fallen down the steeps. In these mines, the veins of lead on one side of the Dale, are observed always to have corresponding veins, in the same direction, on the other; and the rocks, though differing widely in different places, yet always continue in one style for some way together, and seem to have a relation to each other. Both these appearances make it probable that Middleton Dale is a chasm rent in the mountains by some convulsion of nature beyond the memory of man, or perhaps before the island was peopled. The scene, though it does not prove the fact, yet justifies the supposition, and it gives credit to the tales of the country people who, to aggravate its horrors, always point to a precipice, down which they say a young woman of the village threw herself headlong in despair at the neglect of a man whom she loved, and show a cavern where a skeleton once was discovered, but of what wretch is unknown; his bones were the only memorial left of him."—*Observations upon Modern Gardening*, p. 93.

It is surely unnecessary to remark, how much the sublimity of this extraordinary scene is increased by the circumstances of horror which are so finely connected with it.

One of the sublimest objects in natural scenery is an old and deep wood covering the side of a mountain, when seen from below; yet how much greater sublimity is given to it, by Dr. Akenside, by the addition of the solemn images which, in the following lines, are associated with it!

—Mark the sable woods

That shade sublime yon mountain's frowning brow.
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
Th' Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye.

Pleasures of Imagination, Book iii.

There is a passage in one of the Odes of the same poet, in which a scene, which is in general only beautiful, is rendered strikingly sublime, from the imagery with which it is associated.

'Tis thus to work her baneful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,

When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurys waves his murky wings,
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast

To groundless fears a prey;
Come where, with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Throned in the sun's descending car
What Power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What Genius smiles on yonder flood?
What God in whispers from the wood
Bids every thought be kind?

Ode to Suspicion.

I know not, however, any instance where the effect of any association is so remarkable in bestowing sublimity on objects, to which it does not naturally belong, as in the following inimitable poem of Buchanan's on the month of May. This season is, in general, fitted to excite emotions very different from sublimity; and the numerous poems which have been written in celebration of it dwell uniformly on its circumstances of "vernal joy." In this ode; however, the circumstances which the poet has selected are of a kind which to me appear inexpressibly sublime, and distinguish the poem itself by a degree and character of grandeur which I have never felt equalled in any other composition. The idea of it was probably taken from these fine lines of Virgil in the second Georgic, in describing the effects of spring:

Non alios, prima crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, allumve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim: Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis, et hybernis parcebat fatibus Euri:
Cum primum lucem pecudes hausere, virumque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Immissaque fore sylvia, et sidera caelo.

In this soft season, (let me dare to sing,
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial King—
In prime of all the year, and holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenor of the year,
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintry breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds;
And golden stars flew up to light the skies;
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.

DRYDEN.

I believe, however, no man will doubt how much Buchanan has improved upon this beautiful idea.

CALENDE MAIE.

Salvete sacris deliciis sacre
Maia calende, letitie et mero
Ludisque dicat: iocisque
Et teneris Charitum choris!

Salve voluptas et nitidum decus
Anni recurrens perpetua vix,
Et flos renaescentis juvente
In senium properantis aevi!

Cum blanda veris temperies novo
Illuxit orbi, primaque scoula
Fulsere flaventi metallo,
Sponte sua, sine lege, iusta,

Talis per omnes continuus tenor
Annos tepenti rura Favonio
Mulcubat, et nullis ferocis
Seminiibus recreabat agros.

Talis beatas incubat insulis
Felicis auras perpetuus tepor,
Et neciis campis semote
Difficilis, querulique morbi.

Talis silentum per tacitum nemus
 Levi susurrat murmur spiritus,
 Lethœnque juxta obliviosam
 Funereas agitat cupressos.

Forsan supremis cum Deus ignibus
 Piabit orbem, lætatur secula
 Mundo reductet, talis aura
 Æthereos animos fovebit.

Salve fugacis gloria seculi,
 Salve secunda digna dies nota,
 Salve vetustæ vitæ imago,
 Et specimen venientis ævi !

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Hail to thee, oh, sacred day !
 Hail ! the joyous world is gay,
 The wine cup flows, the merry jest goes round,
 And earth re-echoes to the dancers' bound.

Hail ! prime beauty of the spring ;
 As the passing moments bring,
 Thy glories with the changing year, I see
 The flowers spring afresh to welcome thee.

When the first spring morning broke,
 On the young world just awoke,
 'Twas ever May in that bright golden age,
 Nor did the furious North Wind ever rage ;

But zephyrs blew in gentle gales,
 And fertilized the fruitful vales,
 Labour and sickness were alike unknown,
 And men bow'd down to lengthen'd age alone.

Through the gloomy cypress wood
 That hung o'er Lethe's stagnant flood,
 Such gales were gently murmuring, and around
 A mournful cadence echo'd to the sound.

When fire shall purify the earth,
 And nature know a second birth,
 Such gentle breezes softly breathing round,
 Shall rouse the ethereal soul in slumber bound.

Hail, glory of the by-gone days !
 To thee is due the second praise ;
 Hail, image of the ancient golden age,
 And of a coming time, the bright and glad prepage !

National associations have a similar effect in increasing the emotions of sublimity and beauty, as they very obviously increase the number of images presented to the mind. The fine lines which Virgil has dedicated, in his *Georgics*, to the praises of his native country, however beautiful to us, were yet undoubtedly read with a far superior emotion by an ancient Roman. The prodigies which the same poet has described as preceding the death of Cæsar, and the still more minute description which Lucan, in the first book of his *Pharsalia*, has given of such events on the approach of the civil war, must probably have given to a Roman, who was under the dominion of such national superstitions, the strongest emotions of sublimity and terror ; but we read them now without any other emotion than what arises from the beauty of the composition.

The influence of such associations, in increasing either the beauty or sublimity of musical composition, can hardly have escaped any person's ob-

servation. The trifling tune called *Belleisle March* is said, by a very eminent writer, to have owed its popularity, among the people of England, to the supposition that it was the tune which was played when the English army marched into Belleisle, and to its consequent association with images of fame and conquest and military glory. There are other tunes of the same character which, without any peculiar merit, yet always serve to please the people whenever they are performed. The natives of any country, which possesses a national or characteristic music, need not be reminded how strongly the performance of such airs brings back to them the imagery of their native land ; and must often have had occasion to remark how inferior an emotion they excite in those who are strangers to such associations. The effect of the celebrated national song, which is said to overpower the Swiss soldier in a foreign land with melancholy and despair, and which it is therefore found necessary to forbid in the armies in which they serve, cannot surely be attributed to its composition alone, but to the recollections that it brings, and to those images that it kindles in his mind of peace, and freedom, and domestic pleasure, from which he is torn, and to which he may never return. Whatever may be the sublimity of Handel's music, the singular effect of it on some late occasions is, doubtless, not to be ascribed to that sublimity alone, but in a peculiar manner to the place where it was performed ; not only from the sacredness of that place, which is, of itself, so well fitted to excite many awful emotions ; but, in a considerable degree also, from its being the repository of so many "illustrious dead," and the scene, perhaps, of all others, most sacred to those who have any sensibility to the glories of their country.

There are associations, also, which arise from particular professions, or habits of thought, which serve very well to illustrate the same observation. No man, in general, is sensible to beauty in those subjects with regard to which he has not previous ideas. The beauty of a theory, or of a relic of antiquity, is unintelligible to a peasant. The charms of the country are altogether lost upon a citizen who has passed his life in town. In the same manner, the more that our ideas are increased, or our conceptions extended, upon any subject, the greater the number of associations we connect with it, the stronger is the emotion of sublimity or beauty we receive from it.

The pleasure, for instance, which the generality of mankind receive from any celebrated painting, is trifling when compared to that which a painter feels, if he is a man of any common degree of candour. What is to them only an accurate representation of nature, is to him a beautiful exertion of genius, and a perfect display of art. The difficulties which occur to his mind in the design and execution of such a performance, and the testimonies of skill, of taste, and of invention, which the accomplishment of it exhibit, excite a variety of emotions in his breast, of which the common spectator is altogether unsusceptible ; and the admiration with which he thus contemplates the genius and art of the painter, blends itself with the peculiar emotions which the picture itself can produce, and enhances to him every beauty that it may possess.

The beauty of any scene in nature is seldom so

striking to others as it is to a landscape-painter, or to those who profess the beautiful art of laying out grounds. The difficulties both of invention and execution, which from their professions are familiar to them, render the profusion with which nature often scatters the most picturesque beauties, little less than miraculous. Every little circumstance of form and perspective, and light and shade, which are unnoticed by a common eye, are important in theirs, and, mingling in their minds the ideas of difficulty and facility in overcoming it, produce altogether an emotion of delight, incomparably more animated than any that the generality of mankind usually derive from it.

The delight which most men of education receive from the consideration of antiquity, and the beauty that they discover in every object which is connected with ancient times, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the same cause. The antiquarian, in his cabinet, surrounded by the relics of former ages, seems to himself to be removed to periods that are long since past, and indulges in the imagination of living in a world which, by a very natural kind of prejudice, we are always willing to believe was both wiser and better than the present. All that is venerable or laudable in the history of those times present themselves to his memory. The gallantry, the heroism, the patriotism of antiquity rise again before his view, softened by the obscurity in which they are involved, and rendered more seducing to the imagination by that obscurity itself, which, while it mingles a sentiment of regret amid his pursuits, serves at the same time to stimulate his fancy to fill up, by its own creation, those long intervals of time of which history has preserved no record. The relics he contemplates seem to approach him still nearer to the ages of his regard. The dress, the furniture, the arms of the times, are so many assistances to his imagination, in guiding or directing its exercise, and, offering him a thousand sources of imagery, provide him with an almost inexhaustible field in which his memory and his fancy may expatiate. There are few men who have not felt somewhat, at least, of the delight of such an employment. There is no man in the least acquainted with the history of antiquity, who does not love to let his imagination loose on the prospect of its remains, and to whom they are not in some measure sacred, from the innumerable images which they bring. Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monument of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers; and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him.

And what is it that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, and stagnating amid the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is

ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb, to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations, conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

11.—The effect which is thus produced, by Associations, in increasing the emotions of sublimity or beauty, is produced also, either in nature or in description, by what are generally termed Picturesque Objects. Instances of such objects are familiar to every one's observation. An old tower in the middle of a deep wood, a bridge flung across a chasm between rocks, a cottage on a precipice, are common examples. If I am not mistaken, the effect which such objects have on every one's mind, is to suggest an additional train of conceptions, beside what the scene or description itself would have suggested; for it is very obvious, that no objects are remarked as picturesque, which do not strike the imagination by themselves. They are, in general, such circumstances as coincide, but are not necessarily connected, with the character of the scene or description, and which, at first affecting the mind with an emotion of surprise, produce afterwards an increased or additional train of imagery. The effect of such objects, in increasing the emotions either of beauty or sublimity, will probably be obvious from the following instances:

The beauty of sunset, in a fine autumnal evening, seems almost incapable of addition from any circumstance. The various and radiant colouring of the clouds, the soft light of the sun, that gives so rich a glow to every object on which it falls, the long but mellow shades, with which it is contrasted, and the calm and deep repose that seems to steal over universal nature, form altogether a scene, which serves, perhaps better than any other in the world, to satiate the imagination with delight: yet there is no man who does not know how great an addition this fine scene is capable of receiving from the circumstance of the evening bell. In what, however, does the effect of this most picturesque circumstance consist? Is it not in the additional images which are thus suggested to the imagination? Images indeed of melancholy and sadness, but which still are pleasing, and which spruce most wonderfully to accord with that solemn and pensive state of mind, which is almost irresistibly produced by this fascinating scene.

Nothing can be more beautiful than Dr. Goldsmith's description of evening, in the Deserted Village:

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Yet how much is the beauty of this description increased, by the fine circumstance with which it is closed ?

These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

There is a beauty of the same kind produced in the "Seasons," by the addition of one of the most picturesque circumstances that was ever imagined by a poet :

—Lead me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
Of various cadence, and his sportive lambs
Their frolics play ; and now the sprightly race
Invites them forth, when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the mossy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times.

Spring.

The scene is undoubtedly beautiful of itself, without the addition of the last circumstance ; yet how much more beautiful does it become by the new order of thought which this circumstance awakens in the mind, and which, contrasting the remembrance of ancient warfare and turbulent times with the serenity and repose of the modern scene, agitate the imagination with a variety of indistinct conceptions, which otherwise could never have arisen in it.

The physical arguments of Buchanan, in his poem "De Sphæra," against the doctrine of the motion of the earth, are probably read with little emotion ; but it is impossible to read the following lines of it without delight, from the very picturesque imagery which they contain :

Ergo tam celeri tellus si concita motu
Iret in occasum, rursusque rediret in ortum,
Cuncta simul quateret secum, visusque fragore,
Tempora, ades, miserisque etiam cum civibus, urbes
Opprimerit subita strages inopita ruina.
Ipse etiam volucres tranantes aera leni
Remigio alarum, celeri vertigine ferræ
Abreptas generent sylvas, nidisque tonella
Cum sobole et chara forsân cum conjuge : nec se
Auderet zephyro solus committere turtur,
Ne procul ablatas, terra fugiente, Ilymenæos
Et viduum longo luctu deficeret amorem.

Lib. 1.

If suddenly the world forsook its track,
Swung to the West—then quick reverted back
And touched the East—by that tremendous shock
Fanes, cities, temples, palaces, world rock,
Crush down the wretched people in their fall,
And overwhelming ruin sweep o'er all,
The birds, upborne by waving wings on high,
Would float at random through the troubled sky.
Their woods swept from them, where in soft-built nest
The tender young and their loved mother rest ;
That mother dares no more to mount above,
But in a long lament, proclaims her widowed love.

There is a very striking beauty of the same kind in a little poem of Dr. Beattie's, entitled, "Retirement."

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt, the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,

Where the scared owl on pinnons grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"All," says Mr. Whatley, in describing the Tinian Lawn at Hagley, "all here is of an even temper, all mild, placid, and serene ; in the gayest season of the day, not more than cheerful ; in the stillest watch of night, not gloomy. The scene is indeed peculiarly adapted to the tranquillity of the latter, when the moon seems to repose her light on the thick foliage of the grove, and steadily marks the shade of every bough. It is delightful then to saunter here, and see the grass and the gossamer which entwines it glistening with dew, to listen, and hear nothing stir, except perhaps a withered leaf, dropping gently through a tree, and sheltered from the chill, to catch the freshness of the evening air." It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than this description, yet how much is its beauty increased by the concluding circumstance ! "A solitary urn, chosen by Mr. Pope for the spot and now inscribed to his memory, when seen by a gleam of moonlight through the trees, fixes that thoughtfulness and composure, to which the mind is insensibly led by the rest of this elegant scene."—*Observations on Gardening*, p. 201.

I shall conclude these instances of the effect of picturesque objects, in increasing the emotion of Beauty, with a passage from the Iliad, which contains one of the most striking images that I know of in poetry, and which I am the more willing to quote, as it has not been so much taken notice of as it deserves. It is the appearance of Achilles, when Phoenix and Ulysses are sent from the Grecian camp to appease his wrath :

Τὼ δὲ βῆτην παρὰ θίνα παλυφλοίσβου θαλάσσης,
Πολλὰ μάλ' εὐχομένα γαῖόχρη Ἐννοσίγαια,
Ῥηϊδίω πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Αἰακίδαο
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἰκέσθην,
Τὸν δ' εἶρον φρένα τερόμενον φέρμαγι λιγείη,
Καλῆ, δαδαλεῖη, ἐπὶ δ' ἄργυρος ζυγὸς ἦεν
Ἐν ἄρει ἔξ ἐνάρων, πτόλιν Ἡετιώως ὀλέσσας
Τῇ ὕγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, κείδε δ' ἔρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν

Iliad, lib. ix. v. 182.

Through the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore ;
And now arrived, where, on the sandy bay,
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amused, at ease, the godlike man they found
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

Book ix. v. 236.

It was impossible for the poet to have imagined any other occupation so well fitted to the mighty mind of Achilles, or so effectual in interesting the reader in the fate of him whom Dr. Beattie calls, with truth, "the most terrific human personage that poetical imagination has feigned.

The sublime is increased in the same manner, by the addition of picturesque objects. The striking image with which Virgil concludes the description of the prodigies which attended the death of Cæsar, is well known :

Silicet et tempus veniet cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro

Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris, galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effosis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

Then after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the ploughed furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rakes—
Amazed at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty reliques of gigantic bones.—*DRYDEN.*

There are few passages more sublime in the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, than the description in the third Book of one of *Pompey's* armies, blocked up by *Cæsar* in a part of the country where there was no water, and where the soldiers were perishing with thirst. After describing, very minutely, the fruitless attempts of the army to obtain relief, and the miserable expedients with which they endeavoured to supply their wants, he proceeds in the following nervous and beautiful lines, of which I am persuaded, the last circumstance is too striking to require any comment:

O fortunati, fugiens quos barbarus hostis,
Pontibus inunxto stravit per rura veneno.
Non licet in fluvios saniem, tabenque ferarum,
Pallida Dictæis, Cæsar, nascentia saxis
Infundas aconita palam, Romana juvenus
Non decepta bibet—torrentur viscera flamma
Oraque sicca rigent squamosis aspera linguis;
Jam marcent vena, nulloque humore rigatus
Aeris alternos angustat pulmo meatus,
Rescisoque nocent suspiria dura palato.
Pandunt ora siti, nocturnumque æera captant.
Expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant
Impulsu, et siccis vultus in nubibus hærent.
Quoque magis miseris undæ jejunia solvant
Non, super arantem Mæren, Canerique sub axe
Qua nudi Garamantes arant, sedere, sed inter
Stagnantem Sicorim, et rapulum depressus Iberum,
Spectat vicinos, sitiens exercitus, amicos.

Lib. iv. ad med.

Oh happy those, to whom the barbarous kings
Left the envenom'd floods, and tainted springs!
Cæsar be kind, and every bane prepare
Which Cretan rocks, or Libyan serpents bear:
The Romans to thy poisonous streams shall fling,
And conscious of the danger, drink and die.
With secret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from the lungs return;
The shrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge laborious on the beating blood;
The heaving sighs through straiter passages blow,
And scorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapour draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want those floods that lately swept the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentless skies.
Not here by sandy *Africa* are they curst,
Not *Cancer's* sultry line inflames their thirst;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two streams expires the panting host,
And in a land of water are they lost.—*ROWE.*

The fine description in the *Gierusalemme Liberata* of a similar distress in the army of *Godfrey*, before the walls of *Jerusalem*, has probably been borrowed from this passage of *Lucan*; and it is pleasing to observe with what address *Tasso* has imitated, though not copied, the picturesque circumstance with which the description of the Roman

poet is closed. Instead of aggravating the distress of the soldier, by the prospect of waters which he could not approach, he recalls to his remembrance the cool shades and still fountains of his native land; a circumstance, not only singularly pathetic, but more fertile also of imagery, than perhaps any other that the poet could have imagined:

S' alcun giamai tra frondeggiente rivo
Puro vide stagnar liquido argento,
O giù precipitose vi acque vivo
Per Alpe, o'n pinggia èrroso à passo lento;
Quello al vago desio forma, o describe,
E ministra materia al suo tormento.

If e'er their eyes in happier times have view'd,
Begin't with grassy turf, some crystal flood:
Or living waters' foam from Alpine hills;
Or through soft herbage purrl the limpid rills:
Such flattering scenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to increase their flame.—*HOOLE.*

In *Thomson's* description of *Winter* in the northern regions, though the description itself is sublime, yet one additional circumstance adds powerfully to its sublimity:

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where, undissolving from the first of time
Snows swell on snows, amazing, to the sky,
And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor, from afar
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to fear no more—a bleak expanse
Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies, conscious, southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads
Falls horrible.—

In the following masterly description of a very sublime scene in nature, by *Mr. Whately*, I doubt not but that it will be acknowledged, how much the sublimity of it is increased by the very picturesque imagery which the occupations of the inhabitants afford. "A scene at the *New Weir*, on the river *Wye*, which in itself is truly great and awful, so far from being disturbed, becomes more interesting and important by the business to which it is destined. It is a chasm between two ranges of hills, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water; the rocks on the sides are mostly heavy masses, and their colour is generally brown; but here and there a pale craggy cliff starts up to a vast height above the rest, unconnected, broken, and bare; large trees frequently force out their way amongst them, and many of them stand far back in the covert, where their natural dusky hue is deepened by the shadow which overhangs them. The river, too, as it retires, loses itself amid the woods, which close immediately above, then rise thick and high, and darken the water. In the midst of all this gloom is an iron forge, covered with a black cloud of smoke, and surrounded with half-burned ore, with coal, and with cinders. The fuel for it is brought down a path, worn into steps

narrow, and steep, and winding among the precipices; and near it is an open space of barren moor, about which are scattered the huts of the workmen. It stands close to the cascade of the Weir, where the agitation of the current is increased by large fragments of rocks which have been swept down by floods from the bank, or shivered by tempests from the brow; and at stated intervals, the sullen sound, from the strokes of the great hammers in the forge, deadens the roar of the waterfall."—Page 109.

There is a similar beauty, if I am not mistaken, in the conclusion of the following passage from M. Didérot.

"Qu'est ce qu'il faut au poëte? Est-ce une nature brute ou cultivée? paisible ou troublée? Préfère-t-il la beauté d'un jour pur et serein, à l'horreur d'une nuit obscure, où le sifflement interrompu des vents se mêle par intervalles au murmure sourd et continu d'un tonnerre éloigné, et où il voit l'éclair allumer le ciel sur sa tête? Préfère-t-il le spectacle d'une mer tranquille, à celui des flots agités? le muet et froid aspect d'un palais, à la promenade parmi des ruines? un édifice construit, un espace planté de la main des hommes, au touffu d'une antique forêt, au creux ignoré d'une roche déserte? des nappes d'eau, des bassins, des cascades, à la vue d'une cataracte qui se brise en tombant à travers des rochers, et dont le bruit se fait entendre au loin du berger, qui a conduit son troupeau dans la montagne, et qui l'écoute avec effroi?"—*Épître à Mons. Grimm, sur la Poésie Dramatique.**

I shall conclude these illustrations with a very sublime one from the *Paradise Regained* of Milton, in which I believe the force of the concluding stroke will not be denied.

—Father tropic now

'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive, pour'd
Fierce rain, with lightning mix'd; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer—Ill wast Thou shroudest then
O patient Son of God!

Book iv.

In these, and a thousand other instances that might be produced, I believe every man of sensibility will be conscious of a variety of great or pleasing images passing with rapidity in his imagination, beyond what the scene or description immediately before him can of themselves excite. They seem often, indeed, to have but a very dis-

* "What is necessary to the Poet? Is it rugged or cultivated nature? peaceful or agitated? Does he prefer the beauty of a calm and serene day to the horror of a cloudy night, in which the interrupted whistling of the winds is at intervals mingled with the low and continued murmuring of distant thunder, while the lightning illumines the heavens above him? Does he prefer the contemplation of a tranquil sea to that of agitated waves? the silent and cold aspect of a palace, to a walk among ruins? A building constructed, or a spot planted by the hand of man, to the foliage of an ancient forest or the unexplored caverns of a barren rock? Sheets of water, fish-ponds, cascades, to cataracts dashing over rocks, whose sound is heard afar by the shepherd driving his flocks over the mountains, who listens with affright?"

tant relation to the object that at first excited them; and the object itself appears only to serve as a hint to awaken the imagination, and to lead it through every analogous idea that has place in the memory. It is then, indeed, in this powerless state of reverie, when we are carried on by our conceptions, not guiding them, that the deepest emotions of beauty or sublimity are felt; that our hearts swell with feelings which language is too weak to express; and that, in the depth of silence and astonishment, we pay to the charm that entralls us the most flattering mark of our applause.

"The power of such characters in Nature," says Mr. Whately (from whom I am happy to borrow the following observations, not only from the beauty of their expression, but from their singular coincidence in the illustration of the fact I have been endeavouring to establish), "the power of such characters is not confined to the ideas which the objects themselves immediately suggest; for these are connected with others, which insensibly lead to subjects far distant perhaps from the original thought, and related to it only by similitude in the sensations they excite. In a prospect enriched and enlivened with inhabitants and cultivation, the attention is caught first by the circumstances which are gayest in the season, the bloom of an orchard, the festivity of a hay-field, and the carols of a harvest-home; but the cheerfulness which these infuse into the mind expands afterwards to other objects than those immediately presented to the eye, and we are thereby disposed to receive, and delighted to pursue, a variety of pleasing ideas, and every benevolent feeling. At the sight of a ruin, reflections on the change, the decay, and the desolation before us, naturally occur; and they introduce a long succession of others, all tinged with that melancholy which these have inspired; or if the monument revive the memory of former times, we do not stop at the simple fact which it records, but recollect many more coeval circumstances which we see, not perhaps as they were, but as they are come down to us, venerable with age, and magnified by fame. Even without the assistance of buildings, or other adventitious circumstances, nature alone furnishes materials for scenes which may be adapted to almost every kind of expression. Their operation is general, and their consequences infinite: the mind is elevated, depressed, or composed, as gaiety, gloom, or tranquillity prevail in the scene, and we soon lose sight of the mean by which the character is formed. We forget the particular object it presents and, giving way to their effects, without recurring to the cause, we follow the track they have begun, to any extent which the dispositions they accord with will allow. It suffices that the scenes of nature have power to affect our imagination and our sensibility: for such is the constitution of the human mind, that if once it is agitated, the emotion often spreads beyond the occasion: when the passions are roused, their course is unrestrained; when the fancy is on the wing, its flight is unbounded, and, quitting the inanimate objects which first gave them their spring, we may be led, by thought above thought, widely differing in degree but still corresponding in character, till we rise from familiar subjects to the sublimest conceptions, and

are rapt in the contemplation of whatever is great or beautiful, which we see in nature, feel in man, or attribute to the Divinity."—Page 154.

III.—The influence of such additional trains of imagery, in increasing the emotions of sublimity or beauty, might be illustrated from many other circumstances equally familiar. I am induced to mention only the following; because it is one of the most striking that I know, and because it is probable that most men of education have at least in some degree been conscious of it:—the influence, I mean, of an acquaintance with poetry in our earlier years, in increasing our sensibility to the beauties of nature.

The generality of mankind live in the world without receiving any kind of delight from the various scenes of beauty which its order displays. The rising and setting of the sun, the varying aspect of the moon, the vicissitude of seasons, the revolution of the planets, and all the stupendous scenery that they produce, are to them only common occurrences, like the ordinary events of every day. They have been so long familiar, that they cease to strike them with any appearance either of magnificence or beauty, and are regarded by them with no other sentiments than as being useful for the purposes of human life. We may all remember a period in our lives when this was the state of our own minds; and it is probable most men will recollect, that the time when nature began to appear to them in another view, was, when they were engaged in the study of classical literature. In most men, at least, the first appearance of poetical imagination is at school, when their imaginations begin to be warmed by the descriptions of ancient poetry, and when they have acquired a new sense, as it were, with which they can behold the face of nature.

How different, from this period, become the sentiments with which the scenery of nature is contemplated, by those who have any imagination! The beautiful forms of ancient mythology, with which the fancy of poets peopled every element, are now ready to appear to their minds, upon the prospect of every scene. The descriptions of ancient authors, so long admired, and so deserving of admiration, occur to them at every moment, and with them all those enthusiastic ideas of ancient genius and glory which the study of so many years of youth so naturally leads them to form. Or, if the study of modern poetry has succeeded to that of the ancient, a thousand other beautiful associations are acquired which, instead of destroying, serve easily to unite with the former, and to afford a new source of delight. The awful forms of Gothic superstition, the wild and romantic imagery which the turbulence of the middle ages, the crusades, and the institution of chivalry, have spread over every country of Europe, arise to the imagination in every scene; accompanied with all those pleasing recollections of prowess and adventure, and courteous manners, which distinguished those memorable times. With such images in their minds, it is not common nature that appears to surround them. It is nature embellished and made sacred by the memory of Theocritus and Virgil, and Milton and Tasso; their genius seems still to linger among the scenes which inspired it, and to irradiate every object

where it dwells; and the creations of their fancy seem the fit inhabitants of that nature which their descriptions have clothed with beauty.

Nor is it only in providing so many sources of association that the influence of an acquaintance with poetry consists. It is yet still more powerful in giving character to the different appearances of nature, in connecting them with various emotions and affections of our hearts, and in thus providing an almost inexhaustible source either of solemn or cheerful meditation. What to ordinary men is but common occurrence or common scenery, to those who have such associations is full of beauty. The seasons of the year, which are marked only by the generality of mankind by the different occupations or amusements they bring, have each of them, to such men, peculiar expressions, and awaken them to an exercise either of pleasing or awful thought. The seasons of the day, which are regarded only by the common spectator as the call to labour or to rest, are to them characteristic either of cheerfulness or solemnity, and connected with all the various emotions which these characters excite. Even the familiar circumstances of general nature, which pass unheeded by a common eye, the cottage, the sheep-fold, the curfew, all have expressions to them, because, in the compositions to which they have been accustomed, these all are associated with peculiar characters, or rendered expressive of them, and, leading them to the remembrance of such associations, enable them to behold, with corresponding dispositions, the scenes which are before them, and to feel from their prospect, the same powerful influence which the eloquence of poetry has ascribed to them.

Associations of this kind, when acquired in early life, are seldom altogether lost; and whatever inconveniences they may sometimes have with regard to the general character, or however much they may be ridiculed by those who do not experience them, they are yet productive to those who possess them of a perpetual and innocent delight. Nature herself is their friend: in her most dreadful, as well as her most lovely scenes, they can discover something either to elevate their imaginations, or to move their hearts; and amid every change of scenery or of climate, can still find themselves among the early objects of their admiration or their love.

CHAPTER II.

ANALYSIS OF THIS EXERCISE OF IMAGINATION.

SECTION I.

THE illustrations in the preceding chapter seem to show, that whenever the emotions of Sublimity or Beauty are felt, that exercise of Imagination is produced, which consists in the indulgence of a train of thought; that when this exercise is prevented, these emotions are unfelt or unperceived; and that whatever tends to increase this exercise of mind, tends in the same proportion to increase these emotions. If these illustrations are just, it seems reasonable to conclude, that the effect produced upon the mind by objects of Sublimity and Beauty consists in the production of this exercise of Imagination.

Although, however, this conclusion seems to me both just and consonant to experience, yet it is in itself too general to be considered as a sufficient account of the nature of that operation of mind which takes place in the case of such Emotions. There are many trains of ideas of which we are conscious, which are unattended with any kind of pleasure. There are other operations of mind, in which such trains of thought are necessarily produced, without exciting any similar emotion. Even in the common hours of life, every man is conscious of a continued succession of thoughts passing through his mind, suggested either by the presence of external objects, or arising from the established laws of association: such trains of thought, however, are seldom attended with pleasure, and still seldomer with an emotion corresponding, in any degree, to the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

There are, in like manner, many cases where objects excite a train of thought in the mind, without exciting any emotion of pleasure or delight. The prospect of the house, for instance, where one has formerly lived, excites very naturally a train of conceptions in the mind; yet it is by no means true that such an exercise of imagination is necessarily accompanied with pleasure, for these conceptions not only may be, but very often are, of a kind extremely indifferent, and sometimes also simply painful. The mention of an event in history, or of a fact in science, naturally leads us to the conception of a number of related events, or similar facts; yet it is obvious, that in such a case the exercise of mind which is produced, if it is accompanied with any pleasure at all, is in most cases accompanied with a pleasure very different from that which attends the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

If therefore some train of thought, or some exercise of Imagination, is necessary for the production of the emotions of Taste, it is obvious that this is not every train of thought of which we are capable. To ascertain, therefore, with any precision, either the nature or the causes of these emotions, it is previously necessary to investigate the nature of those trains of thought that are produced by objects of sublimity and beauty, and their difference from those ordinary trains which are unaccompanied with such pleasure.

As far as I am able to judge, this difference consists in two things. 1st, In the Nature of the ideas or conceptions which compose such trains: and, 2dly, In the Nature or Law of their succession.

I.—In our ordinary trains of thought, every man must be conscious that the ideas which compose them are very frequently of a kind which excite no emotions either of pleasure or pain. There is an infinite variety of our ideas, as well as of our sensations, that may be termed indifferent, which are perceived without any sentiment either of pain or pleasure, and which pass as it were before the mind, without making any farther impression than simply exciting the consciousness of their existence. That such ideas compose a great part, and perhaps the greatest part, of our ordinary trains of thought, is apparent from the single consideration, that such trains are seldom attended with emotion of any kind.

The trains of thought which are suggested by

external objects are very frequently of a similar kind. The greater part of such objects are simple, indifferent, or at least are regarded as indifferent in our common hours either of occupation or amusement: the conceptions which they produce, by the laws of association, partake of the nature or character of the object which originally excited them; and the whole train passes through our mind without leaving any farther emotion, than perhaps that general emotion of pleasure which accompanies the exercise of our faculties. It is scarcely possible for us to pass an hour of our lives without experiencing some train of thought of this kind, suggested by some of the external objects which happen to surround us. The indifference with which such trains are either pursued or deserted, is a sufficient evidence that the ideas of which they are composed are, in general, of a kind unfitted to produce any emotion, either of pleasure or pain.

In the case of those trains of thought, on the contrary, which are suggested by objects either of Sublimity or Beauty, I apprehend it will be found, that they are in all cases composed of ideas capable of exciting some affection or emotion; and that not only the whole succession is accompanied with that peculiar emotion, which we call the Emotion of Beauty or Sublimity, but that every individual idea of such a succession is in itself productive of some simple Emotion or other. Thus the ideas suggested by the scenery of Spring, are ideas productive of emotions of Cheerfulness, of Gladness, and of Tenderness. The images suggested by the prospect of ruins, are images belonging to Pity, to Melancholy, and to Admiration. The ideas, in the same manner, awakened by the view of the ocean in a storm, are ideas of Power, of Majesty, and of Terror. In every case where the emotions of Taste are felt, I conceive it will be found, that the train of thought which is excited is distinguished by some character of emotion, and that it is by this means distinguished from our common or ordinary successions of thought. To prevent a very tedious and unnecessary circumlocution, such ideas may perhaps, without any impropriety, be termed ideas of Emotion; and I shall beg leave therefore to use the expression in this sense.

The first circumstance, then, which seems to distinguish those trains of thought which are produced by objects either of Sublimity or Beauty, is, that the ideas or conceptions of which they are composed, are ideas of Emotion.

II.—In our ordinary trains of thought, there seldom appears any general principle of connexion among the ideas which compose them. Each idea, indeed, is related, by an established law of our nature, to that which immediately preceded and that which immediately follows it, but in the whole series there is no predominant relation or bond of connexion. This want of general connexion is so strong, that even that most general of all relations, the relation either of pleasure or pain, is frequently violated. Images both of the one kind and the other succeed each other in the course of the train; and when we put an end to it, we are often at a loss to say, whether the whole series was pleasant or painful. Of this irregularity, I think every man will be convinced who chooses to attend to it.

In those trains, on the contrary, which are suggested by objects of Sublimity or Beauty, however slight the connexion between individual thoughts may be, I believe it will be found, that there is always some general principle of connexion which pervades the whole, and gives them some certain and definite character. They are either gay, or pathetic, or melancholy, or solemn, or awful, or elevating, &c., according to the nature of the emotion which is first excited. Thus, the prospect of a serene evening in summer produces first an emotion of peacefulness and tranquillity, and then suggests a variety of images corresponding to this primary impression. The sight of a torrent, or of a storm, in the same manner, impresses us first with sentiments of awe, or solemnity, or terror, and then awakens in our minds a series of conceptions allied to this peculiar emotion. Whatever may be the character of the original emotion, the images which succeed seem all to have a relation to this character; and if we trace them back, we shall discover not only a connexion between the individual thoughts of the train, but also a general relation among the whole, and a conformity to that peculiar emotion which first excited them.

The train of thought, therefore, which takes place in the mind, upon the prospect of objects of sublimity and beauty, may be considered as consisting in a regular or consistent train of ideas of emotion, and as distinguished from our ordinary trains of thought, 1st, In respect of the nature of the ideas of which it is composed, by their being ideas productive of Emotion; and, 2dly, In respect of their Succession, by their being distinguished by some general principle of connexion, which subsists through the whole extent of the train.

The truth of the account which I have now given of the nature of that train of thought which attends the emotions of sublimity and beauty, must undoubtedly at last be determined by its conformity to general experience and observation. There are some considerations, however, of a very obvious and familiar kind, which it may be useful to suggest to the reader, for the purpose of affording him a method of investigating with accuracy the truth of this account.

If it is true that the ideas which compose that train of thought which attends the emotions of Taste are uniformly ideas of Emotion, then it ought in fact to be found, that no objects or qualities are experienced to be beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some simple Emotion.

If it is true that such trains of thought are uniformly distinguished by some general principle of connexion, then it ought also to be found, that no Composition of objects or qualities produces such emotions, in which this Unity of character or of emotion is not preserved.

I shall endeavour, at some length, to illustrate the truth of both these propositions.

SECTION II.

THAT no objects, or qualities in objects, are, in fact, felt either as beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some Simple Emotion, seems evident from the following familiar considerations.

I.—Wherever the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty are felt, I believe it will be found, that some affection is uniformly excited by the presence of the object, before the more complex Emotion of Beauty is felt; and that if no such affection is excited, no Emotion of Beauty or Sublimity is produced. The truth of this observation may be illustrated, both from common language, and common experience.

1. If any man were to assert, that some object, though positively indifferent or uninteresting, was yet beautiful or sublime, every one would consider it as asserting an absurdity. If, on the other hand, he were to assert, that the object had neither beauty nor sublimity to him, because there was no equality in it which could give him any emotion, I apprehend we should not only clearly understand his meaning, but very readily allow his reason; and if the object were such as appeared to us in the light either of Sublimity or Beauty, and we wished to make him sensible of it, the way that we should naturally take would be to point out to him some affecting or interesting quality, which we imagined he had overlooked, and which we felt was the foundation of our own emotion.

There is undoubtedly a very great difference between the emotion of Taste, and any simple Emotion, as of Cheerfulness, Tenderness, Melancholy, Solemnity, Elevation, Terror, &c., as such emotions are frequently felt without any sentiment of Beauty or Sublimity; but there is no case, I believe, where the emotions of Taste are felt, without the previous production of some such simple emotion. It is often indeed difficult to say, what is the quality in the object which produces the emotion of beauty; and it is sometimes difficult, in the case of complex objects, when different qualities unite in the production of emotion, to define the exact nature of that emotion which we feel; but whether the general impression we receive is that of gaiety, or tenderness, or melancholy, or solemnity, or elevation, or terror, &c., we have never any difficulty of determining; and so strong is our conviction of the dependence of the emotions of taste upon some such previous simple emotion, that whenever we endeavour to explain the beauty or sublimity of any object, we uniformly proceed by pointing out the interesting or affecting quality in it, which is fitted to produce this previous emotion. It is not only impossible for us to imagine an object of taste, that is not an object of emotion; but it is impossible to describe any such object, without resting the description upon that quality, or those qualities in it, which are productive of simple emotion.

2. Every man has had reason to observe a difference in his sentiments, with regard to the beauty of particular objects, from those of other people; either in his considering certain objects as beautiful, which did not appear so to them, or in their considering certain objects as beautiful, which did not appear so to him. There is no instance of this more common than in the case of airs in music. In the first case of such a difference of opinion, we generally endeavour to recollect, whether there is not some accidental association of pleasure which we have with such objects, and which affords us that delight which other people do not share; and it not unfrequently happens,

that we assign such associations as the cause of our pleasure, and as our apology for differing from their opinion. In the other case, we generally take it for granted, that they who feel a beauty where we do not, have some pleasing association with the object in question of which we are unconscious, and which is accordingly productive to them of that delight in which we are unable to share. In both cases, although we may not discover what the particular association is, we do not fail to suppose that some such association exists which is the foundation of the sentiment of beauty, and to consider this difference of opinion as sufficiently accounted for on such a supposition. This very natural kind of reasoning could not, I think, take place, if we did not find from experience, that those objects only are productive of the sentiment of beauty which are capable of exciting emotion.

3. The different habits and occupations of life produce a similar effect on the sentiments of mankind with regard to the objects of Taste. By their tendency to confine their sensibility to a certain class of objects, and to render all others indifferent to them. In our progress from infancy to manhood, how much do our sentiments of Beauty change with our years! how often, in the course of this progress, do we look back with contempt, or at least with wonder, upon the tastes of our earlier days, and the objects that gratified them! and how uniformly in all this progress do our opinions of beauty coincide with the prevalent emotions of our hearts, and with that change of sensibility which the progress of life occasions! As soon as any class of objects loses its importance in our esteem, as soon as their presence ceases to bring us pleasure, or their absence to give us pain, the beauty in which our infant imagination arrayed them disappears, and begins to irradiate another class of objects, which we are willing to flatter ourselves are more deserving of such sentiments, but which have often no other value than in their coincidence with those new emotions that begin to swell in our breasts. The little circle of infant beauty contains no other objects than those that can excite the affections of the child. The wider range which youth discovers, is still limited by the same boundaries which nature has prescribed to the affections of youth. It is only when we arrive at manhood, and still more, when either the liberality of our education, or the original capacity of our minds, have led us to experience or to participate in all the affections of our nature, that we acquire that comprehensive taste which can enable us to discover and to relish every species of Sublimity and Beauty.

It is easily observable, also, that besides the natural progress of life, the habits of thought which men acquire from the diversity of their occupations, tend in the same proportion to limit their Sense of Beauty or Sublimity, as they limit their emotions to a particular character or kind. The lover reads or hears with indifference of all that is most sublime in the history of ambition, and wonders only at the folly of mankind, who can sacrifice their ease, their comforts, and all the best pleasures of life, to the unsubstantial pursuit of power. The man whose life has been passed in the pursuits of commerce, and who has learned to estimate everything by its value in

money, laughs at the labours of the philosopher or the poet, and beholds with indifference the most splendid pursuits of life, if they are not repaid by wealth. The anecdote of a late celebrated mathematician is well known, who read the *Paradise Lost*, without being able to discover in it anything that was sublime, but who said that he could never read the queries at the end of *Newton's Optics*, without feeling his hair stand on end, and his blood run cold. There are thousands who have read the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*, without having their imaginations inflamed with the ideas of military glory. It is the brave only, who, in the perusal of it, like the gallant *Sir Philip Sidney*, feel "their hearts moved as by the sound of a trumpet."

The effect of such habits of mind upon the sense of Beauty may, in some degree, be observed in all the different classes of mankind; and there are probably few men, who have not had occasion to remark how much the diversity of tastes corresponds to the diversity of occupations, and, even in the most trifling things, how strongly the sentiments of Beauty in different men are expressive of their prevailing habits or turn of mind. It is only in the higher stations, accordingly, or in the liberal professions of life, that we expect to find men either of a delicate or comprehensive taste. The inferior situations of life, by contracting the knowledge and the affections of men within very narrow limits, produce insensibly a similar contraction in their notions of the beautiful or the sublime. The finest natural taste is seldom found able to withstand that narrowness and insensibility of mind, which is perhaps necessarily acquired by the minute and uninteresting details of the mechanical arts; and they who have been doomed, by their professions, to pass their earlier years in populous and commercial cities, and in the narrow and selfish pursuits which prevail there, soon lose that sensibility which is the most natural of all,—the sensibility to the beauties of the country; because they lose all those sentiments of tenderness and innocence which are the foundation of much the greater part of the associations we connect with the scenery of nature.

4. The difference of original character, or the natural tendency of our minds to particular kinds of emotion, produces a similar difference in our sentiments of beauty, and serves in a very obvious manner to limit our taste to a certain class or character of objects. There are men, for instance, who, in all the varieties of external nature, find nothing beautiful but as it tends to awaken in them a sentiment of sadness; who meet the return of Spring with minds only prophetic of its decay; and who follow the decline of Autumn with no other remembrance than that the beauties of the year are gone. There are men, on the contrary, to whom every appearance of Nature is beautiful, as awakening a sentiment of gaiety; and to whom Spring and Autumn alike are welcome, because they bring to them only different images of joy; and who, even in the most desolate and wintry scenes, are yet able to discover something in which their hearts may rejoice. It is not, surely, that Nature herself is different, that so different effects are produced upon the imaginations of these men; but it is because the original constitution of their minds has led them to different habits of

emotion,—because their imaginations seize only those expressions in nature which are allied to their prevailing dispositions,—and because every other appearance is indifferent to them but those which fall in with the peculiar sensibility of their hearts. The gayety of nature alone is beautiful to the cheerful man ; its melancholy, to the man of sadness ; because these alone are the qualities which accord with the emotions they are accustomed to cherish, and in which their imaginations delight to indulge.

The same observation is equally applicable to the different tastes of men in Poetry, and the rest of the fine arts ; and the productions that all men peculiarly admire are those which suit that peculiar strain of emotion, to which, from their original constitution, they are most strongly disposed. The ardent and gallant mind sickens at the insipidity of pastoral, and the languor of elegiac poetry, and delights only in the great interests of the Tragic and the Epic Muse. The tender and romantic peruse with indifference the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*, and return with gladness to those favoured compositions, which are descriptive of the joys or sorrows of Love. The gay and the frivolous, on the contrary, alike insensible to the sentiments either of tenderness or magnanimity, find their delight in that cold but lively style of poetry which has been produced by the gallantry of modern times, and which, in its principal features, is so strongly characteristic of the passion itself. In general, those kinds of poetry only are delightful, or awaken us to any very sensible emotions of sublimity or beauty, which fall in with our peculiar habits of sentiment or feeling ; and if it rarely happens that one species of poetry is relished to the exclusion of every other, it arises only from this, that it is equally rare that one species of emotion should have so completely the dominion of the heart, as to exclude all emotions of any other kind. In proportion, however, as our sensibility is weak, with regard to any class of objects, it is observable, that our sense of sublimity or beauty in such objects is weak in the same proportion ; and wherever it happens (for it sometimes does happen), that men, from their original constitution, are incapable of any one species of emotion, I believe it will also be found, that they are equally insensible to all the sublimity or beauty which the rest of the world find in the objects of such emotion.

5. Besides the influence of permanent habits of thought, or of the diversities of original disposition, upon our sentiments of Beauty, every man must have had occasion to observe that the perception of Beauty depends also on the temporary sensibility of his mind ; and that even objects of the most experienced beauty fail in exciting their usual delight, when they occur to him in moments when he is under the dominion of different emotions from those with which he usually regards them. In our seasons of gaiety, we behold with indifference the same objects which delight our imaginations when we are under the impressions of tenderness or melancholy. In our seasons of despondence, we turn, with some kind of aversion, from the objects or the reflections that enchant us in our hours of gaiety. In the common hours of life, in the same manner, when we are either busy or unoccupied, and when our minds are free from every kind of sensibility,

the objects of taste make but a feeble impression upon us ; and are either altogether neglected, or tacitly reserved till another time, when we may be more in the temper to enjoy them. The husbandman who goes out to observe the state of his grounds, the man of business who walks forth to ruminate about his affairs, or the philosopher, to reason or reflect, whatever their natural sensibilities may be, are at such times insensible to every beauty that the scenery of nature may exhibit ; nor do they begin to feel them until they withdraw their attention from the particular objects of their thought, and abandon themselves to the emotions which such scenes may happen to inspire.

There are even moments of listlessness and languor, in which no objects of Taste whatever can excite their usual delight, in which our favourite landscapes, our favourite airs, cease altogether to affect us ; and when sometimes we almost wonder what is the secret spell that hangs over our minds, and prevents us from enjoying the pleasures that are within our reach. It is not that the objects of such pleasures are changed ; it is not even that we have not the wish to enjoy them, for this we frequently attempt, and attempt in vain ; but it is because we come to them either with minds fatigued, and with spirits below their usual tone, or under the influence of other feelings than are necessary for their enjoyment. Whenever we return to that state of mind which is favourable to such emotions, our delight returns with it, and the objects of such pleasures become as favourite as before.

II.—It is further observable, that our sense of the Beauty or Sublimity of every object depends upon that quality or those qualities of it which we consider ; and that objects of the most acknowledged beauty cease to affect us with such emotions, when we make any of their indifferent or uninteresting qualities the object of our consideration. There is no production of Taste whatever which has not many qualities of a very indifferent kind ; and there can be no doubt, both that we have it in our power to make any of these qualities the object of our attention, and what we very often do so, without regarding any of those qualities of emotion, upon which its Beauty or its Sublimity is founded. In such cases, I believe every one has felt, that the effect upon his mind corresponds to the quality he considers.

1. It is difficult, for instance, to enumerate the various qualities which may produce the Emotion of Beauty in the statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, or the *Apollo Belvidere* ; yet it is undoubtedly possible for any man to see these master-pieces of statuary, and yet feel no emotion of beauty. The delicacy, the modesty, the timidity of the one, the grace, the dignity, the majesty of the other, and in both, the imitable art with which these characters are expressed, are, in general, the qualities which first impress themselves upon the imagination of the spectator ; yet the man of the best taste may afterwards see them, without thinking of any such expressions. He may observe their dimensions, he may study their proportions, he may attend to the particular state of their preservation, the history of their discovery, or even the nature of the marble of which they are made. All these are as truly qualities of these statues as their majesty or their grace, and may certainly, at particular

times, happen to engage the attention of the man of the most refined taste. That in such cases no Emotion of Beauty would be felt, and that before it could be felt it would be necessary for the spectator to withdraw his mind from the consideration of such unaffecting qualities, is too obvious to require any illustration.

The same observation is applicable to every other production of Taste. There is no poem, no painting, no musical composition, however beautiful or sublime, that has not many qualities or attributes that are altogether uninteresting, and which may not be made the object of attention at particular times, although in general they are left out of consideration. The Inversions of Milton, the compound Epithets of Thomson, are as really qualities of their compositions, as the sublimity of the one, or the tenderness of the other. The person who should make such qualities alone the object of his attention, in the perusal of the *Saisons*, or the *Paradise Lost*, though he might certainly receive some instruction, would doubtless receive little delight; and if he were really capable of feeling the Sublimity or Beauty which distinguish these compositions, it must be to other and more affecting qualities of them that he must turn his regard. While these minute and unaffecting circumstances were the objects of his attention, he could be conscious of no greater emotion than what he might receive from the perusal of the most unanimated prose. It is in consequence of this that the exercise of Criticism never fails to destroy, for the time, our sensibility to the beauty of every composition, and that habits of this kind so generally end in destroying the sensibility of Taste. They accustom us to consider every composition in relation only to rules; they turn our attention from those qualities upon which their effect is founded as objects of Taste, to the consideration of the principles by which this effect is attained; and, instead of that deep and enthusiastic delight which the perception of Beauty or Sublimity bestows, they afford us at last no higher enjoyment than what arises from the observation of the servile dexterity of Art.

2. The effect of Familiarity, which has so often been observed in diminishing our sensibility to the objects of Taste, may serve also as an illustration of the same principle. This effect indeed is generally resolved into the influence of habit, which in this, as in every other case, is supposed to diminish the strength of our emotions; yet that it is not solely to be ascribed to habit, seems evident from the following consideration, that such indifference is never permanent, and that there are times when the most familiar objects awaken us to the fullest sense of their beauty. The necessity which we are under of considering all such objects when familiar in very different aspects from those in which they appear to us as objects of Beauty; and of attending only to their unaffecting qualities, may perhaps better account both for this gradual decay of our sensibility, and for its temporary returns.

When a man of any taste, for instance, first settles in a romantic country, he is willing to flatter himself that he can never be satiated with its beauties, and that in their contemplation he shall continue to receive the same exquisite delight. The aspect in which he now sees them is solely that in which they are calculated to produce Emotion.

The streams are known to him only by their gentleness or their majesty, the woods by their solemnity, the rocks by their awfulness or terror. In a very short time, however, he is forced to consider them in very different lights. They are useful to him for some purposes, either of occupation or amusement. They serve as distinctions of different properties or of different divisions of the country. They become boundaries or land-marks, by which his knowledge of the neighbourhood is ascertained. It is with these qualities that he hears them usually spoken of by all who surround him. It is in this light that he must often speak and think of them himself. It is with these qualities accordingly, that he comes at last insensibly to consider them in the common hours of his life. Even a circumstance so trifling as the assignment of particular names, contributes in a great degree to produce this effect; because the use of such names, in marking the particular situation, or place of such objects, naturally leads him to consider the objects themselves in no other light than that of their place or situation. It is with very different feelings that he must now regard the objects that were once so full of beauty. They now occur to his mind, only as topographical distinctions, and are beheld with the indifference such qualities naturally produce. Their majesty, their solemnity, their terror, &c. are gradually obscured, under the mass of unaffecting qualities with which he is obliged to consider them; and excepting at those times when either their appearances or their expressions are new, or when some other incident has awakened that tone or temper of thought with which their expressions agree, and when of consequence he is disposed to consider them in the light of this expression alone, he must be content at last to pass his life without any perception of their beauty.

It is on the same account that the great and the opulent become gradually so indifferent to those articles of elegance or magnificence with which they are surrounded, and which are so effectual in exciting the admiration of other men. The man of inferior rank, whose situation prevents him from all familiarity with such objects, sees them in the light of their magnificence and elegance alone; he sees them, too, as signs of that happiness and refined pleasure, which men in his condition so usually and so falsely attribute to those of elevated rank; and he feels accordingly all that unmingled emotion of admiration which such expressions are fitted to produce. But the possessor must often see them in different lights. Whatever may be their elegance or their beauty, they still serve some end, or answer some purpose of his establishment. They are destined to some particular use, or are ornaments of some particular place: they are articles in the furniture of such a room, or ingredients in the composition of such a scene: they were designed by such an artist, executed after such a model, or cost such a sum of money. In such, or in some other equally uninteresting light, he must frequently be obliged both to speak and to think of them. In proportion as the habit of considering them in such a light increases, his disposition or his opportunity to consider them as objects of taste diminishes. Their elegance or their magnificence gradually disappears, until at last he comes to regard them (excepting at particular times) with no farther emotion than what he receives from

the common furniture of his house. The application of the same observation to many more important sources of our happiness is too obvious to require any illustration.

There is no man, in like manner, acquainted with the history or the literature of antiquity, who has not felt his imagination inflamed by the most trifling circumstances connected with such periods. The names of the Ilyssus, the Tiber, the Forum, the Capitol, &c., have a kind of established grandeur in our apprehensions, because the only light in which we regard them is that of their relation to those past scenes of greatness. No man, however, is weak enough to believe, that to the citizen of Athens, or of Rome, such names were productive of similar emotions. To him they undoubtedly conveyed no other ideas than those of the particular divisions of the city in which he dwelt, and were heard, of consequence, with the same indifference that the citizen of London now hears of the Strand, or the Tower.

3. The influence of Fashion, in producing so frequent revolutions in the sentiments of men, with regard to the beauty of those objects to which it extends, and in disposing us to neglect or to despise at one time the objects which we considered as beautiful before, may perhaps be explained upon the same principle. Fashion may be considered in general as the custom of the great. It is the dress, the furniture, the language, the manners of the great world, which constitute what is called the Fashion in each of these articles, and which the rest of mankind are in such haste to adopt, after their example. Whatever the real beauty or propriety of these articles may be, it is not in this light that we consider them. They are the signs of that elegance and taste and splendour which is so liberally attributed to elevated rank; they are associated with the consequence which such situations bestow; and they establish a kind of external distinction between this envied station, and those humble and mortifying conditions of life to which no man is willing to belong. It is in the light therefore of this connexion only that we are disposed to consider them; and they accordingly affect us with the same emotion of delight, which we receive from the consideration of taste or elegance in more permanent instances. As soon, however, as this association is destroyed, as soon as the caprice or the inconstancy of the great have introduced other usages in their place, our opinion of their beauty is immediately destroyed. The quality which was formerly so pleasing or so interesting in them, the quality which alone we considered, is now appropriated to other objects, and our admiration readily transfers itself to those newer forms which have risen into distinction from the same cause. The forsaken Fashion, whatever may be its real or intrinsic beauty, falls, for the present at least, into neglect or contempt; because either our admiration of it was founded only upon that quality which it has lost, or because it has now descended to the inferior ranks, and is of consequence associated with ideas of meanness and vulgarity. A few years bring round again the same Fashion. The same association attends it, and our admiration is renewed as before. It is on the same account that they who are most liable to the seduction of Fashion are people on whose minds the slightest associations have a strong effect.

A plain man is incapable of such associations: a man of sense is above them; but the young and the frivolous, whose principles of Taste are either unformed, or whose minds are unable to maintain any settled opinions, are apt to lose sight of every other quality in such objects but their relation to the practice of the great, and of course to suffer their sentiments of beauty to vary with the caprice of this practice. It is the same cause which attaches the old to the fashions of their youth. They are associated with the memory of their better days, with a thousand recollections of happiness and gaiety and heartfelt pleasures, which they experience now no more. The Fashions of modern times have no such pleasing associations to them. They are connected to them only with ideas of thoughtless gaiety, or childish caprice. It is the Fashions of their youth alone, therefore, that they consider as beautiful.

III.—It may farther be observed, that the dependence of Taste upon Sensibility, or the necessity of some simple Emotion being excited, before the Beauty or Sublimity of any object is perceived, is so far from being remote from general observation, that it is the foundation of some of the most common judgments we form with regard to the characters of men.

I. When we are but slightly acquainted with any person, and have had no opportunities of knowing the particular nature of his sentiments or turn of mind, we never venture to pronounce, or even to guess, with regard to his taste; and if, in such a stage of our acquaintance, we find that his opinions of Beauty are very different from our own, we are so far from being surprised at it, that we set ourselves very deliberately to account for it, either by recalling to mind those habits or occupations of his life which may have led him to different kinds of emotion, or by supposing that his natural sensibility is very different from our own. On the other hand, when we are well acquainted with any person, and know intimately the particular turn or sensibility of his mind, although we should never have happened to know his sentiments of Sublimity or Beauty, we yet venture very boldly to pronounce, whether any particular class of objects will affect him with such sentiments or not. The foundation of our judgment, in such cases, is the agreement or disagreement of such objects with the particular turn or character of his affections; and if we are well acquainted with the person, our judgment is seldom wrong. In the same manner, although we are altogether unacquainted with any person, yet if we are informed of his particular Taste, or of his favourite objects of Beauty or Sublimity, we not only feel ourselves disposed to conclude from thence, with regard to his particular turn or character of mind, but if the instances are sufficiently numerous, we in general conclude right. It is scarcely possible for any man to read the works of a poet, without forming some judgment of his character and affections as a man, or without concluding, that the magnanimity, the tenderness, the gaiety, or the melancholy, distinguished him in private life, which characterise the scenes or descriptions of his works. I am far from contending, that such judgments in general are just; not only from the rashness with which they so commonly are formed, but still more in those cases where we reason from any person's

Taste, from the impossibility of knowing whether this Taste is genuine, or whether it is founded upon some accidental associations. All that I mean to conclude is, that such judgments are a proof of the connexion between Taste and Sensibility; and that they could not be formed, unless we found from experience, that no qualities affect us with the Pleasures of Taste, but such as are productive of some simple Emotion.

2. It is farther to be observed, that the sense of the dependence of the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty upon the accidental or temporary disposition of the mind is also very strongly expressed, both in common conduct and in common conversation. To a man under some present impression of joy, we should not venture to appeal with regard to the Beauty of any melancholy or pathetic composition. To a man under the dominion of sorrow, we should much less presume to present even the most beautiful composition, which contained only images of joy. In both cases, we should feel that the compositions in question demanded different emotions from those that the persons had in their power to bestow; that while their present dispositions continued, there was no chance of the composition's being interesting to them; and if we really wished to know their opinions, we would naturally wait till we found them in such a disposition as was favourable to the emotions to which either of the compositions was addressed.

When any poem, or painting, or scene in nature peculiarly affects us, we are generally in haste to show it to some friend, whose taste we know is similar to our own; and our minds are not fully satiated with its beauties, until we are able to unite with our own peculiar emotion that pleasing surprise which we participate with one to whom it is new, and that sentiment of gladness, which it is so natural to feel, when we find that we have been able to communicate delight. It sometimes happens, however, that the person to whom we show it does not feel the pleasure we expected. In such a case, though we are a little surprised, we are not much disappointed. We tell him, that he happens not to be in the humour to be pleased; that at another time we are sure he will feel its beauty; and though we should not happen to know what is the peculiar cause of his indifference, we yet satisfy ourselves that there is some cause which prevents him from the indulgence of the particular emotion which the scene or the composition demands, and which we know he is in general disposed to indulge. It happens, accordingly, if we are really well acquainted with the person, and if this beauty is not founded upon some particular association of our own, that our expectation is gratified, and that, when he returns to his ordinary temper of mind, he becomes sensible to all the beauty or sublimity which we had found in it. Many other instances of the same kind might be produced. In all cases, I think, where we discover in other people a weaker sense with regard to the beauty of particular objects than in ourselves, and when we can recollect no accidental association which may account for the superiority of our own emotion, we are naturally inclined to attribute it either to some temporary occupation or embarrassment of their minds when such objects were presented to them, or if we find that this was not the case, to some original deficiency in the sensibility of

their hearts. To say that a man has no feelings of tenderness or magnanimity, accounts to us at once for his want of sensibility to the beauty of any actions or species of composition, which are founded on such emotions. In the same manner, to say that at any particular time he was under the dominion of opposite feelings, as fully accounts to us for his insensibility at such a time to the beauty of such actions or compositions. I apprehend, that these very natural and very common judgments could not be formed, unless we found from experience, that those qualities only are felt as beautiful or sublime which are found to produce emotion.

IV.—The proposition which I have now endeavoured to illustrate might be illustrated from a variety of other considerations, and particularly from the nature of the Fine Arts. The object of these Arts is to produce the Emotions of Taste; and it might easily be shown,

1. That the only subjects that are in themselves proper for the imitation of these Arts, are such as are productive of some species of Simple Emotion:

2. That when these subjects are of a contrary kind, the method by which alone they can be rendered either beautiful or sublime is by the addition of some interesting or affecting quality:

3. That the extent, as well as the power of the different fine arts, in producing such emotions, is in proportion to the capacity which they afford the artist of making such additions; and that, in this respect, Poetry, by employing the instrument of language, by means of which it can express every quality of mind as well as of body, has a decided superiority over the rest of these arts, which are limited to the expression of the qualities of body alone.

These considerations, however, besides their being familiar to those who have reflected upon these subjects, would necessarily lead to discussions far beyond the limits of these Essays. The reader who would wish to see some of these principles illustrated, will find it very fully and very beautifully done in Dr. Beattie's Essays upon Poetry and Music.

If the preceding illustrations are just: if it is found that no qualities are felt, either as beautiful or sublime, but such as accord with the habitual or temporary sensibility of our minds; that objects of the most acknowledged beauty fail to excite their usual emotions when we regard them in the light of any of their uninteresting or unaffecting qualities; and that our common judgments of the characters of men are founded upon this experience,—it seems that there can be no doubt of the truth of the proposition itself.

SECTION III.

If it is true that those trains of thought which attend the Emotions of Taste are uniformly distinguished by some general principle of connexion, it ought to be found, that no Composition of objects or qualities in fact produces such emotions, in which this Unity of character or of emotion is not preserved. This proposition also may be illustrated from the most superficial review of the Principles of Composition, in the different Arts of Taste.

I.—There is no man of common Taste who has not often lamented that confusion of expression which so frequently takes place, even in the most beautiful scenes of real nature, and which prevents him from indulging to the full the peculiar emotion which the scene itself is fitted to inspire. The cheerfulness of the morning is often disturbed by circumstances of minute or laborious occupation,—the solemnity of noon by noise and bustling industry,—the tranquillity and melancholy of evening by vivacity and vulgar gaiety. It is seldom even that any unity of character is preserved among the inanimate objects of such scenery. The sublimest situations are often disguised by objects that we feel unworthy of them,—by the traces of cultivation, or attempts towards improvement,—by the poverty of their woods, or of their streams, or some other of their great constituent features,—by appearances of uniformity or regularity, that almost induce the idea of art. The loveliest scenes, in the same manner, are frequently disturbed by unaccording circumstances;—by the signs of cultivation,—the regularity of inclosures,—the traces of manufactures, and, what is worse than all, by the presumptuous embellishments of fantastic Taste. Amid this confusion of incidents, the general character of the scene is altogether lost: we scarcely know to what class of objects to give our attention; and having viewed it with astonishment, rather than with delight, we at last busy ourselves in imaginary improvements, and in conceiving what its beauty might be, if every feature were removed which now serves to interrupt its expression, and to diminish its effect.

What we thus attempt in imagination, it is the business of the art of Gardening to execute; and the great source of the superiority of its productions to the original scenes in nature consists in the purity and harmony of its composition, in the power which the artist enjoys, to remove from his landscape whatever is hostile to its effect, or unsuited to its character, and, by selecting only such circumstances as accord with the general expression of the scene, to awaken an emotion more full, more simple, and more harmonious, than any we can receive from the scenes of nature itself.

It is by this rule, accordingly, that the excellence of all such compositions is determined. In real nature, we often forgive, or are willing to forget, slight inaccuracies or trifling inconsistencies; but in such productions of design, we expect and require more perfect correspondence. Every object that is not suited to the character of the scene, or that has not an effect in strengthening the expression by which it is distinguished, we condemn as an intrusion, and consider as a reproach upon the taste of the artist. When this expectation, on the contrary, is fully gratified—when the circumstances of the scenery are all such as accord with the peculiar emotion which the scene is fitted to inspire—when the hand of the artist disappears, and the embellishments of his fancy press themselves upon our belief, as the voluntary profusion of nature—we immediately pronounce that the composition is perfect; we acknowledge that he has attained the end of his art; and, in yielding ourselves up to the emotion which his composition demands, we afford him the most convincing mark of our applause. In

the power which the art of gardening thus possesses, in common with the other fine arts, of withdrawing from its imitations whatever is inconsistent with their expression, and of adding whatever may contribute to strengthen, or to extend their effect, consists the great superiority which it possesses over the originals from which they are copied.

II.—The art of Landscape-painting is yet superior in its effect, from the capacity which the artist enjoys, of giving both greater extent and greater unity to his composition. In the art of gardening, the great materials of the scene are provided by Nature, and the artist must satisfy himself with that degree of expression which she has bestowed. In a landscape, on the contrary, the painter has the choice of the circumstances he is to represent, and can give whatever force or extent he pleases to the expression he wishes to convey. In gardening, the materials of the scene are few, and those few unwieldy; and the artist must often content himself with the reflection, that he has given the best disposition in his power to the scanty and intractable materials of nature. In a landscape, on the contrary, the whole range of scenery is before the eye of the painter. He may select from a thousand scenes the circumstances which are to characterise a single composition, and may unite into one expression the scattered features with which nature has feebly marked a thousand situations. The momentary effects of light or shade, the fortunate incidents which chance sometimes throws in, to improve the expression of real scenery, and which can never again be recalled, he has it in his power to perpetuate upon his canvas. Above all, the occupations of men, so important in determining or in heightening the characters of nature, and which are seldom compatible with the scenes of gardening, fall easily within the reach of his imitation, and afford him the means of producing both greater strength and greater unity of expression, than is to be found either in the rude or in the embellished state of real scenery.

While it is by the invention of such circumstances that we estimate the genius of the artist, it is by their composition that his taste is uniformly determined. The mere assemblage of picturesque incidents, the most unimproved taste will condemn. Some general principle is universally demanded, some decided expression, to which the meaning of the several parts may be referred, and which, by affording us, as it were, the key of the scene, may lead us to feel, from the whole of the composition, that full and undisturbed emotion which we are prepared to indulge. It is this purity and simplicity of composition, accordingly, which has uniformly distinguished the great masters of the art from the mere copiers of nature. It is by their adherence to it that their fame has been attained; and the names of Salvator and Claude Lorrain can scarcely be mentioned, without bringing to mind the peculiar character of their compositions, and the different emotions which their representations of nature are destined to produce.

It is not, however, on our first acquaintance with this art, that we either discover its capacity, or feel its effects; and perhaps the progress of Taste, in this respect, may afford a further illustration of the great and fundamental principle of

Composition. What we first understand of painting is, that it is a simple art of imitation, and what we expect to find in it is the representation of the common scenes of nature that surround us. It is with some degree of surprise, accordingly, that we at first observe the different scenery with which the painter presents us, and with an emotion rather of wonder than of delight, that we gaze at a style of landscape, which has so little resemblance to the ordinary views to which we are accustomed. In the copy of a real scene, we can discover and admire the skill of the artist; but in the representation of desert or of desolate prospects, in appearances of solitude or tempest, we perceive no traces of imitation, and wonder only at the perversity of taste, which could have led to the choice of so disagreeable subjects.

As soon, however, as from the progress of our own sensibility, or from our acquaintance with poetical composition, we begin to connect expression with such views of nature, we begin also to understand and to feel the beauties of landscape-painting. It is with a different view that we now consider it. It is not for imitation we look, but for character. It is not the art, but the genius of the painter, which now gives value to his compositions: and the language he employs is found not only to speak to the eye, but to affect the imagination and the heart. It is not now a simple copy which we see, nor is our emotion limited to the cold pleasure which arises from the perception of accurate imitation. It is a creation of fancy with which the artist presents us, in which only the greater expressions of nature are retained, and where more interesting emotions are awakened than those which we experience from the usual tameness of common scenery. In the same proportion in which we thus discover the expression of landscape, we begin to collect the principles of its composition. The crowd of incidents which used to dazzle our earlier taste, as expressive both of the skill and of the invention of the artist, begin to appear to us as inconsistency or confusion. When our hearts are affected, we seek only for objects congenial to our emotion: and the simplicity, which we used to call the poverty, of landscape begins now to be welcome to us, as permitting us to indulge, without interruption, those interesting trains of thought which the character of the scene is fitted to inspire. As our knowledge of the expressions of nature increases, our sensibility to the beauty or to the defects of composition becomes more keen, until at last our admiration attaches itself only to those greater productions of the art, in which one pure and unmingled character is preserved, and in which no feature is admitted, which may prevent it from falling upon the heart with one full and harmonious effect.

In this manner, the object of painting is no sooner discovered, than the unity of expression is felt to be the great secret of its power; the superiority which it at last assumes over the scenery of nature is found to arise, in one important respect, from the greater purity and simplicity which its composition can attain; and perhaps this simple rule comprehends all that criticism can prescribe for the regulation of this delightful art.

III.—But whatever may be the superiority of painting to the originals from which it is copied, it is still limited, in comparison of that which poetry

enjoys. The painter addresses himself to the eye. The poet speaks to the imagination. The painter can represent no other qualities of nature, but those which we discern by the sense of sight. The poet can blend with those all the qualities which we perceive by means of our other senses. The painter can seize only one moment of existence, and can represent no other qualities of objects than what this single moment affords. The whole history of nature is within the reach of the poet, the varying appearances which its different productions assume in the progress of their growth and decay, and the powerful effects which are produced by the contrast of these different aspects or expressions. The painter can give to the objects of his scenery only the visible and material qualities which are discerned by the eye, and must leave the interpretation of their expression to the imagination of the spectator; but the poet can give direct expression to whatever he describes. All the sublimity and beauty of the moral and intellectual world are at his disposal; and, by bestowing on the inanimate objects of his scenery the characters and affections of mind, he can produce at once an expression which every capacity may understand, and every heart may feel. Whatever may be the advantage which painting enjoys, from the greater clearness and precision of its images, it is much more than balanced by the unbounded powers which the instrument of language affords to the poet, both in the selection of the objects of his description, and in the decision of their expression.

It is, accordingly, by the preservation of unity of character or expression that the excellence of poetical description is determined; and perhaps the superior advantages which the poet enjoys in the choice of his materials renders our demand for its observance more rigid, than in any of the other arts of taste. In real nature, we willingly accommodate ourselves to the ordinary defects of scenery, and accept with gratitude those singular aspects in which some predominant character is tolerably preserved. In the compositions of gardening, we make allowances for the narrow limits within which the invention of the artist is confined, and are dissatisfied only when great inconsistencies are retained. Even in painting, we are still mindful that it is the objects only of one sense that the artist can represent; and rather lament his restraints, than condemn his taste, if our minds are not fully impressed with the emotions he studies to raise, or if the different incidents of his composition do not fully accord in the degree, as well as in the nature of their expression. But the descriptions of the poet can claim no such indulgence. With the capacity of blending in his composition the objects of every sense; with the past and the future, as well as the present, in his power; above all, with the mighty spell of mind at his command, with which he can raise every object that he touches into life and sentiment, we feel that he is unworthy of his art, if our imaginations are not satiated with his composition, and if in the chastity, as well as the power of his expression, he has not gratified the demand of our hearts.

It would be an unpleasing, and indeed an unnecessary task, to illustrate this observation by the defects or absurdities of poets of inferior

genius, or imperfect taste. It will perhaps be more useful to produce a few instances of description from some of the greatest poets, in which very trifling circumstances serve to destroy, or at least to diminish their effect, when they do not fully coincide with the nature of the emotion which the descriptions are intended to raise.

In that fine passage in the second book of the *Georgics*, in which Virgil celebrates the praises of his native country, after these fine lines,

*Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus aestas.
Hic gravidæ pecudes, hic pomis utilis arbor :
At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum
Semina, nec miseris fallunt aconita legentes,
Nec rapit immensos orbis per humum, neque tanto
Squamens in spiram tractu se colligit anguis—*

Perpetual spring our happy climate sees :
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees ;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed ;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refused ;
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride.—*DRYDEN.*

There is no reader whose enthusiasm is not checked by the cold and prosaic line which follows :

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour and stupendous frame*.

DRYDEN.

The tameness and vulgarity of the transition dissipates at once the emotion we had shared with the poet, and reduces him, in our opinion, to the level of a mere describer.

The effect of the following nervous and beautiful lines, in the conclusion of the same book, is nearly destroyed by a similar defect. After these lines,

*Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et frater ; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Sic licet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

Such was the life the frugal Sabines led ;
So Remus, and his brother god were bred,
From whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose ;
And thine rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race derived her birth
(The seat of Empire, and the conquered earth).

DRYDEN.

We little expect the following spiritless conclusion :

Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit aere.

Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns.

DRYDEN.

There is a still more surprising instance of this fault in one of the most pathetic passages of the whole poem, in the description of the disease among the cattle, which concludes the third *Georgic*. The passage is as follows :

*Eccæ autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus
Concidit : et mixtum spumâ vomit ore cruentum.
Extremosque ciet gemitus : it tristis arator
Mœrentem abjungens fratrem morte juvenem,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.*

* The translator, by a most felicitous amplification, has redeemed the reproach of the original.

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studios of tillage and the crooked plough,)
Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins ;
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in the unfinished furrow leaves the share.

DRYDEN.

The unhappy image in the second line is less calculated to excite compassion than disgust, and is singularly ill-suited to that tone of tenderness and delicacy which the poet has everywhere else so successfully maintained, in describing the progress of this loathsome disease.

In the speech of Agamemnon to Idomeneus, in the fourth book of the *Iliad*, a circumstance is introduced altogether inconsistent both with the dignity of the speech and the majesty of epic poetry :

Divine Idomeneus ! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine, what praise shall we bestow !
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,
Though all the rest with gated rules be bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasured are thy goblets crown'd.

Instances of the same defect may be found in the comparison of the sudden cure of Mars's wound to the coagulation of curds,—in that of Ajax retreating before the Trojans to an ass driven by boys from a field of corn,—in the comparison of an obstinate combat between the Greeks and the Trojans to the stubborn struggle between two peasants, about the limits of their respective grounds,—in that of Ajax flying from ship to ship, to encounter the Trojans, to a horseman riding several horses at once, and showing his dexterity, by vaulting from one to another.

There is a similar fault in the two following passages from Milton, where the introduction of trifling and ludicrous circumstances diminishes the beauty of the one, and the sublimity of the other.

Now Morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
When Adam waked : so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves, and fuming rills, Aurora's fan
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. *Book v.*

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable : for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likè on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seem'd ;
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles : two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such conjunction. *Book vi.*

In the following passage from the sixth book of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, where he describes the incan-

tations of the witch Erytho, and of whose voice he had before said with great sublimity,

Omne nefas superi, prima jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carmenque timont audire secundum—

Nor need she send a second verse on high,
Scared at the first, the trembling gods comply.

Rowe.

In labouring to increase the terror of the reader he has rendered his description almost ludicrous, by accumulating images which serve only to confuse, and which in themselves have scarcely any other relation than that of mere noise.

Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murrura primam
Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia lingue.
Latratu habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum
Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur.
Quod strident, ululantque fera; quod sibilat, anguis,
Exprimit, et planetus illisæ cautibus unda
Silarumque sonum, fractaque tonitrua nubis;
Tot rerum vox una fuit.—

At length in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard,
Her voice beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian gods revered.
Her gabbling tongue a mattering tone confounds,
Dissonant and unlike to human sounds:
It seem'd of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful screechings of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The sound of billows beating on the shore,
The groan of winds among the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud.
Twas these, all these in one.—

Rowe.

Such a collection of unaccounting images is scarcely less absurd than the following description of the Nightingale, by Marini :

Una voce pennuta, un suon' volante
E vestito di penna, un vivo fiato,
Una piuma canora, un canto alato,
Un spirituel che d' armonia composto
Vive in anguste viscere nascosto.

A feathered voice, a flying sound,
A living breath, clothed in feathers,
A singing down, a winged song,
A spirit whose exquisitely managed harmony
Dwells within our heart of hearts.

Even less obvious inconsistencies are sufficient, to diminish the effect of poetical description, when they do not perfectly coincide with the general emotion.

There is a circumstance introduced in the following passage from Horace, which is liable to this censure :

Solvitur acris Hyems, grata vice veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas,
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, immoñonte Luna,
Juneteque Nymphis Gratia decentes
Alterno terram quatunt pede.—

Now winter melts in vernal gales,
—And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails * ;

* The translator has judiciously altered the original expression, which is literally, "the ships, by the kind aid of Spring and Zephyr, drag their dry keels along;" alluding to the custom of drawing the ships ashore at the approach of the winter and launching them again in spring.

No more the plowman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls require,
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and graces treads the flowery train.

FRANCIS.

The image contained in the second line is obviously improper. It suggests ideas of labour, and difficulty, and art, and has no correspondence with that emotion of gladness with which we behold the return of the Spring, and which is so successfully maintained by the gay and pleasing imagery in the rest of the passage.

In a description of the morning, in the exquisite poem of the Minstrel, there is a circumstance to which the severity of criticism might object upon the same principle :

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings,
The whistling ploughman stalks afield, and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings.

The image in the last line, though undoubtedly a striking one in itself, and very beautifully described, is yet improper, as it is inconsistent both with the period of society, and the scenery of the country to which the minstrel refers.

There is a similar error in the following fine description from Shakspeare :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.

The pleasing personification which we attribute to a brook, is founded upon the faint belief of voluntary motion, and is immediately checked, when the poet descends to any minute or particular resemblance.

Even in that inimitable description which Virgil has given of a storm, in the first book of the Georgics, a very accurate taste may perhaps discover some slight deficiencies :

Sæpe etiam immensum celo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther
Et pluvia ingenti sala leta, bonumque labores,
Diluit. Implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescent
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipse pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
Pulmina molitur dextrâ, quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugero foræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humiles stravit pavor. Ille flagrantî
Auf Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Deicit: ingemant Austri, et densissimus imber.

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
 From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
 The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
 And whipl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
 With such a force the flying rack is driven;
 And such a winter wears the face of heaven:
 And off whole sheets descend of slucy rain,
 Sub'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
 The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
 The promised crop and golden labours drown,

*The dikes are filled; and with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground,
And rocks the following voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests and a night of clouds;
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod,
And flying bonsts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment.—DRYDEN.*

If there was any passage to which I would object in these wonderful lines, it would be to those that are marked in italics. I acknowledge, indeed, that the “*pluvia ingenti sata læta boumque labores diluit,*” is defensible from the connexion of the imagery with the subject of the poem; but the “*implentur fossæ*” is both an unnecessary and a degrading circumstance, when compared with the magnificent effects that are described in the rest of the passage.

I shall conclude these illustrations with two passages descriptive of the same scene, from different poets, in which the effects of imperfect and of harmonious composition are strikingly exemplified.

In the “*Argonautica*” of Apollonius Rhodius, when Medea is described in a state of deep agitation between her unwillingness to betray her father, and her desire to save her lover Jason, the anxiety of her mind is expressed by the following contrast, of which I give a literal translation:

“The night now covered the earth with her shade; and in the open sea the pilots, upon their decks, observed the star of Orion. The travellers and the watchmen slumbered. Even the grief of mothers who had lost their children was suspended by sleep. In the cities there was neither heard the cry of dogs, nor the noise nor murmur of men. Silence reigned in the midst of darkness. Medea alone knew not the charms of this peaceful night, so deeply was her soul impressed with fears for Jason.”

Virgil describes a similar situation as follows:

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, silvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora: quum medio voluunt sidera lapsu
Quum tacet omnis ager: pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibat curas, et corda oblitia laborum;
At non infelix animi Phœnissæ.

“Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose;
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.

The flocks and herds, and party-colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of Nature's common gift partake:
All but the hapless Queen.—DRYDEN.

* The last line is adopted from Pitt's translation, in all other respects immeasurably inferior to Dryden's admirable version of this fine passage.

“On voit ici† (says M. Marmontel, with his usual taste and discernment), non seulement la supériorité du talent, la vie, et l'ame repandues dans une poésie harmonieuse, et du coloris le plus pur, mais singulièrement encore la supériorité du goût. Dans la peinture du poëte grec, il y a des détails inutiles, il y en a des contraires à l'effet du tableau. Les observations des pilotes, dans le silence de la nuit, portent eux-mêmes le caractère de la vigilance et de l'inquiétude, et ne contrastent point avec le trouble de Médée. L'image d'une mère qui a perdu ses enfants est faite pour distraire de celle d'une amante; elle en affoiblit l'intérêt, et le poëte en la lui opposant, est allé contre son dessein; au lieu que, dans le tableau de Virgile, tout est réuni à l'unité. C'est la nature entière, dans le calme et dans le sommeil, tandis que la malheureuse Didon veille seule, et se livre en proie à tous les tourmens de l'amour. Enfin, dans le poëte grec, le cri des chiens, le sommeil des portiers, sont des détails minutieux et indignes de l'épopée, au lieu que dans Virgile tout est noble et peint à grands traits: huit vers embrassent la nature.”—*Encyclopédie, voc. IMITATION.*

In these illustrations of the necessity of unity of expression, for the production of the Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty, I have chiefly confined myself to such instances in poetry as are descriptive of natural scenery, because they are most within the observation of that class of readers to whom any illustrations of this point are necessary. The same principle extends, with equal force, to every other branch of poetical imitation, to the description of the characters, the sentiments and the passions of men; And one great source of the superiority which such imitations have over the originals from which they are copied, consists in these cases, as well as the former, in the power which the artist enjoys, of giving a unity of character to his descriptions which is not to be found in real Nature. The illustration of this point, however, as well as of the general fact, that all such descriptions are defective, in which this unity is not preserved, I must leave to the reader's own observation. In the same view, I leave the consideration of the effect of Contrast; a principle which may at first seem adverse to these conclusions, but which, in fact, is one of the strongest confirmations of them. The reader who is accustomed to such speculations, need not be reminded, that the real end of Contrast is to strengthen the effect of the general Emotion,—that its propriety is determined by the nature of that Emotion,—

† We here perceive not only superiority of talent, the life and soul poured out in harmonious poetry, depicted in the purest colours, but more particularly the superiority of taste. In the picture of the Greek poet there are useless details, some even quite opposed to the intended effect. The observations of the pilots in the dead of the night bear in themselves a character of vigilance and inquietude, and do not contrast with the distress of Medea. The image of a mother who has lost her children, serves only to distract our attention from that of a lover; it weakens our interest in the latter, and the poet, in opposing the one to the other, acts contrary to his design; whereas, in Virgil's picture, everything is in unison; all nature is calm and asleep, while the unhappy Dido alone is watching, given up as a prey to all the torments of love. To conclude, in the Greek poet the cry of dogs, the sleep of the watchmen, are petty details, unworthy of an epic poem; while, in Virgil, all is noble, and boldly designed: in eight verses all nature is presented to us.

that it is justly applied only in those cases where the Emotion is violent and demands relief, or faint and requires support, or long-continued and needs repose,—and that in all cases where it exceeds these limits, or where it does not serve to invigorate the character of the Composition, it serves only to obstruct or to diminish its effect; and the reader to whom these principles are new, may find amusement in verifying them.

IV.—The unity of character which is thus demanded in poetical description, for the production of the Emotions of Taste, is demanded also in every species of poetical Composition, whatever may be its extent.

In describing the events of life, it is the business of the historian to represent them as they really happened; to investigate their causes, however minute; and to report the motives of the actors, however base or mean. In a poetical representation of such events, no such confusion is permitted to appear. A representation destined by its nature to affect, must not only be founded upon some great or interesting subject, but in the management of this subject such means only must be employed as are fitted to preserve and to promote the interest and the sympathy of the reader. The Historian who should relate the voyage of Æneas, and the foundation of Rome, must of necessity relate many trifling and uninteresting events, which could be valuable only from their being true. The Poet who should attempt this subject, must introduce only pathetic or sublime events,—must unfold their connexion with greater clearness,—must point out their consequences as of greater moment, and must spread over all that tone and character of dignity which we both expect and demand in a composition, destined to excite the sensibility and to awaken the admiration of mankind. Even that species of poem which has been called by the Critics the Historical Epic, and which is only a poetical narration of real events, is yet in some measure subjected to the same rule; and though we do not expect from it the sublime machinery, or the artful conduct of the real Epic, we yet demand a more uniform tone of elevation, and a purer and more dignified selection of incidents, than from the strict narrative of real history. In both, the poet assumes the character of a person deeply impressed with the magnitude or the interest of the story he relates. To impress his reader with similar sentiments, is the end and object of his work; and he can no otherwise do this, than by presenting to his mind only such incidents as accord with these great emotions, by leaving out whatever in the real history of the event may be mean or uninteresting, and by the invention of every circumstance that, while it is consistent with probability, may raise the subject of his work into greater importance in his esteem. That it is by this rule accordingly the conduct of the Epic Poem is determined, is too obvious to require any illustration.

The same unity of emotion is demanded in Dramatic Poetry, at least in the highest and noblest species of it, Tragedy; and in the conduct of the Drama, this unity of character is fully as essential as any of those three unities, of which every book of criticism is so full. If it is painful to us, when we are deeply engaged in some great interest, to turn our minds to the consideration of some other event, it is fully as painful to us, in the

midst of our admiration or our sympathy, as while our hearts are swelling with tender or with elevated emotions, to descend to the consideration of minute, or mean, or unimportant incident; however naturally they may be connected with the story, or however much we may be convinced that they actually took place. The envy which Eliza both entertained of the beauty of Mary of Scotland, was certainly one cause, and probably a great cause of the distresses of that most unfortunate Queen; but if a poet, in a tragedy founded upon her pathetic story, should introduce the scene which Melville describes in his Memoirs, and in which the weakness of Elizabeth is so apparent, we should consider it both as degrading to the dignity of tragedy, and unsuited to the nature of the emotion which the story is fitted to raise. It is hence that tragi-comedy is utterly indefensible, after all that has been said in its defence. If it is painful to us in such cases to descend to the consideration of indifferent incidents, it is a thousand times more painful to be forced to attend to those that are ludicrous; and there is no man of the most common sensibility, who does not feel his mind revolt, and his indignation kindle at the absurdity of the poet, who can thus break in upon the sacred retirement of his sorrow with the intolerable noise of vulgar mirth. Had the taste of Shakspeare been equal to his genius, or had his knowledge of the laws of the drama corresponded to his knowledge of the human heart, the effect of his compositions would not only have been greater than it now is, but greater perhaps than we can well imagine; and had he attempted to produce, through a whole composition, that powerful and uniform interest which he can raise in a single scene, nothing of that perfection would have been wanting, of which we may conceive this sublime art to be capable.

Of the necessity of this Unity of Emotion, Corneille is the first Tragedian of modern Europe who seems to have been sensible; and I know not whether the faults of this Poet have not been exaggerated by English Critics, from their inattention to the end which he seems to have prescribed to himself in his works. To present a faithful picture of human life, or of human passions, seems not to have been his conception of the intention of Tragedy. His object, on the contrary, seems to have been, to exalt and to elevate the imagination; to awaken only the greatest and noblest passions of the human mind; and, by presenting such scenes and such events alone, as could most powerfully promote this end, to render the theatre a school of sublime instruction, rather than an imitation of common life. To effect this purpose, he was early led to see the necessity, or disposed by the greatness of his own mind to the observation, of a uniform character of dignity; to disregard whatever of common, of trivial, or even of pathetic in the originals from which he copied, might serve to interrupt this peculiar flow of emotion; and instead of giving a simple copy of Nature, to adorn the events he represented with all that eloquence and poetry could afford. He maintains, accordingly, in all his best plays, amid much exaggeration, and much of the false eloquence of his time, a tone of commanding, and even of fascinating dignity, which disposes us almost to believe that we are conversing with beings of a higher order

than our own ; and which blinds us, at least for a time, to all the faults and all the imperfections of his composition. I am far from being disposed to defend his opinions of Tragedy, and still less to excuse his extravagance and bombast ; but I conceive, that no person can feel his beauties, or do justice to his merits, who does not regard his tragedies in this view ; and I think that some allowance ought to be made for the faults of a poet, who first showed to his country the example of regular Tragedy, and whose works the great Prince of Condé called "The Breviary of Kings."

In the former Section, I have endeavoured to show, that no objects are in themselves fitted to produce the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty, which are not productive of some simple emotion. In this I have attempted to show, that no Composition of objects or qualities is in fact productive of such emotions, in which a Unity of Character is not preserved. The slight illustrations which I have now offered are probably sufficient to point out the truth of the general principle ; but the application of it to the different Arts of Taste, and the explanation of the great rules of Composition from this constitution of our nature, are objects far beyond the limits of these Essays. I must satisfy myself, therefore, with observing in general, that in all the Fine Arts, that Composition is most excellent, in which the different parts most fully unite in the production of one unmingled Emotion ; and that Taste the most perfect, where the perception of this relation of objects, in point of expression, is most delicate and precise.

CONCLUSION.

I.—The illustrations in the first Chapter of this Essay are intended to show, that whenever the emotions of Beauty or Sublimity are felt, that exercise of Imagination is produced which consists in the prosecution of a train of thought.

The illustrations in the second Chapter are intended to point out the distinction between such trains, and our ordinary trains of thought, and to show, that this difference consists, 1st, In the ideas which compose them being in all cases Ideas of Emotion ; and, 2dly, In their possessing an uniform principle of connexion through the whole of the train. The effect, therefore, which is produced upon the mind by objects of Taste may be considered as consisting in the production of a regular or consistent train of Ideas of Emotion.

II.—The account which I have now given of this effect may perhaps serve to point out an important distinction between the Emotions of Taste and all our different Emotions of Simple Pleasure. In the case of these last emotions, no additional train of thought is necessary. The pleasurable feeling follows immediately the presence of the object or quality, and has no dependence upon any thing for its perfection, but the sound state of the sense by which it is received. The Emotions of Joy, Pity, Benevolence, Gratitude, Utility, Propriety, Novelty, &c., might undoubtedly be felt, although we had no such power of mind as that by which we follow out a train of ideas, and certainly are felt in a thousand cases, when this faculty is unemployed.

In the case of the Emotions of Taste, on the other hand, it seems evident that this exercise of mind

is necessary, and that unless this train of thought is produced, these emotions are unfeelt. Whatever may be the nature of that simple emotion which any object is fitted to excite, whether that of Gaiety, Tranquillity, Melancholy, &c., if it produce not a train of kindred thought in our minds, we are conscious only of that simple Emotion. Whenever, on the contrary, this train of thought or this exercise of imagination is produced, we are conscious of an emotion of a higher and more pleasing kind ; and which, though it is impossible to describe in language, we yet distinguish by the name of the Emotion of Taste. If, accordingly, the Author of our nature had denied us this faculty of Imagination, it should seem that these emotions could not have been felt, and that all our emotions would have been limited to those of simple pleasure.

The Emotions of Taste may therefore be considered as distinguished from the Emotions of Simple Pleasure, by their being dependent upon the exercise of our Imagination ; and though founded in all cases upon some simple Emotion, as yet further requiring the employment of this faculty for their existence.

III.—As in every operation of Taste there are thus two different faculties employed, viz., some affection or emotion raised, and the imagination excited to a train of thought corresponding to this emotion, the peculiar pleasure which attends and which constitutes the Emotions of Taste, may naturally be considered as composed of the pleasures which separately attend the exercise of these faculties, or, in other words, as produced by the union of pleasing Emotion with the pleasure which, by the constitution of our nature, is annexed to the exercise of Imagination. That both these pleasures are felt in every operation of Taste, seems to me very agreeable to common experience and observation.

1. That in every case of the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty, that simple Emotion of Pleasure is felt which arises from the peculiar nature of the object perceived, every man, I conceive, may very easily satisfy himself. In any beautiful object, whose character is Cheerfulness, we are conscious of a feeling of cheerfulness,—in objects of Melancholy, of a feeling of sadness,—in objects of Utility, of a feeling of satisfaction and complacence, similar to what we feel from objects of the same kind when the Emotion of Beauty is not excited. In sublime objects, in the same manner, whatever their character may be, whether that of Greatness, Terror, Power, &c., we are conscious of the feelings of admiration, of awe, of humility, &c., and of the same pleasures from the exercise of them, which we feel in those cases where the Emotion of Sublimity is not produced. In the trains of thought which are excited by objects either of Sublimity or Beauty, every man knows that the character of those trains is determined by the peculiar nature of the object ; and instead of the Emotions of Taste being attended with one uniform species of pleasure, every man must have felt that the sum of his pleasure is in a great degree composed of the peculiar pleasure which the exercise of different affections brings.

2. That these is a pleasure also annexed, by the constitution of our nature, to the exercise of imagination, is a proposition which seems to require very little illustration. In common opinion, the

employment of imagination is always supposed to communicate delight ; when we yield to its power, we are considered as indulging in a secret pleasure ; and every superiority in the strength or sensibility of this faculty is believed to be attended with a similar increase in the happiness of human life. Nor is this persuasion of the connexion of pleasure with the exercise of imagination confined to those cases where the mind is employed in contemplating only images of joy ; for even in those men whose constitution disposes them to gloomy or melancholy thought, we have still a belief that there is some secret and fascinating charm in the disposition which they indulge, and that, in this operation of mind itself, they find a pleasure which more than compensates for all the pain which the character of their thoughts may bring. There is a state of mind, also, which every man must have felt, when, without any particular object of meditation, the imagination seems to retire from the realities of life, and to wander amid a creation of its own ; when the most varied and discordant scenes rise as by enchantment before the mind ; and when all the other faculties of our nature seem gradually to be obscured, to give to this creation of Fancy a more radiant glow. With what delight such employments of imagination are attended, the young and the romantic can tell, to whom they are often more dear than all the real enjoyments of life ; and who, from the noise and tumult of vulgar joy, often hasten to retire to solitude and silence, where they may yield with security to these illusions of Imagination, and indulge again their visionary bliss.

On a subject of this kind, however, when illustration is perhaps less important than description, I am happy to be able to transcribe a passage, which will render unnecessary every illustration that I can give. It is a passage from a posthumous work of M. Rousseau, in which he describes his mode of life, during a summer which he passed in the island of St. Pierre, in the middle of the little lake of Bienne.

“ Quand le beau temps m'invitoit, j'allois me jeter seul dans un bateau que je conduisois au milieu du lac, quand l'eau étoit calme, et là, m'étendant tout de mon long dans le bateau, les yeux tournés vers le ciel, je me laissois aller et dériver lentement au gré de l'eau, quelquefois pendant plusieurs heures, plongé dans mille rêveries confuses, mais délicieuses, et qui sans avoir aucun objet bien déterminé ni constant, ne laissoient pas d'être à mon gré cent fois préférables à tout ce que j'avois trouvé de plus doux dans ce qu'on appelle les plaisirs de la vie. —

“ — Quand le soir approchoit, je descendois des cimes de l'île, et j'allois volontiers m'asseoir au bord du lac, sur la grève, dans quelque asyle caché ; là, le bruit des vagues et l'agitation de l'eau fixant mes sens, et chassant de mon ame toute autre agitation, la plongeonoit dans une rêverie délicieuse, où la nuit me surprenoit souvent sans que je m'en fusse aperçu. Le flux et reflux de cette eau, son bruit continu, mais renflé par intervalles, frappant sans relâche mon oreille et mes yeux, suppléonoit au mouvemens internes que la rêverie étoignoit en moi, et suffisoient pour me faire sentir avec plaisir mon existence, sans prendre la peine de penser. —

“ — Tel est l'état où je me suis trouvé souvent

à l'île de St. Pierre dans mes rêveries solitaires, soit couché dans mon bateau que je laissois dériver au gré de l'eau, soit assis sur les rives du lac agité, soit ailleurs au bord d'une belle rivière, ou d'un ruisseau murmurant sur le gravier. Telle est la manière dont j'ai passé mon temps, durant le séjour que j'y ai fait. Qu'on me dise à présent ce qu'il y a là d'assez attrayant pour exciter dans mon cœur de regrets si vifs, si tendres, et si durables, qu'au bout de quinze ans il m'est impossible de songer à cette habitation chérie, sans m'y sentir à chaque fois transporter encore par les élans du désir. —

“ — J'ai pensé quelquefois assez profondément, mais rarement avec plaisir, presque toujours contre mon gré, et comme par force ; la rêverie me délasse et m'amuse, la réflexion me fatigue et m'attriste. Quelquefois mes rêveries finissent par méditation, mais plus souvent mes méditations finissent par la rêverie ; et durant ces égaremens mon ame erre et plane dans l'univers sur les ailes de l'imagination, dans des extases qui passent toute autre jouissance.

“ Tant que je goutai celle-là dans toute sa pureté, toute autre occupation me fut toujours insipide. Mais quand une fois, jeté dans la carrière littéraire, par des impulsions étrangères, je sentis la fatigue du travail d'esprit, et l'importunité d'une célébrité malheureuse, je sentis en même temps languir et s'attédir mes douces rêveries, et bientôt forcé de m'occuper malgré moi de ma triste situation, je ne pus plus retrouver, que bien rarement, ces chères extases, qui durant cinquante ans m'avoient tenu lieu de fortune et de gloire, et sans autre dépense que celle du temps, m'avoient rendu dans l'oisiveté le plus heureux des mortels. ”

— *Les Rêveries, Promenades 5 et 7.*

* When the fine weather invited me, I threw myself into a boat, which, when the water was smooth, I rowed to the middle of the lake, and there, stretched at full length, with my eyes turned to the sky, I suffered myself to be drifted at the pleasure of the current, sometimes for many hours, plunged in a thousand confused and delicious reveries, which, without any determined or constant aim, are yet to my taste a hundred times preferable to what we termed the pleasures of life. —

— When evening approached, I descended from the higher part of the island, and willingly seated myself by the side of the lake in some secret nook upon the beach ; there the sound of the waves and the motion of the water fixed my senses, and chasing all other agitation from my soul, plunged it into a delicious reverie, in which night often surprised me before I was aware of its approach. The rise and fall of the water, its continued ripple swelling higher at intervals, unceasingly occupying my eyes and ears, supplied the place of those internal emotions which the reverie extinguished, and sufficed to make me feel the pleasure of existence without the trouble of thought. —

— Such was often my condition, on the island of St. Pierre, in my solitary reveries, as reclined in my boat I gave myself up to the current, or while seated on the banks of the restless lake, or by the side of some beautiful river, or little brook murmuring over the gravel. Such was the mode in which I passed my time whilst I remained there. I may be asked what was there so attractive in all this as to excite such a lively, tender, and lasting regret, that, although it is now fifteen years ago, I can never call to mind that cherished abode without feeling myself once more transported with rapture. —

— I have sometimes thought rather deeply, but seldom with pleasure, always against my inclination and as if were by compulsion ; a reverie refreshes and amuses me ;

If it is allowed, then, that there is a pleasure annexed, by the constitution of our nature, to the Exercise of Imagination—and if the illustrations in the first chapter are just, which are intended to show, that when this exercise of mind is not produced the Emotions of Taste are unfelt, and that when it is increased these Emotions are increased with it—we seem to possess sufficient evidence to conclude, that this pleasure exists, and forms a part of that peculiar pleasure which we receive from objects of Sublimity and Beauty.

The pleasure, therefore, which accompanies the Emotions of Taste, may be considered not as a simple, but as a complex pleasure; and as arising not from any separate and peculiar Sense, but from the union of the pleasure of SIMPLE EMOTION with that which is annexed, by the constitution of the human mind, to the Exercise of IMAGINATION.

IV.—The distinction which thus appears to subsist between the Emotions of Simple Pleasure, and that complex pleasure which accompanies the Emotions of Taste, seems to require a similar distinction in philosophical language. I believe, indeed, that the distinction is actually to be found in the common language of conversation; and I apprehend that the term DELIGHT is very generally used to express the peculiar pleasure which attends the Emotions of Taste, in contradistinction to the

general term Pleasure, which is appropriated to Simple Emotion. We are *pleased*, we say, with the gratification of any appetite or affection,—with food when hungry, and with rest when tired,—with the gratification of Curiosity, of Benevolence, or of Resentment. But we say, we are *delighted* with the prospect of a beautiful landscape, with the sight of a fine statue, with hearing a pathetic piece of music, with the perusal of a celebrated poem. In these cases, the term Delight is used to denote that pleasure which arises from Sublimity and Beauty, and to distinguish it from those simpler pleasures which arise from objects that are only agreeable. I acknowledge, indeed, that this distinction is not very accurately adhered to in common language, because in most cases either of the terms equally expresses our meaning; but I apprehend that the observation of it is sufficiently general, to show some consciousness in mankind of a difference between these pleasures, and to justify such a distinction in philosophical language as may express it.

If it were permitted me, therefore, I should wish to appropriate the term Delight to signify the peculiar pleasure which attends the Emotions of TASTE, or which is felt WHEN THE IMAGINATION IS EMPLOYED IN THE PROSECUTION OF A REGULAR TRAIN OF IDEAS OF EMOTION.

ESSAY II.

OF THE SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

If the illustrations in the preceding Essay are just—if that exercise of mind which takes place when the Emotions of Beauty or Sublimity are felt consists in the prosecution of a regular train of Ideas of Emotion—and if no other objects are in fact productive of the Emotions of Taste, but such as are fitted to produce some simple Emotion, there arises a question of some difficulty, and of very considerable importance, viz., What is the source of the SUBLIMITY and BEAUTY of the MATERIAL WORLD?

reflection fatigues and saddens me. Occasionally my reveries ended in meditation, but oftener my meditations finished in a reverie; and during these wanderings, my soul roamed and flitted through the universe on the wings of imagination, in an ecstacy that surpassed all other pleasures.

Whilst I tasted such enjoyments in all their purity, all other occupation appeared insipid to me. But when once thrown by other impulses into the career of literature, I felt the fatigue of mental labour, and the unceasing demands of an unfortunate celebrity: I felt also my sweet reveries grow gradually more weak and cold, and soon obliged in spite of myself to turn my thoughts to my own melancholy situation, I could but rarely recall those beloved ecstasies which for fifty years supplied the place of fortune and glory, and without any expense, save that of time, made me in idleness the happiest of mortals.

It cannot be doubted, that many objects of the Material World are productive of the Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty: some of the fine arts are altogether employed about material objects; and far the greater part of the instances of Beauty or Sublimity which occur in every man's experience are found in matter, or in some of its qualities.

On the other hand, I think it must be allowed, that matter in itself is unfitted to produce any kind of emotion. The various qualities of matter are known to us only by means of our external senses; but all that such powers of our nature convey is Sensation and Perception; and whoever will take the trouble of attending to the effect which such qualities, when simple and unassociated, produce upon his mind, will be satisfied, that in no case do they produce Emotion, or the exercise of any of his affections. The common language of mankind upon this subject perfectly coincides with this observation. Such qualities, when simple, are always spoken of as producing sensation, but in no case as producing emotion; and although perhaps the general word Feeling (as applied both to our external and internal senses) may sometimes be used ambiguously, yet if we attend to it we shall find that, with regard to material qualities, it is uniformly used to express Sensation, and that if we substitute Emotion

for it, every man will perceive the mistake. The smell of a rose, the colour of scarlet, the taste of a pine-apple, when spoken of merely as qualities, and abstracted from the objects in which they are found, are said to produce agreeable Sensations, but not agreeable Emotions. In the same manner, the smell of assafoetida, or the taste of aloes, when spoken of as abstract qualities, are uniformly said to produce unpleasing Sensations, but not unpleasing Emotions. If we could conceive ourselves possessed only of those powers which we have by means of our external senses, I apprehend there can be no doubt that in such a case the qualities of matter would produce only sensation and perception: that such sensations might be either pleasing or painful, but that in no case could they be attended with any emotion.

But although the qualities of matter are in themselves incapable of producing emotion, of the exercise of any affection, yet it is obvious that they may produce this effect from their association with other qualities, and as being either the signs or expression of such qualities as are fitted by the constitution of our nature to produce Emotion. Thus, in the human body, particular forms or colours are the signs of particular passions or affections. In works of art, particular forms are the signs of Dexterity, of Taste, of Convenience, of Utility. In the works of nature, particular sounds and colours, &c., are the signs of Peace, or Danger, or Plenty, or Desolation, &c. In such cases, the constant connexion we discover between the sign and the thing signified, between the material quality and the quality productive of Emotion, renders at last the one expressive to us of the other, and very often disposes us to attribute to the sign that effect which is produced only by the quality signified.

That such associations are formed with material qualities, every man has sufficient evidence in his own experience; and there are many causes, which may be assigned, both of the extent and of the universality of such associations. I shall remark a few of these, without pretending to an accurate enumeration.

1. All those external objects, which, from their nature or constitution, are productive to us either of use, of convenience, or of pleasure, or which in any other way are fitted to produce Emotion, are known and distinguished by their qualities of form and colour. Such qualities, therefore, are naturally, and even necessarily, expressive to us of those uses, or conveniences, or pleasures. It is by them that we become acquainted with the subjects from which such utilities arise; it is by them that we learn to distinguish such subjects from one another; and, as they are the permanent signs of these several utilities, they affect us with the same emotion which the utilities signified by them are fitted to produce. The material qualities, for instance, which distinguish a ship, a plough, a printing-press, or a musical instrument, do not solely afford us the perception of certain colours or forms, but along with this perception bring with it the conception of the different uses or pleasures which such compositions of material qualities produce, and excite in us the same Emotion with the uses or pleasures thus signified. As, in this manner, the utilities or pleasures of all external objects are expressed to us by their material signs of colour

and of form, such signs are naturally productive of the Emotions which properly arise from the qualities signified.

2. The qualities of Design, of Wisdom, of Skill, are uniformly expressed to us by certain qualities of Form, and certain compositions of Forms, Colours and Sounds. Such qualities, therefore, or compositions of qualities, become the signs of Design, or Wisdom, or Skill, and, like all other signs, affect us with the same Emotion we receive from the qualities signified.

3. All our knowledge of the minds of other men, and of their various qualities, is gained by means of material signs. Power, Strength, Wisdom, Fortitude, Justice, Benevolence, Magnanimity, Gentleness, Tenderness, Love, &c., are all known to us by means of the external signs of them in the Countenance, Gesture, or Voice. Such material signs are therefore very early associated in our minds with the qualities they signify; and as they are constant and invariable, become soon productive to us of the same Emotions with the qualities themselves.

In the same manner, the Characters, the Dispositions, the Instincts of all the various tribes of animals, are known to us by certain signs in their frame, or voice, or gesture. Such signs become therefore expressive to us of these Characters, or Instincts, or Dispositions, and affect us with all the Emotions which such qualities are fitted to produce.

4. Beside these immediate expressions of qualities of Mind by material signs, there are others which arise from Resemblance, in which the qualities of Matter become significant to us of some affecting or interesting quality of Mind. We learn from experience, that certain qualities of Mind are signified by certain qualities of body. When we find similar qualities of body in inanimate Matter, we are apt to attribute to them the same expression, and to conceive them as signifying the same qualities in this case, as in those cases where they derive their expression immediately from Mind. Thus, Strength and Delicacy, Boldness and Modesty, Old Age and Youth, &c., are all expressed by particular material signs in the human form, and in many cases by similar signs in the forms of animals. When we find similar appearances in the forms of inanimate Matter, we are disposed to consider them as expressive of the same qualities, and to regard them with similar Emotions. The universality of such associations is evident from the structure of the rudest languages. The strength of the Oak, the delicacy of the Myrtle, the boldness of a Rock, the modesty of the Violet, &c., are expressions common in all languages, and so common, that they are scarcely in any considered as figurative; yet every man knows, that Strength and Weakness, Boldness and Modesty, are qualities, not of Matter, but of Mind, and that without our knowledge of Mind, it is impossible that we should ever have had any conception of them. How much the effect of descriptions of natural scenery arises from that personification which is founded upon such associations, I believe there is no man of common taste who must not often have been sensible.

5. We are led by the constitution of our nature, also, to perceive resemblances between our Sensations and Emotions, and of consequence between

the objects that produce them. Thus, there is some analogy between the Sensation of gradual Ascent, and the Emotion of Ambition,—between the Sensation of gradual Descent, and the Emotion of Decay,—between the lively Sensation of Sunshine, and the cheerful Emotion of Joy,—between the painful sensation of Darkness, and the dispiriting Emotion of Sorrow. In the same manner, there are analogies between Silence and Tranquillity,—between the lustre of Morning and the gaiety of Hope,—between softness of Colouring and gentleness of Character,—between slenderness of Form and delicacy of Mind, &c. The objects, therefore, which produce such Sensations, though in themselves not the immediate signs of such interesting or affecting qualities, yet in consequence of this resemblance become gradually expressive of them, and, if not always, yet at those times at least when we are under the dominion of any Emotion, serve to bring to our minds the images of all those affecting or interesting qualities which we have been accustomed to suppose they resemble. How extensive this source of Association is, may easily be observed in the extent of such kinds of figurative expression in every language.

6. Beside these, Language itself is another very important cause of the extent of such Associations. The analogies between the qualities of Matter and the qualities of Mind which any individual might discover or observe, might perhaps be few, and must of course be limited by his situation and circumstances; but the use of Language gives to every individual who employs it the possession of all the analogies which so many ages have observed, between material qualities and qualities capable of producing Emotion. Of how much consequence this is, may be discovered in the different impressions which are made by the same objects on the common people, whose vocabulary is limited by their wants, and on those who have had the advantage of a liberal education.

7. To all these sources of Association is to be added that which is peculiar to every individual. There is no man, almost, who has not, from accident, from the events of his life, or from the nature of his studies, connected agreeable or interesting Recollections with particular Colours, or Sounds, or Forms, and to whom such sounds or colours, &c., are not pleasing from such an Association. They affect us, in some measure, as the signs of these interesting qualities, and, as in other cases, produce in us the same Emotion with the qualities they signify.

These observations are probably sufficient to show the numerous and extensive associations we have with Matter, and its various qualities, as well as to illustrate some of the means by which it becomes significant or expressive to us of very different, and far more interesting qualities than those it possesses in itself. By means of the Connexion or Resemblance which subsists between the qualities of Matter and qualities capable of producing Emotion, the perception of the one immediately, and very often irresistibly, suggests the idea of the other; and so early are these Associations formed, that it requires afterwards some pains to separate this connexion, and to prevent us from attributing to the Sign, that effect which is produced alone by the Quality signified.

Whatever may be the truth of these observations, it cannot at least be doubted, that the qualities of Matter are often associated with others, and that they affect us in such cases, like all other signs, by leading our imaginations to the qualities they signify. It seems to be equally obvious, that in all cases where Matter, or any of its qualities, produces the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty, this effect must arise either from these Material Qualities themselves, from their being fitted by the constitution of our nature to produce such Emotions; or from some other qualities with which they are associated, and of which they operate as the Signs or Expressions.

It should seem, therefore, that a very simple and a very obvious principle is sufficient to guide our investigation into the source of the sublimity and beauty, of the qualities of Matter. If these qualities are in themselves fitted to produce the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty (or, in other words, are in themselves beautiful or sublime), I think it is obvious that they must produce these Emotions, independently of any association. If, on the contrary, it is found that these qualities only produce such Emotions when they are associated with interesting or affecting qualities, and that when such associations are destroyed, they no longer produce the same emotions, I think it must also be allowed, that their Beauty or Sublimity is to be ascribed, not to the material, but to the associated qualities.

That this is in reality the case, I shall endeavour to show, by a great variety of illustrations. It is necessary, however, for me to premise, that I am very far from considering the Inquiries which follow as a complete examination of the subject. They are indeed only detached observations on the Sublimity and Beauty of some of the most important classes of material qualities, but which, however imperfect they may severally be, yet seem to possess considerable weight from their collective evidence.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY OF SOUND.

THE Senses by which we chiefly discover Beauty or Sublimity in material objects are those of HEARING and SEEING.

The objects of the first are, SOUNDS, whether SIMPLE or COMPOSED.

The objects of the second are, COLOURS, FORMS, and MOTION.

SECTION I.

OF SIMPLE SOUNDS.

I SHALL begin with considering some of those instances, where simple sounds are productive of the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty. Such sounds are capable of many divisions. It may be sufficient, at present, to consider them in the following order:

1. Sounds that occur in inanimate Nature.
2. The Notes of Animals. And,
3. The Tones of the Human Voice.

PART I.

Of Miscellaneous Sounds.

Of the first class, or of those Miscellaneous sounds that occur in inanimate Nature, there are many which produce Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty.

I.—1. All sounds in general are **SUBLIME**, which are associated with Ideas of Danger; the howling of a Storm,—the murmuring of an Earthquake,—the Report of Artillery,—the Explosion of Thunder, &c.

2. All sounds are in general Sublime, which are associated with Ideas of great Power or Might; the noise of a Torrent,—the Fall of a Cataract,—the Uproar of a Tempest,—the Explosion of Gunpowder,—the Dashing of the Waves, &c.

3. All sounds, in the same manner, are Sublime, which are associated with Ideas of Majesty or Solemnity, or deep Melancholy, or any other strong Emotion; the Sound of the Trumpet, and all other warlike instruments,—the Note of the Organ,—the Sound of the Curfew,—the Tolling of the Passing Bell, &c.

That the Sublimity of such sounds arises from the Ideas of Danger or Power, or Majesty, &c., which are associated with them, and not from the Sounds themselves, or from any original fitness in such sounds to produce this Emotion, seems to be obvious from the following considerations:

1. Such sounds, instead of having any permanent or definite Character of Sublimity, vary in their effect with the qualities they happen to express, and assume different characters, according to the nature of these qualities.

If sounds in themselves were Sublime, it might reasonably be expected in this, as in every other case of sense, that their difference of effect would be strictly proportioned to their difference of character, and that Sounds of the same kind of character would invariably produce the same Emotion. The following instances, however, seem to show, that no specific character of Sublimity belongs to mere Sound, and that the same Sounds may produce very different kinds of Emotion, according to the qualities with which we associate them.

The Sound of Thunder is, perhaps of all others in Nature, the most Sublime. In the generality of mankind, this Sublimity is founded on Awe, and some degree of Terror; yet how different is the Emotion which it gives to the peasant who sees at last, after a long drought, the consent of Heaven to his prayers for rain,—to the philosopher, who from the height of the Alps, hears it roll beneath his feet,—to the soldier, who, under the impression of ancient superstition, welcomes it upon the moment of engagement as the omen of victory! In all these cases, the Sound itself is the same: but how different the nature of the Sublimity it produces! The report of artillery is Sublime, from the images both of Power and of Danger we associate with it. The noise of an engagement heard from a distance is dreadfully Sublime. The firing of a Review is scarcely more than magnificent. The sound of a real skirmish between a few hundred men would be more sublime than all the noise of a feigned engagement between a hundred thousand men. The straggling

fire of a company of soldiers upon a field-day is contemptible, and always excites laughter. The straggling fire of the same number of men in a riot would be extremely sublime, and perhaps more terrible than a uniform report.

The howling of a Tempest is powerfully Sublime from many associations; yet how different to the inhabitant of the land, and the sailor, who is far from refuge,—to the inhabitant of the sheltered plain, and the traveller bewildered in the mountains,—to the poor man who has nothing to lose, and the wealthy whose fortunes are at the mercy of the storm! In all these cases, the Sound itself is the same, but the nature of the Sublimity it produces is altogether different, and corresponds, not to the effect upon the organ of Hearing, but to the character or situations of the men by whom it is heard, and the different qualities of which it is expressive to them.

The Sound of a Cascade is almost always Sublime; yet no man ever felt in it the same species of Sublimity, in a fruitful Plain, and in a wild and romantic country,—in the Pride of Summer, and in the Desolation of Winter,—in the hours of Gaiety, or Tranquillity, or Elevation,—and in seasons of Melancholy, or Anxiety, or Despair. The Sound of a Trumpet is often Sublime; but how different the Sublimity in the day of Battle,—in the March of an Army in Peace,—or amid the splendours of a Procession! There are few simple sounds more sublime than the report of a Cannon; yet every one must have felt the different Emotions of Sublimity with which the same sound affects him, and at the same intervals, in moments of public Sorrow or public Rejoicing.

In these, and many other instances that might be mentioned, the nature of the Emotion we experience corresponds, not to the nature of the Sound itself, but to the nature of the Association we connect with it; and is in fact altogether the same with the Emotion which the same quality produces, when unaccompanied with Sound. If Sounds in themselves were fitted by the constitution of our nature to produce these Emotions, it would seem that greater uniformity would be found in their effects; that the difference of their effects would be proportioned to the difference of their nature as Sounds; and that the same sounds would permanently produce the same Emotion.

2. If any particular Sounds are fitted by our constitution to produce the Emotion of Sublimity, it seems impossible that sounds of a contrary kind should produce the same Emotion. If, on the contrary, the Sublimity of Sounds arises from the qualities we associate with them, it may reasonably be expected, that sounds of all kinds will produce this Emotion, when they are expressive of such qualities as are in themselves Sublime. Many very familiar observations seem to illustrate this point.

The most general character, perhaps, of Sublimity in Sounds, is that of Loudness, and there are doubtless many instances where such sounds are very constantly sublime; yet there are many instances also, where the contrary quality of sounds is also sublime; and when this happens, it will universally be found, that such sounds are associated with Ideas of Power or Danger, or some other quality capable of exciting strong Emotion. The loud and tumultuous sound of a Storm is un-

doubtedly Sublime; but there is a low and feeble Sound which frequently precedes it, more sublime in reality than all the uproar of the storm itself, and which has accordingly been frequently made use of by Poets, in heightening their descriptions of such scenes.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm,
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in Fancy's listening ear.
Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth, &c.
Thomson's *Winter*.

"Did you never observe," says Mr. Gray in a letter to a friend, "while rocking winds are piping loud, that pause, as the gust is re-collecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian Harp. I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit." Such a sound in itself is inconsiderable, and resembles many others which are very far from being Sublime; but as the forerunner of the storm, and the sign of all the imagery we connect with it, it is sublime in a very great degree. There is, in the same manner, said to be a low rumbling noise preceding an earthquake, in itself very inconsiderable, and generally likened to some very contemptible sounds; yet in such a situation, and with all the images of danger and horror to which it leads, I question whether there is another sound so dreadfully Sublime. The soft and placid tone of the human voice is surely not sublime; yet in the following passage, which of the great images that precede it is so powerfully so? It is a passage from the first book of Kings, in which the Deity is described as appearing to the prophet Elijah. "And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle."

Another great division of Sounds is into Grave and Acute. If either of these classes of sound is sublime in itself, it should follow, according to the general laws of Sensation, that the other should not be so. In fact, however, the sublime is found in both, and perhaps it may be difficult to say to which of them it most permanently belongs. Instances of this kind are within the reach of every person's observation.

In the same manner, it may be observed, that the most common, and, in general, the most insignificant Sounds become Sublime, whenever they are associated with images belonging to Power, or Danger, or Melancholy, or any other strong Emotion, although in other cases they affect us with no Emotion whatever. There is scarcely in nature a more trifling Sound than the buzz of Flies, yet I believe there is no man of common Taste, who, in the deep silence of a summer's noon, has not found something strikingly sublime

in this inconsiderable sound. The falling of a drop of water, produces in general a very insignificant and unexpressive sound; yet sometimes in vaults, and in large cathedrals, a single drop is heard to fall at intervals, from the roof, than which, I know not if there is a single sound more strikingly Sublime. One can scarcely mention a sound less productive of the Sublime, than the sound of a hammer. How powerfully, however, in the following description, has Shakspeare made this vulgar sound Sublime!

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch,
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed answers steed in high and hoarse neighings
Piecing the earth's dull ear, and from the tents
The armorers accomplishing the knights
With busy hammers, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

HENRY V. Act iii. Chorus.

The sound of oars in water is surely very far from being Sublime, yet in a Tragedy of Thomson's this sound is made strikingly Sublime, when (in the person of a man who had been left by the treachery of his companions upon a desert island) he describes the horrors he felt, when he first found his being deserted: and adds,

I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars.——

Instances of the same kind are so numerous, that it is unnecessary to insist upon them. If Sounds are Sublime in themselves, independently of all Association, it seems difficult to account for contrary sounds producing the same effect, and for the same sounds producing different effects, according to the Associations with which they are connected.

3. When such Associations are dissolved, the sounds themselves cease to be Sublime. There are many cases, undoubtedly, in which this experiment cannot be made, because in many cases the connexion between such Sounds, and the qualities they indicate, is constant and invariable. The connexion between the sound of Thunder, of a Whirlwind, of a Torrent, of an Earthquake, and the qualities of Power, or Danger, or Awfulness, which they signify, and which the objects themselves permanently involve, is established not by Man, but by Nature. It has no dependence upon his Will, and cannot be affected by any discipline of his Imagination. It is no wonder, therefore, while such connexions are so permanent, that the Sublimity which belongs to the qualities of the objects themselves should be attributed to their external signs, and that such signs should be considered in themselves as fitted to produce this Emotion. The only case in which these associations are positively dissolved, is when, by some error of judgment, we either mistake some different sound for the Sound of any of these objects, or are imposed upon by some imitation of these Sounds. In such cases, I think it will not be denied, that when we discover our mistake, the Sounds are no longer Sublime.

There is nothing more common than for people who are afraid of Thunder to mistake some very

common and indifferent sound for it; as the rumbling of a Cart, or the rattling of a Carriage. While their mistake continues, they feel the Sound as sublime: the moment they are undeceived, they are the first to laugh at their error, and to ridicule the Sound which occasioned it. Children at first are as much alarmed at the Thunder of the Stage, as at real Thunder. Whenever they find that it is only a deception, they amuse themselves with mimicking it. It may be observed also, that very young children show no symptoms of Fear or Admiration at Thunder, unless perhaps when it is painfully loud, or when they see other people alarmed about them; obviously from their not having yet associated with it the Idea of Danger: and perhaps also from this cause, that our imagination assists the report, and makes it appear much louder than it really is; a circumstance which seems to be confirmed by the common mistake we make of very inconsiderable noises for it. Mistakes in the same manner are often made in those countries where earthquakes are common, between very inconsiderable sounds, and that low rumbling sound which is said to precede such an event. There cannot be a doubt, that the moment the mistake is discovered, the noise ceases to be sublime. In all other cases of the same kind, where mistakes of this nature happen, or where we are deceived by imitation, I believe it is agreeable to every person's experience, that while the mistake continues, the sounds affect us as sublime; but that as soon as we are undeceived, and that the sign is found not to be accompanied with the qualities usually signified, it ceases immediately to affect us with any Emotion. If any sounds were in themselves Sublime, or fitted by the constitution of our nature to produce this Emotion, independently of all Association, it would seem that there could be no change of our Emotion, and that these sounds would as permanently produce their correspondent Emotion, as the objects of every other Sense produce their correspondent ideas.

In all cases, however, where these associations are either accidental or temporary, and not, as in the former case, permanent in their nature, it will be found, that sounds are sublime only, when they are expressive of qualities capable of producing some powerful Emotion, and that, in all other cases, the same sounds are simply indifferent. In some of the instances formerly mentioned, where common or vulgar sounds are rendered sublime by association, it is obvious that the same sounds in general, when they have no such expression to us, are very different from Sublimity. The buzz of flies, the dropping of water, the sound of a hammer, the dashing of an oar, and many others which might easily be mentioned, are in general Sounds absolutely indifferent, and so far from possessing any Sublimity in themselves, that it might be difficult at first to persuade any man that they could be made so. Their Sublimity therefore can only be attributed to the qualities which they signify.

There are few sounds, in the same manner, much more sublime, than the striking of a great clock at midnight. In other situations the very same sound is altogether different in its expression. In the morning it is cheerful,—at noon indifferent, or at least unnoticed,—in the evening plaintive,—

at night only sublime. In the tolling of a bell, the sound is uniformly the same; yet such a sound has very different expressions, from the peculiar purposes to which it is applied. The passing bell, and the funeral bell, alone are sublime. The whistling of the wind in an autumnal or in a wintry night is often felt as sublime, and has accordingly been frequently introduced into poetical descriptions of a similar character. The nicest ear, however, is unable to distinguish any difference betwixt this sound, in the seasons before mentioned, and in spring or summer, when, if it has any character at all, it has a character very different from Sublimity. The Trumpet is very generally employed in scenes of Magnificence or Solemnity. The sound of the trumpet in such situations is accordingly very sublime, and seems to us to be expressive of that solemnity or magnificence. This instrument, however, as every one knows, is very often degraded to very mean offices. In such cases, the sound is altogether indifferent, if not contemptible. The Bagpipe has, to a Scotch Highlander, no inconsiderable degree of sublimity, from its being the martial instrument of the country, and of consequence associated with many spirited and many magnificent images. To the rest of the world, the sound of this instrument is at best but barely tolerable. They who are acquainted with the history of superstition, will recollect many instances where Sounds have become sublime from this Association, which to the rest of mankind were very insignificant, and which have become also insignificant both to Individuals and to Nations, when the superstitions upon which their expression was founded had ceased.

There are several other considerations from which the principle I here endeavour to illustrate might be confirmed,—the uniform connexion between Sublime Sounds, and some quality capable of producing Emotion, and the impossibility of finding an instance where Sound is Sublime, independently of all Association,—the great difference in the number of sounds that are sublime to the common people, and men of cultivated or poetical imagination,—and the difference which every man feels in the effect of such sounds in producing this Emotion, according to the particular state of his own mind, or according to the particular strength or weakness of his sensibility to the qualities which such sounds express. But I am unwilling to anticipate the reader in speculations which he can so easily prosecute for himself. If the illustrations I have already offered are just; if Sounds of all kinds are sublime, when they are expressive of any qualities capable of producing strong Emotions; and if no Sounds continue to be sublime, when they cease to be expressive of such qualities, it is, I think, reasonable to conclude, that the Sublimity of such Sounds is to be ascribed, not to the mere quality of Sound, but to those associated qualities of which it is significant.

11.—There is a great variety of sounds also, that occur in the scenes of Nature, which are productive of the Emotion of BEAUTY; the sound of a Waterfall, the Murmuring of a Rivulet, the Whispering of the Wind, the Sheepfold Bell, the sound of the Curfew, &c.

That such sounds are associated in our minds with various qualities capable of producing Emotion, I think every man may be satisfied from his own experience. When such sounds occur, they are expressive to us of some particular character: they suit one species of Emotion, and not others; and if this were not obvious in itself, it might be made sufficiently obvious, from the use of such sounds in poetical Composition. Every man, there, judges of the propriety of their introduction, and determines with regard to the taste and judgment of the Poet, by their suitableness to the nature of the Emotion he has it in his view to excite. Every man, therefore, has some peculiar Emotion associated with such sounds, or some quality, of which they are considered as the signs or expressions.

That the Beauty of such sounds arises from the qualities of which they are expressive, and not from any original fitness in them to produce this Emotion, may perhaps be evident from the following considerations.

1. To those who have no such associations, or who consider them simply as Sounds, they have no beauty. It is long before children show any degree of sensibility to the beauty of such sounds. To the greater number of them, in the same manner, the common people are altogether indifferent. To the peasant, the Curfew is only the mark of the hour of the evening,—the Sheepbell, the sign of the neighbourhood of the flock,—the sound of a Cascade, the sign of the falling of water, &c. Give them the associations which men of cultivated imagination have with such sounds, and they will infallibly feel their beauty.

In the same manner, men of the best natural taste, who have not formed such associations, are equally insensible to the Beauty of such Sounds. The inhabitant of a country where there are no waterfalls is stunned at first with the noise of a Cascade, but is not delighted with it. They who are not accustomed to the Curfew, and who are ignorant of its being the evening bell, and, as such, associated with all those images of tranquillity and peace which render that season of the day so charming, feel nothing more from its sound than from the sound of a bell at any other hour of the day. The sound of the Sheepfold bell is but an insignificant noise to those who have never lived in a pastoral country, and who do not consider it as expressive of those images of simple and romantic pleasure, which are so naturally connected with such scenes. Every man acquainted with the poetry of distant nations, knows, in the same manner, how much the beauty of many allusions to peculiar sounds of these countries is lost to those who are strangers to them, and who, of consequence, have none of those associations which render them so expressive to the natives.

2. It is further observable, that such Sounds are beautiful only in particular tempers of mind, or when we are under the influence of such Emotions as accord with the expressions which they possess. If, on the contrary, such Sounds were beautiful in themselves, although in different states of mind, we might afford them different degrees of attention; yet in all situations they would be beautiful, in the same manner as in every state of mind the

objects of all other senses uniformly produce their correspondent ideas. The sound of the Curfew, for instance, so beautiful in moments of melancholy or tranquillity, in a joyful or even in a cheerful hour, would be directly the reverse. The sound of a Waterfall, so valued amid the luxuriant scenery of summer, is scarcely observed, or if observed, simply disagreeable amid the rigours of winter. The sound of the hunting Horn, so extremely picturesque in seasons of gaiety, would be insupportable in hours of melancholy.

It is at particular seasons only, in truth, that we are sensible to the beauty of any of the Sounds before mentioned. For once that they affect us, they occur to us ten times without effect. The real and the most important business of life could not be carried on, if we were to indulge at all times our Sensibility either to Sublimity or Beauty. It is only at those seasons, that such Sounds affect us with any Emotions of Beauty, when we happen to be in that temper of mind which suits with the qualities of which they are expressive. In our common hours, when we are either thoughtless or busy, we suffer them to pass without notice. If such sounds were beautiful in themselves, such variations in their effects could not possibly happen.

3. When such associations are dissolved, the sounds themselves cease to be beautiful. If a man of the most common taste were carried into any striking scene of an ornamented garden, and placed within the hearing of a Cascade, and were told, in the midst of his enthusiasm, that what he takes for a Cascade is only a Deception, the sound continues the same, but the beauty of it would be irrecoverably gone. The tinkling of the Sheepfold bell may be imitated by many very common sounds; but who is there who could for a moment listen to any imitation of this romantic Sound? There are a great number of sounds which exactly resemble the sound of the hunting Horn, and which are frequently heard also in the same scenes: when known, however, some of them are ridiculous, none beautiful. The same bell which is so strikingly beautiful in the evening, is altogether unnoticed at noon. "The flute of a Shepherd (says Dr. Beattie, with his usual beauty of expression), heard at a distance, in a fine summer's day, amidst a romantic scene of groves, hills, and waters, will give rapture to the ear of the wanderer; though the tune, the instrument, and the musician be such as he could not endure in any other place." Instances of a similar kind are so numerous, that I forbear to detail them. Upon the supposition of any original and independent beauty in Sounds, such variations are altogether unaccountable.

I shall only farther observe upon this subject, that when it is considered how few Sounds are beautiful amid the infinite number which occur in the scenes of Nature, and that wherever they do occur there is always some pleasing or interesting quality of which they are expressive, there arises a very strong presumption, independently of all other considerations, that the Beauty of such particular Sounds is derived from the qualities which they express, and not the effect of the mere sounds themselves.

PART II.

Of the Notes of Animals.

THERE are instances, I believe, both of Sublimity and Beauty in the Notes of Animals. That such Sounds are associated with the qualities of the Animals to which they belong, and become expressive of these qualities, cannot, I think, be denied. There are, besides, other associations we have with them, from their Manner of Life, the Scenes which they usually inhabit, and the Countries from which they come.

I.—That the Notes or Cries of some animals are **SUBLIME**, every one knows: the Roar of the Lion, the Growling of Bears, the Howling of Wolves, the Scream of the Eagle, &c. In all those cases, these are the notes of animals remarkable for their strength, and formidable for their ferocity. It would seem very natural, therefore, that the Sublimity of such Sounds should arise from the qualities of which they are expressive; and which are of a nature fitted to excite very powerful Emotions in our minds.

That this is in reality the case, and that it is not the Sounds themselves which have this effect, appears to be obvious from the two following considerations:

1. When we have no associations of this kind, such Sounds are productive of no such Emotion. There is not one of these Sounds which may not be imitated in some manner or other; and which, while we are ignorant of the deception, does not produce the same Emotion with the real Sound: when we are undeceived, however, we are conscious of no other Emotion but that perhaps of simple pain from its loudness. The howl of the Wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the Dog, either in its tone or in its strength, but there is no comparison between their Sublimity. There are few, if any, of these Sounds so loud as the most common of all Sounds, the lowing of a Cow; yet this is the very reverse of Sublimity. Imagine this Sound, on the contrary, expressive of Fierceness or Strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become Sublime. The hooting of the Owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly Sublime. The same Sound at noon, or during the day, is trifling or ludicrous. The scream of the Eagle is simply disagreeable, when the bird is either tamed or confined; it is Sublime only, when it is heard amid Rocks and Deserts, and when it is expressive to us of Liberty, and Independence, and savage Majesty. The neighing of a War-horse in the field of battle, or of a young and untamed Horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully Sublime. The same sound in a Cart-horse, or a Horse in the stable, is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of Swine. The same sound in the wild Boar, an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength, is Sublime. The memory of the reader will supply many other instances.

2. The Sublimity of such sounds corresponds not to their Nature, as sounds, but to the Nature of the Qualities they signify. Sounds of all kinds are sublime, in proportion as they are expressive of Power, or Fierceness, or Strength, or any other quality capable of producing strong Emotions, in the animals which they distinguish. There are

many instances, undoubtedly, where loud cries are Sublime, but there are many also, where such Notes are very far from being so. The lowing of Cows, the braying of the Ass, the scream of the Peacock, and many other inoffensive birds, are only mean or disagreeable.

Low or feeble Sounds, in the same manner, are generally considered as the contrary of Sublime; yet there are also many instances where such Sounds are strongly Sublime, when they distinguish the notes of fierce, or dangerous, or powerful animals. There is not a Sound so generally contemptible as that which we distinguish by the name of Hissing, yet this is the Sound appropriated to Serpents, and the greater part of poisonous reptiles; and, as such, is extremely Sublime. The noise of the Rattle-snake (that most dangerous animal of all his tribe) is very little different from the noise of a child's plaything, yet who will deny its Sublimity? The growl of the Tiger resembles the purring of a Cat: the one is Sublime, the other insignificant. Nothing can be more trifling than the Sound produced by that little animal, which among the common people is called the Death-watch, yet many a bold heart hath felt its power. The inhabitants of Modern Europe would smile, if they were asked, if there were any Sublimity in the Notes of Chickens, or Swallows, or Magpies; yet under the influence of ancient superstition, when such animals were considered as ominous, the bravest among the people have trembled at their Sound. The superstitions of other countries afford innumerable instances of the same kind.

If these illustrations are just, it should seem that the Sublimity of the Notes of Animals is to be ascribed to the Associations we connect with them, and not to any original fitness in the mere Sounds themselves, to produce this Emotion.

II.—That the **BEAUTY** of the Notes or Cries of Animals arises from the same cause, or from the qualities of which they are expressive to us, may perhaps be obvious from considerations equally familiar.

It seems at least very difficult to account for the instances of such Sounds which are universally reckoned beautiful, if we consider the Sounds themselves as the causes of this Emotion. The number of notes is as various as the different species of animals, and amid these there are a thousand instances where similar Sounds are by no means productive of similar effects; and where, although the difference to the Ear is extremely small, there is yet a great difference in their capacity of producing such Emotions. If, on the contrary, we consider the source of their beauty as consisting in the pleasing or affecting qualities with which such sounds are associated, we have an easy solution of the difficulty, and which will be found at the same time perfectly to agree with the facts.

It would lead to a very long and very unnecessary inquiry, if I were to attempt to enumerate the various Notes of this kind that are beautiful, and the different associations we have with them. That with many such sounds we have in fact such associations, is a matter, I apprehend, so conformable to every man's experience, that it would be superfluous to attempt to prove it.

There is indeed one class of animals, of which the notes are in a singular degree objects of

Beauty—I mean Birds; and for this we may assign very sufficient reasons. 1st, Such notes approach much nearer than any other to the tones of the human voice, and are therefore much more strongly expressive to us of such qualities as we are affected by. 2dly, These animals are, much more than any other, the objects of our interest and regard; not only from our greater acquaintance with them, and from the minuteness and delicacy of their forms, which renders them in some measure the objects of Tenderness; but chiefly from their modes of life, and from the little domestic arrangements and attachments which we observe among them so much more strongly than among any other animals, and which indicate more affecting and endearing qualities in the animals themselves, than in any others we know. That we have such associations with Birds, is very obvious, from the use which is made of their instincts and manner of life, in the poetical compositions of all nations.

That it is from such associations the beauty of the notes of animals arises, may appear from the following considerations:

1. They who have no such associations, feel no Emotion of Beauty from them. A peasant would laugh, if he were asked if the call of a Goat, or the bleat of a Sheep, or the lowing of a Cow, were beautiful; yet in certain situations all of these are undoubtedly so. A child shows no symptom of admiration at those Sounds which are most affecting in natural scenery to other people. Every one will recollect, in what total indifference his early years were passed to that multitude of beautiful Sounds which occur in the country; and I believe, if we attend to it sufficiently, it will be found that the period when we became sensible to their beauty was when we first began to feel them as expressive, either from our own observation of Nature, or from the perusal of books of poetry. In the same manner, they who travel into very distant countries are at first insensible to the beauty which the natives of these countries ascribe to the notes of the animals belonging to them, obviously from their not having yet acquired the associations which are the foundation of their beauty. The notes which are sacred from any kind of superstition, are beautiful only to those who are under the dominion of that superstition. A foreigner does not distinguish any beauty in the note of the Stork. To the Hollander, however, to whom that bird is the object of a very popular and very pleasing superstition, this note is singularly beautiful.

2. Such Sounds as are, either from experience or from imagination, associated with certain qualities capable of producing Emotion, are beautiful only when they are perceived in those tempers of mind which are favourable to these Emotions. Instances of this are very numerous. The bleating of a Lamb is beautiful in a fine day in spring; in the depth of winter it is very far from being so. The lowing of a Cow at a distance, amid the scenery of a pastoral landscape in summer, is extremely beautiful; in a farm-yard it is absolutely disagreeable. The hum of the Beetle is beautiful in a fine summer evening, as appearing to suit the stillness and repose of that pleasing season; in the noon of day it is perfectly indifferent. The twitter of the Swallow is beautiful in the morning, and

seems to be expressive of the cheerfulness of that time: at any other hour it is quite insignificant. Even the song of the Nightingale, so wonderfully charming in the twilight, or at night, is altogether disregarded during the day; in so much so, that it has given rise to the common mistake, that this bird does not sing but at night. If such notes were beautiful in themselves, independently of all association, they would, necessarily, at all times be beautiful.

3. In this, as in other cases before mentioned, when such associations are destroyed, the Beauty of the Sounds ceases to be felt. The call of a Goat, for instance, among rocks, is strikingly beautiful, as expressing wildness and independence. In a farm-yard, or in a common inclosure, it is very far from being so. The plaintive and interesting bleat of the Lamb ceases to be beautiful whenever it ceases to be the sign of infancy, and the call for that tenderness which the infancy of all animals so naturally demands. There is a bird that imitates the notes of all other birds with great accuracy. Such imitations, however, are not in the least beautiful in it. There are people, in the same manner, who imitate the song of birds with surprising dexterity. It is the imitation, however, in such a case, that alone pleases us, and not the notes themselves. It is possible (according to the curious experiments of Mr. Barrington) to teach a bird of any species the notes of any other species. It may, however, I think, very justly be doubted, whether the acquired notes would be equally beautiful. The connexion we observe between particular birds and the peculiar scenes in Nature which they inhabit, and the different seasons at which they appear, and the great difference in their instincts and manner of life, render their notes expressive to us of very dissimilar characters; and we accordingly distinguish them by epithets expressive of this variety. The wildness of the Linnet, the tenderness of the Redbreast, the pertness of the Sparrow, the cheerfulness of the Lark, the softness of the Bullfinch, the plaintiveness of the Nightingale, the melancholy of the Owl, are expressions in general use, and the Associations we thus connect with them very obviously determine the character or expression of their Notes. By the artificial education above mentioned, all these Associations would be destroyed; and, as far as I am able to judge, all, or at least a great part, of the Beauty we feel from their songs. It is in the same manner that we are generally unhappy, instead of being delighted with the song of a bird in the cage. It is somewhat like the smile of Grief, which is much more dreadful than tears, or like the playfulness of an infant amid scenes of Sorrow. It is difficult therefore to say, whether in this cruel practice there is a greater want of Taste or of Humanity; and there could be in fact no excuse for it, if there were not a kind of tenderness excited towards them, from the reflection that they are altogether dependent upon our benevolence, and a very natural gratitude awakened by the exertions they make for our pleasure.

I forbear to produce any farther illustrations on this subject. From those that have been produced, it seems to me that we have sufficient ground for concluding, that, of those Sounds which have been considered, the Sounds that occur in the scenes of Nature and the Sounds produced by animals, the

Sublimity or Beauty arises from the qualities of which they are considered as the Signs or Expressions, and not from any original fitness in the Sounds themselves to produce such Emotions.

I have only further to add, that, upon the principle of the absolute and independent Sublimity or Beauty of Sounds, it is very difficult to account for the different Sounds which have been mentioned as productive of these Emotions. There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of Thunder and the hissing of a Serpent,—between the growling of a Tiger and the Explosion of Gunpowder,—between the scream of an Eagle and the shouting of a multitude; yet all of these are Sublime. In the same manner, there is a little resemblance between the tinkling of the Sheepfold bell and the murmuring of the Breeze,—between the hum of the Beetle and the song of the Lark,—between the twitter of the Swallow and the sound of the Curlew; yet all of these are beautiful. Upon the principle which I endeavour to illustrate, they are all perfectly accountable.

PART III.

Of the Tones of the Human Voice.

THERE is a similar Sublimity or Beauty felt in particular Notes or Tones of the Human Voice.

That such Sounds are associated in our Imaginations with the qualities of mind of which they are in general expressive, and that they naturally produce in us the conception of those qualities, is a fact so obvious, that there is no man who must not have observed it. There are some Philosophers who consider these as the natural signs of Passion or Affection, and who believe that if is not from Experience, but by means of an original Faculty, that we interpret them: and this opinion is supported by great authorities. Whether this is so, or not, in the present inquiry, is of no very great importance; since, although it should be denied that we understand such signs instinctively, it cannot be denied that very early in infancy this Association is formed, and that our opinions and conduct are regulated by it.

That the Beauty or Sublimity of such Tones arises from the nature of the qualities they express, and not from the nature of the Sounds themselves, may perhaps appear from the following observations.

1. Such sounds are Beautiful or Sublime, only as they express Passions or Affections which excite our sympathy. There are a great variety of tones in the human voice, yet all these tones are not beautiful. If we inquire what are the particular Tones which are so, it will universally be found that they are such as are expressive of pleasing or interesting affections. The tones peculiar to Anger, Peevishness, Malice, Envy, Misanthropy, Deceit, &c., are neither agreeable nor beautiful. The tone of Good-nature, though very agreeable, is not beautiful but at particular seasons, because the quality itself is in general rather the source of complacency than pleasure; we regret the want of it, but we do not much enjoy its presence.—On the contrary, the tones peculiar to Hope, Joy, Humility, Gentleness, Modesty, Melancholy, &c., though all extremely different, are all beautiful; because the qualities they express are all the ob-

jects of Interest and Approbation. In the same manner, the tones peculiar to Magnanimity, Fortitude, Self-denial, Patience, Resignation, &c., are all sublime; and for a similar reason. This coincidence of the Beauty and Sublimity of the Tones of the Human Voice with those qualities of mind that are interesting or affecting to us, if it is not a formal proof, is yet a strong presumption that it is from the expression of such qualities that these sounds derive their Sublimity or Beauty.

2. The effect of such sounds in producing these Emotions, instead of being permanent, is limited by the particular temper of mind we happen to be in, or by the coincidence between that temper and the peculiar qualities of which such sounds are expressive. To most men, for instance, the tone of Hope is beautiful. To a man in Despair, I presume it would be far from being so. To a man in Grief, the tone of Cheerfulness is simply painful. The tone of Indignation, though in particular situations strongly sublime, to a man of a quiet and placid temper is unpleasant. To men of an ardent and sanguine character, the tone of Patience is contemptible. To peevish and irritable spirits, the voice of Humility, so peculiarly beautiful, is provoking. Such observations may be extended to many diversities of passion: and it may still farther be remarked, that those Sounds in the human Voice, which are most beautiful or most sublime to us, are always those that are expressive of the qualities of mind which, from our particular constitutions or habits, we are most disposed to be affected by. If the Beauty or Sublimity of such tones were independent of the qualities of mind we thus associate with them, such diversities could not happen, and the same Sounds would produce uniformly the same Emotions, as the same Colours or Smells produce uniformly the same Sensations.

3. Similar Tones, in this case, do not produce similar Emotions, and should seem to happen if these effects were produced by the mere Sounds themselves. There is little affinity, for instance, between the low and depressed tone of Grief and the shrill and piercing note of Joy; yet both are beautiful. There is little resemblance between the loud sound of Rage and the low placid tone of Patience; yet both are, in many cases, sublime. The tone of Peevishness is not very different from the tone of Melancholy; yet the one is beautiful, the other positively disagreeable. The tone of Pusillanimity is little distinguishable from the tone of Patience; but how different in the effects they produce upon our minds!—Observations of this kind it is in the power of every one to extend.

4. Whenever these Tones are counterfeited, or whenever they cease to be the Signs of those qualities of mind of which we have generally found them significant, they immediately cease either to be sublime or beautiful. Every one must have observed, that this is the effect of Mimicry. Wherever, in the same manner, any species of deceit is used, or where we know that these tones are employed, without the existence of the corresponding passions, we no longer feel them as beautiful or sublime. If the Sounds themselves were the causes of these emotions, whatever we might think of the person, the Sounds themselves would continue to produce the Emotions either of Sublimity or Beauty, in the same manner as the most

absurd misapplication of Colours never disturbs our perception of them as colours.

5. There is yet a further consideration, which may perhaps more clearly illustrate this opinion, viz., That the Beauty or Sublimity of such Sounds in the human Voice altogether depends on our opinion of the propriety or impropriety of the affections which they express. We know either from Nature, or from Experience, that particular Sounds or Tones are the expression of particular Passions and Affections; and the perception of such sounds is immediately accompanied with the belief of such affections in the person from whom they proceed. But it is only from actual observation or inquiry that we can know what is the cause of these affections. Our sympathy, our interest, it is plain, depends on the nature of this connexion, on our opinion of the propriety or impropriety of such affections in such circumstances. All this, however, does not in any degree affect the nature of the Sound, which is still the same, whether the affection be proper or improper. It is very obvious, however, that our sense of the Beauty or Sublimity of such Sounds depends on our opinion of this Propriety. No tone of Passion or Affection is beautiful, with which we do not sympathise. The tone of Joy, for instance, is beautiful, in most cases where it is heard. Suppose we find that such a Sound proceeds from some very trifling or ridiculous cause, our sense of its Beauty is instantly destroyed with our opinion of its Propriety. The tone of Melancholy, or moderated Grief, is affecting and beautiful beyond most others. Assign some frivolous reason for it, and instantly it becomes contemptible. The tone of Patience is sublime in a great degree. Tell us that it is Pusillanimity, and its effect is instantly gone. The high imperious note of Rage is often sublime. A trifling cause renders it simply painful. The same observation may be extended to the tones of all our passions. It is, I conceive, extremely difficult, if not impossible, to account for this change of Emotion, on the principle of the original and independent Beauty of such Sounds.

With regard to the Human Voice, however, it is to be observed that besides all this there is also a Beauty in particular degrees of the same Tones. Although the expression of the different passions is the same in all men, yet it necessarily happens that there is a sensible difference in the degree or character of these similar Sounds. There is no man of any delicacy of organs, who must not often have been sensible of such differences. These also are expressive to us of several qualities. They are, in the first place, expressive of the perfection or imperfection of the organs of speech, and of the health or indisposition of the person; circumstances which often determine, in a great degree, when either of these expressions are strong, the pleasure or pain we have in their conversation. 2dly, They are expressive also of the temper or character of mind. As we are naturally led to judge of the character of the person from the peculiar tones of his voice, and to believe that such passions have the principal dominion of his mind which have the most prevalent expression in his voice, so we are led in the same way to judge of the degree or force of these passions, by the degree or strength of such tones in his voice. This kind of inference is so natural,

that there is perhaps no person who has not made it. That the Beauty of such chastened degrees of Sound arises from such associations is apparent; as it is expressive to us of moderation and self-command,—as it expresses habit more than immediate impulse,—as it is peculiar to such tones only as are expressive of affecting passions or dispositions of mind,—as it is felt alone by those who are affected by such dispositions,—and as it is beautiful only in those cases where this temperance of Emotion, of which it is the sign, is considered as proper. I forbear therefore any further illustration of it.

The observations which I have offered on the subject of Simple Sounds, are perhaps sufficient to show that the Sublimity and Beauty of these Sounds arises, in all cases, from the Qualities with which we have observed them connected, and of which they appear to us as the Signs or Expressions; and that no Sounds in themselves are fitted by the constitution of our nature to produce these Emotions.

It is natural, however, to suppose, that in this, as in every other case, our experience should gradually lead to the formation of some general rules with regard to this expression; and that different sounds should appear to us to have a difference of character, according to the nature of the qualities with which we most frequently find them conjoined. This supposition will appear more probable, when we consider not only that the diversities of sounds are few, and consequently that rules of this kind can be more easily formed; but still more, that these diversities of sounds are the immediate expressions of different qualities of Mind in the human Voice, and consequently that their character becomes more certain and definite.

I believe in fact, that something of this kind takes place early in life, and that, long before we are able to attend to their formation, we have formed certain general associations with all the great diversities of sound, and that in after-life they continue to be generally expressive of these characters.

To enumerate these general expressions is a very delicate as well as a very difficult task. I hazard, therefore, the following observations, only as hints for the prosecution of the subject; and as I am sensible of their imperfection, I am willing to rest no conclusion upon them.

The great divisions of Sound are into Loud and Low, Grave and Acute, Long and Short, Increasing and Diminishing. The two first divisions are expressive in themselves: the two last only in conjunction with others.

1. Loud Sound is connected with ideas of Power and Danger. Many objects in nature which have such qualities are distinguished by such sounds, and this association is farther confirmed from the human Voice, in which all violent and impetuous passions are expressed in loud tones.

2. Low Sound has a contrary expression, and is connected with ideas of Weakness, Gentleness, and Delicacy. This association takes its rise not only from the observation of inanimate nature, or of animals, where, in a great number of cases, such sounds distinguish objects with such qualities, but particularly from the human Voice, where all

gentle, or delicate, or sorrowful affections are expressed by such tones.

3. Grave Sound is connected with ideas of Moderation, Dignity, Solemnity, &c., principally, I believe, from all moderate, or restrained, or chastened affections being distinguished by such tones in the human Voice.

4. Acute Sound is expressive of Pain, or Fear, or Surprise, &c., and generally operates by producing some degree of astonishment. This association, also, seems principally to arise from our experience of such connexions in the human Voice.

5. Long or lengthened Sound seems to me to have no expression in itself, but only to signify the continuance of that quality which is signified by other qualities of Sound. A loud or a low, a grave or an acute Sound prolonged, expresses to us no more than the continuance of the quality which is generally signified by such Sounds.

6. Short or abrupt Sound has a contrary expression, and signifies the sudden cessation of the quality thus expressed.

7. Increasing Sound signifies, in the same manner, the increase of the quality expressed; as,

8. Decreasing Sound signifies the gradual diminution of such qualities.

I shall leave to the reader to attend to the diversity of expression which arises from the different combination of these diversities of Sound.

The most Sublime of these Sounds appears to me to be a loud, grave, lengthened and increasing Sound.

The least Sublime, a low, acute, abrupt, or decreasing Sound.

The most beautiful, a low, grave, and decreasing Sound.

The least beautiful, a loud, acute, lengthened and increasing Sound.

Such are the few general principles that, as far as I can judge, take place, with regard to the Sublimity or Beauty of Sounds. The innumerable exceptions that there are to every one of these rules afford a sufficient proof that this Sublimity or Beauty does not arise from the Sounds themselves. Wherever, however, any new sound occurs, it is, I think, by its approach to one or other of these classes that we determine its Sublimity or Beauty.

SECTION II.

OF COMPOSED SOUNDS OR MUSIC.

I.—In the preceding illustrations, I have considered only Simple Sounds as producing the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty.

Sounds, however, are capable of being united by certain laws, and of forming a whole. To such a composition of Sounds we give the name of Music; an Art, confessedly, of great power, in producing Emotions both of Sublimity and Beauty, and the source of one of the first and purest pleasures of which our nature is susceptible.

Upon this subject I shall beg leave to offer a few observations, although it is with great diffidence that I speak upon an art of which I have no theoretical knowledge, and of which I can judge only from the effect that it produces on myself.

The essence of Music consists in continued

Sound. The same sound, however, when continued, has no beauty, farther than as a simple sound, and when long continued, becomes positively disagreeable: Music, therefore, must necessarily consist in the composition of different sounds.

The Succession or Composition of all different Sounds is not equally pleasing. By a peculiar law of our nature, there are certain sounds of which the union is agreeable, and others of which the union is disagreeable. There is therefore a relation between sounds, established by nature, which cannot be violated without pain. Music, therefore, as an art intended to produce pleasure, must consist in the composition of related Sounds.

These observations are sufficiently obvious. There are, however, two other circumstances in the Succession of Sounds necessary to constitute Music.

1. The mere Succession of related Sounds is not in itself pleasing. Although the Succession of any two related Sounds is agreeable, yet a whole series of such Sounds, in which no other relation was observed but the relation between individual Sounds, would be absolutely disagreeable. To render such a series pleasing, it is necessary that it should possess Unity, or that we should discern a relation not only between the individual Sounds, but also among the whole number of Sounds that constitute the series. Although every word in language is significant, and there is a necessary relation among words, established by the rules of grammar; yet it is obviously possible to arrange words according to grammatical rules, which yet shall possess no meaning. In the same manner a series of sounds may be composed, according to their individual relations, which yet may possess no general relation, and from which, as we can discover no end, we can derive no pleasure. What Thought is to the arrangement of words, the Key, or the fundamental Tone, is to the arrangement of Sounds; and as the one constitutes a whole in language, by establishing a certain and definite idea, to which all the words in a sentence bear a relation, so the other constitutes a whole in Music, by establishing a definite and leading Sound to which all the other Sounds in the series bear a similar relation. The first circumstance, therefore, that distinguishes Musical Succession, is the preservation of this relation among all the individual Sounds to one key or fundamental tone, which is the foundation and end of the composition.

2. The second circumstance which distinguishes Musical Succession, is the Regularity or Uniformity of that Succession. In natural events, Succession without Regularity is confusion, and, wherever Art or Design is supposed, is positively disagreeable. In Music therefore, as an Art designed to please, Regularity or Uniformity is absolutely necessary. The most pleasing succession of Sounds, without the preservation, of this Regularity, or what is commonly called Time, every one knows, is positively displeasing. For this purpose, every succession of Sounds is supposed to be divided into certain equal intervals, which, whether they comprehend more or fewer Notes, occupy the same space of Time in the succession of these Notes. To preserve this uniformity, if there are few Sounds in this Interval, these Sounds must be prolonged to occupy the

whole space of Time. If there are many, they must be sounded quickly for the same reason. The one constitutes what is called Slow, the other what is called Quick Time in common language. In both cases, however, the space or portion of time allotted to each interval is uniformly the same, and constitutes the only Regularity of which Sounds in succession are capable. A regular or uniform succession of Sounds, therefore, related to one Key or fundamental Note, may be considered as constituting Musical succession, and as distinguishing it from all other successions of Sound. The accurate perception both of this Regularity and of this Relation, constitutes that Faculty which is generally called a good or a Musical Ear.

11.—If, therefore, we consider Music as such a succession of Sounds as I have now described, the two circumstances which distinguish or determine the nature or character of every Composition are, the Nature of the Key and the Nature of the Progress; the Nature of the Fundamental and governing Sound, and the Nature or (as it is commonly called) the Time of the Succession.

With both of these characteristics of Musical Composition, I apprehend that we have many Associations.

The Key or Fundamental Tone of every Composition, from its relation to the Tones of the human Voice, is naturally expressive to us of those qualities or affections of mind which are signified by such Sounds. It is perhaps unnecessary to offer any illustration of this, because it is so obvious to every man's observation. The relation of such Tones in Music to the expression of the qualities of mind is indeed so strong, that all Musicians understand what Keys or what Tones are fitted for the expression of those affections which it is within the reach of Music to express. It is also observable, that they who are most unacquainted with Music, are yet able immediately to say, what is the affection which, any particular Key is fitted to express. Whether any piece of Music is beautiful, or not, may be a subject of dispute, and very often is so; but whether the Sounds of which it is composed are gay or solemn, cheerful or melancholy, elevating or depressing, there is seldom any dispute.

That the time of Musical Composition is also expressive to us of various affecting or interesting qualities, can scarcely be disputed. In all ages, quick time, or a rapid succession of sounds, has been appropriated to the expression of Mirth and Gaiety; slow time, or a slow succession of Sounds, to the expression of Melancholy or Sadness. All the passions or affections, therefore, which partake of either of these ingredients, may be generally expressed by such circumstances in the composition, and the different degrees of such Movements may, in the same manner, express such affections as partake of any intermediate nature between these extremes. In what manner the conception of such affections is associated with such circumstances in the progress of Sound it is not my business to explain. It is sufficient that the fact itself is acknowledged. I cannot avoid, however, observing, that there is a very strong analogy not only between the progress of Musical Sounds and the progress of Sounds in the human Voice, in the case of particular passions; but that there is also

a similar analogy between such progress in Sounds, and the progress of Thought in the case of such Passions. Under the influence of pleasing or agreeable passions, the articulation is quick; in the case of contrary passions it is slow; and so strong is this expression, that we are disposed to judge of the passion any person is affected with, although we do not hear the words he utters, merely from the slowness or rapidity of his articulation. It is observable, in the same manner, that different passions have an influence upon the progress of our thoughts, and that they operate very sensibly either in accelerating or retarding this progress. All the passions which belong to Pleasure are attended with a rapid succession of Thoughts, and seem to give an unusual degree of vigour to our Imagination. The passions, on the contrary, which belong to Pain, produce, in general, a slow and languid succession of Thought, and seem to depress our Imagination below its usual Tone. This is so obvious, that every person must have observed it even in conversation.

The Progress of musical Sounds, therefore, may very naturally express to us the nature or character of particular passions, not only from the analogy between such progress of Sounds and the progress of Thought, but still more from its being in a great measure the Sign of such affections of Mind, by making use of the same Sounds or Tones, and the same varieties in the progress of those Sounds, which are in real life the Signs of such affections in the human Voice. Whether these observations account for the associations we have with musical Time, or not, is at present a matter of no consequence, as the fact itself is sufficiently certain. The appropriation of particular time to particular Emotions has taken place in every age and country, is understood by every man, and is not the less certain, though no account can be given of the reason of it.

It is in thus being able to express both the Tone of Passion or Affection, and that progress of Thought or Sentiment which belongs to such Affections, that, in as far as I am able to judge, the real Foundation of musical Expression consists. It is far beyond the bounds which I prescribe myself in these observations, to enter into any minute investigation of the different expressions which such Sounds and such Compositions of Sounds in general possess. But if the reader will recollect what are the distinct associations which it has formerly been observed we have with Sounds or Tones, as loud or soft, grave or acute, and the particular associations which it has now been observed we have with the different progressions of Sound, as quick, or moderate, or slow; and will further attend to the possible number of ways in which these different characteristics of Music may be combined, he will be fully sensible both of the different Emotions which it is in the power of Music to express, and of the great variety which it affords in the expression of these Emotions.

If I am not mistaken, the real extent of Musical expression coincides in a great degree with this account of it. These Signs in the human Voice are general Signs. They express particular classes of passion or emotion, but they do not express any particular passion. If we had no other means of intercourse or of information, we might from such Signs infer that the person was elevated or de-

pressed, gay or solemn, cheerful or plaintive, joyous or sad ; but we could not, I think, infer what was the particular passion which produced these expressions. Music, which can avail itself of these Signs only, can express nothing more particular than the Signs themselves. It will be found accordingly that it is within this limit that musical Expression is really confined ; that such classes of Emotion it can perfectly express ; but that when it goes beyond this limit, it ceases to be either expressive or beautiful. The general Emotions of Gaity, Elevation, Solemnity, Melancholy, or Sadness, it is every day found to express ; and with regard to such general expressions, there is never any mistake ; but when it attempts to go further, when it attempts to express particular passions, Ambition, Fortitude, Pity, Love, Gratitude, &c., it either fails altogether in its effect, or is obliged to have recourse to the assistance of words to render it intelligible. "It is in general true (says Dr. Beattie) that poetry is the most intermediate and the most accurate interpreter of Music. Without this auxiliary, a piece of the best music, heard for the first time, might be said to mean something, but we should not be able to say what. It might incline the heart to sensibility, but poetry or language would be necessary to improve that sensibility into a real Emotion, by fixing the fancy upon some definite and affecting ideas. A fine instrumental symphony, well performed, is like an oration delivered with propriety, but in an unknown tongue ; it may affect us a little, but conveys no determinate feeling. We are alarmed, perhaps, or melted, or soothed ; but it is very imperfectly, because we know not why. The singer, by taking up the same air, and applying words to it, immediately translates the oration into our own language. Then all uncertainty vanishes, the fancy is filled with determinate ideas, and determinate Emotions take possession of the heart."—*Essay upon Poetry and Music*, Part 1, Chap. vi.

Nor is this confining the Expression of which Music is capable within narrower limits than is consistent with our experience of its effects. Although its real power consists in its imitation of those Signs of Emotion or Passion which take place in the human Voice, yet from its nature it possesses advantages which these signs have not, and which render it, within those limits, one of the most powerful means which can be made use of in exciting Emotion. As far as I am able to judge, these advantages principally consist in the two following circumstances.

1. In that variety of sounds which it admits of, in conformity to the key, or fundamental Tone. In the real Expression of Passion in the human voice the Sound is nearly uniform, or at least admits of very small variation. In so far, therefore, as mere Sound is concerned, the tone of any passion would in a short time become unpleasing from its uniformity ; and, if this effect were not forgot in our attention to the language and sentiments of the person who addresses us, would be perceived by every ear. In Music, on the contrary, the variety of related Sounds which may be introduced not only prevents this unpleasing effect of uniformity, and reserves the Emotion which the prevailing tone is of itself able to excite, but, by varying the expression of it, keeps both our attention and our imagination continually awake. The one resembles what we

should feel from the passion of any person who uniformly made use of the same words to express to us what he felt. The other, what we feel from that eloquence of passion, where new images are continually presenting themselves to the mind of the speaker, and a new source of delight is afforded to our imagination, in the perception of the agreement of those images with the Emotions from which they arise. The effect of musical Composition, in this light, resembles in some measure the progress of an oration, in which our interest is continually kept alive ; and if it were possible for us, for a moment, to forget that the performer is only repeating a lesson, were it possible for us to imagine that the sounds we hear were the immediate expressions of his own Emotion, the effect of Music might be conceived in some measure to approach to the effect of eloquence. To those who have felt this influence, in the degree in which, in some seasons of sensibility, it may be felt, there is no improbability in the accounts of the effects of Music in early times, when the professions of Poetry and Music were not separated : when the Bard, under the influence of some strong and present impression, accommodated his melody to the language of his own passion ; and when the hearers, under the influence of the same impression, were prepared to go along with him, in every variety of that Emotion which he felt and expressed himself.

2. But, besides this, there is another circumstance in which the Expression of Music differs materially from the Expression of natural Signs, and which serves to add considerably to the strength of its effect. Such natural Sounds express to us immediately, if they express at all, the Emotion of the person from whom they proceed, and therefore immediately excite our own Emotion. As these Sounds, however, have little or no variety, and excite immediately their correspondent Emotion, it necessarily happens that they become weaker as they proceed, until at last they become positively disagreeable. In musical Composition, on the contrary, as such Sounds constitute a whole, and have all a relation to the Key, or fundamental Note in which they close, they not only afford us a satisfaction as parts of a regular whole, but, what is of much more consequence, they keep our attention continually awake, and our expectation excited, until we arrive at that fundamental Tone which is both the close of the Composition and the end of our expectation. Instead, therefore, (as in the former case) of our Emotion becoming more languid as the Sounds proceed, it becomes, in the case of musical Composition, on the contrary, more strong. The peculiar affection we feel is kept continually increasing, by means of the expectation which is excited for the perfection of this whole, and the one and the other are only gratified when we arrive at this desired and expected end.

In this respect, indeed, musical Expression is in itself superior even to the Expression of Language : and were the Passions or Affections which it can express as definite or particular as those which can be communicated by Words, it may well be doubted whether there is any Composition of Words which could so powerfully affect us, as such a Composition of Sounds. In Language, every person under the influence of Passion or Emotion naturally begins with expressing the

cause of his Emotion; an observation which every one must have made in real life, and which might easily be confirmed by instances from Dramatic Poëtry. In this case, our Emotion is immediately at its height, and, as it has no longer any assistance from curiosity, naturally cools as the Speaker goes on. In Music, on the contrary, the manner of this communication resembles the artful but interesting conduct of the Epic or Dramatic Poem, where we find ourselves at once involved in the progress of some great Interest, where our curiosity is wound up to its utmost to discover the event, and where at every step this Interest increases, from bringing us nearer to the expected end. That the effect of musical Composition is similar; that while it excites Emotion from the nature of the Sounds, it excites also an increasing expectation and interest from the conduct of these Sounds, and from their continued dependence upon the close, has, I am persuaded, been felt in the strongest manner by every person of common sensibility, and indeed is in itself extremely obvious, from the effect which is universally produced by any pathetic composition upon the audience. The increasing silence,—the impatience of interruption, which are so evident as the composition goes on,—the arts by which the performer is almost instinctively led to enhance the merit of the close, by seeming to depart from it,—the suppression of every sign of emotion till the whole is completed,—and the violence either of sensibility or applause, that are immediately displayed, whenever a full and harmonious close is produced; all testify in the strongest manner the increasing nature of the Emotion, and the singular advantage which Music thus possesses, in keeping the attention and the sensibility so powerfully awake.

Such seems to me the natural effect of Music on the human Mind: in expressing to us those Affections or Emotions which are signified by the tones of the Voice, and the progress of articulate Sounds; limited indeed in the reach of its imitation or expression, and far inferior to language, in being confined to the expression only of general Emotions; but powerful within those limits, beyond any other means we know, both by the variety which it can afford, and the continued and increasing interest which it can raise.

It is obvious that the observations which I have now offered, relate principally to vocal Music, and to that simple species of Composition which is commonly called Song or Air. I believe it will be found that this is in reality not only the most expressive species of Composition, but the only one which affects the minds of uneducated Men. It is the only Music of early Ages, the only Music of the common People, the only Music which pleases us in Infancy and early Youth. It is a considerable time before we discern the beauties of more artificial Composition, or indeed before we understand it. In such kinds of composition, a young person, whatever may be his natural taste, seldom discovers any continued relation. He is disposed to divide it in his own mind into different parts; to consider it as a collection of distant airs; and he is not apt to judge of it not as a whole, but as the separate parts of it are expressive to him or not. There is nothing accordingly more common, than to find young people

expressing their admiration of a particular strain or division of the Composition, and such strains are always the most simple, and those which approach most to the nature of Airs; but it is seldom, I believe, that they are able to follow the whole of a Concerto, or that they are found to express their admiration of it as a whole.

With such a species of Composition, however, they who are instructed in Music have many and very interesting associations. A Song or an Air leads us always to think of the Sentiment, and seldom disposes us to think of anything else. An Overture or a Concerto disposes us to think of the Composer. It is a work in which much invention, much judgment, and much taste may be displayed; and it may have, therefore, to those who are capable of judging of it, all that pleasing effect upon the mind, which the composition of an excellent Poem or Oration has upon the minds of those who are judges of such works. The qualities of Skill, of Novelty, of Learning, of Invention, of Taste, may, in this manner, be expressed by such Compositions; qualities, it is obvious, which are the foundation both of Sublimity and Beauty in other cases, and which may undoubtedly be the foundation of such characters in musical Composition, even although it should have no other or more affecting expression to recommend it. Nor is this all: such compositions are not read in private, but are publicly recited. There is, therefore, the additional circumstance of the performance to be attended to; a circumstance of no mean consequence, and of which every man will acknowledge the importance who recollects the different effects the same composition has produced on him when performed by different people. There is, therefore, the Judgment, the Taste, the Expression of the Performer, in addition to all those different qualities of excellence which may distinguish the Composition; and the whole effect is similar to that which every one has felt from any celebrated piece of Poetry, when recited by an able and harmonious Declaimer. Even to the very worst music this gives an effect; and the effect may easily be conceived when the Music also is good.

III.—While Music has this power in expressing some of the most interesting and affecting passions of the human Mind, and is, in its more artificial state, significant to us of so many pleasing and delightful qualities, it will not, I hope, be considered as rash, if I presume to think that it is from these associations that it derives all its power in producing the Emotions of Sublimity or Beauty, and that wherever it does produce either of these effects, it is by being expressive to us either of some interesting passion, or of some valuable and pleasing quality in the Composition or the Performance.

When any musical Composition affects us with the Emotions either of Sublimity or Beauty, it should seem that this effect must arise from one or other of the following causes:—1st, From the nature of the single of individual Sounds which enter into the Composition. 2ndly, From the nature of the Composition itself, or from those laws which, as has before been observed, are necessary to render a succession of Sounds agreeable, or to constitute Music; or, 3rdly, From the associations we connect with it, or the qualities of

which it is expressive to us. That the Beauty or Sublimity of single sounds is not a quality of the Sounds themselves, but arises from their expression, I have already endeavoured to illustrate. That the Beauty of musical Composition does not arise from the second of those causes, or from the circumstances of the Composition itself, and that it is altogether to be ascribed to the qualities of which it is expressive to us, I am disposed to conclude from the following considerations:—

1. If the Beauty of Music arose from the regular composition of Sounds, according to those laws which are necessary to constitute Music or an agreeable succession of Sounds, it would necessarily follow that every composition, where these laws were observed, would be beautiful. Every man, however, knows, that there is a very wide distinction between Music and beautiful Music. If a Composition is expressive of no sentiment, a common hearer feels no Beauty from it: if it is quite common, and has neither novelty nor skill in it, a Connoisseur in Music feels as little. If it has neither one nor other, all the world pronounce it bad Music. Yet such a Composition may be perfectly regular, may be in obedience to the strictest laws of Composition, and will give to every one that inferior pleasure which arises from a regular succession of Sounds. As there is therefore a very evident distinction between that mechanical pleasure which we receive from mere Music, and that delight which we feel from Music when Beautiful or Sublime, it is obvious that the mere regular Composition of related Sounds is not the cause of the Emotions either of Sublimity or Beauty.

2. If the beauty of Music arose from any of those qualities, either of Sound or of the Composition of Sounds, which are immediately perceivable by the Ear, it is obvious that this would be expressed in Language, and that the terms by which such Music was characterised, would be significant of some quality or qualities discernible by the Ear: if, on the contrary, this Beauty arises from the interesting or affecting qualities of which it is expressive to us, such qualities, in the same manner, ought, in common language, to be assigned as the causes of this Emotion: and the terms by which such Music is characterised ought to be significant of such qualities. That the last is the case, I think there can be no dispute. The terms Plaintive, Tender, Cheerful, Gay, Elevating, Solemn, &c. are not only constantly applied to every kind of Music that is either Sublime or Beautiful; but it is, in fact, by such terms only that men ever characterise the Compositions from which they receive such Emotions. If any man were asked what was it that rendered such an Air so beautiful, he would immediately answer, because it was Plaintive, Solemn, Cheerful, &c., but he never would think of describing its peculiar nature as a Composition of Sounds. In the same manner, if he were accounting to any person for the Beauty or Sublimity of any Composition, if he were to describe it in the most accurate way possible, as having particular characters of Composition, he might indeed make him wonder at his learning, but he would leave him as ignorant as before, with regard to the source of its Beauty. Were he to tell him, on the other hand, that it was expressive of

Melancholy, Gaiety, or Tenderness, he would make him understand at once the reason of his Emotion. If the Beauty or Sublimity of Music arose from the laws of its Composition, the very reverse of all this would obviously be the case.

It is observable, in the same manner, that even they who are best acquainted with the principles of Composition, and who are most disposed to forget the end in attention to the rules of the science, yet never think of expressing the Beauty or Sublimity of any piece of Music by terms significant of its nature as a Composition, but by such as are significant of some pleasing or interesting Association. If they forget the Expression of Music, they never forget the merits of the Composer. When they speak, therefore, of the Sublimity or Beauty of any such Composition, if they are farther questioned upon the subject, it will always be found that it is either the Learning, the Invention, or the Taste which it displays, that they assign as the foundation of their admiration, or some other quality, either in the composition or performance, perfectly distinct from the mere qualities either of Sound or Composition. This universal language of mankind is not only a proof of the connexion between the Beauty and Sublimity of Music and the Expressions which it conveys, but it is impossible that this language should ever have been either employed or understood, if the Sublimity or Beauty of Music were independent of such Expressions.

3. If the Beauty or Sublimity of Music depended solely upon the nature of its composition, and was independent of the qualities of which it is expressive, it would necessarily happen that the same compositions must always be beautiful or sublime, which once were so; and that in every situation they must produce the same Emotion, in the same manner as every other object of Sense uniformly produces its correspondent sensation. The truth is, however, that no such thing takes place, and that, on the contrary, Music is then only beautiful or sublime, when it is accommodated to the Emotion which it is intended to express. If the Passion of Revenge, for instance, were expressed by the most beautiful composition of Sounds conceivable, which either naturally or from habit were considered as expressive of Tenderness, every man, instead of being affected with its beauty, would laugh at its absurdity. In the same manner, if Love or Tenderness were expressed by any Sounds, or composition of Sounds, generally appropriated to the expression of Rage, or Revenge, however sublime they might be according to their own expression, they would undoubtedly cease to be so by such an appropriation. Instances of the same kind might easily be multiplied. If we could suppose that, by a miracle, the present system of Sounds in the human Voice were altogether changed; that the Tones which now express Mirth should then express Melancholy, the Sounds which now express Rage should then express Tenderness, &c., and that a similar revolution should at the same time take place in the expression of the progress of Sounds, I think every man will allow that the whole system of Music must of necessity be changed; that a new Music must arise, accom-

modated to this change in the system of expressive Sounds; and that if it were not changed, instead of affording us any Emotions of Beauty or Sublimity, it would either be unintelligible or absolutely absurd: yet in such a case, all that arises from the mere mechanical structure of Sounds would remain—all that is immediately perceived by the Ear, either in Sound itself, or in the composition of Sound, would have undergone no revolution. There cannot well be a stronger proof, that the Beauty or Sublimity of Music arises from the qualities which it expresses, and not from the means by which they are expressed.

4. It is observable, that the Beauty or Sublimity of Music is felt by those who have no perception of the relation of Sounds, either in point of Tune or Time, and who consequently must be unconscious of any pleasure that arises from the mere composition of Sounds. Every one who will take the trouble of inquiring, will find many people who have (as it is generally called) no musical ear, who are unable to learn the simplest tune, and who can scarcely distinguish one tune from another, who are yet sensible to the Beauty or Sublimity of Music, and who feel delight from different kinds of Composition. The want of a Musical ear is not uncommon; but I believe there is no instance of any person who is insensible either to the Expression of different Tones in the human Voice, or who is not differently affected by the different progress of Sounds. In such cases, although Music has not the same extent of Expression to them that it has to those who are born with a good ear, yet still it has some Expression; and the proof of it is, that although they cannot tell whether any note is just or not, or whether the time of any composition is perfectly preserved, they can still tell whether a song is gay or plaintive, whether fitted to inspire mirth or melancholy. They have therefore that degree of delight from it which the scenes of Nature usually inspire, where a general but indistinct relation is observed to some interesting or affecting qualities, and where, in consequence of this relation, such scenes naturally tend to excite or to encourage a correspondent Emotion; but they are insensible to that greater delight, which, as has already been shown, every man of a good ear feels, both from the variety of this Expression, and from the continued and increasing interest which it awakens. If the Sublimity or Beauty of Music arose from the discernment of such relations as constitute the laws of composition, it is obvious that they who are incapable of discerning such relations would be incapable, at the same time, of discovering either its Sublimity or Beauty.

In the preceding observations, I have considered only the permanent Associations we have with musical Composition, or the Expressions which are everywhere felt both in the Tone and the Time of such successions of Sound, from their analogy to the character and progress of Sound in the human Voice. With Music, however, we have often many accidental Associations, both individual and national; and the influence of such Associations upon our opinions of the Beauty or Sublimity of Music might be shown from many considerations. On the one hand, from the dependence of the Beauty of Music upon the temporary or habitual dispositions of our minds,—from the

different effect which is produced by the same Composition, according to the Associations we happen to connect with it,—and from the tendency which all national Music has to render those who are accustomed to it insensible to the beauty of any foreign Music, from their association of particular sentiments with peculiar characters or modes of Composition: and, on the other hand, from the influence of individual or national Associations in increasing the Sublimity or Beauty of Music, both by increasing its natural Expressions, and by rendering these Expressions more definite and precise. I am unwilling, however, to swell these very imperfect remarks, by illustrations which every one can so easily prosecute for himself. From the whole, I am induced to conclude, that Music is productive to us of two distinct and separate Pleasures:

1. Of that mechanical Pleasure which, by the constitution of our nature, accompanies the perception of a regular succession of related Sounds.
2. Of that Pleasure which such compositions of Sound may produce, either by the Expression of some pathetic or interesting Affection, or by being the sign of some pleasing or valuable Quality, either in the Composition or the Performance.

That it is to this last Source the Beauty or Sublimity of Music is to be ascribed, or that it is Beautiful or Sublime only when it is expressive of some pleasing or interesting Quality, I hope is evident from the preceding observations.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE OBJECTS OF SIGHT.

THE greatest part of the external objects in which we discover Sublimity or Beauty, are such as are perceived by the Sense of Sight. It has even been imagined by some Philosophers, that it is to such objects only that the name of Beauty is properly applied, and that it is only from analogy that the same term is applied to the objects of our other Senses. This opinion, however, seems at first sight ill-founded. The terms Beauty and Sublimity are applied by all men to Sounds, and even sometimes to smells. In our own experience, we very often find that the same Emotion is produced by Sounds which is produced by Forms or Colours; and the nature of language sufficiently shows, that this is conformable also to general experience. There seems no reason therefore for limiting the objects of Sublimity or Beauty to the sole class of visible objects.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that by far the greatest number of these objects are such as we discover by means of this Sense; nor does it seem difficult to assign the reason of this superiority. By the rest of our senses, we discover only single qualities of objects; but by the Sense of Seeing, we discover all that assemblage of qualities which constitute, in our imaginations, the peculiar nature of such objects. By our other senses, we discover, in general, such qualities only when the bodies are in contact with us; but the Sense of Sight affords us a very wide field of observation, and enables us to make them the objects of attention when they are at a very consi-

derable distances from ourselves. It is natural, therefore, that the greater power of this Sense should dispose us to greater confidence in it, and that the qualities of bodies which we discover by means of it should more powerfully impress themselves upon our imagination and memory, than those single qualities which we discover by the means of our other Senses. The visible qualities of objects, accordingly, become to us not only the distinguishing characteristics of external bodies, but they become also in a great measure the Signs of all their other qualities; and by recalling to our minds the qualities signified, affect us in some degree with the same Emotion which the objects themselves can excite. Not only the smell of the Rose, or the Violet, is expressed to us by their Colours and Forms; but the utility of a Machine, the elegance of a Design, the proportion of a Column, the speed of the Horse, the ferocity of the Lion, even all the qualities of the human mind, are naturally expressed to us by certain visible appearances; because our experience has taught us, that such qualities are connected with such appearances, and the presence of the one immediately suggests to us the idea of the other. Such visible qualities, therefore, are gradually considered as the Signs of other qualities, and are productive to us of the same Emotions with the qualities they signify.

But, besides this, it is also to be observed, that by this sense we not only discover the nature of individual objects, and therefore naturally associate their qualities with their visible appearance, but that by it also we discover the relations of objects to each other; and that hence a great variety of objects in nature become expressive of qualities which do not immediately belong to themselves, but to the objects with which we have found them connected. Thus, for instance, it is by this sense we discover that the Eagle inhabits among Rocks and Mountains; that the Red-breast leaves the Woods in Winter, to seek shelter and food among the dwellings of men; that the song of the Nightingale is peculiar to the Evening and the Night, &c. In consequence of this permanent connexion, these animals acquire a character from the scenes they inhabit, or the seasons in which they appear, and are expressive to us in some measure of the character of these seasons and scenes. It is hence that so many objects become expressive, which perhaps in themselves would never have been so; that the Curfew is so solemn from accompanying the close of day, the twitter of the Swallow so cheerful from its being heard in the Morning, the bleating of Sheep, the call of the Goat, the lowing of Kine, so beautiful from their occurring in pastoral or romantic Situations; in short, that the greatest number of natural objects acquire their expression from their connexion with particular or affecting scenes.

As, in this way, the visible qualities of objects become expressive to us of all the qualities which they possess; and besides, in so many cases receive expression from their connexion with other objects, it is extremely natural that such qualities should form the greatest and most numerous class of the objects of Material Beauty.

I proceed to a more particular investigation of the Sublimity and Beauty of some of the most remarkable Classes of these Qualities.

SECTION I.

OF THE BEAUTY OF COLOURS.

The greatest part of Colours are connected with a kind of established Imagery in our Minds, and are considered as expressive of many very pleasing and affecting Qualities.

These Associations may perhaps be included in the following Enumeration; 1st, Such as arise from the nature of the objects thus permanently coloured; 2dly, Such as arise from some analogy between certain Colours, and certain Dispositions of Mind; and 3dly, Such as arise from accidental connexions, whether national or particular.

1. When we have been accustomed to see any object capable of exciting Emotion, distinguished by some fixed or permanent Colour, we are apt to extend to the Colour the Qualities of the object thus coloured; and to feel from it, when separated, some degree of the same Emotion which is properly excited by the object itself. Instances of this kind are within every person's observation. White, as it is the colour of Day, is expressive to us of the Cheerfulness or Gaiety which the return of Day brings. Black, as the colour of Darkness, is expressive of Gloom and Melancholy. The Colour of the Heavens, in serene Weather, is Blue: Blue is therefore expressive to us of somewhat of the same pleasing and temperate character. Green is the colour of the Earth in Spring. it is consequently expressive to us of some of those delightful images which we associate with that Season. The colours of Vegetables and Minerals acquire in the same manner a kind of character from the character of the species which they distinguish. The expression of those colours, which are the signs of particular passions in the human Countenance, and which, from this connexion, derive their effect, every one is acquainted with.

2. There are many Colours which derive expression from some analogy we discover between them and certain affections of the human Mind. Soft or Strong, Mild or Bold, Gay or Gloomy, Cheerful or Solemn, &c. are terms in all Languages applied to Colours: terms obviously metaphorical, and the use of which indicates their connexion with particular qualities of Mind. In the same manner, different degrees or shades of the same Colour have similar characters, as Strong, or Temperate, or Gentle, &c. In consequence of this Association, which is in truth so strong, that it is to be found among all mankind, such Colours derive a character from this resemblance, and produce in our Minds some faint degree of the same Emotion, which the qualities they express are fitted to produce.

3. Many Colours acquire character from accidental Association. Purple, for instance, has acquired a character of Dignity, from its accidental connexion with the Dress of Kings. The colours of Ermine have a similar character from the same cause. The colours in every country which distinguish the dress of Magistrates, Judges, &c. acquire dignity in the same manner. Scarlet, in this country, as the Colour which distinguishes the dress of the Army, has in some measure a character correspondent to its employment; and it was perhaps this Association (though unknown

to himself) that induced the blind man, mentioned by Mr. Locke, to liken his notion of Scarlet to the Sound of a Trumpet. Every person will, in the same manner, probably recollect the particular colours which are pleasing to him, from their having been worn by People whom he loved, or from some other accidental Association.

In these several ways, Colours become significant to us of many interesting or affecting Qualities, and excite in us some degree of the Emotions which such qualities in themselves are fitted to produce. Whether some Colours may not of themselves produce agreeable Sensations, and others disagreeable Sensations, I am not anxious to dispute: but wherever Colours are felt as producing the Emotion of Beauty, that it is by means of their Expression, and not from any original fitness in the Colours themselves to produce this effect, may perhaps be obvious from the following considerations:

1. The different sentiments of Mankind, with regard to the Beauty of Colours, are inconsistent with the opinion that such qualities are beautiful in themselves. It is impossible to infer, because any particular Colour is beautiful in one country, that it will also be beautiful in another: and there are, in fact, many instances where the same Colour produces very different opinions of Beauty in different races of Men. Black to us is in general an unpleasant Colour. In Spain and in Venice, it is otherwise. Yellow is to us, at least in dress, a disagreeable Colour. In China it is the favourite Colour. White is to us extremely Beautiful. In China, on the contrary, it is extremely disagreeable. Instances of the same kind must have occurred to every person.

If we inquire, on the other hand, what is the reason of this difference of opinion, we shall uniformly find that it arises from the different Associations which these different people have with such Colours, and that their opinion of their Beauty is permanently regulated by the nature of the Qualities of which they are expressive. Black is to us an unpleasant Colour, because it is the Colour appropriated to Mourning. In Venice and Spain, it is the Colour which distinguishes the dress of the Great. Yellow is, in China, the imperial Colour, and sacred to the Emperor and his property; it is therefore associated with ideas of Magnificence and Royalty. Among us it has no distinct Association, and is therefore beautiful or otherwise, only according to its degree or shade. White is Beautiful to us in a supreme degree, as emblematical both of Innocence and Cheerfulness. In China, on the other hand, it is the Colour appropriated to Mourning, and consequently very far from being generally beautiful. In the same manner, wherever any peculiar Colours are permanently favourite, there will always be found some pleasing Association which the People have with that Colour, and of which they, in some measure, consider it significant.

2. It is farther observable, that no Colours, in fact, are beautiful, but such as are expressive to us of pleasing or interesting Qualities. All Colours obviously are not beautiful: the same Colours are beautiful only when they are expressive of such qualities; and, in general, I believe it will be found that among all the variety of

Colours we are acquainted with, those only are beautiful which have similar expressions.

The common Colours, for instance, of many indifferent things which surround us, of the Earth, of Stone, of Wood, &c. have no kind of Beauty, and are never mentioned as such. The things themselves are so indifferent to us, that they excite no kind of Emotion, and of consequence their Colours produce no greater Emotion, as the signs of such qualities, than the qualities themselves. The Colours, in the same manner, which distinguish the ordinary dress of the common People, and are never considered as Beautiful. It is the Colours only of the Dress of the Great, of the Opulent or of distinguished professions, which are ever considered in this light. The Colours of our furniture, in the same way, are never beautiful; it is the Colours only of fashionable, or costly, or magnificent Furniture, which are ever considered as such.

It is observable, farther, that even the most beautiful Colours (or those which are expressive to us of the most pleasing Associations) cease to appear beautiful whenever they are familiar, or when the objects which they distinguish have ceased to produce their usual Emotions. The Blush of the Rose, the Blue of a serene Sky, the Green of the Spring, are beautiful only when they are new, or unfamiliar. In a short time we observe them with the same indifference that we do the most common and unnoticed colours. That, in the same manner, our perception of their Beauty depends on the state of our own Minds, and that it is only in seasons of sensibility that we are conscious of it, is a fact which every Man knows so well from his own experience, that it would be needless to illustrate it.

It may be observed, also, that no new colour is ever beautiful, until we have acquired some pleasing association with it. This is peculiarly observable in the Article of Dress; and indeed it is the best instance of it, because in such cases no other circumstance intervenes by which the experiment can be influenced. Every man must have observed that, in the great variety of new colours which the caprice of Fashion is perpetually introducing, no new colour appears at first as beautiful. We feel, on the contrary, a kind of disappointment, when we see such a colour in the dress of those who regulate the Fashions, instead of that which used to distinguish them; and even although the colour should be such, as in other subjects we consider as beautiful, our disappointment still overbalances the pleasure it might give. A few weeks, even a few days alter our opinion; as soon as it is generally adopted by those who lead the public Taste, and has become of consequence the mark of Rank and Elegance, it immediately becomes beautiful. This, it is observable, is not peculiar to colours that in themselves may be agreeable; for it often happens, that the caprice of Fashion leads us to admire colours that are disagreeable, and that not only in themselves, but also from the Associations with which they are connected. A plain man would scarcely believe that the Colours of a glass Bottle, of a dead Leaf, of Clay, &c. could ever be beautiful; yet within these few years, not only these, but some much more unpleasant colours that might be mentioned, have been fashionable and admired. As soon, however, as the Fashion

changes, as soon as they whose Rank or Accomplishments give this fictitious value to the Colours they wear think proper to desert them, so soon the Beauty of the Colour is at an end. A new colour succeeds; a new disappointment attends its first appearance; its beauty is gradually acknowledged; and the Colour which was formerly the favourite, sinks into neglect and contempt. If the Faculty by which the Beauty of Colours is perceived had any analogy to a Sense, it is obvious that such variations in our opinion of their Beauty could not take place.

3. When the particular Associations we have with such Colours are destroyed, their Beauty is destroyed at the same time.

The different machines, instruments, &c., which minister to the convenience of Life, have in general, from the materials of which they are composed, or from the uses to which they are applied, a fixed and determinate Colour. This Colour becomes accordingly in some degree beautiful, from its being the Sign of such qualities; and although this effect is, in a great measure, lost from the frequency of observation, it is still observable upon many occasions. Change the accustomed Colour of such objects, and every man feels a kind of disappointment. This is so strong, that even if a Colour more generally beautiful is substituted, yet still our dissatisfaction is the same, and the new colour, instead of being beautiful, becomes the reverse. Rose-colour, for instance, is a more beautiful Colour than that of Mahogany; yet if any man were to paint his doors and windows with Rose-colour, he would certainly not add to their Beauty. The Colour of a polished steel-grate is agreeable, but is not in itself very beautiful. Suppose it painted green, or violet, or crimson, all of them colours much more beautiful, and the beauty of it is altogether destroyed. The Colours of Cedar, of Mahogany, of Satin-wood, are not nearly so beautiful as many other Colours that may be mentioned. There is no Colour, however, with which such woods can be painted, that would be so beautiful as the Colours of the woods themselves; because they are very valuable, and the Colours are in some measure significant to us of this value. Instances of this kind are innumerable.

There are different professions in every country, which are distinguished by different coloured dresses. Whatever may have led to this Appropriation, and however fanciful and extravagant it may sometimes be, after it is established, there is felt a kind of propriety in the dress; and it is strongly associated in our minds with the qualities which such professions seem to indicate. We are in some measure disappointed, therefore, when we see a professional man not in the dress of his profession; and when he is in this dress, we conceive that there is a propriety and Beauty in such a Colour. Change the Colours of these several dresses, and all this species of Beauty is destroyed. We should not only laugh at the supposition of the Army and Navy being dressed in black, and the Church and the Bar in scarlet; but we should feel also a discontent, as if these Colours had in themselves a separate Expression, and were in these cases misapplied. Even in reversing the dress of individuals of these different professions, the whole Beauty of their dress is destroyed; and we are conscious of a feeling of impropriety, as if the

qualities which are peculiar to such professions were necessarily connected with the dress they wear. So strong is this association even in trifles, and so naturally do Colours become expressive to us of the qualities with which we have found them generally connected.

In natural objects the same circumstance is very apparent. There are Colours perhaps more generally beautiful than those which distinguish Trees, or Rocks, or Waters, or Cottages, or Ruins, or any of the ordinary ingredients of rural scenery; yet no Colours, but the natural, could possibly be beautiful in the imitation of such scenes; because no other colours could be expressive to us of those qualities which are the sources of our Emotion from such objects in Nature. That all the Beauty, in the same manner, of Plants or Animals, would be destroyed, if any new Colours, however generally beautiful, were substituted in the place of those by which Nature has distinguished their different classes, and which are of consequence associated in our minds with all the qualities which they possess, is so obvious, that it is altogether unnecessary to attempt the illustration of it. That this principle applies also to the Colours of Dress, and that the same Colour is beautiful or not, as the Expression which it has is suited to the character or situation of the person who wears it, every person may satisfy himself by a little attention. As thus there is no Colour whatever which in all situations is beautiful, and as, on the contrary, the Beauty of every Colour is destroyed, whenever the associations we have with it are dissolved, it seems reasonable to conclude that the Beauty of such qualities arises from their Expression, and not from any original fitness in them to produce this Emotion.

4. If the Beauty of Colours arose from any original fitness in them to produce this Emotion, it is apparent that they who are incapable of such Perceptions, must be incapable of such Emotion. That the blind, however, may receive the same delight, from the ideas which they associate with Colours, that they do who see, is a fact which I think every one will be convinced of who reads the poems of Dr. Blacklock. No man who is not acquainted with the history of their ingenious Author, could perceive that he had the misfortune to lose his sight in early infancy. That from conversation, and from the perusal of books of poetry, it was possible for him to learn the distinguishing colours of certain objects, and to apply them with sufficient propriety in his own verses, I do not deny; but the circumstance of importance at present is this, that his poetry is full of the same sentiments, and expresses the same admiration with regard to the different visible qualities of matter, with that of Poets who have had no such defect; and that the same power is ascribed to them in producing the Emotions of Beauty, and with as great accuracy with regard to particular instances, as in the compositions of those who have had the Sense of Sight in its fullest perfection. If our perception of the Beauty of Colours arose from some original fitness in such qualities to produce this Emotion, it is obvious that the blind must be as incapable of perceiving this beauty as of perceiving the Colours themselves; but if the Beauty of Colours arises from the associations we connect with them, this fact, in the case of Dr. Blacklock, admits of a very

simple solution. From reading, and from conversation, he has acquired the same associations with the Words that express such Colours, as we have with the Colours themselves; that the word White, for instance, signifies a quality in objects expressive of Cheerfulness and Innocence,—the word Purple, the quality of Majesty,—the word Black, the quality of Gloom and Melancholy, &c. In this case, it is obvious that he may feel the same Emotions from the use of these words, that we do from the Colours which they express; and that from the permanence of these associations in a great variety of cases, he may apply the terms with sufficient propriety, either in sublime or beautiful description. As this is in reality the case, it seems to be a very strong confirmation of the opinion, that the beauty of such qualities arises from the association we connect with them, and not from any original or independent Beauty in the Colours themselves.

CHAPTER IV. OF FORMS.

Of all material Qualities, that which is most generally and most naturally productive of the Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty is Form. Other qualities may be separated from most objects without destroying their nature; but the Form of every material object, in a great measure, constitutes its nature and essence, and cannot be destroyed, without destroying the individual subject to which it belongs. From whatever cause, therefore, the Beauty of any material object proceeds, it is natural to ascribe it to the Form, or to that quality which most intimately belongs to the object, and constitutes its essence to our senses. The common opinion, therefore, undoubtedly is, that Forms in themselves are beautiful; that there is an original and essential Beauty in some particular Forms; and that this quality is as immediately discernible in them as the Forms themselves.

Philosophers, however, have not been satisfied with this common opinion. The supposition of such an original and independent Beauty in Forms has been found inconsistent with many phenomena, and some more general principle was wanted, under which the different facts upon this subject might be tolerably arranged. Many Theories accordingly have been formed to account for this species of Beauty. Some have resolved it into a sense of Proportion, and endeavoured to establish, by analogy from our other senses, certain proportions which are immediately and permanently beautiful. Others have accounted for this Beauty from the union of Uniformity and Variety. Some have supposed it to arise from the consideration of Utility. Others have asserted, that the Beauty of Forms arises from their Commonness, and that the beautiful Form is that which is most generally met with in objects of the same kind. Mr. Hogarth, in opposition to all, considers the beautiful Form as being described by lines of a particular kind, and has produced a great variety of instances in support of his opinion.

It is not my design at present to enter into any examination of these several opinions. In all of them, I believe, there is something true to a cer-

tain extent, though I believe, also, that they have arisen from a partial view of the subject, and are inadequate to account for the greater number of the phenomena.

I may be allowed, however, to observe, that of the two, the common opinion is by much the most defensible. To reduce the great variety of instances of Beauty in Forms to any single principle, seems at first sight altogether impossible; not only from this variety, but also, in innumerable cases, from the contrary nature of the Forms, which, in fact, are Beautiful. As no Theory, besides, can possibly be maintained without some foundation in Nature, the number of Theories which have been produced upon this subject are in themselves an evidence, that this Beauty arises from more causes than any one of these Theories comprehends.

The principle which I have endeavoured to illustrate with regard to the Beauty and Sublimity of Sounds and Colours, will, perhaps, be found to be equally applicable to the Beauty or Sublimity of Forms; and, as far as I can judge, is free from the objections which may be stated both to the common and philosophical opinions. In the observations which follow, I shall therefore endeavour to show, that the Sublimity or Beauty of Forms arises altogether from the Associations we connect with them, or the Qualities of which they are expressive to us; and I shall endeavour to explain, with as much accuracy as I am able, the different Expressions of which Forms are susceptible, and which are the Foundation of that Sublimity and Beauty which we ascribe to them. The importance of the subject will, I hope, be my excuse for the length, and perhaps for the tediousness of some of these illustrations.

Forms are naturally divisible into two kinds, into animated and inanimate Forms. It is the latter of these, only which I propose at present to consider; as it is obviously necessary first to consider the source of the Beauty of which Form itself is capable, before we can properly ascertain that superior Beauty which arises from Animation.

With regard to inanimate Forms, the principal expressions which they have to us seem to be, 1st, The expressions of such qualities as arise from the nature of the bodies distinguished by such Forms; and, 2dly, The expressions of such qualities as arise from their being the subject or production of Art. The first of these constitutes what may be called their NATURAL Beauty; the second, what may be called their RELATIVE Beauty. There is also another source of expression in such qualities from accidental Association, and which perhaps may be termed their ACCIDENTAL Beauty.

Upon each of these sources of the Beauty of Forms, I shall offer some observations.

SECTION I.

OF THE NATURAL SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY OF FORMS.

PART I.

Of the Sublimity of Forms.

THE Sublimity of inanimate Forms seems to arise chiefly from two sources; 1st, From the nature of the objects distinguished by that Form; and, 2dly, From the quantity or magnitude of the Form itself. There are other circumstances in the nature of Forms which may extend or increase this

character; but I apprehend that the two now mentioned are the only ones which of themselves constitute Sublimity. Both of them, I believe, are productive of this effect, by being expressive to us of qualities capable of exciting very strong Emotions.

I.—1. The Forms which distinguish bodies that are connected in our minds with ideas of Danger or Power are in general Sublime. There is scarcely anything in inanimate Nature more remarkably so, than all those forms which are appropriated to the instruments of War. The Forms of Cannon, Mortars, &c., have all a character of this kind. Military Ensigns, although approaching to very common and neglected Forms, partake of the same character. There are few things more Sublime than the Forms of Armour, particularly the steel Armour which was in use in the middle ages. Even the familiarity of common use does not altogether destroy this effect: the Sword, the Spear, the Javelin, the Dagger, are still sublime Forms, and enter with propriety into the sublimest descriptions either of Poetry or Painting.

2. The forms that in general distinguish bodies of great duration, and which of consequence express to us great Power or Strength, are in most cases sublime. In the Vegetable Kingdom, the Forms of Trees are sublime, principally in proportion to their expression of this quality. Nothing is more Sublime than the Form of Rocks, which seem to be coeval with Creation, and which all the convulsions of Nature have not been able to destroy. The Sublimest of all the Mechanical Arts is Architecture, principally from the durability of its productions; and these productions are in themselves Sublime, in proportion to their antiquity, or the extent of their Duration. The Gothic Castle is still more Sublime than all, because, besides the desolation of Time, it seems also to have withstood the assaults of War.

3. The Forms which distinguish bodies that are connected in our Minds with ideas of Splendour or Magnificence are in general sublime. The Forms of the Throne, the Sceptre, and the Diadem, approach, in fact, to very common and very neglected Forms, yet they are all sublime, from being the signs of the Splendour and Magnificence of Royalty. The triumphal Car, and the triumphal Arch, are sublime Forms, from similar Associations.

4. The Forms, in the same manner, which distinguish bodies connected in our Minds with ideas of Awe or Solemnity, are in general sublime. The Forms of Temples, although very different as Forms, have in all ages been accounted as sublime. Even the most common Forms employed in religious service, derive a character of this kind from the qualities with which they are connected. The Thunderbolt of Jupiter, the Trident of Neptune, &c., seem to have been considered by the Ancients as sublime Forms, although in themselves they are insignificant. The Forms of all those things, in the same manner, which are employed in the burial of the Dead, are strikingly sublime. The Pall, the Hearse, the Robes of Mourners, &c., even the Plumes, which in general are so beautiful, and the Colour of which is in most cases so cheerful, are, in this situation, above all other things, powerfully Sublime.

That these, and probably other Associations of

a similar kind, have an effect in bestowing Sublimity upon the Forms which generally distinguish such bodies, every person, I think, will be satisfied, both from his own experience and from conversation. That the Sublimity of such Forms arises from the qualities which they express, and not from an original fitness in any peculiar Form to produce this Emotion, is so apparent from the single consideration of the great variety of Forms that are sublime, that I will not fatigue the reader by any farther illustration of it.

II.—The Sublimity of Forms, in many cases also, arises from their Magnitude; and this Quality alone is often sufficient to bestow Sublimity. With Magnitude, accordingly, we have many distinct and powerful Associations.

In animal Forms, Magnitude is strongly associated in our Minds with the idea of proportionable Power or Strength, and is chiefly sublime from its expression of this quality. Animals of great size, but feeble or harmless, are so far from being sublime, that they are in general contemptible: a fact which may easily be observed even in the opinions of Children.

In inanimate Forms, Magnitude seems to have different expressions to us, according to its different appearance or description.

Magnitude in Height is expressive to us of Elevation and Magnanimity. The source of this Association is so obvious, and the Association itself so natural, that such qualities of mind have, in all ages, been expressed by these Images, and such Magnitudes described by terms drawn from these qualities of Mind.

Magnitude in Depth is expressive to us of Danger or Terror, and from our constant experience of images of Horror. In all countries, the popular Hell is considered as an unfathomable abyss, into which the souls of the wicked are plunged.

Magnitude in Length is expressive to us of Vastness, and, when apparently unbounded, of Infinity; that being naturally imagined to be without end, to which we can discern none. It is impossible to see a vast plain, and above all, the ocean, without this impression. In spite of the knowledge we have of the immense space between us and the fixed stars, and of the comparatively trifling distance between any two points in this globe, yet the former is not nearly so sublime as the view of the ocean without shore, or even of a great plain without bounds.

Magnitude in Breadth is expressive to us of Stability, of Duration, of Superiority to Destruction. Towers, Forts, Castles, &c., are sublime in consequence of this association, though very often they have no other considerable magnitude. The pyramids of Egypt are strikingly sublime in point of form, from this Expression, as well as from the real knowledge we have of their duration. We are so accustomed to judge of the stability of everything by the proportion of its base, that terms borrowed from this material quality are in every language appropriated to the expression of some of the sublimest conceptions we can form; to the stability of Nations, of Empires, of the Laws of Nature, of the future hopes of good men.

For the reality of these Associations, I might appeal to every man's own experience, as well as to the common language of mankind. That it is from such Expressions, or from being the sign of

such qualities that Magnitude is sublime, and not from any original fitness in the quality itself to produce this Emotion, seems to be obvious from the following considerations: 1st, That there is no determinate Magnitude, which is solely or peculiarly sublime, as would necessarily be the case, were Magnitude itself the cause of this Emotion. 2dly, That the same visible Magnitude which is sublime in one subject, is often very far from being sublime in another, and *vice versa*; and, 3dly, That Magnitude, according to its different appearances, has different characters of Sublimity corresponding to the different Expressions which such appearances have; whereas if it were in itself sublime, independently of all Expression, it would in all cases have the same degree and the same character of Sublimity.

Of the Natural Beauty of Forms.

The most obvious definition of FORM, is that of Matter, bounded or circumscribed by Lines. As no straight line, however, can include Matter, it follows, that the only Lines which can constitute Form, must be either, 1st, Angular Lines, or 2dly, Curved or winding Lines. Every Form whatever must be composed either by one or other of these Lines, or by the Union of them.

When Forms are composed by one of these lines solely, they may be termed SIMPLE FORMS. When they are composed by the Union of them, they may be termed COMPLEX FORMS.

For the sake of perspicuity, I shall first consider what it is that constitutes the Beauty of Simple Forms, and then what constitutes the Beauty of Complex Forms.

Simple Forms then may be considered as described either by angular or winding Lines. These different Forms seem to me to be connected in our minds with very different Associations, or to be expressive to us of very different Qualities. I shall beg leave to mention some of these, without pretending to a complete enumeration.

1. The greater part of those bodies in Nature, which possess Hardness, Strength, or Durability, are distinguished by angular Forms. The greater part of those bodies, on the contrary, which possess Weakness, Fragility, or Delicacy, are distinguished by winding or curvilinear Forms. In the Mineral Kingdom, all Rocks, Stones, and Metals, the hardest and most durable bodies we know, assume universally angular Forms. In the Vegetable Kingdom, all strong and durable Plants are in general distinguished by similar Forms. The feebler and more delicate race of Vegetables, on the contrary, are mostly distinguished by winding Forms. In the Animal Kingdom, in the same manner, strong and powerful Animals are generally characterised by Angular Forms: feeble and delicate Animals by Forms of the contrary kind. In consequence of this very general connexion in Nature, these different Forms become expressive to us of the different qualities of Strength and Delicacy.

2. In all those bodies which have a progress, or which grow and decay within our own observation, the same character of Form is observable. In the Vegetable Kingdom, the infancy or youth

of plants is, in general, distinguished by winding Forms. The infancy and youth of animals is, in the same manner, distinguished by winding or serpentine Forms; their mature and perfect age, by Forms more direct and angular. In consequence of this connexion, Forms of the first kind become in such cases expressive to us of Infancy, and Tenderness, and Delicacy; and those of the second kind, of Maturity, and Strength, and Vigour.

3. Beside these very obvious Associations, it is also to be observed, that from the Sense of Touch, angular Forms are expressive to us of Roughness, Sharpness, Harshness; winding Forms, on the contrary, of Softness, Smoothness, Delicacy, and Fineness; and this connexion is so permanent, that we immediately infer the existence of these qualities, when the bodies are only perceived by the Eye. There is a very strong analogy between such qualities, as perceived by the Sense of Touch, and certain qualities of mind; as in all languages such qualities are expressed by terms drawn from the perceptions of the external sense. Such Forms, therefore, when presented to the Eye, not only lead us to infer those material qualities which are perceived by the Sense of Touch, but along with these, to infer also those qualities of mind which from analogy are signified by such qualities of matter, and to feel from them some degree of that Emotion which these dispositions of mind themselves are fitted to produce. The epithets Bold, Harsh, Gentle, Delicate, are universally applied to Forms. In all languages figurative expressions of a similar kind will be found; and whoever attends either to his own feelings, or to the meaning which men in general annex to such words in applying them to Forms, will, I believe, be convinced, that the Emotion which they signify, and are intended to signify, is founded upon the associated qualities, and very different from the mere agreeable or disagreeable sensation which the material qualities alone convey.

4. The observations which I have now made relate principally to simple curves, or to Forms in which a single curvature takes place; as the curve of the weeping Willow, of the young shoots of Trees, of the stem of the Tulip, and the Lily of the Valley. There is another species of Form, commonly distinguished by the name of the winding or serpentine Form, in which different curves take place, or in which a continued Line winds into several Curvatures. With this Form I apprehend we have another, and a very important Association, I mean that of Ease. From what cause this Association arises I will not now stop to inquire; but I conceive every one must have observed, that wherever we find Vegetables or any other delicate or attenuated body assume such a Form, we are impressed with the conviction of its being easy, agreeable to their nature, and free from force or constraint. On the contrary, when such bodies in the line of their progress assume angular Forms, we have a strong impression of the operation of force, of something that either prevents them from their natural direction, or that constrains them to assume an unnatural one. That winding Forms are thus expressive to us of Volition and Ease, and angular Forms of the operation of Force or Constraint,

appears from a singular circumstance in Language, viz., that, in general, all the former directions are expressed by verbs in the active voice—a River winds, a Vine wreathes itself about the Elm, a Flower bends, &c. ; while, on the other hand, all directions of the latter kind are expressed in general by the passive voice of verbs. I believe also I may appeal to the observation of the reader, whether from the winding of a River, of the Ivy, or of the tendrils of the Vine, he has not an impression of Ease, of Freedom, of something agreeable to the object : and whether, in the contrary Forms in such cases, he has not an impression of uneasiness, from the conviction of Force having been applied, or some obstacle having occurred, to constrain them to assume a direction unnatural to them. In general, therefore, I apprehend that winding or serpentine Forms are expressive to us of Ease, and angular Forms of Force or Constraint. Such seem to me the principal Associations we have with the great division of Simple Forms ; Winding Forms being expressive to us of Fineness, Delicacy, Ease ; and angular Forms of Strength, Roughness, and in some cases of the operation of Force or Constraint.

All Forms as perceived by the Eye are constituted by Lines ; and their Beauty is dependent upon the nature of these constituent parts. It is natural, therefore, to inquire whether from such Associations any general principles can be formed, which may direct the Artist in the invention of beautiful Forms, by determining the character and expression of Lines.

Lines differ either in regard to their Nature, or their Direction.

1. Lines differ in regard to their nature according to the different degrees of their Consistence or Strength. Strong and vigorous lines are expressive to us of Strength and Stability when perpendicular, and of some degree of harshness or roughness when horizontal, or in an oblique direction. Fine and faint Lines are expressive to us of Smoothness, Fineness, Delicacy. In any given number of straight Lines, that is always most beautiful which is finest, or which, while it preserves its continuity, has the appearance of the smallest quantity of matter employed in the formation of it. Hence, in every subject, either of Art or Nature, one of the principal causes of the Beauty of delicate outline.

2. Lines differ in their direction in two ways. They are either Even or Uneven, that is, Straight or Irregular. Irregular Lines differ again, they are either in Angles or Curves.

1. Even Lines are expressive to us of Softness and Smoothness.

2. Uneven Lines are either Angular or Winding. Angular Lines are expressive of Harshness, Roughness, &c.

Winding Lines of Pliancy, Delicacy, Ease, &c.

The real and actual Beauty of Lines will be found to correspond to those Associations ; and those are in fact the most beautiful which have the most pleasing or affecting Expression.

1. Strong and Even Lines express Strength and Smoothness. They have therefore a degree of Beauty. Fine and Even Lines express Delicacy and Smoothness. They are accordingly more beautiful than the former.

2. Strong and Angular Lines express Strength and Harshness. They are therefore very seldom beautiful. Fine and Angular Lines express Delicacy together with Roughness. They are beautiful therefore only when the expression of Delicacy prevails over the other.

3. Strong and Winding Lines express Strength and Gentleness or Delicacy. Their effect is mutually destroyed, and they are accordingly indifferent, if not displeasing. Fine and Winding Lines express Delicacy and Ease. They are accordingly peculiarly beautiful.

4. The least beautiful Lines are Strong and Angular Lines. The most Beautiful, Fine and Winding Lines.

Considering therefore Lines in this abstracted view, and independent of the nature of the bodies which they distinguish, it seems very natural to conclude, that those Forms will be the most beautiful which are described by the most beautiful Lines, and that of consequence the Serpentine or winding Form must necessarily be the most beautiful. It was this view of the subject which seems to have influenced Mr. Hogarth, in the opinions which he published in his Analysis of Beauty. He saw clearly, and his art afforded him continual proofs of it, that the Winding Line was of all others the most beautiful. He conceived, therefore, that all Forms must be beautiful in proportion to the predominance of this Line in their Composition ; and his opinion falls in so much with the general observation of Mankind, that it has been very universally adopted.

If, however, the observations which I have made upon the different expressions of Forms are just ; if the Winding or Serpentine Form is beautiful, not of itself and originally, but in consequence of the Associations we connect with it ; it ought to follow, that whenever this Association is destroyed, the Form should be no longer beautiful, and that wherever the same Associations are connected with the contrary Form, that Form should then be felt as Beautiful.

That this is actually the case, I shall now endeavour to show from several very familiar illustrations.

1. If such Forms were in themselves Beautiful, it is reasonable to think that this should be expressed in Language, and that the circumstance of the Form should be assigned to the cause of our Emotion. If, on the contrary, such Forms are beautiful from their being expressive of particular Qualities, it is equally reasonable to think, that in common language this expression should be assigned as the cause of the Emotion. That the latter is the case, cannot, I think, well be disputed. No Man, when he is speaking of the Beauty of any Form, unless he has some Theory in his mind, thinks of ascribing it to the peculiar nature of the Form, or of describing its Beauty to other people, as consisting in this Form. The terms, on the contrary, which are generally used upon these occasions, are such as signify some quality of which the Form is expressive ; and the epithets by which the Beauty of the Form is marked are such as are significant of these qualities. Among these Qualities, those of Gentleness, Fineness, or Delicacy, as far as I can judge, are the most remarkable, and the most

generally expressed in common Language. In describing the beautiful Forms of Ground, we speak of gentle Declivities and gentle Swells. In describing the beautiful Forms of Water, we speak of a mild Current, gentle Falls, soft Windings, a tranquil Stream. In describing the beautiful Forms of the Vegetable Kingdom, we use a similar Language. The delicacy of Flowers, of Foliage, of the young Shoots of Trees and Shrubs, are expressions everywhere to be heard, and which everywhere convey the belief of Beauty in these Forms. In the same manner, in those ornamental Forms which are the production of Art, we employ the same Language to express our opinion of their Beauty. The delicacy of a Wreath, of a Festoon, of Drapery, of a Column, or of a Vase, are terms universally employed, and employed to signify the reason of our admiration of their Forms.

It may be observed, also, that in comparing similar Forms, and determining with regard to their beauty, we employ the same language, and that the reason we assign for our preference of one form to another, is, in general, from its superior expression of Fineness or Delicacy. In comparing two Vases, or two Wreaths, or two Festoons, or any other ornamental Forms, a person unacquainted with the Theories of Philosophers, when he is asked the reason of his preference, very readily answers, because it is more delicate; but never thinks of assigning any circumstance of the Form itself as the Foundation of his admiration. The least attention to the common language of Mankind on such subjects, will sufficiently show how much the expression of delicacy determines the Beauty of all ornamental Forms. In describing any beautiful Form, in the same manner, to other people, we usually employ the same language, and this language is not only perfectly understood, but immediately also conveys to others the conception of the Beauty of this Form. If we were to describe the most beautiful Vase in technical terms, and according to the distinguished characteristics of its Form, no one but an artist would have any tolerable conception of its Beauty; but if we were simply to describe it as peculiarly delicate in all its parts, I believe it would leave with every one the impression of the Beauty of its Form. If, however, there were any original and independent Beauty in particular Forms, the description of this Form would be alone sufficient to convey the idea of its Beauty, and the circumstance of its Delicacy or Fineness would be as little able to convey this idea, as that of its Colour.

I shall only farther observe upon this subject, that the language and opinions of Children, and of common People, are inconsistent with the notion of any original or absolute Beauty in any particular Forms. Every Form is beautiful to Children that distinguishes objects which they love or take pleasure in; and so far are they, or the common People, from having any conception of the abstract Beauty of any peculiar Forms, that it is very seldom they distinguish between the Form and the subject formed, or feel any other Emotion from it, than as it is expressive to them of the qualities of the object distinguished by that Form. If, on the contrary, there were any original and independent Beauty in any peculiar Form, the preference of this Form would be early and de-

terminedly marked, both in the language of Children and the opinions of Mankind.

As there appears, therefore, to be no Form which is peculiarly or solely beautiful, and as in winding or curvilinear Forms the general nature of Language seems to ascribe this Beauty to their expression of Delicacy, and not to the mere circumstance of Form itself, it appears probable that the Beauty of such Forms arises from this expression, and not from any original fitness in such Forms to excite this Emotion.

2. When this Association is destroyed, or when winding or curvilinear Forms cease to be expressive of Tenderness or Delicacy, I believe it will be found that they cease also to be felt as beautiful. The Origin of our Association of Delicacy with such Forms arises, as I have before observed, from our general experience that bodies of such a kind are distinguished by such Forms. This Association therefore will be destroyed, when such Forms are given to or assumed by bodies of a contrary kind.

The greater part of beautiful Forms in Nature are to be found in the Vegetable Kingdom, in the Forms of Flowers, of Foliage, of Shrubs, and in those assumed by the young Shoots of Trees. It is from them, accordingly, that almost all those Forms have been imitated which have been employed by Artists for the purposes of Ornament and Elegance: and whoever will take the trouble of reviewing these different ornamental Forms, will find that they are almost invariably the Forms of such Vegetables, or of such parts of Vegetables, as are distinguished by the delicacy and tenderness of their texture.

There are many parts, however, of the Vegetable Kingdom which are not distinguished by this character of Delicacy. The stem of some species of Flowers, and of almost all Shrubs, the trunk and branches of Trees, are distinguished by opposite characters, and would indeed be unfit for the purposes of Vegetation if they were not. In these subjects, accordingly, the winding or serpentine Form, is very far from being beautiful, as it has no longer its usual expression of Fineness or Delicacy.

In the smaller and feebler tribe of flowers, for instance, as in the Violet, the Daisy, or the Lily of the Valley, the bending of the stem constitutes a very beautiful Form, because we immediately perceive that it is the consequence of the weakness and delicacy of the flower. In the Rose, on the contrary, and the white Lily, and in the tribe of flowering shrubs, a class of vegetables of greater strength, the same Form assumed by the stem is felt as a defect, and instead of impressing us with the idea of Delicacy, leads us to believe the operation of some force to twist it into this direction. In the young and feeble branches of such plants, however, this Form is again beautiful, when we perceive that it is the consequence of the delicacy of their texture, and of their being overpowered by the weight of the flower. In the Vine or Ivy, in the same manner, the winding of the young shoots and feebler branches constitutes very beautiful Forms. In the direction of the stem, on the other hand, such Forms are felt as a defect, as no longer expressive of Delicacy, but of Force. In the growth of the stronger vegetables, as of Trees, where we know and expect great strength, nothing

can be so far from being beautiful, as any winding or serpentine Form assumed by the trunk. The beautiful Form of such objects is of so very different a kind, that it is in the opposite Form only that we perceive it. In the direction of the branches, the same character is expected, and a similar defect would be felt in their assuming any regularly winding or curvilinear Form. It is only when we arrive at the young shoots, and that only in their infant season, in spring, that we discover again the serpentine Form to be beautiful, because it is then only that we perceive it to be really expressive of Tenderness or Delicacy. Observations of this kind are within every person's reach, and I believe it will be found that in the Vegetable Kingdom, the winding or serpentine Form is no longer beautiful than while it is expressive of some degree of Delicacy or Fineness, and that it ceases to be beautiful whenever it is assumed by bodies of a different kind.

All the different bodies which constitute the Mineral Kingdom are distinguished by a greater degree of Hardness and Solidity than is to be found in any other of the productions of Nature. Such bodies, however, by different exertions of Art, may be moulded into any form we please; but the beauty of the serpentine Form, in such cases, is lost, from our consciousness of the absence of that Delicacy which in general accompanies such Forms. It is possible, for instance, to imitate the winding of the Ivy, the tendrils of the Vine, or the beautiful curves of the Rose Tree, in Iron, or in any other metal. It is possible, also, to colour such imitations in so perfect a manner, as at first to deceive the spectator. If I am not mistaken, however, the moment we are undecided, the moment we know that the subject is so different from that which characterises such Forms in real Nature, the beauty of the Forms is destroyed, and instead of that pleasing sentiment of Tenderness which the delicacy of the vegetables excites, a sentiment of disappointment and uneasiness succeeds: of disappointment, from the absence of that delicacy which we generally infer from the appearance of such Forms; and of uneasiness, from the conviction of Force having been applied to twist the subject into so unnatural directions. If the same observation is further pursued, I think it will be found in general that wherever the delicate Forms of the vegetable world are imitated in metal, or any other hard and durable substance, the character of the Form is lost, and that instead of that lively Emotion of Beauty, which we receive from the original Forms, we are conscious of a feeling of discontent, from the seeming impropriety of giving to such durable substances a character which does not belong to them.

There are, however, undoubtedly, cases in which curvilinear Forms in such subjects are beautiful. I apprehend, however, that this takes place only when a kind of adventitious delicacy is given to such substances, and of consequence the same character is retained by the Form which we have generally associated with it in real Nature. This effect is in general produced by the following causes: 1st, When the quantity of matter is so small, as to overcome our sense of its strength or durability: and 2dly, When the workmanship is so excellent, as to produce an opinion of fineness or delicacy, independent of the nature of the

subject upon which it is employed. In either of these cases such Forms may be beautiful, though assumed by the hardest or most durable substances.

A bar of Iron, for instance, or of any other metal, may be twisted by force into the most perfect spiral Form; but in such a case the conviction of force and labour destroys altogether the beauty of the general Form. Suppose this bar lengthened, until it becomes as slender as the wires which are made use of in musical instruments, and as delicate as such wires are, and the Form becomes immediately beautiful. The same bar may be bent by force into the Form of any given curve. In such a case the curve is not beautiful. Make the same experiment with a chain of iron, or of any other metal, which in some respects is yielding and pliant, and where we know that no force is requisite to make it assume such Forms, and the curves which it produces will be found very different in point of Beauty. The imitation of any vegetable Form, in the same manner, as the Vine, or the Rose, in any kind of metal, and as large as it is found in nature, would be very far from being beautiful. The imitation of such Forms in miniature, and in relief, when the character of the substance is in some measure forgot in the diminution of its quantity, may be, and very often is, extremely beautiful. The embellishments of a Vase, or of an Urn, which in general consist in the imitation of vegetable Forms, are beautiful, both from the diminution of their size, and from the delicacy of their workmanship. If either of these circumstances were wanting, if they were massy in their substance, or imperfect in their execution, I apprehend a proportionable degree of their Beauty would be lost. In the same manner, although none of the Forms of the greater vegetables are beautiful, when imitated in their full size, many of the smaller and more delicate plants may be imitated with propriety, because such imitations suppose not only small quantities of matter, but great accuracy and perfection of art.

The same observation may be extended to the ornaments of Architecture. These ornaments being executed in a very hard and durable substance, are in fact only beautiful when they appear but as minute parts of the whole. The great constituent parts of every building require direct and angular lines, because in such parts we require the Expression of Stability and Strength. It is only in the minute and delicate parts of the work that any kind of ornament is attempted with propriety; and whenever such ornaments exceed in size, in their quantity of matter, or in the prominence of their Relief, that proportion which in point of lightness or delicacy we expect them to hold with respect to the whole of the building, the imitation of the most beautiful vegetable Forms does not preserve them from the censure of clumsiness and Deformity. A balustrade might with equal propriety be finished in waving lines, but certainly would not be beautiful. A twisted column, though affording very pleasing curves to the Eye, is acknowledged to be less beautiful than the common and regular one. In short, if the serpentine Form were the only Form of Beauty, it might with sufficient propriety be introduced into a great number of the ornamental parts of Architecture. The fact, of which every person may assure him-

self, that such Forms are beautiful only in those parts where the quantity of matter is minute, the Relief small, and the workmanship more exquisite, affords a strong presumption that such Forms cease to be beautiful, when the general Association we have with them is destroyed.

It is the same limit which seems to determine the Beauty of those Forms which are executed either in wood or plaster, for the ornament of our houses. Every person must have observed in old houses the absolute deformity of those figures with which the roofs were decorated; and in comparing them with those of modern times, will perceive that the great superiority of the latter consists in the greater delicacy of the Forms, as well as in the greater perfection of the execution. In both, flowers and foliage are imitated; but in the one in full Relief, and upon a scale sometimes greater than that of Nature. In the other, with the simplest Relief, and the finest lines, that are consistent with the preparation of the subject. The terms, accordingly, by which we express our contempt or our admiration of them, are those of Heaviness or Lightness, terms which in this subject are synonymous with Massiness or Delicacy. The subjects, however, are the same, and no other circumstances intervene, but the superior delicacy of the Forms, and the greater accuracy of the workmanship.

It would lead me into too long a digression, if I were to enter into any detail on these subjects. The hints which I have offered may perhaps lead the reader to satisfy himself by his own observation, that the winding or curvilinear Form is beautiful only in those subjects which are distinguished by softness or delicacy of texture; that in substances of a hard and durable nature, it in general ceases to be beautiful; and that in those cases where it is found to be beautiful, it arises from that adventitious delicacy (if I may so call it) which is produced either when the quantity of matter employed is so small as to overcome our opinion of its strength or durability, or when the workmanship is so excellent as to bestow on the subject a character of Delicacy which does not properly belong to it. If in this manner it is found that when the Association is destroyed, the curvilinear Form ceases to be beautiful, it is obvious that this Beauty is to be ascribed not to the Form itself, but to the quality of which it is expressive.

3. As the Beauty of the winding or curvilinear Form is thus destroyed, when those Associations of Tenderness and of Delicacy which we in general connect with it are dissolved, so, in the same manner, it may be observed, that all other Forms, when they have this character or expression, are considered and felt as beautiful. If there is any Form, or species of Forms, which is fitted by the constitution of our nature immediately to excite the Emotion of Beauty, and independent of all Association, it is obvious that there never could have been a doubt upon the subject; and that, in every class of objects, we should have been as able to point out the beautiful Form, as to point out its Colour or Smell. The fact is, however, that in no class of objects is there any such permanent Form of Beauty; and besides the disagreement of different ages and nations in the Beauty of Forms, every man must have perceived, in the

course of his experience, that every general rule on this subject is liable to innumerable exceptions, and that there is no one Form, or species of Form, which to the exclusion of all others demands and obtains admiration.

That angular Forms, accordingly, are also beautiful, when they are expressive of Fineness, of Tenderness, of Delicacy, or such affecting qualities, may perhaps appear from the consideration of the following instances.

In the Vegetable World, although it is generally true that winding Forms are those that are assumed by young, or feeble, or delicate plants, yet this rule is far from being uniform, and there are many instances of similar productions being distinguished by Forms of an angular kind. There are accordingly many cases where this Form is considered as beautiful, because it is then expressive of the same qualities which are generally expressed by Forms of the other kind. The myrtle, for instance, is generally reckoned a beautiful Form, yet the growth of its stem is perpendicular, the junction of its branches form regular and similar angles, and their direction is in straight or angular Lines. The known delicacy, however, and tenderness of the Vegetable, at least in this climate, prevails over the general expression of the Form, and gives it the same Beauty which we generally find in Forms of a contrary kind. How much more beautiful is the Rose-Tree when its buds begin to blow, than afterwards when its flowers are full and in their greatest perfection! yet in this first situation, its Form has much less winding surface, and is much more composed of straight lines and of angles than afterwards, when the weight of the flower weighs down the feeble branches, and describes the easiest and most varied curves. The circumstance of its youth, a circumstance in all cases so affecting; the delicacy of its blossom, so well expressed by the care which nature has taken in surrounding the opening bud with leaves, prevail so much upon our Imagination, that we behold the Form itself with more delight in this situation than afterwards, when it assumes the more general Form of delicacy. It is on a similar account that the leaves of Vegetables form a very common and a very beautiful Decoration, though they are less distinguished by winding Lines than almost any other part of the plants. There are an infinite number of the feebler Vegetables, and many of the common grasses, the Forms of which are altogether distinguished by Angles and straight Lines, and where there is not a single curvature through the whole, yet all of which are beautiful, and of which also some are imitated in different ornamental Forms with excellent effect, merely from the Fineness and Delicacy of their Texture, which is so very striking that they never fail, when we attend to them, to afford us that sentiment of interest and tenderness, which in general we receive from the opposite Form. There are few things in the Vegetable World more beautiful than the knotted and angular stem of the Balsam; merely from its singular transparency, which it is impossible to look at, without a strong impression of the Fineness and Delicacy of the Vegetable. Such observations with regard to Flowers or plants, every person has it in his power to pursue. There is not, perhaps, any individual of this Kingdom,

which if it is remarkable for its Delicacy or Tenderness, is not also considered as beautiful in its Form, whether that Form be winding or angular.

It deserves also to be remarked, that the Form, of the great constituent parts of all Vegetables, whether strong or delicate, is nearly the same; the growth of the stem and the direction of the branches being in both alike, and in both also either in straight or in Angular Lines. It is principally in the more delicate parts of the first, in the young Shoots, and in the Foliage, that they deviate from this Form, and assume winding or curvilinear directions. It is in these parts only, as I have before observed, that we discover beautiful Forms. In the class of feeble or delicate Plants, on the contrary, the forms which we neglect in the first are regarded as beautiful, because they have that expression which is found only in the opposite forms of the other. The same form has thus a different effect from the difference of its expression; and the straight Lines and angular Junctions, which are merely indifferent in the Elm and the Oak, are beheld with delight in the Plant or the Flower, when we are convinced that they are accompanied with Tenderness and delicacy.

In many of those Arts, where the Beauty of Form is chiefly consulted, the same circumstance is observable. In all of them, the Beauty of Form is principally determined by its expression of Delicacy; but as in many of them the curvilinear Form is necessarily less expressive of this quality than the angular one, it is accordingly less beautiful.

In the manufacture of Glass, for instance, the great Beauty of the Form is in proportion to this expression. Nothing is less beautiful than thick and massy Glass, which, from its quantity, seems intended to compensate for its fragility. Nothing, on the contrary, is more generally beautiful than thin and transparent Glass, which from experience we know to be the most decisive sign of its Delicacy and Weakness. In such a manufacture, winding Lines cannot be observed without necessarily increasing the quantity and thickness of the material, and of consequence diminishing its Fineness and Transparency. Such Forms, accordingly, are less beautiful than those composed of more direct and angular Lines, which, while they admit of greater transparency, express also greater delicacy and fineness. To take a very common instance: the stalk of a wine glass might with equal ease be fashioned into serpentine or winding Forms, as into the angular compartments in which we generally find it; yet I am much deceived if it would be nearly as beautiful, because these Lines could not admit of that apparent fineness of surface, or transparency, of matter, which is obtained by its angular Divisions. In a Lustre, in the same manner, one of the most beautiful productions of this manufacture, all is angular. The Form of the Prism, one of the most regular and angular of all Forms, obtains everywhere, the Festoons even are angular, and instead of any winding or waving Line the whole surface is broken into a thousand little Triangles; yet I conceive no person will deny its Beauty. A Lustre, on the other hand, composed of the most beautiful Curves, and studiously varied into the most waving surface, would not be nearly so beautiful; because the necessary thickness which it would give to the Glass, would, in this case, be

expressive of Strength and of Solidity, instead of Delicacy, and would diminish altogether that fine Transparency which, in this manufacture, is immediately the sign of Tenderness and Fragility.

The same observation will apply to the manufacture of Steel, or any other of the Metals. The greatest expression of Delicacy which a hard substance like steel can receive, is from the Fineness and Brilliance of its surface. It demands, of consequence, angular Forms, which by admitting greater perfection of polish, or, at least, by displaying it better, are more beautiful than Curves, which require both greater solidity and have less brilliancy. A sword Hilt or a watch Chain are infinitely finer and more beautiful, when they are composed of angular Forms, than when they are composed of Curves. In the Forms which are given to Jewels, the same rule universally obtains. The delicacy of such subjects is in their Brilliance. The only Form therefore that is beautiful in them is that which displays it.

There is no object of this kind in which Beauty of Form is more generally consulted, or indeed more generally found, than in the different articles of household Furniture. Such objects, by being composed of the uniform material of Wood, and that a hard and durable one, admit of little difference in point of Delicacy, but in the Quantity or in the Form which is given to this Material. With regard to the first, all Furniture, I apprehend, is Beautiful in proportion to the smallness of its quantity of Matter, or the Fineness or Delicacy of the parts of it. Strong and Massy Furniture is everywhere vulgar and unpleasing; and though in point of utility we pardon it in general use, yet wherever we expect Elegance or Beauty, we naturally look for Fineness and Delicacy in it. The actual Progress of Taste in this Article is from Strength to Delicacy. The first articles of Furniture in every country are strong and substantial. As Taste improves, and as it is found that Beauty, as well as utility, may be consulted in such subjects, their strength and solidity are gradually diminished, until at last, by successive improvement, the progress terminates in that last degree of Delicacy, and even of Fragility, which is consistent either with the nature of the Workmanship or the preservation of the Subject.

In this progress, it is discovered that where the material which is employed is hard and durable, the greatest delicacy which can be given to the Form, is rather in the use of direct and angular Lines, than in winding and serpentine ones; and chiefly from the reason I have before mentioned, that Curves cannot be employed without a proportionable and very obvious increase of Solidity, and by these means destroying in a great measure the expression of Delicacy. Whoever will look into any of those books which have made us acquainted with the Forms of Grecian or Roman Furniture, in their periods of cultivated Taste, will perceive accordingly, that in scarcely any of them is the winding or serpentine Form observed; and that, on the contrary, the lightest and most beautiful of them are almost universally distinguished by straight or angular Lines, and by the utmost possible diminution of Solidity that is consistent either with convenience or use. What is there, for instance, more beautiful in this kind, than the Form of the ancient Tripod, in the best periods of

Roman Taste? The feet gradually lessening to the end, and converging as they approach it: the plane of the table placed, with little ornament, nearly at right angles to the feet; and the whole appearing to form an imperfect triangle, whose base is above. There is scarcely in such a subject a possibility of contriving a more angular Form, yet there can be none more completely beautiful: because this Form itself is more immediately expressive of Delicacy than almost any other which could have been imagined: the slightness of the whole fabric, the decreasing proportion of the feet as they descend to the ground, the convergence of the feet themselves, and the narrowness of the base for the superstructure, expressing not only the utmost degree of Delicacy that is consistent with use, but impressing us also with the further conviction of the necessity of approaching or handling it with tenderness, for fear of destroying its slight Stability. From this elegant Model, accordingly, or from others, in which the same principle obtains, the greater part of the most beautiful articles of Modern Furniture are imitated. It is the Form which prevails in the construction of Chairs, Tables, Sofas, Beds, &c., and it is the Delicacy which it so well expresses that bestows upon them the greater part of their Beauty. The application of winding or serpentine Lines, or of the more general Form of Beauty, would tend only to diminish their effect, by bestowing upon them the appearance of a greater degree of Solidity, and thus lessening, instead of increasing, the expression which is the cause of this effect.

In the course of these observations, the Reader will observe, that I have all along gone upon the supposition, that there is in reality only one species of winding or curvilinear Form; and that I have confined my observations upon their expression to this general character of Form. Every one knows, however, that such Forms admit of great variety, and that the number of different curvatures that may be produced are almost infinite. Whoever then will take the trouble of pursuing this investigation, may, I think, easily satisfy himself, that among these there is none uniformly and permanently beautiful; that the same Curve which is beautiful in one case, is very often not beautiful in others; and that in all cases that curvature is the most beautiful which is most fully expressive of Delicacy or Ease in the subject which it distinguishes. As Forms of this kind differ also in the number, as well as in the nature of their curvatures, he will perceive also that the same dependence upon their expressions continues; that the same number of curvatures or windings which are beautiful in one subject are not beautiful in others; and that whenever in any subject the number of windings exceeds our opinion of Ease or Facility, it from that period becomes unpleasing, and expressive only of Force or Constraint. The limits which I must prescribe to myself in these observations, oblige me, in this, as in every other part of them, to refer much of the illustration which might be produced, to the reader's own reflection and investigation.

If the observations which I have now offered on the Natural Beauty of Forms, or that Beauty which arises from the consideration of Form itself, be just, we may perhaps, without much impro-

priety, rest in the following conclusions on the subject.

1. That the Beauty of such Forms arises from the qualities of Fineness, Delicacy, or Ease, of which they are expressive.

2. That in every subject, that Form (whether angular or curvilinear) which is most expressive of these qualities is the most beautiful Form. And,

3. That, in general, the curvilinear or winding Form, as most frequently expressive of these qualities, is the most beautiful.

With regard also to those Arts which are employed in the imitation or invention of ornamental Forms, the following observations may not be without their use:

1. That wherever natural forms are imitated, those will be the most beautiful which are most expressive of delicacy and ease.

2. That wherever new or arbitrary forms are invented, that form will be the most beautiful which is composed by the most beautiful lines or, in other words, by lines which have the most pleasing expression. And,

3. That wherever the subject of the form is of a hard or durable nature, that form will be the most beautiful, in which the smallest quantity of matter is employed, and the greatest delicacy of execution exerted.

The truth of these remarks I leave altogether to be determined by the observation of the reader. I shall only observe, that in the prosecution of this inquiry, it is necessary to leave out of consideration every circumstance of design, of fitness, or of utility, and to consider forms in the light only of their appearance to the eye, without any relation either to an author or an end. These relations (as will be shown afterwards) are the foundation of a distinct species of Beauty, to which the principles of their natural Beauty do not apply.

Although, however, I have thus been led to conclusions different from those of Mr. Hogarth, yet it is but justice to a performance of uncommon ingenuity, to acknowledge, that the principle which he has endeavoured to establish in his analysis of Beauty, is perhaps of all others the justest and best founded principle which has as yet been maintained, in the investigation of the natural Beauty of forms. The instances which I have produced, and many others of the same kind that will probably occur to every man of reflection, seem to me very strongly to show, that the principle of the absolute Beauty of Serpentine Forms is to be considered only as a general principle, subject to many exceptions; and that not only this form is beautiful, from being the sign of particular interesting and affecting qualities, but that in fact also, forms of the contrary kind are likewise beautiful, when they are expressive of the same qualities.

PART III.

Of the Composition of Forms.

I.—The preceding observations relate altogether to Simple Forms, or to such Forms as are described by a single Line.

It is obvious, however, that there are few Forms of such a kind. In the greater part of beautiful Forms, whether in Nature or in Art, Lines of different descriptions unite, and there is a Beauty felt in certain combinations of these

Lines, or in the production of a COMPLEX Form. The principles, therefore, which account for the Beauty of Simple Forms, cannot be supposed to account also for that peculiar Beauty which arises from the union of such Forms in Composition.

Simple Forms are distinguished to the Eye by the uniformity or similarity of the Line by which they are described. Complex Forms are distinguished by the mixture of similarity and dissimilarity in these Lines, or, in other words, by their Uniformity and Variety. *The same principle which leads us to ascribe the Beauty of Simple Forms to some original Beauty in these Forms themselves, leads us also to ascribe the Beauty of complex Forms to some original fitness in the Composition of Uniformity and Variety, to produce this Emotion.

That the Composition of Uniformity and Variety in Forms is agreeable, or is fitted by the constitution of our nature to excite an agreeable sensation in the Sense of Sight, I am not disposed to dispute. That these qualities are also capable of conveying to us very pleasing and very interesting expressions, and that in this manner they are felt as beautiful, I shall endeavour to show in the next chapter; but that the union of such material qualities, as perceived by the Eye, and without reference to any Expression, is not in itself and essentially beautiful, is obvious from the following considerations, of which I shall develope the illustration upon the reader himself.

1. If the Composition of Uniformity and Variety in Forms were in itself beautiful, it would necessarily follow, that in every case where this Composition was found, the Form would be beautiful. The greater part of Forms, both in Art and Nature, are possessed of this union: The greater part of these Forms, however, are not beautiful.

2. If it is said that it is not the mere union of Uniformity and Variety, but a certain union of them, which is beautiful, then this peculiar union must in all cases be necessarily beautiful. The only difference between Forms in this respect must be either in the number or in the degree of their uniform, or of their varied parts. Let any particular or certain Composition of these parts be fixed upon; it will be found, that so far is this union of uniformity and variety from being in itself beautiful, that it cannot be extended to objects of any different kind, without altogether destroying their Beauty.

3. If it is farther said that it is not any certain, but a proper Composition of Uniformity and Variety which is beautiful, then it is obvious, that this propriety is not the object of our external Senses, and that whatever Beauty arises from the Composition of these qualities, is to be ascribed to some other principle than to the mere material qualities alone.

II.—If, on the other hand, the account which has been given of the Natural Beauty of Forms, as expressive of certain affecting or interesting qualities, be just, it seems natural to suppose that in the Composition of Forms, some propriety should arise from the Composition of EXPRESSION; that as Lines are distinguished by different characters, the mixture of different Lines should produce confusion, instead of Beauty; and that the Composition of Form should then only be beautiful, when the same relation is preserved

amid variety, which is demanded in all other cases of Composition*.

That this is really the case, will, I trust, appear probable, from the following considerations:—

1. I conceive it will be found that the union of such qualities is felt as beautiful, only in those cases where the object itself has some determinate Expression; and that in objects where no such general Expression is found, no Beauty is expected in their Composition.

In the present case, Uniformity and Variety mean Similarity and Dissimilarity of Form. Every one knows, however, that the mere union of Similarity and Dissimilarity does not constitute a beautiful Form. In the Forms of Ground, of Water, of Vegetables, of Ornaments, &c., it is difficult to find any instance of a perfectly Simple Form, or in which Lines of different descriptions do not unite. It is obvious, however, that such objects are not beautiful in so great a proportion, and that, on the contrary, in all of them there are cases where this mixture is mere confusion, and in no respect considered as beautiful. If we inquire farther what is the circumstance which distinguishes beautiful objects of these kinds, it will be found, I believe, that it is some determinate character or expression which they have to us; and that when this Expression is once perceived, we immediately look for, and expect some relation among the different parts to this general character.

It is almost impossible, for instance, to find any Form of Ground which is not complex, or in which different forms do not unite. Amid a great extent of landscape, however, there are few spots in which we are sensible of any beauty in their original formation; and wherever such spots occur, they are always distinguished by some prominent character; the character of Greatness, Wildness, Gaiety, Tranquillity, or Melancholy. As soon as this impression is made, as soon as we feel the expression of the scene, we immediately become sensible, that the different forms which compose it are suited to this character; we perceive, and very often we imagine a correspondence among these parts, and we say, accordingly, that there is a relation, an harmony among them, and that Nature has been kind, in combining different circumstances with so much propriety, for the production of one effect. We amuse ourselves, also, in imagining improvements to the scene, either in throwing out some circumstances which do not correspond, or in introducing new ones, by which the general character may be more effectually supported. All this beauty of Composition, however, would have been unheeded, if the scene itself had not some determinate character; and all that we intend, by these imaginary improvements, either in the preservation of greater Uniformity, or in the introduction of greater Variety, is to establish a more perfect relation among the different parts to this peculiar character.

In the laying out of grounds, in the same manner, every man knows, that the mere Composition of similar and dissimilar Forms does not constitute Beauty; that some character is necessary, to which we may refer the relation of the different parts; and that where no such character can be created, the Composition itself is only confusion. It

is upon these principles, accordingly, that we uniformly judge of the Beauty of such scenes. If there is no character discernible, no general Expression, which may afford our imaginations the key of the scene, although we may be pleased with its neatness, or its cultivation, we feel no Beauty whatever in its composition, and we leave it with no other impression than that of regret, that so much labour and expense should be thrown away upon so confused and ungrateful a subject. If, on the other hand, the scene is expressive, if the general Form is such as to inspire some peculiar Emotion, and the different circumstances such as to correspond to this effect, or to increase it, we immediately conclude that the Composition is good, and yield ourselves willingly to its influence. If, lastly, amid such a scene, we find circumstances introduced which have no relation to the general Expression; if Forms of Gaiety and Gloom, Greatness and Ornament, Rudeness and Tranquillity, &c., are mingled together without any attention to one determinate effect, we turn with indignation from the confusion, and conclude that the Composition is defective in its first principles. In all cases of this kind, we become sensible of the Beauty of Composition, only when the scene has some general character, to which the different Forms in Composition can refer; and determine its Beauty by the effect of this union in maintaining or promoting this general Expression. The same observation may be extended to the Forms of Wood and Water; but I willingly refer the reader to Mr. Whately's excellent "Observations upon Modern Gardening," for the full illustration of this remark, with regard to the different objects of natural scenery.

In the Vegetable World, also, if the mere composition of Uniformity and Variety were sufficient to constitute Beauty, it would be almost impossible to find any instance where Vegetable Forms should not be beautiful. That this is not the case every one knows; and the least attention to the language of Mankind will show, that wherever such Forms are beautiful, they are felt as characteristic or expressive; and that the Beauty of the Composition is determined by the same principle which regulates our opinion with regard to the Composition of the Forms of Ground. The beautiful Forms which we ourselves remark in this kingdom; the Forms which have been selected by Sculptors for embellishment or ornament, by Painters for the effect of landscape, by Poets for description or allusion, are all such as have some determinate Expression or Association; their Beauty is generally expressed by epithets significant of this Character; and if we are asked the reason of our admiration, we immediately assign this Expression as a reason satisfactory to ourselves for the Beauty we discover in them. As soon also as we feel this Expression in any Vegetable Form, we perceive or demand a relation among the different parts to this peculiar Character. If this relation is maintained, we feel immediately that the Composition of the Form is good. We show it as a beautiful instance of the operation of Nature, and we speak of it as a Form in which the utmost harmony and felicity of Composition is displayed. If, on the contrary, the different parts do not seem adjusted to the general character, if instead of an agreement among these parts in the maintaining or promoting

this Expression, there appears only a mixture of similar and dissimilar parts, without any correspondence or alliance, we reject it as a confused and insignificant Form, without meaning or beauty. If, in the same manner, the general Form has no Expression, we pass it by without attention, and with a conviction that where there is no Character to which the relation of the different parts may be referred, there can be no propriety or beauty in its Composition.

In the different species of Vegetables which possess Expression, and which consequently admit of Beauty in Composition, it is observable also that every individual does not possess this Beauty; and it is the same principle which determines our opinion of the Beauty of Individuals, that determines our opinion of the Beauty of different species. The Oak; the Myrtle, the Weeping-Willow, the Vine, the Ivy, the Rose, &c., are beautiful classes of Plants: but every Oak and Myrtle, &c., does not constitute a beautiful Form. The many physical causes which affect their growth, affect also their Expression; and it is only when they possess in purity the peculiar Character of the class, that the individuals are felt as beautiful. In the judgment accordingly that we form of this Beauty, we are uniformly guided by the circumstance of their Expression. When, in any of these instances, we find an accumulation of Forms different from what we generally meet with, we feel a kind of disappointment; and however much the Composition may exhibit of mere uniform and varied parts, we pass it by with some degree of indignation. When the discordant parts are few, we lament that accident should have introduced a variety which is so prejudicial, and we amuse ourselves with fancying how beautiful the Form would be, if these parts were omitted. It is only when we discover a general correspondence among the different parts to the Whole of the character, and perceive the uniformity of this character maintained amid all their varieties, that we are fully satisfied with the Beauty of the Form. The superiority of the productions of Sculpture and Painting to their originals in Nature, altogether consists in the power which the Artists have to correct these accidental defects, in keeping out every circumstance which can interrupt the general Expression of the subject or the Form, and in presenting, pure and unmixed, the Character which we have associated with the objects in real Nature.

The same observation extends to every species of artificial Form; but the pursuit of it would necessarily lead to a very long and I believe a very unnecessary discussion. With regard to this subject, I shall leave the Reader to his own observation; and shall only beg of him to reflect, whether, if the Composition of uniformity and variety were necessarily beautiful, every species almost of artificial Form would not be found to be beautiful; whether, on the contrary, the beauty of Composition is not perceived in those subjects only where the Form itself has some Character or Expression, or where it affords him some distinct principle, to which the relation of the different parts may be referred; and whether he does not determine the Beauty of the Composition by the effect of this union of different parts in exciting one definite Emotion? It is perhaps unnecessary to remark, that, in pursuing such observations, it is proper to

leave out every consideration of design or of utility, and that the fittest subjects for such experiments are ornamental Forms, or those Forms in which no other object is sought, than the mere production of Beauty.

I shall content myself with observing upon this subject, that whatever is the source of the Beauty of complex Forms, it is natural to suppose it should be expressed in language; and that if Uniformity and Variety were beautiful in themselves, and by the Constitution of our Nature, it is reasonable to think that, in describing beautiful Forms, such qualities should be assigned as the foundation of their Beauty. If I am not deceived, however, this is very far from being the case. In describing such objects, we never satisfy ourselves with distinguishing them by such characters, and if any person were in such terms to describe any Form to ourselves, we should be at as great a loss as ever with regard to its Beauty. I apprehend, on the contrary, that the natural and uniform method we take for this purpose, is first to convey to our hearers the idea of its Character or Expression; and after having given them this general conception of it, we enter into the detail of its Composition, and endeavour to explain to them with how great propriety the different parts are accommodated, to preserve and to promote this characteristic Expression; and if we succeed in this description, we never fail not only to be understood, but to convey also to those who hear us a perfect belief of the Excellence and Beauty of the Composition. If the mere mixture of uniformity and variety were beautiful, independent of any relation to Expression, all this natural process could never take place, and if it did, could never convey any opinion of Beauty.

2. I believe it will be found that different proportions of Uniformity and Variety are required in Forms of different characters; and that the principle from which we determine the Beauty of such proportion is from its correspondence to the nature of the peculiar Emotion which the Form itself is fitted to excite. Every one knows that some Emotions require a greater degree of uniformity, and others a greater degree of variety in their objects; and perhaps, in general, all strong or powerful Emotions, and all Emotions which border upon pain, demand uniformity or sameness; and all weak Emotions, and all Emotions which belong to positive pleasure, demand variety or novelty in the objects of them. Upon this constitution of our Nature, the Beauty of Composition seems chiefly to depend: and the judgment we form of this Beauty appears, in all cases, to be determined by the correspondence of the different parts of the Composition in preserving or promoting the peculiar Expression by which the object itself is distinguished.

In the Forms of Ground, for instance, there is very obviously no certain proportion of uniformity and variety which is permanently beautiful. The same degree of uniformity which is pleasing in a scene of Greatness or Melancholy, would be disagreeable or dull in a scene of Gaiety or Splendour. The same degree of variety which would be beautiful in these, would be distressing in the others. By what rule, however, do we determine the different Beauty of these proportions? Not surely by the Composition itself, else one determinate Com-

position would be permanently beautiful; but by the relation of this Composition to the Expression or Character of the scene; by its according with the demand and expectation of our Minds, and by its being suited to that particular state of interest or of fancy which is produced by the Emotion that the scene inspires. When this effect is accordingly produced, when the proportion either of uniformity or variety corresponds to the nature of this Emotion, we conclude that the Composition is good. When this proportion is violated, when there is more uniformity of Expression than we choose to dwell upon, or more variety than we can follow without distraction, we conclude that the Composition is defective, and speak of it either as dull or confused. Whatever may be the number of distinct Characters which the Forms of Ground possess, there is an equal number of different proportions required in the Composition of them; and so strong is this natural determination of the Beauty of Composition, that after admiring the Composition of one scene, we very often, in a few minutes afterwards, find equal beauty in a Composition of a totally different kind, when it distinguishes a scene of an opposite Character.

“The style of every part (says Mr. Whately, in the conclusion of his Observations upon Ground) must be accommodated to the character of the whole; for every piece of ground is distinguished by certain properties; it is either tame or bold, gentle or rude, continued or broken; and if any variety inconsistent with these properties be obtruded, it has no other effect than to weaken one idea without raising another. The insipidity of a flat is not taken away by a few scattered hillocks; a continuation of uneven ground can alone give the idea of inequality. A large, deep, abrupt break, among easy swells and falls, seems at best but a piece left unfinished, and which ought to have been softened; it is not more natural, because it is more rude. On the other hand, a small fine polished form, in the midst of rough misshapen ground, though more elegant, than all about it, is generally no better than a patch, itself disgraced, and disfiguring the scene. A thousand instances might be added to show that the prevailing idea ought to pervade every part, so far at least indispensably, as to exclude whatever distracts it; and as much further as possible to accommodate the character of the ground to that of the scene it belongs to.”

After observing that the same principle extends to the proportion and to the number of the parts, he observes, “That ground is seldom beautiful or natural without variety, or even without contrast; and the precautions which have been given extend no farther, than to prevent variety from degenerating into inconsistency, and contrast into contradiction. Within the extremes Nature supplies an inexhaustible fund; and variety thus limited, so far from destroying, improves the general effect. Each distinguished part makes a separate impression; and all bearing the same stamp, all concurring to the same end, every one is an additional support to the prevailing idea.—An accurate observer will see in every Form several circumstances, by which it is distinguished from every other. If the scene be mild and quiet, he will place together those which do not differ widely, and he will gradually depart from the similitude. In ruder scenes, the succession will be less regular, and the transitions

more sudden. The character of the place must determine the degree of difference between contiguous Forms.—An assemblage of the most elegant Forms in the happiest situations is to a degree indiscriminate, if they have not been selected and arranged with a design to produce certain Expressions: an air of magnificence or of simplicity, of cheerfulness, tranquillity, or some other general character, ought to pervade the whole; and objects pleasing in themselves, if they contradict that character, should therefore be excluded; those which are only indifferent must sometimes make room for such as are more significant; many will often be introduced for no other merit than their Expression; and some which are in general rather disagreeable may occasionally be recommended by it. Barronness itself may be an acceptable circumstance in a spot dedicated to Solitude and Melancholy." As the great secret of gardening seems thus to consist in the accurate preservation of the character of every scene, whether original or created; so it is the same principle that determines the opinion of men with regard to its Beauty; and whoever will read Mr. Whately's excellent book with attention, will perceive that all his rules with regard to the Forms of Ground, of Water, of Wood, of Rocks, and of Buildings, may be referred to this leading principle; and that they are nothing more than investigations of the character of these different Forms, and directions how to apply them in scenes of different Expression.

Our opinion of the Beauty of vegetable forms seems directed by the same principle. Many of the classes of trees have distinct characters. There are therefore different compositions which are beautiful in their forms: and in all of them, that Composition only is beautiful which corresponds to the nature of the Expression they have, or of the Emotion which they excite. The character, for instance, of the weeping-willow, is melancholy; of the birch and of the aspen, gaiety; the character of the horse-chesnut, is solemnity; of the oak, majesty; of the yew, sadness. In each of these cases, the general Form or Composition of the parts is altogether different; all of them, however, are beautiful; and were this proportion in point of Composition changed, were the weeping-willow to assume an equal degree of variety with the oak, or the oak to show an equal degree of uniformity with the weeping-willow, we should undoubtedly feel it as a defect, and conclude that, in this change of Form, the Beauty of the character and of the Composition was lost.

It is in this manner, accordingly, that we judge of the Beauty of individuals, in these different classes. All these individuals are not beautiful; and wherever they appear as beautiful, it is when their Form adheres perfectly to their character; when no greater degree either of uniformity or variety is assumed, than suits that peculiar Emotion which their expression excites in our minds. An oak, which wreathes not into vigorous or fantastic branches; a yew, which grows into thin and varied forms; a plane-tree, or a horse-chesnut, which assumes not a deep and almost solid mass of foliage, &c., appear to us as imperfect and deformed productions. They seem to aim at an expression which they do not reach, and we speak of them accordingly as wanting the Beauty, because they want the character, of their class.

In the formation of beautiful groups, the same adherence to Expression is necessary: and whatever may be the character of the group, the real limit to variety is correspondence in this Expression. The permanent character of trees arises from their Form or their Colour. In so far as Form is concerned, Forms of different character are never found to unite, or to constitute a beautiful composition. * A mixture, for instance, of the light and upright branches of the almond, with the falling branches of the willow, the heavy branches of the horse-chesnut, and the wild arms of the oak, would be absolute confusion, and would be intolerable in any scene where design or intention could be supposed. The mixture of trees, on the other hand, that correspond in their Forms, and that unite in the production of one character, are found to constitute beautiful groups. We speak of them accordingly as beautiful from this cause. When we meet with them in natural scenery, we are pleased with the fortunate, though accidental, connexion, and we say, that they could not have been better united by the hand of Art: when we meet with them in cultivated scenes, we praise the taste of the artist, and say, that the Composition is pure and harmonious. "Trees (says Mr. Whately) which differ but in one of these circumstances, whether of shape, of green, or of growth, though they agree in every other, are sufficiently distinguished for the purpose of Variety; if they differ in two or three, they become contrasts: if in all, they are opposite, and seldom group well together. Those, on the contrary, which are of one character, and are distinguished only as the characteristic mark is strongly or faintly impressed upon them, as a young beech, and a birch, an acacia, and a larch, all pendant, though in different degrees, form a beautiful mass, in which unity is preserved without sameness." How far the same principle extends to landscape-painting, they who are acquainted with the art will be at no loss to determine.

In all the different kinds of ORNAMENTAL FORMS, in the same manner, instead of there being any one determinate proportion of Uniformity and Variety beautiful, there are, in fact, as many varieties of beautiful Composition as there are varieties of Character; and the rule by which we judge of this Beauty, in every particular case, is by the correspondence of the Composition to the character which the Form is intended to express. To give the same proportion of uniform or of varied parts to every species of ornamental Form, to Forms of Splendour, of Magnificence, of Gaiety, of Delicacy, or of Melancholy, would be to sin against the very first principle of Composition, and would immediately be detected, even, by those who never heard of the principles of Composition. The beautiful Form of the Vase, for instance, is employed in many different kinds of ornament, and may either be Magnificent, Elegant, Simple, Gay, or Melancholy. In all these cases, however, the Composition is different. A greater proportion of Uniformity distinguishes it when destined to the Expression of Simplicity, Magnificence, or Melancholy, and a greater proportion of Variety, when destined to the Expression of Elegance or Gaiety. We immediately perceive also that there is propriety and Beauty in this difference of Composition; and if we are asked why it is so, we readily answer, be-

cause it accords with the peculiar character which the Form is there intended to have. If, on the other hand, this proportion is inverted, if the Vase upon a tomb has all the varieties of a Goblet, or the latter all the uniformity of the funereal Urn, we immediately perceive an impropriety and deformity, and as readily explain it, by saying that the Composition is unfitted to the Expression which the object is intended to have.

The Orders of Architecture have different characters from several causes, and chiefly, I believe, from the different quantities of matter in their Entablatures. The Tuscan is distinguished by its Severity; the Doric by its Simplicity; the Ionic by its Elegance; the Corinthian and Composite by their Lightness and Gaiety. To these characters, their several ornaments are suited with consummate Taste. Change these ornaments, give to the Tuscan the Corinthian Capital, or to the Corinthian the Tuscan, and every person would feel not only a disappointment from this unexpected Composition, but a sentiment also of impropriety, from the appropriation of a grave or sober ornament to a subject of Splendour, and of a rich or gaudy ornament to a subject of Severity. Even in the commonest of all Forms, the Forms of Furniture, the same principle is obvious. Chairs, Tables, Mirrors, Candlesticks, &c., may have very different characters; they may be either Simple, Elegant, Rich, or Magnificent. Whatever this character may be, we demand a correspondence in the Composition. The same number of uniform parts, which is beautiful in any simple Form, is insipid in an elegant, and mean in a rich or magnificent one. The same variety of parts which is beautiful in a Form of splendour or magnificence, is confused in an elegant, and tawdry in a simple Form.

In these, and a thousand other cases of the same kind, it will be found that no certain proportion of Uniformity and Variety is permanently felt as beautiful; that, on the contrary, wherever the Form, either in itself, or from its situation, has any determinate Expression, the Beauty of Composition arises from its correspondence to that Expression; and that wherever Forms differ in character, a different Composition is approved, and is said to be approved, upon this account. I shall only add to these hints upon the subject, that the natural language of men is uniformly guided by this principle; and that whenever they attempt to describe the excellence of any Composition, it is not by explaining the peculiar proportions of Uniformity and Variety which may obtain in it, but by showing how well this proportion accords with the Expression by which the object itself is distinguished.

If the illustrations which I have now offered are just, we shall have reason to conclude that the mere Composition of Uniformity and Variety is not beautiful in itself, or from the original constitution of our nature; that it is felt as beautiful only in those cases, where the Form is distinguished by some character or Expression; and that the Beauty of the Composition arises, in every case, from its correspondence to the nature of that Emotion which this Expression is fitted to excite.

These conclusions seem to lead to a very different rule for the Composition of beautiful Forms, from that which Mr. Hogarth has laid down in his

Analysis of Beauty. "The way (says he) of composing pleasing Forms, is to be accomplished by making choice of variety of lines, as to their shapes and dimensions; and then again by varying their situations with each other, by all the different ways that can be conceived, and at the same time (if a solid Figure be the subject of the Composition) the contents or space that is to be inclosed within those lines must be duly considered and varied too, as much as possible with propriety." Although it is with much diffidence that I differ from Mr. Hogarth, yet I cannot help being of opinion (in so far at least as the natural Beauty of Forms is concerned), that this rule might be followed in a thousand cases, without the production of any degree of Beauty; that if the distinguishing Form is inexpressive or indifferent, all this variety would only create confusion; and that in its application to Forms of different characters or Expression, it would excite a sentiment of impropriety, instead of pleasure.

On the other hand, the view which I have now given of the subject would seem to lead to the following rules for beautiful Composition:

1. That wherever beautiful Form is intended, some characteristic or expressive Form should be selected, as the ground or subject of the Composition. And,

2. That the Variety (whether in the form, the number, or the proportion of the parts) should be adapted to the peculiar nature of this Expression, or of that Emotion which this Expression is fitted to excite in the mind of the spectator.

3. Forms of this kind are either single or dependent. In single or independent Forms their character is at the pleasure of the Artist; and that will be always most beautiful in which the character is best preserved.

4. In dependent Forms, on the contrary, or those which are designed for particular scenes or situations, their character must be determined by that of the scene or situation; and that also will be the most beautiful Form, in the composition of which the alliance to the general character is most precise and delicate.

III.—The same principle seems to extend to the Composition of Colours. The mere mixture of Colours is not beautiful. In the different Colours that are mingled upon a Painter's pallet, or in a book of patterns, we say there is no Beauty, because there is no Relation. What then is the relation which is necessary to constitute beautiful Composition? It is not their mere relation as Colours, because Colours of very different kinds are found to produce beautiful Compositions. It is not any established relation between particular Colours which is beautiful from our original constitution, because in different subjects different Compositions are necessary. I humbly apprehend, that it is the Relation of Expression.

In Natural Scenery for instance, the Colours of the great ingredients, Ground, Water, Wood, Rocks, and Buildings, are very different, and are susceptible of great varieties. In every scene, however, which is expressive, we look for and demand an unity in the Expression of these different Colours. We often find fault accordingly with the Colour of particular objects in such scenes, and say that they are too Rich, too Solemn, or too Cheerful for the rest of the scene. The

vivid Green for instance, which is so pleasing in a cheerful landscape, would ill suit a scene of Melancholy or Desolation. The brown heath, which so singularly accords with scenes of Gloom or Barrenness, would be intolerable in a landscape of Gaiety. The grey rock, which throws so venerable an air over grave or solemn scenes, would have but a feeble effect in scenes of horror. The blue and peaceful stream, which gives such loveliness to the solitary valley, would appear altogether misplaced amid scenes of rude and savage Majesty. The white foam and discoloured waters of the torrent alone suit the wildness of their Expression.

The great difference in the Colours of Trees requires attention in their Composition into Groups. If the Oak, the Yew, the Birch, the Fir, the Aspen, the Willow, &c., were mixed together indiscriminately, every one would exclaim at the impropriety of the Composition, and say that there was no relation, and no character preserved. Unite, however, only such Trees as are distinguished by Colours of a similar character, the Composition will be beautiful, and the variety will only serve to enhance and strengthen the Expression. If any other rule but their Expression were followed, would the effect be the same?

Different Compositions of Colours also are necessary in the different appearances of Trees, whether as a Clump, a Thicket, a Grove, or a Wood. The same degree of uniformity in colouring which is beautiful in a Wood, is displeasing in a Thicket or open Grove; the same degree of variety which is beautiful in those, is displeasing in the other. To what principle shall these differences be referred, but to the difference of Character; to the Airiness and Gaiety of the one, to the Majesty and Solemnity of the other?

The scenes of Nature often derive their Character even from the season of the day in which they are viewed, and the aspect which they regard. How much the Beauty of the Composition of Colours in such scenes arises from the Composition of their Expression, is beautifully illustrated in the following observations of Mr. Whately.

“Some species and situations of objects are in themselves adapted to receive or to make the impressions which characterise the principal parts of the day: their splendour, their sobriety, and other peculiarities recommend or prohibit them upon different occasions; the same considerations direct the choice also of their appendages: and in consequence of a judicious assemblage and arrangement of such as are proper for the purpose, the *Spirit* of the Morning, the *Excess* of Noon, or the *Temperance* of Evening, may be improved or corrected by the application of the scene to the season.

“In the *Morning*, the freshness of the air allays the force of the sunbeams, and their brightness is free from glare; the most splendid objects do not offend the eye, nor suggest the idea of heat in the extreme; but they correspond with the glitter of the dew which bespangles all the produce of the earth, and with the cheerfulness diffused over the whole face of creation. A variety of buildings may therefore be introduced to enliven the view, their colour may be the purest white without danger of excess, though they face the

eastern sun; and those which are in other aspects should be so contrived, that their turrets, their pinnacles, or other points, may catch glances of the rays, and contribute to illuminate the scene. The trees, in general, ought to be of the lightest greens, and so situated as not to darken much of the landscape by the length of their shadows. Vivacity in the streams, and transparency in a lake, are more important at this than at any other hour of the day; and an open exposure is commonly the most delightful, both for the effect of particular objects, and the general character of the scene.

“At *Noon*, every expedient should be used to correct the excess of the season: the shades are shortened, they must therefore be thick, but open plantations are generally preferable to a close covert: they afford a passage, or at least admittance to the air, which, tempered by the coolness of the place, soft to the touch, and refreshing at once to all the senses, renders the shade a delightful climate, not a mere refuge from heat. Groves, even at a distance, suggest the ideas which they realise upon the spot, and by multiplying the appearances, improve the sensations of relief from the extremity of the weather: Grottoes, Caves, and Cells, are on the same account agreeable circumstances in a sequestered recess: and though the chill within be hardly ever tolerable, the eye catches only an idea of coolness from the sight of them. Other buildings ought in general to be cast into shade, that the glare of reflection from them may be obscured. The large expanse of a lake is also too dazzling; but a broad river moving gently, and partially darkened with shadow, is very refreshing, more so perhaps than a little rill, for the vivacity of the latter rather disturbs the repose which generally prevails at mid-day: every breeze then is still; the reflection of an aspen leaf scarcely trembles on the water; the animals remit their search of food, and man ceases from his labour; the stream of heat seems to oppress all the faculties of the mind, and all the active powers of the body; and any very lively motion discomposes the languor in which we then delight to indulge.

“In the *Evening*, all splendour fades; no buildings glare, no water dazzles, the calmness of a lake suits the quiet of the time, the light hovers there, and prolongs the duration of day. An open reach of a river has a similar though a fainter effect, and a continued stream all exposed preserves the last rays of the sun along the whole length of its course, to beautify the landscape. But a brisk current is not so consistent as a lake with the tranquillity of Evening, and other objects should in general conform to the temper of the time: buildings of a dusky hue are most agreeable to it. No contrast of light and shade can then be produced; but if the plantations, which by their situation are the first to be obscured, be of the darkest greens, if the buildings which have a western aspect be of a light colour, and if the management of the lawns and the water be adapted to the same purpose, a diversity of tints will be preserved long after the greater effects are faded.”

There are few subjects where the Beauty or Deformity of the Composition of Colours is more observable, or at least more commonly observed,

OF THE SUBLIMITY AND BEAUTY

than in the article of *DRESS*. The following hints may perhaps lead the Reader to perceive, that this Beauty is also dependent upon Expression :

1. It may be observed that no Dress is beautiful, in which there is not some leading or predominant Colour displayed, or in which, if I may use the expression, there is not some unity of colouring. A dress in which different colours were employed in equal quantities, in which one half of the body was distinguished by one Colour, and the other by another, or in which each particular limb was differently coloured, would be ridiculous instead of being beautiful. It is in this way accordingly, that Mountebanks are dressed, and it never fails to produce the effect that is intended by it, to excite the mirth, and the ridicule of the common people.

2. No dress is ever remarked as beautiful, in which the prevailing Colour has not some pleasing or affecting Expression. There are a variety of colours which are chosen for common apparel, which have no Character or Expression in themselves, and which are chosen for no other reason, but because they are convenient for the peculiar occupations or amusements in which we are engaged. Such dress accordingly has no Beauty. When we say that it is a useful or a convenient Colour, we give it all the approbation that it is entitled to. There are on the contrary a variety of colours which are expressive from peculiar Associations, which are either gay, or delicate, or rich, or grave, or melancholy. It is always such Colours that are chosen for what is properly called Dress, or for that species of Apparel in which something more than mere convenience is intended. When we speak of such Dress, accordingly, we generally describe its Beauty by its Character, by its being delicate or rich, or gay, or magnificent, or, in other words, by its being distinguished by some pleasing or affecting Expression. We should feel an equal impropriety in any person's choosing the Colour of ornamental Dress, on account of its convenience, as in his choosing the Colour of his common apparel, because it was gay, or delicate, or splendid.

This difference of Expression constitutes the only distinction that seems to subsist between the Colours that are fit for common, and those that are fit for ornamental apparel. But besides this, there is another constituent of the Beauty of the prevailing Colour: its relation to the character or situation of the Person who wears it. The same Colour which would be beautiful in the dress of a Prince, would be ridiculous in the dress of a Peasant. We expect gay Colours in the dress of youth, and sober and temperate colours in the dress of age. We feel a propriety in the cheerful Colours of a Marriage, and in the melancholy colouring of Mourning. There is a propriety of relation also between the colours that distinguish the Dress of certain situations, and these situations themselves, which we never see violated without some degree of pain. Besides all this, there is a relation of a still more delicate kind; between the Colours of Dress, and the Character that distinguishes the countenance and form of the Person who wears it; which, however little attended to, is one of the most important articles in the Composition of Dress, and which is never

observed or violated without either increasing or diminishing the Beauty of the Person it distinguishes. As the general Beauty of Dress depends upon the predominant Colour being distinguished by some pleasing or interesting Expression; so the Beauty of Dress in any particular situation or character, depends upon this Expression being suited to that particular character or situation.

3. No Dress is ever considered as beautiful, in which the Composition of the inferior Colours is not adapted to the peculiar Expression of the prevailing Colour. The mere accumulation of different Colours, without any regard to the general Colour of the Dress, every one knows to be proverbially expressive of ignorance and vulgarity. To suit these Colours, on the other hand, to the prevailing Colour, is considered as the great criterion of Taste in this kind of Composition. If you inquire, accordingly, why, in any particular case, such Colours are not suited to the Dress, you will be told that they are either too glaring, too solemn, too gay, or too delicate, for the predominant Colour; in other words, that they do not accord with the Expression of the Dress, and that on this account the Composition is not beautiful. Wherever, in this article, it is said that Colours either suit, or do not suit, what is meant or felt, I believe is, that their Expressions either agree or do not agree.

It is upon the same account that different Colours in Dress admit of very different degrees of variety, in the Composition of the subordinate Colours. Rich Colours admit of little variety. Grave or melancholy Colours of less. Delicate Colours admit more of contrast than of variety. Gay or cheerful Colours demand a great proportion of variety. In all these cases, the proportion which is beautiful is that which accords with the peculiar nature of the Emotion that the predominant Colour excites. Strong Emotions, and Emotions which border upon pain, require uniformity in their objects. Rich, or magnificent, or mournful Dresses, require therefore a great proportion of uniformity in the Composition of the colouring. Weak Emotions require to be supported and enlivened. Dresses of a gentle or delicate character are therefore best illustrated by contrast. Emotions which belong to pleasure, demand Variety in their objects. Dresses of a gay character, admit therefore of a greater proportion of Variety in their colouring, than any of the others.

These slight hints (and the subject deserves no more) may perhaps lead the Reader to conclude, that the Beauty of Dress (in so far as it relates to the Composition of Colours) depends upon the Unity of Expression: and that Taste, in this respect, consists in the accurate perception of the Expressions of Colours, and of their relation both to each other, and to the character or situation of the person for whom they are destined.

There is one subject in which some attention to these principles might perhaps be productive of no unimportant effect: I mean in Dramatic Representation. Every one has perceived the impropriety of the greater part of the Dresses which are seen upon the Stage. The confusion of rich and tawdry, gay and grave Drapery, in the same performance; the neglect of every kind of correspondence between the Dress, and the Character it

distinguishes ; Comedy and Tragedy clothed in the same Colours ; and instead of any relation among the different Dresses of the same performance, or any correspondence to the Character of that performance, each particular Dress at variance with another, and all of them left to be determined by the caprice or vanity of the Actor ! If instead of this, we were to find in each distinguishing Character some agreement between the Expression of the Dress and the nature of that Character ; if different Ages, and Professions, and Situations, were attired with the same regard to propriety that we expect in real life ; if the whole of the Dresses in every particular performance had some relation to the Character of that performance, and to the Emotion it is destined to excite in our minds ; if no greater degree of Variety was admitted in this respect, than was consistent with this unity of Expression ; and if the whole were so imagined as to compose a beautiful mass or group of colouring, in those scenes where any number of personages were assembled together ; some addition, I conceive, would be given to the effect of an Art, which has the capacity, at least, of becoming one of the most powerful means we know, both of strengthening Virtue, and of communicating Knowledge.

Whether the principle which I have now explained may not extend to what is called the Harmony of Colouring in Historical Painting ; whether the Beauty of the prevailing Colour is not dependent upon the agreement of its Expression with that peculiar Expression or Character which distinguishes the scene ; and whether the Beauty of the Composition of the subordinate Colours is not determined by its effect in preserving this unity of Expression, I shall leave to be determined by those who are more learned in the Art, and better acquainted with Instances by which the truth of the observation may be tried.

SECTION II.

OF THE RELATIVE BEAUTY OF FORMS.

BESIDES those qualities of which Forms in themselves are expressive to us, and which constitute what I have called their NATURAL Beauty, there are other qualities of which they are the Signs, from their being the subjects of Art, or produced by Wisdom or Design, for some end. Whatever is the effect of Art, naturally leads us to the consideration of that Art which is its cause, and of that end or purpose for which it was produced. When we discover skill or wisdom in the one, or usefulness or propriety in the other, we are conscious of a very pleasing Emotion ; and the forms which we have found by experience to be associated with such qualities become naturally and necessarily expressive of them, and affect us with the Emotions which properly belong to the qualities they signify. There is therefore an additional source of Beauty in Forms, from the Expression of such qualities ; which, for the sake of perspicuity, I shall beg leave to call their RELATIVE Beauty.

Every work of Design may be considered in one or other of the following lights : Either in relation to the Art or Design which produced it,—to the nature of its Construction for the purpose or end intended,—or to the nature of the End which it is thus destined to serve ; and its Beauty accordingly

depends, either upon the excellence or wisdom of this Design, upon the Fitness or propriety of this construction, or upon the Utility of this end. The considerations of Design, of Fitness, and of Utility, therefore, may be considered as the three great sources of the Relative Beauty of Forms. In many cases, this Beauty arises from all these Expressions together ; but it may be useful to consider them separately, and to remark the peculiar influence of each, upon the Beauty of Forms.

Of the Influence of Design upon the Beauty of Forms.

I.—That the quality of Design is in many cases productive of the Emotion of Beauty, seems to me too obvious to require any illustration. The Beauty of Design in a Poem, in a Painting, in a musical Composition, or in a Machine, are Expressions which perpetually occur, both in books and in conversation, and which sufficiently indicate the cause or source of the Emotion.

Wherever we discover Fitness or Utility, we infer the existence of Design. In those Forms, accordingly, which are distinguished by such qualities, the discovery of an end immediately suggests to us the belief of Intention or Design ; and the same material qualities of Form, which signify to us this Fitness or Usefulness, are the Signs to us also of the Design or Thought which produced them.

It is obvious, however, that we often perceive the Expression of Design in Forms, both in Art and Nature, in which we discover neither Fitness nor Utility. By what means then do we infer the existence of Design in such cases ; and are there any qualities of Form, which are in themselves expressive to us of Design and Intention ? I apprehend that there are ; that there are certain qualities of Form which are immediately and permanently expressive to us of these qualities of Mind, and which derive their Beauty from this Expression.

1. In this view, it will easily be observed, that the material quality which is most naturally and most powerfully expressive to us of Design, is UNIFORMITY or REGULARITY. Wherever, in any Form, we observe this quality, we immediately infer Design. In every Form, on the contrary, where we discover a total want of this quality, we are disposed to consider it as the production of Chance, or of some Power which has operated without Thought or Intention. "In all cases (says Dr. Reid) Regularity expresses Design and Art ; for nothing regular was ever the work of Chance." In what manner this connexion is formed, whether it is derived from experience, or to be considered as an original principle of our nature, I do not inquire. It is, however, very obvious in children, at a very early age ; and it may be observed, that the popular superstitions of all nations are in a great measure founded upon it ; and that all uniform or regular appearances in Nature are referred by them to some intelligent mind.

The terms Regularity and Uniformity are used so synonymously, that it is difficult to explain their difference. As far as I am able to judge, the following account of this difference is not very distant from the truth.

With regard to both terms, when applied to Forms, two things are observable. 1st. That they

are only applied to such objects as compose a whole ; and that they express a relation either between the parts of it considered separately, or among the parts considered as constituting the whole. The relations between different wholes, or the parts of different wholes, are expressed by other terms. 2dly, That they express always similarity or resemblance of parts. With regard to Uniformity, the term itself is an evidence of it ; Uniformity being nothing but similarity of Form. With regard to Regularity, it is not less evident. A regular Form is a Form where all the parts are similar : an irregular Form is a Form where all the parts are dissimilar. A Form partly regular and partly irregular, is a Form where some parts are similar and others dissimilar. This is, I conceive, the literal meaning of Regularity, as applied to Forms, and what we always mean by it, when applied to natural objects. There is, however, another meaning of the term, when applied to works of Art, viz. the Imitation of a Model. Thus, we say, that a Pillar is regular, that a Poem is regular, that any Composition is regular, when they have the same proportions, and the same parts, which are found in the model, or prescribed by the rule. In this case, it is still the similarity of parts which constitutes Regularity ; the similarity between all the parts in the Copy, and those in the original from which it is borrowed.

Considering then Regularity and Uniformity as both expressing similarity of parts in a whole, it is plain that we may consider every Form composed of parts, either in relation to the similarity of individual parts, or in relation to the similarity of the whole parts. In the first case, the resemblance of any two or more parts constitutes its Uniformity. In the second, the resemblance or similarity of all the parts constitutes its Regularity. Thus, we say that any two sides of a Prism are uniform, but that the Prism itself is a regular Figure ; that the sides of a Cube are uniform, but that the Cube itself is regular ; that the sides of many of the different Crystals are uniform, but that the Crystals themselves are regular Solids.

In this view, both Uniformity and Regularity are constituted by similarity of parts ; and the difference between them is, That Uniformity expresses the similarity of parts considered separately, and Regularity the similarity of parts as constituting the whole. There may therefore be Uniformity without Regularity, because there may be a similarity between any two or more parts of a Form, without a general similarity among the whole ; but there cannot be Regularity without Uniformity, or without this general resemblance of the whole parts to each other.

Whatever may be the truth of this explanation, it seems sufficiently obvious that both these qualities are naturally expressive to us of Design, and that from the appearance of the one we are disposed to infer the exertion of the other.

I believe also it will be found, that the Beauty of such qualities in Forms arises from this Expression of Design, and that they are not beautiful in themselves, independently of this Expression.

1. Whenever we know that such appearances in Nature are the effect of chance, or seem to have been produced without any design, they are not beautiful. Of this every one must have had many instances in his own experience. We often meet

with Vegetable productions, which assume perfectly regular Forms, and which approach to a resemblance to Animals. However exact such a resemblance may be, or however regular the Form, we never consider such productions as beautiful. We say only that they are curious : we run to see them as Novelties, but we never speak of their Beauty, or feel from them that Emotion of delight which Beauty excites. In many Stones, in the same manner, we often find resemblances to Vegetables, to Animals, and to the human Countenance. We never say, however, that such instances are beautiful, but that they are singular. The appearance of Regularity or Uniformity in Rocks or Mountains, or in any of the ingredients of Natural Scenery, is everywhere considered as a defect instead of a Beauty, and is beheld with no other Emotion than that of surprise. If Uniformity or Regularity were beautiful in themselves, it is obvious that such productions of chance would be equally beautiful with those that are produced by design.

2. It is obvious that Uniformity is not in every case equally beautiful, and that this Beauty is in all cases proportioned to the difficulty of its attainment, or to the more forcible Expression of Design or Skill. In simple Forms, or such as are constituted by Lines of one kind, Uniformity is beautiful but in a very small degree. Increase the number of Parts, and its Beauty increases in proportion to their Number. We are not much struck with the Uniformity of two leaves of a Tree. The Uniformity of the whole number of Leaves is a very beautiful consideration. The Uniformity of these minute parts in every individual of the class, in every Tree of the same kind in Nature, is a consideration of still greater effect, and can scarcely be presented to the Mind, without awakening a very powerful conviction of Wisdom and Design. It is upon this principle chiefly, I apprehend, that we determine the Beauty of Mathematical Figures, when we consider them simply as Figures, without relation either to their connexion with Science, or with any of the productions of Art. An Equilateral Triangle is more beautiful than a Scalene or an Isosceles, a Square than a Rhombus, an Hexagon than a Square, an Ellipse than a Parabola, a Circle than an Ellipse ; because the number of their uniform parts are greater, and their Expression of Design more complete. In general, in this subject Regular Figures are more beautiful than Irregular, and Regular Figures of a greater number of parts more beautiful than the same figures of a smaller number of parts ; they cease only to be beautiful when the number of their parts is so great as to produce confusion, and of consequence to obscure the Expression of Design. It is the same principle which seems to produce the Beauty of INTRICACY. Nothing is more delightful than in any subject where we at first perceived only confusion, to find regularity gradually emerging, and to discover, amid the apparent chaos, some uniform principle which reconciles the whole. To reduce a number of apparently dissimilar particulars under one general law of resemblance, as it is one of the strongest evidences of the exertion of Wisdom and Design, so it is also productive of one of the strongest Emotions of Beauty which Design can excite.

II.—The view which I have now given of the Beauty of Regularity and Uniformity, as arising from the expression of Design, seems also very sufficiently to account for a fact, which every one that is conversant in the history of the fine Arts must have observed; I mean the Universal prevalence of Uniformity in the earlier periods of these Arts: and perhaps a general view of the progress of Taste in this respect, is the best method by which I can explain the influence of Design upon the Beauty of Forms.

1. In the infancy of Society, when Art was first cultivated, and the attention of Men first directed to Works of Design, it is natural to imagine that such Forms would be employed in those Arts which were intended to please, as were most strongly expressive of Design or Skill. This would take place from two causes; 1st, from their ignorance of those more interesting qualities which such productions might express, and which the gradual advancement of the Arts alone could unfold; and, 2dly, From the peculiar value which Design or Art itself, in such periods, possessed, and the consequent admiration which it raised. When any Art was discovered among a rude People, the circumstance that would most strongly affect them would be the Art itself, and the Design or Skill which it exhibited: the real capacities or consequences of the Art, they must altogether be ignorant of. What the Artist would value himself upon would be the production of a Work of Skill. What the Spectator would admire would be the Invention or Ingenuity of the Workman who was capable of imagining and executing such a Work. What the Workman, therefore, would study, would be to give his Work as full and complete an Expression of this Skill or Design as he could. He would naturally, therefore, give it the appearance of perfect Uniformity. In proportion as it had this appearance, it would more or less testify the exertion of this Skill, and of consequence more or less excite the admiration of the Spectator. The circumstance of Art itself, would thus naturally prevail over every other Expression of Form; and the value as well as the uncommonness of such talents would give to Uniformity a degree of Beauty, which it is perhaps difficult for those to imagine, who are accustomed to the advancement of the Arts in a polished Age. How naturally all this would take place, may still, however, be seen in the Tastes and opinions of Children. What they perpetually admire is Uniformity and Regularity. The first little essays they make in art, are all distinguished by this Character; the opinion they form of the Value or Beauty of any object that is shown to them, is from the prevalence of Uniformity in its Composition; and the triumph which they display, when they are able to produce any kind of regularity in their little productions, very sufficiently indicates the connexion that subsists in their Minds, between such Qualities and the Expression of Design.

In the earlier periods of Society, therefore, it seems reasonable to imagine, that all those Arts which were directed only to Ornament, or to the production of Beauty, should employ, in preference to all others, the admired Form; and that the Artist should attempt to give to everything that constituted the fine Arts of such an Age, that

Uniformity, which was expressive of the Quality most valued and most admired among them. It is found, accordingly, that this is the fact; and that the Form which, in such periods, universally characterises the productions of infant Taste, is Uniformity or Regularity.

The first appearance of the Arts of Sculpture and Painting has in every country been distinguished by this character. The earliest attempts to imitate the human Form could have little merit as an Imitation, and could be valued only for the Skill and Dexterity they appeared, at such a period, to exhibit. What the Spectator admired, was not so much the Resemblance to Man, as the Invention and Art which produced this Resemblance; what the Artist therefore would study, would be to make his work as expressive of this skill as possible. He could, however, do this in no way so surely, as by the production of Uniformity, by making choice of an attitude in which both sides of the body were perfectly similar, and every article of drapery, &c., upon the one side, having a correspondent article of the same kind upon the other. Such a work carried with it immediately the conviction of design, and would of course excite the admiration of an Age to which Design was not familiar. The figures of the Gods, and of the Heroes of rude nations, are accordingly represented by every Traveller, as fashioned in this manner; and whoever will take the trouble of reading the Abbé Winkelman's laborious History of Ancient Sculpture, will find that the earliest period even of Grecian Art, was distinguished by the same Character.

As the favourite Form of such an Age would be Regularity, the first step of the progress of the Art would naturally consist in the greater perfection of this Form, in the higher finishing of the Parts, and in the increase of their Number. It is at this period that the Egyptian Sculpture seems to have stopped; the accuracy and the delicacy of its workmanship appear not to have been exceeded by any other People; but the possibility of adding Variety to Uniformity, or of copying the more graceful attitudes of the human Form, seems either to have been unknown or unattempted among them. From what cause this peculiarity arose, it is now difficult to explain; if it may not be conceived to have been the effect of a law of Religion, by which the Artists were forbidden to give any other appearance or attitude to the objects of their worship, than those which were to be found in their ancient Sculptures. Every History of Painting sufficiently shows, that the first periods of this Art have been uniformly distinguished by the same Character.

The Art of Gardening seems to have been governed, and long governed, by the same Principle. When men first began to consider a garden as a subject capable of Beauty, or of bestowing any distinction upon its possessor, it was natural that they should endeavour to render its Form as different as possible from that of the country around it; and to mark to the Spectator, as strongly as they could, both the design and the labour which they had bestowed upon it. Irregular Forms, however convenient or agreeable, might still be the production of Nature; but Forms perfectly regular, and Divisions completely uniform, immediately excited the belief of Design, and with this

belief all the admiration which follows the employment of Skill, or even of Expense. That this Principle would naturally lead the first Artists in Gardening to the production of Uniformity, may easily be conceived, as even at present, when so different a system of Gardening prevails, the common People universally follow the first System; and even the Men of the best Taste, in the cultivation of waste or neglected lands, still enclose them by uniform Lines and in regular Divisions, as more immediately signifying what they wish should be signified, their Industry or Spirit in their improvement.

As gardens, however, are both a costly and permanent subject, and are of consequence less liable to the influence of Fashion, this Taste would not easily be altered; and the principal improvements which they would receive, would consist rather in the greater employment of uniformity and expense, than in the introduction of any new Design. The whole History of Antiquity, accordingly, contains not, I believe, a single instance where this character was deviated from, in a spot considered solely as a garden; and till within the last century, and in this country, it seems not anywhere to have been imagined, that a garden was capable of any other Beauty than what might arise from Utility, and from the display of Art and Design. It deserves also further to be remarked, that the additional ornaments of gardening have in every country partaken of the same character, and have been directed to the purpose of increasing the appearance and the Beauty of Art and of Design. Hence *Jets d'Eau*, artificial Fountains, regular Cascades, Trees in the form of Animals, &c., have in all countries been the principal ornaments of gardening. The violation of the usual appearances of Nature in such objects, strongly exhibited the employment of Art. They accorded perfectly, therefore, with the character which the scene was intended to have; and they increased its Beauty as they increased the effect of that quality upon which this Beauty was founded, and intended to be founded.

The same principle which has thus influenced the Taste of men in the earlier periods of Society, with regard to Sculpture and Gardening, appears to have extended to every other Art which was employed in the Beauty of Form. The Art of Dancing, one of the Fine Arts of a rude people, and which is capable indeed of being one of the Fine Arts of the most improved people, is distinguished in its first periods by the same character and from the same cause. The common or general motions of the human body are acquired in so early infancy, and are performed with so little reflection, that they appear to be more the exertion of a natural power, than an acquisition of labour or art. When men then first began to take pleasure in the exertion of their agility, and to expect praise or admiration for their skill, it is obvious that the motions and gestures which they would adopt, would be such as were farthest removed from the natural or easy motions of the body, and which from this difference were most strongly expressive of the address or agility of the Dancer. Hence naturally arose the invention of all those uniform attitudes, in which the two sides of the body were rendered perfectly correspondent; those artificial gestures, in which the same motion

of the limbs is repeated, without any change of place; and as the art advanced, those regular figures in which the same Form is perpetually described; and those more complicated dances in which a number of performers are engaged in repeating some intricate figure within a definite interval. Such gestures and figures, as essentially different from the usual gestures of the body, were immediately expressive both of Design and of Skill. The performer would study to excel in them. The spectator would admire him in proportion as he did excel: and hence the Art would almost necessarily assume the same character of Regularity or Uniformity that distinguished the other Arts which were destined to please.

It would be very easy to illustrate the same observation, from a variety of other particulars in the ornamental Forms of rude nations, if it did not lead to a very minute, and I believe a very unnecessary investigation. The Reader will perhaps however forgive me, if I avail myself of this opportunity to hazard a conjecture, Whether the same principle is not the cause of the invention of Rhyme and Measure in Poetry? and whether it may not serve to account for a very remarkable fact that every one is acquainted with, viz., The Precedence of Poetical to Prosaic Composition.

The use of language is acquired so early in life, and is practised upon common occasions with so little study or thought, that it appears to a rude people, as it does to the common people of every country, rather as an inherent power of our nature, than as an acquisition of labour or study; and upon such occasions is considered as no more expressive of Design or Skill, than the notes of birds, or the cries of animals. When therefore men first began to think of Composition, and to expect admiration from their skill in it, they would very naturally endeavour to make it as expressive as they could of this Skill, by distinguishing it as much as possible from common language. There was no way so obvious for this, as by the production of some kind of Regularity or Uniformity; by the production either of Regularity in the succession of the Sounds, or of Uniformity or Resemblance in these Sounds themselves. Such qualities in Composition would immediately suggest the belief of Skill and Design, and would of consequence excite all that admiration which, in the commencement of every Art, such qualities so strongly and so justly raise. The same cause, therefore, which induced the Sculptor to give to his performances that Form which was most strongly expressive of his skill, would induce the Poet to employ that Regularity or Uniformity of Sounds which was most immediately expressive also of his Skill, and which was most likely to excite the admiration of his people. Rhyme or Measure then (according to the nature of the language, and the superior difficulty of either) would naturally come to be the constituent mark of Poetry, or of that species of Composition which was destined to affect or to please. It would be the simplest resource which the Poet could fall upon, to distinguish his productions from common language; and it would accordingly please, just in proportion to the perfection of its Regularity, or to the degree in which it was expressive of his labour and skill. The greater and more important characteristics of the Art, a rude people

must necessarily be unacquainted with ; and what would naturally constitute the distinction to them between Poetry and common language, would be the appearance of Uniformity or Regularity in the one, and the want of them in the other.

As thus the first instances of Composition would be distinguished by some species of Uniformity, every kind of Composition would gradually borrow, or come to be distinguished by the same character. If it was necessary for the Poet to study Rhyme or Measure, to distinguish his verses from common language, it would be equally necessary for the Lawgiver to study the same in the Composition of his Laws, and the Sage in the Composition of his Aphorisms. Without this character, they had no distinction from usual or familiar Expression : they had no mark by which they might be known to be the fruit of Thought or Reflection, instead of the immediate effusion of Fancy. Before the invention of writing, the only expedient by which it seems possible that Composition could be distinguished from common language, must have been some species of Uniformity or Regularity, which might immediately convey the belief of Art or Design, and thus separate it from that vulgar language, which appeared to imply neither. It is hence that, in every country, proverbs, or the ancient maxims of wisdom, are distinguished by Alliteration, or Measure, or some other artifice of a like nature ; that in many countries the earliest laws have been written in verse ; and, in general, that the artificial Composition which is now appropriated to Poetry alone, and distinguished by the name of Poetical Composition, was naturally the prevailing character of Composition, and applied to every subject which was the fruit of labour or meditation ; as the mark, and indeed the only mark, that then could be given, of the employment of this labour and meditation.

The invention of Writing occasioned a very great revolution in Composition. What was written was of itself expressive of Design. Prose, therefore, when written, was equally expressive of Design with Verse or Rhyme ; and the restraints which these imposed, led men naturally to forsake that artificial Composition, which now no longer had the value it bore, before this invention. The discovery of writing seems therefore naturally to have led to Composition in Prose. It might be expected also, that the same cause should have freed Poetry from the restraints with which the ignorance or the necessities of a rude age had thus shackled it ; and that the great distinctions of Imagery, of Enthusiasm, of being directed to the Imagination, instead of the Understanding, &c., should have been sufficient distinctions of it from prosaic Composition, without preserving those rude inventions which were founded solely upon the Expression of Art. There are, however, two causes which serve to prevent this natural effect, and which it is probable will everywhere continue to appropriate Rhyme or Measure to poetical Composition. 1st, The permanence of poetical Models, and the irresistible prejudice we have in their favour even from no other cause than their antiquity ; and, 2dly, The real difficulty of the Art itself, which, in opposition to the general history of Art, remains still as difficult, and perhaps more so, than in the first periods of its cultivation ; and which of consequence renders it still as much the

object of admiration, as when it first began to be cultivated. The generality of men judge of Poetry by the perfection or imperfection of its Rhymes ; and the art or skill of the Poet in the management of them, constitutes a very great share of the pleasure they have in the perusal of it.

Whatever truth there may be in this conjecture, with regard to the Origin of Rhyme and Measure, it is a fact sufficiently certain, that the first periods of the history of the Fine Arts are distinguished by Uniformity and Regularity ; and perhaps the observations which I have offered may lead the Reader to believe, that this arises from the early, and perhaps instinctive association we have of such qualities in Form, with Design and Skill, and the great and peculiar value they necessarily have in such a period of society.

2. When, however, the Fine Arts have made this progress, circumstances arise which alter in a great measure the Taste of mankind, and introduce a different opinion with regard to the Beauty of Design. Two causes more especially conspire to this. 1st, The discovery that is gradually made, that other and more affecting qualities are capable of being expressed by Forms, than that of mere Design : and, 2dly, The progress of the Arts themselves, which naturally renders easy what at first was difficult, and, of consequence, renders the production of Regularity or Uniformity less forcibly the Sign of Skill than at first. Both tend immediately to the introduction of VARIETY.

When the Painter and Sculptor, for instance, had advanced so far in their Art as to be able to imitate exactly the Form of the human Body, it could not well be long before they applied themselves to particular imitations of it. Some Forms are beautiful, others not. They would study therefore to imitate the former ; and perhaps endeavour to investigate what circumstances constituted the difference between such cases. The imitation of the beautiful, from the imitation of mere Form, was itself a great step in the Art, but was of still greater consequence in leading to another. Beautiful Forms were more beautiful in one attitude than in another, under the influence of some passions or affections, than under the influence of others. To imitate such objects, therefore, it was necessary to study, not only the general Beauty of Form, but such Attitudes and Expressions as were the signs of such Passions or Affections. The most beautiful Forms in real Life were still in some respects deficient, and it was difficult to find instances where such Forms might display the most beautiful Attitudes or Expressions. The imagination of the Painter or the Sculptor could alone supply this want ; he would endeavour by degrees, therefore, to unite the Beauty of Form with the Beauty of Expression ; and would thus gradually ascend to the conception of Ideal Beauty, and to the production of Form and of Attitude, more beautiful than any that were to be found in Nature itself. In these various steps the Uniformity of the earlier Ages would insensibly be deserted. Beautiful Attitudes have little Uniformity ; and in the Expression of Passion or Affection, every Variety of Form must be introduced which takes place in real Life. The Artist, therefore, would not only be under the necessity of introducing Variety, but the admiration of the Spectator would necessarily keep pace with its Introduction : both because the expression which his Forms

now assumed was of itself much more pleasing and interesting than the mere expression of Design, and because this Variety was in fact now significant of greater Skill and Dexterity in the Artist, than the mere Uniformity of the former Age. In those Arts, therefore, Variety of Form would not only be considered as expressive of Design, but, as what distinguished the Old and the Modern School was the Uniformity of the one and the Variety of the other, it would be considered as the peculiar sign of elegant or of improved Design.

In all the other Arts which were either directed to the production of Beauty of Form, or which were susceptible of it, the same causes would produce the same effects. In all of them, in proportion as the Art was cultivated, the difficulty of it would decrease; the same Form which was beautiful, and solely beautiful, when the circumstance of Art or Skill only was considered, would every day become less beautiful as that Skill became more common;—the natural rivalry of Artists would lead them to deviate from this principle of Uniformity, and, by the introduction of some degree of Variety, to give greater proofs of their Art and Dexterity. It would not fail to be observed, that in such inventions some were more beautiful or more pleasing than others: some farther qualities, therefore, would be sought for in Forms than that which was merely expressive of Design; the Forms which were beautiful in Nature would be imitated in the productions of Art; succeeding Ages would gradually refine upon these beginnings of Improvement; until, at last, the most common Forms would receive all that degree of Beauty which was consistent with their usefulness or ends.

The Forms, however, that are beautiful in Nature are in general such as are distinguished by Variety. In the imitation of them, Variety would necessarily be introduced. The imitation of such Forms, the application of them to common objects, was in itself more laborious, more difficult, and demanded more skill in the Artist, than the production of mere Uniformity. The Variety, therefore, which took place in this period of the Arts, would naturally become the sign of improved or of elegant Design, as Uniformity had formerly been the sign of Design itself; and as the one distinguished the rude period of these Arts, and the other the improved and elegant one, Uniformity in this, as in the former case, would come to be considered as the sign of rude or imperfect Design, and Variety, of that which was refined and cultivated. The application of these principles to the different Arts, which are conversant in the Beauty of Form, is far beyond the limit of these observations.

By such means as these, by the imitation of Nature, by the invention which rivalry would naturally excite, and by the natural progress of Art itself, Variety would gradually be introduced; in different degrees, indeed, in different Arts, according to their nature, and the costliness and permanence of the subjects upon which they were employed, but still in all, in some degree, and according to the measure in which they admitted of it. As it thus also became the principal visible distinction between the rude and the improved state of these Arts, it would become the sign of this improvement and refinement; the excellence of the Artist would, in a great degree, be measured by the proportion of it which he was capable of

giving to his works; and as the love of Uniformity had distinguished the earlier periods of Society, the love of Variety would from the same cause distinguish the periods of cultivation and refinement. It is found, accordingly, that this is the great characteristic of the taste of polished Ages: and so strong is this principle, that wherever, in the Arts of any country, Variety is found to predominate, it may be safely inferred, that they have long been cultivated in that country; as, on the other hand, wherever the love of Uniformity prevails, it may with equal safety be inferred, that they are in that country but in the first stage of their improvement.

There is one Art, however, in which the same effect seems to have arisen from very different causes. The variety which distinguishes the Modern Art of Gardening in this island, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, appears not, however, to be equally natural to this Art, as it has been shown to be to others. It is, at least, of a very late origin: it is to be found in no other country: and those nations of antiquity, who had carried the Arts of Taste to the greatest perfection which they have ever yet attained, while they had arrived at Beauty in every other species of Form, seem never to have imagined, that the principle of Variety was applicable to Gardening, or to have deviated in any respect from the Regularity or Uniformity of their ancestors.

Nor does it indeed seem to be either a very natural or a very obvious invention. A Garden is a spot surrounding or contiguous to a house, and cultivated for the convenience or pleasure of the family. When men began first to ornament such a spot, it was natural that they should do with it as they did with the house to which it was subordinate, viz., by giving it every possible appearance of uniformity, to show that they had bestowed labour and expense upon the improvement of it. In the countries that were most proper for Gardening, in those distinguished by a fine climate and a beautiful scenery, this labour and expense could in fact in no other way be expressed than by the production of such Uniformity. To imitate the Beauty of Nature in the small scale of a Garden, would have been ridiculous in a country where this Beauty was to be found upon the great scale of Nature: and for what purpose should they bestow labour or expense, for which every Man expects credit, in erecting a scene, which, as it could be little superior to the general scenery around them, could of consequence but little communicate to the spectator the belief of this labour or this expense having been bestowed? The Beauty of Landscape Nature had sufficiently provided. The Beauty therefore that was left for Man to create, was the Beauty of Convenience or Magnificence; both of them dependent upon the employment of Art and Expense, and both of them best expressed by such Forms as immediately signified the employment of such means. In such a situation, therefore, it does not seem natural, that men should think of proceeding in this Art beyond the first and earliest Forms which it had acquired; or that any further improvement should be attempted in it, than merely in the extension of the scale of this design.

In this view I cannot help thinking that the modern taste in Gardening (or what Mr. Walpole very justly and very emphatically calls the Art of creating Landscape), owes its origin to two circum-

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stances, which may at first appear paradoxical, viz., to the accidental circumstance of our taste in Natural Beauty being founded upon foreign models; and to the difference or inferiority of the scenery of our own country, to that which we were accustomed peculiarly to admire.

The influence of these circumstances will be perhaps sufficiently obvious to those who recollect that the compositions which serve most early, and indeed most universally, to fix our Taste in this respect, are those which have been produced in Italy and Greece; in countries much superior to our own in the articles of climate and of natural Beauty; which are almost sacred in our imaginations, from the events by which they have been distinguished; and which, besides all this, have an additional charm to us, from the very compositions in which they are celebrated. The poems of Homer and Theocritus, of Virgil and Horace, have been now for a considerable length of time the first poetical compositions to which the youth of modern Europe are accustomed; and they have influenced accordingly in a very sensible degree the taste of all those who have been so early engaged in the study of them. Besides this, the effect of Painting, and particularly of Landscape-Painting, has been very great, both in awakening our Taste to natural Beauty, and in determining it. The great masters in this Art have been principally Italians: men who were born amid scenes of distinguished Beauty, who passed their lives in copying those features either of real or of adventitious Expression with which Italy presented them; and whose works have disseminated in every country where they found their way, the admiration of the scenes which they copied. From both these causes, and from the strong prejudice which since the revival of letters we so early and so deeply feel, in favour of everything that relates to Grecian or to Roman antiquity, the imagery of Italian scenery had got strongly the possession of our imagination. Our first impressions of the Beauty of Nature had been gained from the compositions which delineated such scenery; and we were gradually accustomed to consider them as the standard of natural Beauty.

With these impressions, it was very natural for the inhabitants of a country, of which the scenery, however beautiful in itself, was yet in many respects very different from that which they were accustomed to consider as solely or supremely beautiful, to attempt to imitate what they did not possess; to import, as it were, the beauties which were not of their own growth: and in fact to create, according to Mr. Walpole's vigorous expression, that scenery which Nature and Fortune had denied them.

Such improvements however, as extremely expensive, could not be at first upon a very large scale. They could, for various reasons, occupy only that spot of ground which surrounded the house: and as they thus supplanted what had formerly been the garden, they came very naturally to be considered only as another species of gardening. A scene of so peculiar a kind could not well unite with the country around. It would gradually therefore extend so as to embrace all the ground that was within view, or in the possession of the improver. From the garden therefore it naturally extended to the park, which became therefore also

the subject of this new, but very fortunate mode of improvement. And thus, from the nature of modern education, and the habit we are in of receiving our first rudiments of Taste from foreign models, together with the admiration which so many causes have conspired to excite in our minds with regard to antiquity, seems very probably to have arisen that modern Taste in Gardening, which is so different from every other that men have followed, and which has tended so much to the ornament of this country.

It is to be observed also, in confirmation of what I have said, that the first attempts of this kind in England were very far from being an imitation of the general scenery of Nature. It was solely the imitation of Italian scenery: and it is not improbable that they who first practised the Art, were themselves ignorant of the possible Beauties which it at length might acquire. Statues, Temples, Urns, Ruins, Colonnades, &c., were the first ornaments of all such scenes. Whatever distinguished the real scenes of Nature in Italy, was here employed in artificial scenery with the most thoughtless profusion; and the object of the Art in general was the creation, not of Natural, but of Italian Landscape. The fine satire of Mr. Pope upon this subject, is a sufficient proof of the degree to which this fashion was carried; and it deserves to be remarked, to the honour of his Taste, that he so soon saw the possible Beauties of this infant Art, and was so superior to the universal prejudices upon the subject.

It was but a short step, however, from this state of the Art, to the pursuit of general Beauty. The great step had already been made, in the destruction of the regular Form which constituted the former system of Gardening, and in the imitation of Nature, which, although foreign, and very different from the appearances or the character of Nature in our own country, was yet still the imitation of Nature. The profusion with which Temples, Ruins, Statues, and all the other adventitious articles of Italian scenery was lavished, became soon ridiculous. The destruction of these, it was found, did not destroy the Beauty of Landscape. The power of simple Nature was felt and acknowledged, and the removal of the articles of acquired expression led men only more strongly to attend to the natural expression of scenery, and to study the means by which it might be maintained or improved. The publication also, at this time, of the Seasons of Thomson, in the opinion of a very competent judge*, contributed in no small degree both to influence and to direct the taste of men in this Art. The peculiar merit of the work itself, the singular felicity of its descriptions, and, above all, the fine Enthusiasm which it displays, and which it is so fitted to excite, with regard to the works of Nature, were most singularly adapted to promote the growth of an infant Art, which had for its object the production of natural Beauty: and, by diffusing everywhere both the admiration of Nature and the knowledge of its Expression, prepared, in a peculiar degree, the minds of men in general both to feel the effects and to judge of the fidelity of those scenes in which it was imitated. By these means, and by the singular genius of some late masters, the art of Gardening has gradually ascended from the pursuit of particular, to the

* Dr. Warton.

pursuit of general Beauty; to realise whatever the fancy of the painter has imagined, and to create a scenery more pure, more harmonious, and more expressive, than any that is to be found in Nature itself.

From the slight view which I have now given of the progress of those Arts which respect the Beauty of Form, the reader may perhaps be satisfied that this progress itself, produces a difference in the sentiments of men with regard to the Beauty of Design, and to those material qualities in Forms which are expressive of it; that the same degree of Art or Skill which is the object of admiration in an early age, ceases to be so in an age of greater improvement; and that hence, as UNIFORMITY is the distinguishing Form of Beauty in the first periods of these Arts, VARIETY is from the same cause in the latter.

These qualities, however, though in a great measure characteristic of the rude and the improved periods of the Arts, are neither opposite nor irreconcilable. In every perfect Form of Beauty they must be united: and the same quality of Design or Skill which is the foundation of their Beauty, affords also the law of their union.

Every work of Art supposes Unity of Design, or some one end which the Artist had in view in its structure or composition. In Forms, however, considered simply as expressive of Design, and without any other relation, the only possible sign of unity of Design is Uniformity or Regularity. It is this which alone distinguishes the productions of Chance from those of Design: and without the appearance of this, Variety is equifessedly only Confusion.

In every beautiful work of Art, something more than mere Design is demanded, viz., elegant or embellished Design. The only material sign of this is Variety. It is this which distinguishes in general beautiful from plain forms; and without this, in some degree, Uniformity is only dullness and insipidity. Beautiful Forms, therefore, must necessarily be composed both of Uniformity and Variety; and this union will be perfect when the proportion of Uniformity does not encroach upon the Beauty of Embellishment, and the proportion of Variety does not encroach upon the Beauty of Unity.

Considering therefore Forms in this light, as beautiful merely from their expression of Design, the observation of Dr. Hutcheson may perhaps be considered as an Axiom with regard to their Beauty, viz., that where the Uniformity is equal, the Beauty of Forms is in proportion to their Variety; and when their Variety is equal, their Beauty is in proportion to their Uniformity; that is, according to the view which I have now presented to the reader. When the Unity of Design is equal, the Beauty of Forms will be in proportion to their Embellishment; and when the Embellishment of Forms is equal, their Beauty will be in proportion to the Unity of their Design.

III.—In the view which I have now presented to the Reader, the qualities of Uniformity and Variety are considered as beautiful from their Expression of Design. In the preceding section, on the other hand, these qualities are considered

as beautiful, from the effect of their Composition, in maintaining and promoting the Emotion which the subject itself is capable of exciting. That these qualities are in fact beautiful from both these causes; that their Composition is in some cases beautiful from being expressive of the Skill and Taste of the Artist; and in others, from being correspondent to the Character or Expression of the subject; are propositions so obvious, that I will not detain the Reader by any illustration of them. The confounding of these distinct Expressions has also, I believe, been the cause of the greater part of mistakes which have been made in the investigation of the Beauty of these qualities.

The Beauty of these Expressions, however, is very different; and as it is in the power of the Artist either to sacrifice the Beauty of Design to that of Character or Expression, or to sacrifice the Beauty of Character to that of Design, there is not perhaps any circumstance of more importance to him, or to the Arts of Taste in general, than a proper comprehension of the difference of this Beauty, and of the great superiority which the one has over the other. The superiority of the Beauty of Expression or Character, seems to consist in three things. 1st, In the greater and more affecting Emotion which is produced by it, than what is produced by the mere expression of Design. 2ndly, In this Beauty being more universally felt, as being dependent only upon Sensibility, while the Beauty of Design is felt only fully by those who are proficient in the Art, and who are able accordingly to judge of the Skill or Taste which is displayed: and, 3rdly, In the permanence of this Beauty, as arising from certain invariable principles of our Nature, while the Beauty of Design is dependent upon the period of the Art in which it is displayed, and ceases to be beautiful when the Art has made a farther progress either in improvement or decline. In all those Arts, therefore, that have for their object the production of beautiful Forms, it may be considered as a first and fundamental principle, that the Expression of Design should be subject to the Expression of Character; and that in every Form, the proportion of Uniformity and Variety which the Artist should study, ought to be that which is accommodated to the nature of this Character, and not to the expression of his own Dexterity or Skill. As in the Mechanical Arts, whose object is utility, and in which the ability of the Artist is more surely displayed by the production of useful Form, it would be absurd in him to sacrifice this utility to the display of his own dexterity or address; so in the Arts of Taste, whose object is Beauty, and in which the Taste or Genius of the Artist is in like manner most surely displayed by the production of beautiful Form, it is equally absurd to sacrifice the superior Beauty of Character or Expression, to that meaner and less permanent Beauty, which may arise from the display of his own ability or art.

However obvious or important the principle which I have now stated may be, the fine Arts have been unfortunately governed by a very different principle; and the undue preference which Artists are naturally disposed to give to the display of Design, has been one of the most powerful causes of that decline and degeneracy which has uniformly marked the history of the fine Arts,

after they have arrived at a certain period of perfection. To a common Spectator, the great test of excellence in beautiful Forms is Character or Expression, or, in other words, the appearance of some interesting or affecting quality in the Form itself. To the Artist, on the other hand, the great test of excellence is Skill—the production of something new in point of Design, or difficult in point of Execution. It is by the Expression of Character, therefore, that the generality of Men determine the Beauty of Forms: it is by the Expression of Design that the Artist determines it. When, therefore, the Arts which are conversant in the Beauty of Form have attained to that fortunate stage of their progress, when this Expression of Character is itself the great Expression of Design, the Invention and Taste of the Artist take, almost necessarily, a different direction. When his excellence can no longer be distinguished by the production of merely beautiful or expressive Form, he is naturally led to distinguish it by the production of what is uncommon or difficult; to signalise his works by the fertility of his invention or the dexterity of his execution; and thus gradually to forget the end of his art, in his attention to display his superiority in the Art itself. While the Artist thus insensibly deviates from the true principles of Composition, other causes unfortunately tend to mislead also the Taste of the public. In the Mechanical Arts, whose object is Utility, this Utility is itself the principle by which we determine the perfection of every production: Utility, however, is a permanent principle, and necessarily renders our opinion of this perfection as permanent. In the Fine Arts, whose object is Beauty, it is by its effect upon our imagination alone, that we determine the excellence of any production. There is no quality, however, which has a more powerful effect upon our imagination than Novelty. The Taste of the generality of mankind, therefore, very naturally falls in with the invention of the Artist, and is gratified by that continued production of Novelty which the Art affords to it. In the Mechanical Arts, which are directed to general utility, all men are in some measure judges of the excellence of their productions, because they are in some measure judges of this Utility. But in the Fine Arts, which seem to require peculiar talents, and which require at least talents that are not generally exerted, all men neither are, nor conceive themselves to be, judges. They willingly therefore submit their opinions to the guidance of those who, by their practice in these arts, appear very naturally the most competent to judge with regard to their Beauty; and while the Arts amuse them with perpetual novelty, very readily take for granted, that what is new is also beautiful. By these means; by the preference which Artists are so naturally disposed to give to the Expression of Design, above the Expression of Character; by the nature of these Arts themselves, which afford no permanent principle of judging; and by the disposition of men in general to submit their opinions to the opinions of those who have the strongest propensity, and the greatest interest in their corruption; have the Arts of Taste, in every country, after a certain period of perfection, degenerated into the mere Expressions of the skill and Execution of the Artist, and gradually sunk into a state of barbarity, almost as great as that from

which they at first arose. “*Alit æmulatio ingenia,*” says Velleius Patereulus, in speaking of the same subject, “*et nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit; naturaque quod summo studio petitum est, adscendit in summum, difficultique in perfecto mora est: naturaliterque quod procedere non potest, recedit; et ut primo, ad consequendos quos priores ducimus, accendimur, ita, ubi aut præteriri aut æquari eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit, et quod assequi non potest, sequi desinit; et velut occupatam relinquens materiam, quaerit novam; præteritoque eo, in quo eminere non possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus*.”—*Vell. Patereul. L. 1. ad fin.**

Nor is this melancholy progress peculiar to those Arts which respect the Beauty of Form. The same causes extend to every other of those Arts which are employed in the production of Beauty; and they who are acquainted with the History of the Fine Arts of Antiquity, will recollect, that the History of Statuary, of Painting, of Music, of Poetry, and of Prose Composition, have been alike distinguished, in their later periods, by the same gradual desertion of the End of the Art, for the display of the Art itself; and by the same prevalence of the Expression of Design, over the Expression of the Composition in which it was employed. It has been seldom found in the history of any of these Arts, that the Artist, like the great Master of Painting in this country, has united the Philosophy with the practice of his Art, and regulated his own sublime inventions by the chaste principles of Truth and Science.

For an error which so immediately arises from the nature and from the practice of these Arts themselves, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a remedy. Whether (as I am willing to believe) there may not be circumstances in the modern state of Europe which may serve to check at least, this unfortunate progression; whether the beautiful Models of Antiquity in every Art may not serve to fix in some degree the Standard of Taste in these Arts; whether the progress of Philosophy and Criticism may not tend to introduce greater stability, as well as greater delicacy of Taste; and whether the general diffusion of Science, by increasing in so great a proportion the number of judges, may not rescue these Arts from the sole dominion of the Artists, and thus establish more just and philosophical principles of decision, it is far beyond the limits of these Essays to inquire. But I humbly conceive, that there is no rule of Criticism more important in itself, or more fitted to preserve the Taste of the Individual, or of the Public, than to consider every Composition as faulty and defective, in which the Expression

* Emulation improves the capacity, and envy and admiration alternately excite to rivalry; it is natural that the greatest industry will attain to the greatest excellence, yet delay in the pursuit is disagreeable: it is also natural that what cannot go forward should recede; and, as at first, those who led the way stimulated others to follow, so when we despair of surpassing or equalling them, industry slackens as hope declines, and what cannot be rivalled ceases to be imitated; and thus the occupied ground is abandoned, and a new one sought, where by avoiding that in which we cannot excel, we may reach another in which we may shine.

of the Art is more striking than the Expression of the Subject, or in which the Beauty of Design prevails over the Beauty of Character or Expression.

PART II.

Of the Influence of Fitness upon the Beauty of Forms.

I. The second source of the relative Beauty of Forms is FITNESS, or the proper adaptation of Means to an End.

That this Quality in Forms is productive of the Emotion of Beauty, every one must probably have perceived. In the Forms of Furniture, of Machines, and of Instruments in the different Arts, the greater part of their Beauty arises from this consideration: nor is there any Form which does not become beautiful, where it is found to be perfectly adapted to its End. "A ship which is well built, and which promises to sail well," says Mr. Hogarth, "is called by sailors a Beauty." In every other profession, in like manner, all Machines or Instruments are called beautiful by the Artists which are well adapted to the end of their Arts. Even the most common and disregarded articles of convenience are felt as beautiful, when we forget their familiarity, and consider them only in relation to the purposes they serve.

That Fitness is not the only source of Beauty in Forms, is sufficiently obvious. But I apprehend the elegant and ingenious Author of the "Essay upon the Sublime and Beautiful," has yielded too much to the love of System, when he will not allow it to be any source of Beauty at all. The common experience and common language of mankind are at variance with this opinion, nor does it seem to be sufficiently supported by any of the instances he brings. "Of this principle (says he) the wedge-like snout of the Swine, the little sunk eyes, and the whole make of the head, so well adapted to its offices of digging and rooting, would be extremely beautiful. The great bag hanging to the bill of the Pelican, a thing likewise highly useful to this animal, would be likewise as beautiful in our eyes. The Hedge-hog, so well secured against all assaults by his prickly hide, and the Porcupine, with his missile quills, would be then considered as creatures of no small elegance. There are few animals whose parts are better contrived than those of the Monkey. He has the hands of a man, joined to the springy limbs of a beast: he is admirably calculated for running, leaping, grappling, and climbing: and yet there are few animals which seem to have less Beauty in the eyes of all mankind," &c. In these instances, and in all the others he mentions, it is clear that the animals are not, in general, considered as beautiful: but, if I am not deceived, the reason of this is, not that the Fitness of their construction is not a consideration capable of producing the Emotion of Beauty, but that in general we never consider the animals in the light of this Fitness of their construction. Such Forms are not naturally beautiful, or have none of those ingredients which were before mentioned as constituting the natural Beauty of Forms. It is the natural Beauty of Forms, however, which first strikes us, because it demands neither any previous knowledge, nor any fixed attention. Such animals, besides, have many unpleasing qualities from their instincts, their characters, and their

modes of life. It is in the light of these qualities, however, that we generally consider them; because painful or disagreeable qualities much more suddenly, as well as more powerfully, affect us, than qualities of an opposite kind. Whenever, however, we can prevail upon ourselves to disregard these unpleasing considerations, and to consider the animals in the light of the Fitness of their construction, I believe it is agreeable to every man's experience, that their Forms become then, in some degree, objects of Beauty. To say at first, that the head of the Swine was a beautiful Form, might perhaps expose the person who asserted it to ridicule; but if the admirable Fitness of its construction for the necessities of the animal are explained, there is no person who will not feel, from this view of it, an Emotion of Beauty. There is nothing more common, accordingly, in books of Anatomy, or Natural History, than the term of Beauty applied to many common and many disagreeable parts of the animal Frame: nor is there any Reader, who considers the subjects in the light of their Fitness alone, who does not feel the same Emotion with the Writers. A Physician talks even of a beautiful Theory of Dropsies or Fevers, a Surgeon of a beautiful Instrument for operations, an Anatomist of a beautiful Subject or Preparation. The rest of the world, indeed, hear this language with some degree of astonishment. It is in the light only of Horror or Disgust that such objects appear to them; but to the Artists these qualities have long disappeared, and the only light in which they regard them, is their Fitness for the purposes of their Arts. These instances are perhaps sufficient to show, that even the objects which are most destitute of Natural Beauty, become beautiful, when they are regarded only in the light of their Fitness; and that the reason why they do not always appear beautiful to us, is, that we in general leave this quality out of our consideration. That pleasing or agreeable Forms receive Beauty from their Fitness; and that the most perfect Form of Natural Beauty may receive additional Beauty from its being wisely adapted to some End, are facts too obvious to require any illustration. It is only to be observed, that this quality, in its effect of producing the Emotion of Beauty, is subject to the same limitations with every other quality of Emotion. Such qualities, when either familiar or minute, fail in producing an Emotion sufficiently strong to be the foundation of Beauty; and as the Emotion which we receive from Fitness is in itself greatly inferior to many other Emotions of Pleasure, there are perhaps more instances where this quality is observed without the sentiment of Beauty, than in most other qualities of a similar kind with which we are acquainted. Unless when it is either great or new, the generality of men feel little Beauty in any Expression of Fitness.

II.—*Of the Beauty of Proportion.*

I apprehend also, that the Beauty of PROPORTION in Forms is to be ascribed to this cause; and that certain Proportions affect us with the Emotion of Beauty, not from any original capacity in such qualities to excite this Emotion, but from their being expressive to us of the Fitness of the parts to the End designed. It is impossible for me, within the bounds which I prescribe myself,

to enter fully into the investigation of the nature of Proportion. All I intend is, to produce some of the considerations which induce me to join with Mr. Hogarth in this conclusion.

I. I conceive, that the Emotion of pleasure which Proportion affords has no resemblance to any pleasure of sensation, but that it resembles that feeling of satisfaction which we have in other cases, where Means are properly adapted to their End. When a Chair or a Table, or any other common object, is well-proportioned, as far as I can judge, what we feel is not a mere sensation of pleasure, from a certain arrangement of parts, but an agreeable Emotion, from the perception of the proper disposition of these parts for the End designed. In the same manner, the effect of disproportion seems to me to bear no resemblance to that immediate painful sensation which we feel from any disagreeable sound or smell, but to resemble that kind of dissatisfaction which we feel when Means are unfitted to their End. Thus, the disproportion in the legs of a Chair or Table, does not affect us with a simple sensation of pain, but with a very observable Emotion of dissatisfaction or discontent, from the unsuitableness of this construction for the purposes which the objects are intended to serve. Of the truth of this, every man must judge from his own experience.

The habit, indeed, which we have in a great many familiar cases, of immediately conceiving this Fitness from the mere appearance of the Form, leads us to imagine, as it is expressed in common language, that we determine Proportion by the eye; and this quality of Fitness is so immediately expressed to us by the material Form, that we are sensible of little difference between such judgments and a mere determination of sense; yet every man must have observed, that in those cases, when either the object is not familiar to us, or the construction intricate, our judgment is by no means so speedy; and that we never discover the Proportion, until we previously discover the principle of the Machine, or the Means by which the End is produced.

2. The nature of language seems also very strongly to show the dependence of Proportion upon Fitness, and that it produces the Emotion of Beauty, by being considered as the Sign of this quality. If a common person were asked, why the Proportion of some particular building, or machine, or instrument pleased him, he would naturally answer, because it rendered the object fit or proper for its end. If we were describing a machine or instrument, to any person who was unacquainted with the meaning of the term Proportion, and wished to inform him of the Beauty of this Proportion, we could do it perfectly well by substituting the term Fitness instead of it, and explaining to him the singular accuracy with which the several parts were adapted to the general end of the machine; and if we succeeded in this description, he would have the same Emotion from the consideration of this Fitness, that we ourselves have from the consideration of what we call its Proportion. It very often happens, in the same manner, that we read or hear accounts of Forms which we have never seen, and of consequence, of the Proportions of which (if Proportion is a real and original quality in objects) it is

impossible for us to judge; yet I think, if we are convinced that the Form is well contrived, and that its several parts are properly adjusted to their End, we immediately satisfy ourselves that it is well-proportioned; and if we perfectly understand its nature or mechanism, we never hesitate to speak of its Proportion, though we never have seen it. If Proportion, on the contrary, consisted in certain determinate relations, discoverable only by a peculiar sense, all this could not possibly happen. The consideration of Fitness could no more influence our opinion of Proportion, than any other consideration; and we could as little collect the belief of Proportion in any Form from the consideration of its Fitness, as from that of its Sound or Colour.

In a great variety of cases, the terms Fitness and Proportion are perfectly synonymous. There is, however, a distinction between them, which it may be necessary to explain, as it will afford a more accurate conception of the nature of Proportion, and of the foundation of its Beauty.

Every Form which is susceptible of Proportion may be considered in either one or other of the following lights. 1st, In the light of its whole or general relation to the End designed, or when it is considered as a whole, without any distinction of Parts; or, 2dly, In the light of the relation of its several parts to this End. Thus, in the case of a machine, we may sometimes consider it in the light of its general utility for the End it is destined to serve, and sometimes in the light of the propriety of the different parts, for the attainment of this End. When we consider it in the first light, it is its Fitness which we properly consider. When we consider it in the second light, it is its Proportion we consider. Fitness may therefore be supposed to express the general relation of propriety between Means and an End; and Proportion a peculiar or subordinate relation of this kind, viz., the proper relation of parts to an End. Both agree in expressing the relation of propriety between Means and their Ends. Fitness expresses the proper relation of the whole of the Means to the End. Proportion, the proper relation of a part, or of parts, to their End.

In common language, accordingly, whenever we speak of this relation in a subject which has no division of parts, the terms are used synonymously. Thus we say, that a man's expenses are fitted, or are proportioned, to his income; that a man's ambition is fitted or proportioned to his talents; that an undertaking is fitted or proportioned to one's powers.

In subjects which are capable of division into parts, on the other hand, the terms Fitness and Proportion are not used synonymously, but according to the explanation which I have now given. Thus we say, that the Form of the Eye is admirably fitted for Vision; that the Telescope is fitted for discovering objects at a distance; that the Steam-engine is fitted for raising water; but we could not say, in any of these cases, that they were proportioned to their Ends. When we consider these subjects as composed of parts, and attend to the form of these parts for the attainment of their Ends, we immediately speak of the Proportion of these parts. The just Proportion of such parts is accordingly nothing more than that peculiar Form or dimension which has been found from

experience best fitted for the accomplishment of the purpose of the instrument or the machine. Proportion therefore may, I apprehend, be considered as applicable only to Forms composed of parts, and to express the relation of propriety between any part or parts, and the end they are destined to serve.

3. It may be further observed, that Forms are just susceptible of as many proportions as they are susceptible of parts necessary to the end for which they are intended: and that every part which has no immediate relation to this end, is unsusceptible of any accurate Proportion. In many Forms of the most common kind, there are a great number of parts which have no relation to the end or purpose of the Form, and which are intended to serve the purpose of ornament rather than of use. In such parts, accordingly, we never expect or perceive any accurate proportion, nor is there any settled and permanent opinion of Beauty in them, as there is in the great and necessary parts of the Form. In the Form of a Chair, for instance, or Table or Sofa, or Door or Window, several of the parts are merely ornamental: they have no immediate relation to the fitness of the Form, and they vary accordingly almost every year in their Forms and Sizes. All that is required of them is, that they should not obstruct the general fitness; within that limit they are susceptible of perpetual and pleasing Variety. There are other parts, however, of the same Forms, which are necessary to the general end or purpose of their construction, as the height of the Chair for the convenience of sitting, of the Table for its peculiar purposes, &c. These parts, accordingly, have all a Proportion, which is immediately discerned, and which is never greatly violated without producing an Emotion of dissatisfaction. If, on the contrary, Proportion was something absolute and independent in Forms, it seems difficult to imagine that it should be found only in those Forms which are susceptible of fitness, and in those parts only of such Forms as admit of this quality.

4. Our sense of Proportion in every Form keeps pace with our knowledge of the fitness of its construction. Where we have no acquaintance with the fitness of any Form, we have no sense of its peculiar Proportions. No man, for instance, ever presumes to speak of the Proportions of a Machine, of the use or purpose of which he is ignorant. When a new Machine is shown us, we may pronounce with regard to the simplicity or the complexity of its construction, but we never venture to pronounce with regard to the propriety or impropriety of its Proportions. When our acquaintance is greater with the uses or purposes of any particular class of Forms than the generality of people, we are sensible of a greater number of pleasing Proportions in such objects than the rest of the world; and the same parts which others look upon with indifference we perceive as beautiful, from our knowledge of the propriety of their construction for the end designed. This every person must have observed in the language of Artists, upon the subject of the instruments of their own Arts; in the language of Anatomists, and Proficients in Natural History, on many different subjects of their Science; as well as in the increase of his own sense of Proportion in different

Forms, with the increase of his knowledge of the ends that such Forms are destined to serve. When any improvement, in the same manner, is made in the construction of the Forms of Art, so that different Proportions of parts are introduced, and produce their end better than the former, the new Proportions gradually become beautiful, while the former lose their Beauty. In general, it may be observed, that the Certainty of Proportion is in all cases dependent upon the Certainty of Fitness. 1st, Where this Fitness is absolutely determined, as in many cases of Mechanics, the proportion is equally determined. 2dly, Where it is determined only by experience, the opinion of the Beauty of Proportion varies with the progress of such experience. 3dly, Where this fitness cannot be subjected to experience, as in the case of natural Forms, the common Proportion is generally conceived to be the fittest, and is therefore considered as the most beautiful. It is impossible, I apprehend, to reconcile these cases of the dependence of our sense of Proportion upon our opinion of Fitness, to the belief that there are any certain and established Proportions in Forms, which are originally and independently beautiful.

These illustrations seem to me very strongly to show the intimate connexion which subsists between Proportion and Fitness; and to afford a much more simple and satisfactory solution of the delight which Proportion produces, than the opinion of its being a real and independent quality in objects.

There is, however, one case in which it may still be doubted, whether this explanation of the nature of Proportion is sufficient to account for the Phenomena: I mean in the case of ARCHITECTURE. The writers on this subject who have best understood the Art, have been unanimous in considering the Proportions which have been discovered in it, as deriving their effect from the original constitution of our nature, and as beautiful in themselves without relation to any Expression. They have been willing also, sometimes, to support their opinion, by analogies drawn from Proportions in other subjects, and have remarked several cases in which similar Proportions are beautiful in Music and in Numbers. The utility of all reasoning from such analogies has been so often exposed, and is in itself, indeed, so very obvious, that I shall not stop to consider it.

I flatter myself, therefore, that it will not be considered as an unnecessary digression, if I endeavour to show, that the Beauty of the Proportions in this Art are resolvable into the same principle, and that they please us, not from any original law of our nature, but as expressive of Fitness.

The Proportions in ARCHITECTURE relate either to its EXTERNAL or its INTERNAL Parts. I shall offer some observations upon these subjects separately.

III.—Of the External Proportions of Architecture.

The Propriety or Fitness of any Building, intended for the habitation of Man (as seen from without), consists chiefly in two things, 1st, In its Stability; and, 2dly, In its being sufficient for the support of the Roof. Walls, in every country, at the same period of time, are nearly of an equal thickness. It is easy, therefore, for the Spectator

to judge from their external appearance, whether they are or are not sufficient for these two purposes. In plain buildings, intended merely for use, and without any view to ornament, it is these considerations which chiefly determine our opinions of Proportion. When the walls are of such a height as seems sufficient both for their own stability and for the support of the weight which is imposed upon them; and when the distance between them is such, as appears sufficient for supporting the weight of the roof, we consider the house as well or as properly proportioned. When any of these circumstances, on the contrary, are different; when the walls are either so high as to seem insecure, or the roof so large as to seem too heavy for its support, or the side walls so distant as to beget an opinion of its insecurity, we say, that the Building, in such particulars, is ill-proportioned. In such cases, what we mean by Proportion, is merely Fitness for the ends of stability and support; and as this Fitness cannot be very accurately measured, and is in itself capable of wide limits, there are accordingly no accurate Proportions of this kind, and no Architect has ever attempted to settle them. The general conclusions that we have formed from Experience, with regard to the Fitness of such Forms, are the sole guides of our opinion with respect to these Proportions. It may be observed also, that our sentiments of the Proportions of such Buildings depend upon the nature of the Buildings, and even upon the materials of which they are composed. Gothic Buildings, of which we know the walls are considerably thicker than those of modern days, admit of greater height, and of a greater appearance of weight in the roof, than Buildings of the present age. A house built of brick or of wood, does not admit of the same height of wall, &c. with a house built of stone, because the walls are seldom so strong. A house which is united with others, admits of a greater height than if it stood alone, because we conceive it to be supported by the adjoining houses. And a Building which has no roof, or nothing which it appears to support, as a Tower, or Spire, admits of a much greater height than any other species of Building. These Principles are all that seem to regulate the external Proportions of simple Buildings; all of them so obviously depending upon Fitness, that it is unnecessary to illustrate them farther.

It is not in such Buildings, accordingly, that any very accurate external Proportions have ever been settled. This is peculiar to what are called the Orders of Architecture, in which the whole genius of the Art has been displayed, and in which the Proportions are settled with a certainty so absolute, as to forbid almost the attempt at Innovation.

There are generally said to be five orders of Architecture, viz., the Tuscan, the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Composite. There are properly, however, only four, and some writers have further reduced them to three. What constitutes an order is its Proportions, not its ornaments. The Composite, having the same proportions with the Corinthian, though very different in respect of its ornaments, is properly therefore considered only as a corrupted Corinthian.

Every order consists of three great parts or divisions; the Base, the Column, and the Entablature; and the governing Proportions relate to

this division. The whole of them compose the wall, or what answers to the wall of a common building, and supports the roof.

There is one great difference, however, to be observed between a common wall and that assemblage of parts which constitutes an order. A common wall is intended to support a roof, and derives its proportions in a great measure from this destination. To an order, the consideration of the roof is unnecessary. It is complete without any roof, and where a roof is necessary, it is generally so contrived as not to appear. The weight which is supported, or which appears to be supported in an order, is the Entablature. The Fitness of a wall consists in its appearing adequate to the support of the roof. The Fitness of an order, or of the Proportions of an order, it should seem also, from analogy, reasonable to conclude, consists in their appearing adequate to the support of the Entablature, or of the weight which is imposed upon them.

That this is really the case, and that it is from their being expressive to us of this Fitness, that the Proportions of these different orders appear beautiful, may perhaps seem probable, from the following considerations:

1. The appearance of these Proportions themselves seems very naturally to lead us to this conclusion. In all the orders, the Fitness of the parts to the support of the peculiar weight, or appearance of weight in the Entablature, is apparent to every person, and constitutes an undoubted part of the pleasure we receive from them. In the Tuscan, where the Entablature is heavier than in the rest, the Column and Base are proportionably stronger. In the Corinthian, where the Entablature is lightest, the Column and Base are proportionably slighter. In the Doric and Ionic, which are between these extremes, the forms of the Column and Base are in the same manner proportioned to the reciprocal weights of their Entablatures, being neither so strong as the one, nor so slight as the other. If the Beauty of such Proportions is altogether independent of Fitness, and derived from the immediate constitution of our nature, it is difficult to account for this coincidence; and as the Beauty of Fitness in these several cases is universally allowed, it is altogether unphilosophical to substitute other causes of the same effect, until the insufficiency of this cause is clearly pointed out.

2. The language of mankind, upon this subject, seems to confirm the same opinion. Whenever we either speak or think of the Proportions of these different orders, the circumstances of weight and support enter both into our consideration and our Expression. The term Proportion, in its general acceptation, implies them; and if this term is not used, the same idea and the same pleasure may be communicated by terms expressive of Fitness for the support of weight. Heaviness, and slightness or insufficiency, are the terms most generally used to express a deviation on either side from the proper relation; both of them obviously including the consideration of support, and expressing the want of Proportion. When it is said that a Base, a Column, or an Entablature, is disproportioned, it is the same thing as saying, that this part is unfitted to the rest, and inadequate to the proper End of the Building. When it is said, on

the other hand, that all these several parts are properly adjusted to their End, that the Base appears just sufficient for the support of the Column, and both for that of the Entablature, every person immediately concludes that the parts are perfectly proportioned. And, I apprehend, it is very possible to give a man a perfect conception of the Beauty of these Proportions, and to make him feel it in the strongest manner, without ever mentioning to him the name of Proportion, but merely by explaining them to him under the consideration of Fitness, and by showing him from examples, that these Forms are the most proper which can be devised for the End to which they are destined. If our perception of the Beauty of Proportion, in such cases, were altogether independent of any such considerations, I think that these circumstances in language could not possibly take place; and that it would be as possible to explain the nature and Beauty of Proportion by terms expressive of Sound or Colour, as by terms expressive of Fitness or Propriety.

3. The natural sentiments of mankind on this subject seem to have a different progress from what they would naturally have if there were any absolute Beauty in such proportions discoverable by the eye. It cannot surely be imagined, that an infant will perceive, or does perceive, the Beauty of such Proportions in the same manner that he perceives the objects of any other external sense. It is not found either that the generality of mankind, even when come to mature age, express any sense of the absolute Beauty of such objects. It is true, indeed, that very early in life, we are sensible of disproportion in Building, because the ideas of bulk and support are so early and so necessarily acquired, and the Eye is so soon habituated to judge of weight from visible figure, that what is fit for the support of weight is very soon generally ascertained. What a common person, therefore, expresses upon the view of such Proportions, is rather Satisfaction than Delight. It is not the proportions which most affect him. It is the magnificence, the grandeur, and the costliness which such Buildings usually display; and though he is much pleased with such Expressions, he is generally silent with regard to the Beauty of those Proportions with which Connoisseurs are so much enraptured. If Proportion, on the contrary, were something absolutely beautiful in such objects, the progress of Taste would be reversed; the admiration of the infant would be given to these proportions, long before he was able to judge of their Fitness; and the satisfaction which arises from the Expression of Fitness would be the last ingredient in his pleasure, instead of being, as it now is, the first.

4. The nature of these Proportions themselves seems very strongly to indicate their dependence upon the Expression of Fitness. The Beauty of such Forms (on the supposition of their absolute and independent Beauty) must consist either in their Beauty, considered as individual objects, or in their relation to each other. If the effect arises from the nature of the individual Forms, then it must obviously follow, that such Forms or Proportions must be beautiful in all cases. I think, however, that there is no reason to believe this to be the case. The Base of a Column, for

instance (taken by itself, and independent of its ornaments, which in this inquiry are entirely to be excluded from consideration), is not a more beautiful Form than many others that may be given to the same quality of matter. The peculiar Form which its Proportions give it, is very far from being beautiful in every other case, as would necessarily happen if it were beautiful in itself, and independent of every Expression. A plain stone of the same magnitude may surely be carved into very different Forms from those which constitute the bases of any of the orders, and may still be beautiful. In the same manner, the Column (considered as in the former case, merely in relation to its peculiar Form, and independent of its ornaments) is not more beautiful, as a Form, and perhaps not so beautiful as many other Forms of a similar kind. The Trunk of many Trees, the Mast of a Ship, the long and slender Gothic Column, and many other similar objects, are to the full as beautiful, when considered merely as Forms, without relation to any End, as any of the Columns in Architecture. If, on the contrary, these Forms were beautiful in themselves, and as individual objects, no other similar Forms could be equally beautiful but such as had the same Proportions. The same observation will apply equally to the Form of the Entablature. It would appear, therefore, that it is not from any absolute beauty in these Forms, considered individually, that our opinion of their Beauty in Composition arises.

If it is said, on the other hand, that the Beauty of Proportion, in such cases, arises from the relation of these parts, and that there is something in the relation of such Forms and Magnitudes, in itself beautiful, independent of any consideration of Fitness, there seem to be equal difficulties. Besides the relation of Fitness for the support of weight, the only relations which take place among these parts are the relations of Length and Breadth, and the relation of Magnitude. If this Beauty arose from the relation of Length, it is necessary to show that such a proportion of three parts in point of length is solely and permanently beautiful. If from the relation of Breadth, there is the same necessity of showing, that such a proportion of three parts in point of breadth is as permanently beautiful. If from both together, then the same Proportions only ought to be felt as beautiful, in all cases to which the relations of Length and Breadth can apply. If, again, this Beauty arose from the relation of Magnitude, it is necessary, in the same manner, to show that three magnitudes or quantities of matter have in fact no other beautiful proportions but those which take place in such orders. But as it is very obvious that there is no foundation for supposing any such law in our nature, and that on the contrary, in innumerable cases of all such relations, different and contrary Proportions are beautiful, it cannot be supposed that such Proportions are absolutely beautiful from any of these relations.

The only relation, therefore, that remains, is the relation of Fitness; and if the same inquiry is carried on, I believe it will soon be found, that a certain Proportion of parts is necessarily demanded by this relation; and very probably also, that this certain Proportion is in fact that of each of these

orders, according to the particular bulk or weight that is given.

If an order is considered as an assemblage of weight, and parts to support that weight, our experience immediately leads us to conceive a proper relation of these parts to their end. If the Entablature be considered as the weight, then of course a certain Form and size in the Column is demanded for the support of it, and in the Base for the support of both. A plain stone, for instance, set upon its end, has no proportion further than for the purpose of stability. If it appears firm, it has all the proportions we desire or demand, and its form may be varied in a thousand ways, without interfering with our sense of its Proportion. Place a Column, or any other weight, upon this stone; immediately another Proportion is demanded, viz., its Proportion to the support of this weight. The Form supported, however, has no Proportion farther than that which is necessary for its stability, or for continuing in its situation. It may be more or less beautiful in point of Form, from other considerations, but not upon account of its Proportion. Above this again place an additional body; immediately the intermediate Form demands a new Proportion, viz., to the weight it supports; and the first part, or the Base, demands also another Proportion, in consideration of the additional weight which is thus imposed upon it. In this supposition, it is obvious that the consideration of Fitness alone leads us to expect a certain Proportion among each of these parts; the parts are beautiful or pleasing, just as they answer to this demand: and where the parts are few, and experiments easy, it seems not difficult at last to arrive at that perfect Proportion which satisfies the Eye, as sufficient for the purposes of support and stability. If we leave, therefore, everything else out of consideration, the consideration of Fitness alone seems sufficient to account both for the origin of such Proportions in Architecture, and for the pleasure which attends the observation of them.

Although, however, the influence of the Expression of Fitness upon the Beauty of Proportion should be allowed, and the doctrine of the original Beauty of Proportion should be deserted, as inconsistent with experience, yet it may still be doubted whether this Expression is sufficient to account for the delight which most men feel from the orders of Architecture: and it may naturally be asked, why mankind have so long adhered to these Forms, without attempting to deviate from them, if they are not solely and peculiarly beautiful. The satisfaction we feel from the observation of Fitness, it may be said, is a moderate and feeble pleasure, when compared with that delight with which the models of Architecture are surveyed: and the uniform adherence of men to the established Proportions, is too strong a proof of their absolute or peculiar Beauty, to be opposed by any arguments of a distant or metaphysical kind.

With regard to the first of these objections, I acknowledge, that the mere consideration of Fitness is insufficient to account for the pleasure which is generally derived from the established orders: but I apprehend, that this pleasure arises from very different causes than from their Proportions, and that, in fact, when these Proportions only are considered, the pleasure which is gene-

rally felt is not greater than that which we experience, when we perceive, in any great work, the proper relation of Means to an End.

The Proportions of these orders, it is to be remembered, are distinct subjects of Beauty from the Ornaments with which they are embellished, from the Magnificence with which they are executed, from the purposes of Elegance they are intended to serve, or the scenes of Grandeur they are destined to adorn. It is in such scenes, however, and with such additions, that we are accustomed to observe them; and while we feel the effect of all these accidental Associations, we are seldom willing to examine what are the causes of the complex Emotion we feel, and readily attribute to the nature of the Architecture itself the whole pleasure which we enjoy. But besides these, there are other Associations we have with these Forms, that still more powerfully serve to command our admiration; for they are the GREECIAN orders; they derive their origin from those times, and were the ornament of those countries which are most hallowed in our imaginations; and it is difficult for us to see them, even in their modern copies, without feeling them operate upon our minds, as relics of those polished nations where they first arose, and of that greater people by whom they were afterwards borrowed. While

with so many and so pleasing Associations, it is difficult even for a man of reflection to distinguish between the different sources of his Emotion; or in the moments in which this delight is felt, to ascertain what is the exact portion of his pleasure which is to be attributed to these Proportions alone: and two different causes combine to lead us to attribute to the style of Architecture itself, the Beauty which arises from many other Associations. In the first place, while it is under our eye, this Architecture itself is the great object of our regard, and the general object of all these Associations. It is the material sign, in fact, of all the various affecting qualities which are connected with it, and it disposes us in this, as in every other case, to attribute to the sign, the effect which is produced by the qualities signified. When we reflect, upon the other hand, in our calmer moments, upon the source of our Emotion, another motive arises to induce us to consider these Proportions as the sole or the principal cause of our pleasure; for these Proportions are the only qualities of the object which are perfectly or accurately ascertained; they have received the assent of all ages since their discovery; they are the acknowledged objects of Beauty; and, having thus got possession of one undoubted principle, our natural love of system induces us to ascribe the whole of the effect to this principle alone, and easily satisfies our minds, by saving us the trouble of a long and tedious investigation. That this cause has had its full effect in this case, will, I believe, appear very evident to those who attend to the enthusiasm with which, in general, the writers on Architecture speak of the Beauty of Proportion, and compare it with the common sentiments of men upon the subject of this Beauty. Both these causes conspire to mislead our judgment in this point, and to induce us to attribute to one quality in such objects that Beauty which in truth results from many united qualities.

It will be found, I believe, on the other hand, that the real Beauty of such Proportions is in fact not greater than that which we feel in many cases where we perceive means properly adapted to their End; and that the admiration we feel from the prospect of the orders of Antiquity, is necessarily to be ascribed to other causes besides these Proportions. The common people, undoubtedly, feel a very inferior Emotion of Beauty from such objects to that which is felt by men of liberal education, because they have none of those Associations which modern education so early connects with them. The Man of Letters feels also a weaker Emotion than that which is felt by the Connoisseur or the Architect, because he has none of the Associations which belong to the Art, and never considers them in relation to the genius, or skill, or invention which they display. Deprive these orders, in the same manner, of their customary ornaments, and leave only the great and governing Proportions; or change only in the slightest degree their Forms, without altering these Proportions, and their Beauty will be in a great measure destroyed. Preserve, on the other hand, the whole of the orders, but diminish in a great degree their scale: and though they will still be beautiful, yet their Beauty will be infinitely inferior to that which they have upon their usual scale of magnificence. It is possible, in the Form of a Candlestick, or some other trifling utensil, to imitate with accuracy any of these Orders. It is possible, in many of the common articles of furniture, to imitate some of the greatest models of this Art; but who does not know that their great Beauty in such an employment would be lost? yet still their Proportions are the same, if their Proportions are the sole cause of their Beauty. Destroy in the same manner all the Associations of Elegance, of Magnificence, of Costliness, and still more than all, of Antiquity, which are so strongly connected with such Forms; and I conceive every man will acknowledge, that the pleasure which their Proportions would afford would not, in fact, be greater than that which we feel in other cases, where means are properly adapted to their End.

With regard to the second objection, viz., that the uniform adherence of mankind to these Proportions is in itself a sufficient proof of their sole or absolute Beauty, I conceive that many other causes of this adherence may be assigned, and that these causes are sufficient to account for the effect, without supposing any peculiar law of our nature, by which such Proportions are originally beautiful. They who have had opportunities of remarking the extensive influence which the Associations of Antiquity have upon our minds, will be convinced that this cause alone has had a very powerful effect in producing this uniformity of opinion; and they who consider that the real effect of Proportion is to produce only a very moderate delight, will easily perceive that an almost insurmountable obstacle has been placed, to every invention or improvement in this Art, when such inventions could oppose only a calm and rational pleasure to that enthusiasm which is founded upon so many and so interesting Associations.

But besides these, there are other causes in the nature of the Art itself which sufficiently account for the permanence of taste upon this subject. In every production of human Labour, the influence

of Variety is limited by two circumstances, viz., by the costliness, and the permanence of the materials upon which that Labour is employed. Wherever the materials of any object, whether of use or of luxury, are costly; wherever the original price of such subjects is great, the influence of the love of Variety is diminished; the objects have a great intrinsic value, independent of their particular Form or Fashion; and as the destruction of the Form is in most cases the destruction of the subject itself, the same Form is adhered to with little Variation. In dress, for instance, in which the Variation of Fashion is more observable than in most other subjects, it is those parts of Dress which are least costly, of which the Forms are most frequently changed: in proportion as the original value increases, the disposition to Variety diminishes; and in some objects, which are extremely costly, as in the case of jewels, there is no change of Fashion whatever, except in circumstances different from the value of the objects themselves, as in their setting or disposition. Of all the fine Arts, however, Architecture is by far the most costly. The wealth of individuals is frequently dissipated by it: and even the revenue of nations is equal only to very slow and very infrequent productions of this kind. The value, therefore, of such objects, is in a great measure independent of their Forms; the invention of men is little excited to give an additional value to subjects which in themselves are so valuable; and the Art itself, after it has arrived at a certain necessary degree of perfection, remains in a great measure stationary, both from the infrequency of cases in which invention can be employed, and from the little demand there is for the exercise of that invention. The nature of the Grecian orders very plainly indicates, that they were originally executed in wood, and that they were settled before the Greeks had begun to make use of stone in their buildings. From the period that stone was employed, and that of course public buildings became more costly, little farther progress seems to have been made in the Art. The costliness of the subject, in this as in every other case, gave a kind of permanent value to the Form by which it was distinguished.

If, besides the costliness of the subject, it is also permanent or durable, this character is still farther increased. Those productions, of which the materials are perishable, and must often be renewed, are from their nature subjected to the influence of Variety. Chairs and Tables, for instance, and the other common articles of Furniture, cannot well last above a few years, and very often not so long. In such articles, accordingly, there is room for the invention of the Artist to display itself, and as the subject itself is of no very great value, and may derive a considerable one from its Form, a strong motive is given to the exercise of this invention. But Buildings may last, and are intended to last for centuries. The life of man is very inadequate to the duration of such productions: and the present period of the world, though old with respect to those Arts which are employed upon perishable subjects, is yet young in relation to an Art which is employed upon so durable materials as those of Architecture. Instead of a few years, therefore, centuries must probably pass before such productions demand to be renewed, and long before that

period is elapsed, the sacredness of Antiquity is acquired by the subject itself, and a new motive given for the preservation of similar Forms. In every country, accordingly, the same effect has taken place : and the same causes which have thus served to produce among us, for so many years, a uniformity of Taste with regard to the style of Grecian Architecture, have produced also among the nations of the East, for a much longer course of time, a similar uniformity of Taste with regard to their ornamental style of Architecture ; and have perpetuated among them the same Forms which were in use among their forefathers, before the Grecian orders were invented.

It is impossible for me to pursue these speculations, with regard to the foundation of Beauty in Architecture, to the extent to which they would lead. The hints which I have now offered, may perhaps satisfy the Reader, that the Beauty of the External Proportions of Architecture, is to be ascribed to their Expression of Fitness ; that this Beauty is in fact not greater than what is, often felt from similar Expression in other subjects : and that both the admiration of mankind, and the uniformity of their Taste, with regard to the style of Grecian Architecture, is to be ascribed to other causes than any absolute or independent Beauty in the Proportions by which it is distinguished.

IV.—Of the Internal Proportions of Architecture.

By the internal Proportions of Architecture, I mean that disposition of the three dimensions of Length, Breadth, and Height, which is necessary to render a room or apartment beautiful or pleasing in its Form. Every man is able at first sight to say, whether a room is well or ill-proportioned ; although perhaps it is difficult to say, what is the principle from which this propriety is determined. Many of the writers upon Architecture consider certain Proportions of this kind as beautiful from the original constitution of our nature, and without relation to any Expression. I apprehend, on the contrary, that the Beauty of Proportion, in this, as in the former case, arises from its Expression of Fitness.

I have already observed, that a plain wall is susceptible of no other Proportion than that Proportion of height which is necessary for the Expression of Strength or Stability. If it appears firm and sufficient, it has all the Proportion we desire. Suppose any space inclosed by four walls, the same proportion remains ; we require that the height should be such as to indicate stability, and if this is answered, we require no more. The Form of the inclosure may be more or less beautiful, from other causes ; but we never say that it is beautiful on account of its Proportion. Add a roof to this inclosure ; and immediately a variety of other Proportions are demanded, from the consideration of the weight which is now to be supported. If the walls are very high, they have the appearance of insufficiency for this support ; if very low, they indicate an unnecessary and unusual weight in the roof. A certain Proportion, therefore, in point of height, is demanded. If the length of the inclosure is great, the roof appears also to be insufficiently supported, and from the laws of perspective its weight seems to increase as it retires from the Eye. A certain proportion, therefore, in point of Length,

is demanded. If, in the last case, the breadth of the inclosure is very great, a still stronger conviction of insufficiency arises from the distance of the supporting walls. A certain proportion, therefore, in point of Breadth, is demanded, for the same end. Wherever a Form of this kind is produced ; wherever walls are united for the support of a roof, these Proportions are necessarily required ; and so far are they from being remote from common observation, that there is no man who is not immediately sensible of any great violation of them. Every apartment, however, is an inclosure of this kind. It seems natural, therefore, to imagine, that the Proportions of an apartment will be pleasing, when they appear sufficient for the full and easy support of the roof ; and that they are beautiful from being expressive of this Fitness. This proposition may perhaps be more obvious from the following considerations :

1. It may be observed, that the real Beauty of Proportion in this case is not greater than that which attends the Expression of Fitness in other cases ; and that this Expression is perfectly sufficient to account for the whole of the delight which men in general feel from these objects. Artists, indeed, very frequently talk with enthusiasm of the Beauty of such Proportions, and are willing to ascribe to the Proportions themselves that Emotion which they in reality receive from the associations which their art and their education have connected with them ; but whatever may be the language of Artists, the uniform language of the bulk of mankind is very different. What they feel from the appearance of a well-proportioned room, is satisfaction, rather than positive delight : they are hurt with the want of Proportion ; but they are not greatly enraptured with its presence. What they are delighted with, in apartments where this Beauty has been studied, is their Decoration and their Furniture ; the Convenience, or Elegance, or Magnificence which they exhibit. Every one knows, accordingly, that the best-proportioned room, before it is finished, and while nothing but its Proportions are discernible, produces only a very calm and moderate pleasure, in no respect greater than that which we feel from a well-constructed machine, or convenient piece of furniture. Remove even the furniture from the most finished apartment, and the delight which we receive from it is immediately diminished ; yet the Proportions are altogether independent of the Furniture, and are much more discernible when it is removed. No person, in the same manner, remarks the Proportions of the miserable room of a cottage, or any other mean dwelling : yet the most regular Proportions may, and sometimes are to be found in a cottage. If the apartments in such a building were purposely constructed according to the most rigorous law of Proportion, I apprehend that they would produce no Emotion greater than that of simple Satisfaction ; yet if these Proportions were themselves originally beautiful, they, ought in this case to produce the same delight as in the Senate-house or the Palace. If therefore (as seems to be evident) certain Proportions are demanded in a room, as expressive of Fitness ; and if the Emotion that is produced by the established and regular Proportions, is no greater than that which we receive in other cases from the Expression of this quality, it seems reasonable to conclude, that the

Proportions are in fact beautiful, from the Expression of this Fitness.

2. The general language of mankind seems to confirm the same opinion. Whoever has had occasion to attend to the common language of men on this subject, must have observed, that the usual terms by which they express their sense of Proportion, or of the want of Proportion in a room, are those of Lightness and Heaviness; terms which obviously suppose the belief of weight and of support, and which could not have been used, if the Beauty of Form, in this case, did not depend upon the Fitness or Propriety of this relation. The terms Proportion and Disproportion are in truth altogether unintelligible to the common people; and to describe to them any apartment, in such terms, leaves them as ignorant as ever of its Beauty; but there is hardly any man who does not readily apprehend, that an apartment is of a pleasing Form, when he is told that the walls are neither too high, nor too low, nor too wide for the support of the roof, or who will not, as readily apprehend the contrary when he is told that in either of these respects, an appearance of insecurity is produced. A room which is low, or wide in the roof, is in general said to be heavy. A room, on the contrary, which is high in the roof, and in which this weight seems to be properly and easily sustained, is said to be light. If we were under the necessity of interpreting to a common person the language of Artists, or of explaining to him in what the Beauty of Form in this respect consists, I apprehend we should naturally do it, by representing it to him as light, or as so contrived that the support was perfectly adapted to the weight: and, on the other hand, if we were to explain to him in what respect any room was deficient, we should as naturally do it, by pointing out to him where the construction was deficient in Fitness, and had the appearance of heaviness, or insufficient support. In this manner also, without ever hearing of the terms of Proportion or Disproportion, or considering the subject in any other light than that of Fitness, he might acquire a perfect conception of this Beauty; and be led, in fact, to the same conclusions with regard to the proper composition of these dimensions, that are already established under the title of Proportions. If these Proportions, however, were originally and independently beautiful, no explanation of them from another sense could possibly be intelligible; and the substitution of the term Fitness would be as unmeaning as that of Sound or Colour. I am far from contending, that the generality of men are very accurate in their notions of the propriety of the relation of weight and support, or very proper judges of the perfection of Proportion in this respect. But I apprehend, that the terms of Heaviness and Lightness which they employ, and universally understand, are a sufficient evidence of the principle upon which their judgments are formed, and that they show that it is from the Expression of Fitness for the support of weight that their admiration is determined.

The same observation which was made with regard to the Progress of Taste, in the external Proportions of this Art, is applicable also to its internal Proportions. If they were originally and independently beautiful, the earlier period of life would be most remarkable for the discovery of

them: and it would be only in later life, and in proportion to later Experience, that we could discover the additional Beauty which they derive from their Fitness. Every one knows, however, that the real progress is different, that during the years of infancy and childhood no sensibility whatever is shown to this Beauty; that it is only as our Experience enables us to judge of the relation between weight and support, that we begin to be sensible of it; that they whose occupations have prevented them from forming any very accurate judgment of this kind, are proportionally deficient in the accuracy of their Taste; and that, in general, the bulk of mankind have no farther conception of this species of Beauty, than what arises from the consideration of Fitness for the support of weight.

3. If there were any absolute and independent Beauty in such Proportions, it seems reasonable to imagine, that every violation of them would be equally painful; and that the deviation from them in each of these dimensions, would be attended with a similar Emotion of Discontent. All these Proportions relate either to the Height, the Length, or the Breadth of an apartment. Every man, however, must have observed that it is with very different feelings he regards the want of Proportion in these three respects. Too great a Height in a room is not nearly so painful as too little Height; and too great a Length produces a trifling Emotion of Discontent, compared with that which we feel from too great a Breadth. Whether a room is a few feet too high, or too long, few people observe; but every one observes a much less disproportion, either in the diminution of its Height or in the extent of its Breadth. The most general faults, accordingly, which common people find with apartments, is either in their being too low or too broad. The Proportions of Height and Length they seldom attend to, if they are not greatly violated. These facts, though not easily reconcilable with the doctrine of the absolute Beauty of these Proportions, agree very minutely with the account which I have given of the origin of this Beauty. If this Beauty arises from the Expression of Fitness, the Proportions, of which the violation should affect us the most, ought to be those which are most necessary for the production of this Fitness. These, however, very obviously, are either too little Height, or too great Breadth: the first immediately indicating an unusual weight in the roof, and the other expressing the greatest possible insufficiency for the support of this weight. The most displeasing Form of an apartment, accordingly, that it is possible to contrive, is that of being at the same time very broad and very low in the roof. Too great Height and too great Length, on the other hand, have not so disagreeable Expressions. By the first, at least, Fitness is in no material degree violated, and what we feel from it is chiefly a slight Emotion of Discontent, from its being unsuited to the general character or destination of rooms. Our indifference to the second disproportion, or to too great length, arises from a different cause, viz. from our knowledge that the Beams which support the roof are laid latitudinally, and our consequent belief that the difference of length makes no difference with regard to the sufficiency of support. Change, accordingly,

in any apartment this disposition of the beams ; let the Spectator perceive that they are placed according to the length, and not as usual according to the breadth of the room ; and whatever may be its other dimensions, or however great length these dimensions may require, no greater length will be permitted without pain, than that which is expressive of perfect sufficiency in the beams for the support of the roof. As there is thus no uniform Emotion which attends the perception of these Proportions, as would necessarily be the case, if their Beauty were perceived by any peculiar sense ; and as the Emotion which we in fact receive from them is different, according to their different Expressions of Fitness, it seems reasonable to ascribe their Beauty to this Expression, and not to any original Beauty in the Proportions themselves.

4. If there were any original Beauty in such Proportions, they would necessarily be as certain as the objects of any other sense ; and there would be one precise proportion of the three dimensions of Length, Breadth, and Height, solely and permanently beautiful. Every one knows, however, that this is not the case ; no Artist has ever presumed to fix on such Proportions ; and so far is there from being any permanent Beauty in any one relation of these dimensions, that the same Proportions which are beautiful in one apartment are not beautiful in others. From whatever causes these variations in the Beauty of Proportion arise, they conclude immediately against the doctrine of their original Beauty. There seem, however, to be three principal causes of this difference in our opinion of the Beauty of Proportion, which I must confine myself barely to mention without attempting the full illustration of them.

1. The first is the consideration of the weight supported. As all roofs are supported by the side-walls, and composed in general of the uniform material of wood, there is a certain, though not a very precise limit which we impose to their breadth, from our knowledge that if they pass this limit, they are insufficient and insecure. To the length and to the height on the other hand, we do not impose any such rigorous limits, because neither of these Proportions interfere materially with our opinion of security. Within this limit of breadth, there may be several Proportions to the length and height, which shall be universally pleasing. But beyond this limit, these Proportions cease to be pleasing, and become painful in the same degree that they pass this boundary of apparent security. Thus a room of twelve feet square may constitute a pleasing Form ; but a room of sixty feet square would be positively disagreeable. A room twenty-four feet in length, by eighteen in breadth, may be sufficiently pleasing ; but a room sixty feet in length, by fifty in breadth, would constitute a very unpleasing Form. Many other instances might easily be produced, to show, that the Beauty of every apartment depends on the appearance of proper support to the roof ; and that on this account, the same proportion of breadth that is beautiful in one case, becomes positively painful in others.

2. A second cause of this difference in our opinion of the Beauty of Proportion, arises from the Character of the apartment. Every one must have observed, that the different Forms of rooms,

their difference of magnitude, and various other causes, give them distinct characters, as those of Gaiety, Simplicity, Solemnity, Grandeur, Magnificence, &c. No room is ever beautiful, which has not some such pleasing character : the terms by which we express this Beauty are significant of these characters ; and however regular the Proportions of an apartment may be, if they do not correspond to the general Expression, we consider the Form as defective or imperfect. Thus, the same Proportion of height which is beautiful in a room of Gaiety, & Cheerfulness, would be felt as a defect in an apartment of which the character was Severity or Melancholy. The same Proportion of length which is pleasing in an elegant or convenient room, would be a defect in an apartment of Magnificence or Splendour. The great Proportion of breadth which suits a temple or a Senate-house, as according with the severe and solemn character of the apartment, would be positively unpleasing in any room which was expressive of Cheerfulness or Lightness. In proportion also as apartments differ in size, different Proportions become necessary in this respect, to accord with the characters which the difference of Magnitude produces. The same Proportion of height which is pleasing in a cheerful room, would be too little for the hall of a great castle, where vastness is necessary to agree with the sublimity of its character ; and the same relation of Breadth and Height which is so wonderfully affecting in the Gothic Cathedral, although at variance with all the classic rules of Proportion, would be both absurd and painful, in the Forms of any common apartment. In general, I believe it will be found that the great and positive Beauty of apartments arises from their Character ; that where no character is discovered, the generality of men express little admiration even at the most regular Proportions ; that every difference of character requires a correspondent difference in the composition of the dimensions ; and that this demand is satisfied or a beautiful Form produced, only when the composition of the different Proportions is such as to produce one pure and unmingled expression.

3. The third cause of the difference of our opinion of the Beauty of Proportion arises from the destination of the apartment. All apartments are intended for some use or purpose of human life. We demand therefore, that the Form of them should be accommodated to these Ends ; and wherever the Form is at variance with the End, however regular, or generally beautiful its Proportions may be, we are conscious of an Emotion of dissatisfaction and discontent. The most obvious illustration of the dependence of the Beauty of Proportion, on this species of utility, may be taken from the common system that natural Taste has dictated in the Proportion of different apartments in great houses. The hall, the saloon, the antechamber, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the bedchamber, the dressing-room, the library, the chapel, &c., have all different Forms, and different Proportions. Change these Proportions ; give to the dining-room the Proportions of the saloon, to the dressing-room those of the library, to the chapel the Proportions of the antechamber, or to the drawing-room those of the hall, &c., and every one will consider them as unpleasing and defective Forms, because

they are unfitted to the Ends they are destined to serve.

The observations which I have now offered on the beauty of the internal Proportions of Architecture, seem to afford sufficient evidence for concluding in general,

That the Beauty of these Proportions is not original and independent, but that it arises in all cases from the Expression of some species of FITNESS.

The Fitness, however, which such Proportions may express is of different kinds; and the Reader who will pursue the slight hints that I have suggested upon the subject, may perhaps agree with me in the following conclusions;

1. That one Beauty of these Proportions arises from their Expression of Fitness for the support of the weight imposed.

2. That a second source of their Beauty consists in their Expression of Fitness for the preservation of the character of the apartment.

3. That a third source of their Beauty consists in their Expression of Fitness, in the general Form, for its peculiar purpose or End.

The two first Expressions constitute the PERMANENT Beauty, and the third the ACCIDENTAL Beauty of an apartment.

In every beautiful apartment the two first Expressions must be united. An apartment, of which the Proportions express the most perfect Fitness for the support of the roof, but which is itself expressive of no character, is beheld rather with satisfaction than delight, and is never remarked as beautiful. The Beauty of character, on the other hand, is neglected, if the Proportions of the apartment are such as to indicate insufficiency or insecurity. The first constitutes what may be called the Negative, and the second the Positive Beauty of an apartment; and every apartment (considered only in relation to its Proportions, and without any respect to its End) will be beautiful in the same degree in which these Expressions are united, or in which the same Proportions that produce the appearance of perfect sufficiency, agree also in maintaining the general character of the apartment.

When, however, the apartment is considered in relation to its End, the Beauty of its Proportions is determined in a great measure by their Expression of Fitness for this End. To this, as to every other species of apartment, the Expression of security is necessary, and such an apartment will accordingly be beautiful when these Expressions coincide.

The most perfect Beauty that the Proportions of an apartment can exhibit, will be when all these Expressions unite; or when the same relations of dimension which are productive of the Expression of sufficiency, agree also in the preservation of Character, and in the indication of Use.

PART III.

Of the Influence of Utility upon the Beauty of Forms.

The third source of the RELATIVE Beauty of Forms, is UTILITY. That the Expression of this quality is sufficient to give Beauty to Forms, and that Forms of the most different and opposite kinds become beautiful from this Expression, are

facts which have often been observed, and which are within the reach of every person's observation. I shall not therefore presume to add any illustrations on a subject, which has already been so beautifully illustrated by Mr. Smith, in the most eloquent work* on the subject of MORALS, that Modern Europe has produced.

SECTION III.

OF THE ACCIDENTAL BEAUTY OF FORMS.

BESIDE the Expressions that have now been enumerated, and which constitute the two great and permanent sources of the Beauty of Forms, there are others of a casual or accidental kind, which have a very observable effect in producing the same Emotion in our minds, and which constitute what may be called the ACCIDENTAL Beauty of Forms. Such associations, instead of being common to all mankind, are peculiar to the individual. They take their rise from education, from peculiar habits of thought, from situation, from profession; and the Beauty they produce is felt only by those whom similar causes have led to the formation of similar associations. There are few men who have not associations of this kind, with particular Forms, from their being familiar to them from their infancy, and thus connected with the gay and pleasing imagery of that period of life; from their connexion with scenes to which they look back with pleasure; or people whose memories they love; and such Forms, from this accidental connexion, are never seen, without being in some measure the Signs of all those affecting and endearing recollections. When such associations are of a more general kind, and are common to many individuals, they sometimes acquire a superiority over the more permanent principles of Beauty, and determine even for a time the Taste of nations. The admiration which is paid to the Forms of Architecture, of Furniture, of Ornament, which we derive from Antiquity, though undoubtedly very justly due to these Forms themselves, originates, in the greater part of mankind, from the associations which they connect with these Forms. These associations, however, are merely accidental; and were these Forms much inferior in point of Beauty, the admiration which Modern Europe bestows on them would not be less enthusiastic than it is now. There are even cases where, in a few years, the Taste of a nation, in such respects, undergoes an absolute change, from associations of a different kind becoming general or fashionable; and where the beautiful Form is always found to correspond to the prevailing association. They who are learned in the History of Dress, will recollect many instances of this kind. In every other species of ornament it is also observable. A single instance will be sufficient.

In the succession of Fashions which have taken place in the article of ornamental Furniture, within these few years, every one must have observed how much their Beauty has been determined by accidental associations of this kind, and how little the real and permanent Beauty of such Forms has been regarded. Some years ago, every article of this kind was made in what was called the CHINESE Taste, and however fantastic and uncouth the Forms in reality were, they were yet univer-

* Theory of Moral Sentiments.

sally admired, because they brought to mind those images of Eastern magnificence and splendour, of which we have heard so much, and which we are always willing to believe, because they are distant. To this succeeded the Gothic Taste. Everything was now made in imitation, not indeed of Gothic furniture, but in imitation of the Forms and ornaments of Gothic Halls and Cathedrals. This slight association, however, was sufficient to give Beauty such Forms, because it led to ideas of Gothic manners and adventure, which had become fashionable in the world from many beautiful Compositions both in Prose and Verse. The Taste which now reigns* is that of the Antique. Everything we now use, is made in imitation of those models which have been lately discovered in Italy; and they serve in the same manner to occupy our imagination, by leading to those recollections of Grecian or Roman Taste, which have so much the possession of our minds, from the studies and amusements of our youth.

I shall only further observe upon this subject, that all such instances of the effect of accidental Expression, in bestowing a temporary Beauty upon Forms, conclude immediately against the doctrine of their absolute or independent Beauty; and that they afford a very strong presumption, if not a direct proof, that their permanent Beauty arises also from the Expressions they permanently convey to us.

From the illustrations that I have offered in this long chapter, on the Beauty of Forms, we seem to have sufficient reason for concluding in general, that no Forms, or species of Forms, are in themselves originally beautiful; but that their Beauty in all cases arises from their being expressive to us of some pleasing or affecting Qualities.

If the views also that I have presented on the subject are just, we may perhaps still farther conclude, that the principal sources of the Beauty of Forms are, 1st, The Expressions we connect with peculiar Forms, either from the Form itself, or the nature of the subject thus Formed. 2dly, The qualities of Design, and Fitness, and Utility, which they indicate: And 3dly, The Accidental Associations which we happen to connect with them. The consideration of these different Expressions may afford perhaps some general rules, that may not be without their use, to those Arts that are employed in the production of Beauty.

All Forms are either ORNAMENTAL or USEFUL.

I.—The Beauty of merely ORNAMENTAL Forms appears to arise from three sources.

1. From the Expression of the Form itself.
2. From the Expression of Design.
3. From Accidental Expression.

The real and positive Beauty, therefore, of every Ornamental Form, will be in proportion to the nature and the permanence of the Expression by which it is distinguished. The strongest and most permanent Emotion, however, we can receive from such Expressions, is that which arises from the nature of the Form itself. The Emotion we receive from the Expression of Design, as I have already shown, is neither so strong nor so permanent: and that which accidental Associations produce, perishes often with the year which gave it

birth. The Beauty of accidental Expression, is as variable as the caprice or fancy of mankind. The Beauty of the Expression of Design, varies with every period of Art. The Beauty which arises from the Expression of Form itself, is alone permanent, as founded upon the uniform constitution of the human mind. Considering therefore the Beauty of Forms as constituted by the degree and the permanence of their Expression, the following conclusions seem immediately to suggest themselves.

1. That the greatest Beauty which Ornamental Forms can receive, will be that which arises from the Expression of the Form itself.

2. That the next will be that which arises from the Expression of Design or Skill. And,

3. That the least will be that which arises from accidental or temporary Expression.

In all those Arts, therefore, that respect the Beauty of Form, it ought to be the unceasing study of the Artist, to disengage his mind from the accidental Associations of his age, as well as the common prejudices of his Art; to labour to distinguish his productions by that pure and permanent expression, which may be felt in every age; and to disdain to borrow a transitory fame, by yielding to the temporary caprices of his time, or by exhibiting only the display of his own dexterity or skill. Or, if the accidental Taste of mankind must be gratified, it is still to be remembered, that it is only in those Arts, which are employed upon perishable subjects, that it can be gratified with safety; that in those greater productions of Art, which are destined to last for centuries, the fame of the Artist must altogether depend upon the permanence of the Expression which he can communicate to his work; and that the only Expression which is thus permanent, and which can awaken the admiration of every succeeding age, is that which arises from the Nature of Form itself, and which is founded upon the uniform constitution of Man and of Nature.

II.—The Beauty of USEFUL Forms, arises either from the Expression of Fitness, or of Utility.

With regard to this species of Beauty, it is necessary at present only to observe, 1st, That it is in itself productive of a much weaker Emotion, than that which arises from the different sources of ornamental Beauty; but 2nd, that this Emotion is of a more constant and permanent kind, and much more uniformly fitted to excite the admiration of mankind.

To unite these different kinds of Beauty; to dignify Ornamental Forms also by Use, and to raise merely Useful Forms into Beauty, is the great object of ambition among every class of Artists. Wherever both these objects can be attained, the greatest possible Beauty that Form can receive, will be produced; but as this can very seldom be the case, the following rules seem immediately to present themselves, for the direction of the Artist.

1. That where the Utility of Forms is equal, that will be the most beautiful to which the most pleasing Expression of Form is given.

2. That when those Expressions are at variance, when the Utility of the Form cannot be produced, without sacrificing its natural Beauty, or when this Beauty of Form cannot be preserved without sacrificing its utility, that Form will be most universally and most permanently beautiful, in which the Expression of Utility is most fully preserved.

To human Art indeed, this union will always be difficult, and often impossible; and the Artist, whatever may be his genius, must be content to suffer that sublime distress, which a great mind alone can feel, "to dedicate his life to the attainment of an ideal Beauty, and to die at last without attaining it*." Yet if it is painful to us to feel the limits that are thus imposed to the invention of Man, it is still more pleasing to us, from the narrow schools of human Art, to turn our regard to the great school of Nature, and to observe the stupendous wisdom with which these Expressions are united in almost every Form. "And here, I think," says Mr. Hogarth, "will be the proper place to speak of a most curious difference between the living machines of Nature in respect of Fitness and such poor ones in comparison with them, as men are only capable of making. A Clock, by the Government's order, has been made by Mr. Harrison for the keeping of true time at sea; which is perhaps one of the most exquisite movements ever made. Happy the ingenious Contriver! although the Form of the whole, or of every part of this curious machine should be ever so confused, or displeasingly shaped to the eye, and although even its movements should be disagreeable to look at, provided it answers the end proposed: an ornamental composition was no part of his scheme, otherwise than as a polish might be necessary; if ornaments are required to be added to mend its shape, care must be taken that they are no obstruction to the movement itself, and the more as they would be superfluous as to the main design. But, in Nature's machines, how wonderfully do we see Beauty and Use go hand in hand! Had a Machine for this purpose been Nature's work, the whole and every individual part might have had exquisite Beauty of Form, without danger of destroying the exquisiteness of its motion, even as if ornament had been the sole aim; its movements too might have been graceful without one superfluous tittle added for either of these lovely purposes. Now this is that curious difference between the Fitness of Nature's Machines, and those made by mortal hands."

The application of this fine observation, to innumerable instances both of inanimate and animated Forms, it is in the power of every one to make; and I am much more willing to leave the impression which it must make upon every mind entire, than to weaken it by any illustrations of my own.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY OF MOTION.

MOTION is in many cases productive of the Emotions of Sublimity, and Beauty. With this quality, accordingly, we have many interesting and affecting Associations. These Associations arise either from the nature of Motion itself, or from the nature of the bodies moved. The following illustrations may perhaps show, that the Beauty and Sublimity of Motion arises from these Associations, and that we have no reason to believe, that this quality of Matter is in itself either beautiful or sublime.

I.—All Motion is produced either by visible or

invisible power: by some cause which we perceive, or by some which is not the object of sense.

With all Motions of the latter kind, we connect the idea of voluntary Power; and such Motions are in fact expressive to us of the exertion of Power. Whether this Association is the consequence of Experience, or whether it is the effect of an original Principle, it is not at present material to inquire. The instance of children, and even of animals, who uniformly infer life, where they perceive Motion without any material cause, are sufficient evidences of the fact.

That the Sublimity and Beauty of Motion arises from their Expression of Power, seems to be evident from the two following considerations:

1. There is no instance where Motion, which is the apparent effect of Force, is beautiful or sublime. It is impossible to conceive the Motion of a body that is dragged or visibly impelled by another body, as either sublime or beautiful.

2. All beautiful or sublime Motion is expressed in language by verbs in the active voice. We say even in common language, that a torrent pours,—a stream glides,—a rivulet winds,—that lightning darts,—that light streams.—Change these Expressions, by means of any verbs in the passive voice, and the whole Beauty of their Motion is destroyed. In poetical Composition, the same circumstance is uniformly observable. If Motion were in itself beautiful or sublime, or if any particular kinds of Motion were so, these circumstances could not happen; and such Motions would still be beautiful or sublime, whether they were expressive of Power or not.

The character of Power varies according to its degree; and produces, according to this difference, different Emotions in our mind. Great Power produces an Emotion of Awe and Admiration. Gentle or moderate, or diminutive Power, produces an Emotion of Tenderness, of Interest, of Affection. To every species of Power that is pleasing, the idea of superiority to obstacle is necessary. All Power, whether great or small, which is inferior to obstacle, induces the idea of Imperfection, and is considered with a kind of dissatisfaction.

These considerations will probably explain a great part of the absolute Sublimity and Beauty of Motion.

Motion differs according to its DEGREE, and according to its DIRECTION.

I.—OF THE DEGREE OF MOTION. All Motion, when rapid, is, I apprehend, accompanied with the idea of great Power. When slow on the other hand, with the idea of gentle or diminutive Power. For the truth of this remark, I must appeal to the Reader's own observation. Rapid Motion, accordingly, is sublime, slow Motion beautiful.

II.—OF THE DIRECTION OF MOTION. Motion is either in a straight Line, in an angular Line, or in a serpentine or curvilinear Line.

1. Motion in a straight Line chiefly derives its Expression from its Degree. When rapid, it is simply sublime: when slow, it is simply beautiful.

2. Motion in an angular Line is expressive of Obstruction, or of imperfect Power. When considered therefore in itself, and without relation to the body moving, it is simply unpleasant.

3. Motion in Curves is expressive of Ease, of

Freedom, of Playfulness, and is consequently beautiful.

The truth of this account of our Associations with Motion, I refer to the examination of the Reader. The real Beauty and Sublimity of the different appearances of Motion, seem to me to correspond very accurately with the Expressions which the different combinations of the Degree, and the Direction of Motion, convey to us.

1. Rapid Motion, in a straight Line, is simply expressive of great Power. It is accordingly, in general, Sublime. Rapid Motion in angular Lines, is expressive of great, but imperfect Power, of a power which every obstacle is sufficient to overcome. I believe that Motion of this kind is accordingly very seldom sublime. Rapid Motion in curve Lines is expressive of great Power, united with Ease, Freedom, or Playfulness. Motion of this kind, accordingly, though more Sublime than the preceding, is less Sublime than the first species of Motion. The course of a Torrent, when in a straight Line, is more sublime than when it winds into Curves, and much more sublime than when it is broken into Angles. The impetuous shooting of the Eagle would lose much of its sublimity, if it were to deviate from the straight Line, and would be simply painful, if it were to degenerate into an angular Line.

2. Slow Motion in a straight Line, is simply expressive of gentle and delicate Power. It is accordingly beautiful. Slow Motion in angular Lines, is expressive of gentle Power, and of imperfection or obstruction. These expressions, however, do not well accord, and mutually destroy each other. Motion of this kind is, accordingly, very seldom beautiful. Slow Motion in Curves is

the light traces of a summer Breeze upon a field of corn, are beautiful when in a straight Line; they are much more beautiful when they describe serpentine or winding Lines: but they are scarcely beautiful, when their direction is in sharp angles, and sudden deviations.

The most sublime Motion, is that of rapid Motion in a straight Line. The most beautiful is that of slow Motion in a line of Curves. I humbly apprehend, that these conclusions are not very distant from common experience upon this subject.

II.—Besides these, however, which may be called the permanent Expressions of Motion, there are others which arise from the nature of the bodies moved, and which have a very obvious effect in giving Beauty or Sublimity to the peculiar Motions by which they are distinguished. Instances of this kind are so familiar, that it will be necessary only to point out a few.

Slow Motion is in general, simply beautiful. Where, however, the body is of great magnitude, slow Motion is sublime. The slow Motion of a first-rate Man of War; the slow Ascent of a great Balloon; the slow March of an embattled Army, are all sublime Motions, and no person can observe

The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave,
High towering sail along the horizon blue,

without an Emotion of this kind.

Rapid Motion is in general Sublime, yet where the bodies excite only pleasing or moderate affections, Motion of this kind becomes beautiful. The rapid shooting of the Aurora Borealis, the quick ascent of Fireworks, a sudden stream of light from a small luminous object in the dark, are familiar instances of this kind. The Motion of the humming-Bird is more rapid perhaps than that of the Eagle, yet the Motion of the humming-Bird is only beautiful.

Motion in angular Lines is, in general, productive of an Emotion of discontent, rather than of any Emotion either of Sublimity or Beauty. Yet the Motion of Lightning, which is commonly of this kind, is strikingly Sublime. The same appearance in electrical Experiments is beautiful.

Slow Motion in waving Lines, is in general the most beautiful of all. But the Motion of Snakes or of Serpents, is of all others the most disagreeable and painful.

In these instances, and many others that might be mentioned, it is obvious, that the Sublimity or Beauty of the Motion arises from the Expression or Character of the Bodies moved, and that in such cases, the Expression of the Body predominates over the general Expression which we associate with the Motion by which it is distinguished.

From the facts I have mentioned, we may conclude :

1st, That the Beauty and Sublimity of Motion, arises from the Associations we connect either with the Motion itself, or with the Bodies moved. And,

2dly, That this Sublimity or Beauty, in any particular case, will be most perfect, when the Expression of the Motion, and that of the Body moved, coincide.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE AND FORM.

SECTION I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE preceding inquiries relate only to the Beauty and Sublimity of inanimate Matter. I proceed to consider the Origin of the Beauty or Sublimity which we perceive in the Countenance and Form of MAN; the Being, amid all the innumerable classes of Material Existence, who, in this respect enjoys the most undoubted pre-eminence; and to whom the liberality of Nature has been most conspicuous, in accommodating the Majesty and Beauty of his external frame to the supreme rank which she has assigned him among her Works.

The full investigation of the Principles of Human Beauty, and the application of them to the Arts of Painting and of Statuary, would furnish one of the most pleasing Speculations which the Science of Taste can afford. I am necessarily restrained to a more humble inquiry; and must confine myself to the examination of a single question: whether the Beauty of the Human Species is to be ascribed to any Law of

our Nature, by which certain appearances in the Countenance and Form are originally, and independently, Beautiful or Sublime? or whether, as in the case of inanimate matter, it is to be ascribed to the various pleasing or interesting Expressions we connect with such appearances?

In entering upon this investigation, it is impossible not to observe, that if the Human Frame is, of all Material Objects, that in which the greatest degree of Beauty is found, it is also the object with which we have the most numerous, and the most interesting associations. The greatest beauty of inanimate matter arises from some resemblances we discover between particular qualities of it, and certain qualities or dispositions of mind: but the effect which such resemblances or analogies can produce, is feeble, in comparison of that which is produced by the immediate Expression of such qualities or dispositions in the Human Frame. Such resemblances also are few, as well as distant; but to the Expressions of the Human Frame there are no other limits than those that are imposed to the intellectual or moral powers of Man.

That a great part of the Beauty of the Human Countenance and Form arises from such Expressions, is, accordingly, very generally acknowledged. It is not, however, supposed, that the whole Beauty of the Countenance and Form is to be ascribed to this cause; and the Term *Expression* is very generally used to distinguish that species of Beauty which arises from the direct Expression of Mind, from that which is supposed to consist in certain visible appearances in the Countenance and Form. I shall endeavour now to show, that the same principle of Expression is also the foundation of all the Beauty or Sublimity that is supposed to consist in certain visible appearances in the Countenance and Form, and that the whole Beauty or Sublimity which is to be found in the External Frame of Man, is to be ascribed to the various pleasing or interesting qualities, which are either directly or indirectly expressed to us by such appearances.

All that is beautiful or sublime in the Human Frame, may perhaps be included in the following enumeration:

1. In the Countenance.
2. In the Form.
3. In Attitude.
4. In Gesture.

For the sake of perspicuity, I am under the necessity of considering these subjects separately.

SECTION II.

OF THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

The Beauty or Sublimity of the Human Countenance arises from three sources. 1st, From its Colours. 2dly, From the Forms of the Features; and 3dly, From the Composition of these Colours and Features.

PARA. I.

Of the Colours of the Countenance.

There are two distinct species of Colour in the Human Countenance which produce the Emotion of Beauty or Sublimity. 1st, The *Permanent*,

and, 2dly, The *Variable* Colours of the Countenance. The first are the general and characteristic Colours of the Countenance, the peculiarity of its Complexion, the Colour of the Eyes, the Lips, the Hair, the Beard, &c. The second are those Colours which are produced by particular or temporary affections of Mind, as the blush of Modesty, the paleness of Fear, the glow of Indignation, the vivid light which animates the Eye of Joy, or the dark cloud which seems to hang over the Eye of Melancholy and Grief, &c.

With both of these species of Colours, I think it will be acknowledged that we have distinct and important associations.

Of the Permanent Colours.

1. Such Colours have expression to us simply as Colours, and upon the same Principles which have formerly been stated*. It is thus that the pure white of the Countenance is expressive to us, according to its different degrees, of Purity, Fineness, Gaity. The Dark Complexion, on the other hand, is expressive to us of Melancholy, Gloom, or Sadness. Clear and uniform Colours are significant of Perfection, and Consistency. Mixed or mottled Complexions of Confusion and Imperfection. In the Colour of the Eyes, Blue, according to its different degrees, is expressive of Softness, Gentleness, Cheerfulness, or Serenity. Black of thought, or Gravity, or of Sadness. A bright or brilliant Eye is significant of Happiness, Vivacity, and Gaity; a dim and turbid Eye, on the contrary, of Confusion, Imperfection, or Melancholy. The reality of such associations is too well evinced by common experience and common language to need any farther illustration.

2. Certain Colours in the Countenance are expressive to us of Youth or of Age, of Health or of Disease, and convey to us all the Emotions which we thus understand them to express. There is no Child who does not distinguish between the bloom of youth, and the paleness of old age, who does not understand the difference between the brilliant eye of Health, and the languid eye of Disease, and who has not therefore acquired associations which are to govern his future life, and to make these permanent signs of the accidents of the human frame significant to him of the state or condition they express.

3. It is yet farther to be observed, that certain Colours in the permanent Complexion, are expressive (and very powerfully expressive to us) of peculiar Characters or Dispositions of Mind. In this respect all men are physiognomists. The opinions we form at first sight of the Character of Strangers, the language of the young and the loose opinions we hear every day in the world, are all significant to us of some propensity to judgment from these external signs: And when we investigate the foundation of these judgments, we shall find them chiefly to be rested upon the associations we have connected with the Colours of the Countenance.

The Complexion, in this view, admits of four principal variations. It is either dark or fair, or pale or blooming. Each of these has established expressions to us. Dark complexions are expressive

* Essay II. Chap. iii. Sect. 2.

of Strength, of Gravity, and Melancholy; Fair complexions of Cheerfulness, Feebleness, and Delicacy. The complexion, in the same manner when pale, is expressive of Gentleness, Tenderness, and Debility; when blooming, of Gaiety, and Vigour, and Animation.

It is, in the same manner, that the Eyes admit of four principal Varieties of permanent Colours, which are accompanied with as many different expressions. They are either black or blue, brilliant or languid. Black eyes are expressive to us of Thoughtfulness, Seriousness, Melancholy; Blue Eyes, on the contrary, of Softness, Serenity, or Cheerfulness. Brilliant Eyes are expressive of Joy, Vivacity, Penetration; Languid Eyes, on the contrary, of Mildness, Sensibility or Sorrow. The different compositions of such colours in the Eyes, or in the Complexion, produces a correspondent variety or diversity of Expression.

Whatever may be the foundation of such Associations, there seems to be no doubt of their reality, and a day scarcely passes in which, either in our own Experience, or in the language of Conversation around us, we may not be sensible of their existence. There seems, however, to be a sufficient foundation for some Associations of this kind, in our experience of the permanent connection of certain qualities of mind, with certain external appearances of Colour in the human Countenance. The two great varieties of Complexion, the Fair and the Dark, are, in fact, very generally found to be connected with the opposite characters of Cheerfulness and of Melancholy; and so far is this from being a fanciful Relation, that it is generally admitted by those who have the best opportunities of ascertaining it, the Professors of Medical Science. The foundation of our Association of Paleness of Complexion with Delicacy and Debility, and of Bloom with Vigour and Animation, seems to be equally solid; as these colours are in general the signs of Health, or of Indisposition, and as commonly united with such qualities of body and such dispositions of Mind as they generally produce. The expression of Colour in the eyes, seems to arise from two different sources. Black eyes are commonly united with the dark, and blue Eyes with the fair complexion. They have, therefore, the different Expressions of these different Complexions. With respect to the brilliancy or languor of the Eye, on the other hand, we have often reason to observe that all joyful or animating affections, and all vigorous exertions of Mind, give Lustre and Brilliancy, and that all sorrowful, or dispiriting, or pathetic emotions, give Softness and Languor to the colours of the Eye. Such appearances, therefore, are early and strongly associated with the qualities of mind with which they have so generally been found to be accompanied, and are naturally regarded as the signs of these qualities.

11.—The expression of the *Variable* Colours of the Countenance is still more distinct and precise. That the affections and passions of the Human Mind have correspondent appearances in the Colours of the Countenance, is a fact which all men understand, and have understood from infancy. There is no man who does not distinguish between the blush of Modesty and the glow of Indignation, the paleness of Fear and the lividness of Envy; the sparkling Eye of Joy and the

piercing Eye of Rage, the dim and languid Eye of Grief and the open and passive Eye of Astonishment, &c. These appearances are so uniform in the Human Countenance, and are so strongly associated with their correspondent affections of Mind, that even the first period of Infancy is sufficient to establish the connexion. It seems to me, therefore, altogether unnecessary to illustrate farther the reality of these Associations.

I have thus very shortly stated some of the Associations we have with the Colours of the Human Countenance, or some of the Characters or Dispositions of Mind of which they are expressive to us. It remains for me now to show that such Colours owe their Beauty or Sublimity to this cause; and that, when these expressions are withdrawn, or no longer accompany them, our sentiment of Beauty or Sublimity is withdrawn along with them.

The Beauty of Colours, in this instance, must obviously arise from one or other of those three sources:

Either, 1st, From some Original Beauty in these Colours themselves; or,

2dly, From some Law of our Nature, by which the appearance of such Colours in the Countenance is fitted immediately and permanently to produce the Emotion of Beauty; or,

3dly, From their being significant to us of certain qualities capable of producing pleasing or interesting Emotion.

1. That such Colours are not beautiful *Simply as Colours*, or as *Objects of Sensation*, has been already sufficiently shown in the former Chapter of Colours.

2. That we have no reason to suppose any Law of our Nature, by which certain Colours in the Human Countenance are immediately and permanently beautiful, may perhaps be obvious from the following considerations:

1. If there were any such law of our nature, it would be obvious (like every other) in infancy. The child would mark its love or admiration according to the complexion or colours of the Countenances of those who surrounded it: and its aversion would be shown to all who varied from these sole and central colours of Beauty. The reverse of this is so much the case, that every one must have remarked it. For the first years of life, no sense of Beauty among individuals, in this respect, is testified by children. The Countenances of the old, on the contrary, with all their loss of colouring, are more delightful to them, than those of youth and infancy; and if there are any colours that appear to them as peculiarly beautiful, it is the pale Countenance of the mother, in whose looks they read her affection, or the faded complexion of the aged nurse, for whose looks they mingle love with reverence.

2. If there were any such law of Beauty, our opinions of such a kind would be permanent. One central colour in every feature or portion of the Countenance, would alone be beautiful, and every deviation from it would be felt as a deviation from this original and prescribed Beauty. How much the reverse of all this is true, every man must have felt from his own experience. In Countenances of different character we look for different tones of Complexion, and different degrees of Colour. In different individuals we admire not

only different but opposite Colours of Eyes, of Hair, of Complexion; and what is still more, in the same individual we admire, at different times, very different appearances of the same Colours, on the same Complexion. Such facts are altogether irreconcilable with the belief of any sole or central Colour, which alone is beautiful.

3. If there were any such Law of the Beauty of Colours, it would, like all the other laws of our nature, be *universal*, and all nations would have agreed in some certain Colours of the Human Countenance, which alone were Beautiful. How far this is from being true, and how much, on the contrary, every nation has its own national and peculiar Sense of Beauty in this respect, it would be very unnecessary to attempt to illustrate.

The remaining supposition is, that the Beauty of Colours in the Human Countenance is derived from their being significant to us of certain qualities, capable of producing pleasing or interesting Emotion.

That this is the case, and that the common sentiments of mankind are governed by this principle, may, I trust, appear from the following simple illustrations:

I.—The same Colour which is beautiful in one Countenance is not beautiful in another; whereas if there were any law of nature, by which certain Colours were permanently beautiful, these Colours alone would be beautiful in every case. Of the truth of the fact which I have stated, no person can be ignorant. The Colours which we admire in childhood are unsuitable to youth; those which we admire in youth, are as unsuitable to manhood: and both are different from those which we expect and which we love in age. Reverse the order, give to age the Colours of manhood, to manhood those of youth, or to youth those of childhood: and while the Colours are the same, every eye would discover, that there was something unnatural in their appearance, and that they were significant of very different Expressions, from those which we were in the habit of connecting with them.

The distinction of the Sexes, and the very different Expectations we form from them, afford another illustration. If any certain Colours are instinctively beautiful in the Human Countenance, they must be equally beautiful in every Countenance. Yet there is no one who does not expect a very different degree, at least of Colour, in the two sexes; and who does not find, that the same Colour which is beautiful in the one, as expressive of the character he expects, is positively painful and disagreeable in the other. The dark red or the firm brown of Complexion, so significant to us in Man of Energy and Vigour, would be simply painful to us in the Complexion of Woman; while the pearly white, and the evanescent bloom which expresses to us so well all the gentleness, and all the delicacy of the female character, would be simply painful or disgusting to us in the Complexion of Man.

The same observation may be extended to all the professions of Human Life. In the Shepherd and in the Warrior, in the Sage and in the Citizen, in the Tyrant and in the Martyr, we imagine, and we expect very different Colours of Complexion. To these expectations, the Painter and the Poet have always instinctively yielded,

and in the imagination of Colour, have not less exhibited their powers, than in the conception of Feature, and in the disposal of Attitude or Gesture. Every Colour of the Human Countenance we feel to be beautiful only when it corresponds to the character which is presented to us; and every Colour, on the contrary, which is contradictory to the character that is meant to be expressed, we feel as imperfect or displeasing. Such feelings or conclusions, it is obvious, could never occur, if there were any certain or precise colours of the Human Countenance which were beautiful by some previous Law of Nature.

11.—The most *different*, and even *opposite* Colours are felt as beautiful, when they are significant to us of pleasing or of interesting qualities in the Countenances to which they belong.

There is nothing more opposite in point of Colouring, than the bloom of youth to the paleness of old age, yet both we know are beautiful. We love the dazzling White of Complexion of the infant in its cradle. We love afterwards the firm brown of Colour which distinguishes the young adventurer in exercise or arms. In the recluse student, we expect the pale Complexion, which signifies watching, and midnight meditation. In the soldier and sailor we look for a Complexion hardened to climate, and embrowned with honourable toil. In all the variety of classes into which society has distributed mankind, we look for, in the same manner, some distinct Colouring as significant of this classification. We meet with it in the descriptions of the Poet, and the representations of the Painter, and we feel our minds unsatisfied if we do not discover it in real life.

No Colours can be more different than those of the Eyes and of the Hair. The dark and blue Eye, the fair and the black Hair, are not only different but almost opposite; yet who will pretend that they have not felt Beauty in all of them; and to what principle are we to ascribe the effect, if we maintain that there are only certain Colours in this respect which nature has made beautiful?

It is still farther observable, that even in the *same* Countenance the most different Colours are beautiful, when they are expressive of pleasing or interesting qualities. The blush of Modesty is very different from the paleness of Sensibility. The glow of indignation is equally different from the pallid hue of concentrated Affliction: the bloom of Health and Joy, from the languor of Sickness and Sorrow. Yet in the same person we may often witness these striking contrasts; and perhaps it would be difficult for us to say when the same Countenance was most beautiful. In the Colour of the Eyes the same differences are observable: the dark and brilliant Eye may sometimes be veiled in *dimness* and distress. The softness of the blue Eye may be exalted to temporary vigour and brilliancy. The manly Eye of the Soldier may be suffused with Pity; and the timid Eye of Woman burn with just resentment or with dignified Scorn. In all such differences of Colour, we may still feel the Emotion of Beauty; an effect which could not possibly happen if there were any Law of our Nature, by which certain Colours only in the Human Countenance were productive of this Emotion.

III.—In pursuing these observations, it is still more important to observe, that our feelings of Beauty in the Colours of the Human Countenance are so far from being precise and definite, as they would necessarily be, if they arose from any original Law of our Nature, that, in reality, they are altogether dependent on our *moral* opinions, and that not only in respect to the Dispositions they signify, but even in respect to the *Degree* of these Dispositions. Of this very important fact, I shall offer only a few illustrations, because every one of my Readers is able to verify it to himself.

The difference of the permanent Colours of the Countenance is obvious to every one. Every one, however, has not observed, that the same Colours have affected him with very different Emotions, in different circumstances. There is a Paleness of Complexion which arises from Grief, from Sensibility, from Study. There is a similar paleness which arises from Envy, from guilty Fear, from deep Revenge. If the Colour alone were beautiful, its Beauty would remain in every case: but no one will say that this is true. The Beauty of the Colour to us, is always dependent upon the Disposition it signifies; the same Colour varies in its effect with the Expression, of which it is the sign; and the Painter, while he spreads it upon his pallet, knows that by the same mechanical means, he can either create Beauty or Disgust, and make us, according to the Expression which it signifies, glow with moral Admiration, or thrill with moral Terror.

The opposite Colour of the Countenance, the blooming or florid Complexion, is subject to the same moral Criticism. It is the sign to us in many cases, of Joy, of Hope, of Enthusiasm, of Virtuous Indignation, of kind and benevolent Affections. In all such cases, it is to a certain degree beautiful. In other cases, it may be the sign to us of Pride, of Anger, of intemperate Passion, of selfish Arrogance. In such cases, it is not only not beautiful, but positively painful. How often are we deceived in this respect, in our first speculation upon any human Countenance! and how permanently do we return to interpret the sign by the qualities we find it to signify, and to feel it either beautiful or otherwise by the nature of these qualities! The aversion which mankind have ever shown to the painting of the Countenance, has thus a real foundation in Nature. It is a sign which deceives, and, what is worse, which is intended to deceive. It never can harmonise with the genuine Character of the Countenance; it never can vary with those unexpected incidents which give us our best insight into human Character; and it never can be practised but by those who have no Character but that which Fashion lends them, or those who wish to affect a Character different from their own. The same observation may be extended to the Colours of the Eye. If we had no other principles of judgment than some original Law of our Nature, certain Colours, or Degrees of Colouring, would alone be permanently beautiful. How little this is the case; how much we appreciate the *language* of the Eye, on the contrary, and how strikingly its beauty is determined by the Emotions or passions it signifies, I leave very securely to my readers to verify by their own experience.

In the Variable Colours of the Countenance, or

those which arise from present or transitory feelings, the same fact is easily discernible. No things, in point of Colouring, are so analogous as the blush of Modesty, and that of conscious Guilt; yet, when we know the Emotions they signify, is their effect the same? The paleness of Fear is beautiful, because it is ever interesting, in the female Countenance. Tell us, that it arises from some trivial or absurd cause, and it becomes immediately ridiculous. There is a Colour of Indignation or of Scorn, which may accord with the most heroic Beauty; say to us, that it arises from some childish source of etiquette or precedence, and our sentiment of Beauty is instantly converted into Disgust. There is a softness and languor both in the light and in the Motion of the Eye, which we never see without deep interest, when we consider it as expressive of general Sensibility, or of occasional Sorrow. Tell us, that it is affectation, that it is the *Manner* of the ill-judging fair one who has adopted it, and instead of Interest, we feel nothing but Contempt. Illustrations of this kind might be easily extended to every Emotion or Passion of the Human Mind. I leave them to the prosecution of my Readers; and I flatter myself, they will see that such Varieties in our sense of Beauty could never exist, if there were any certain and definite Colours in the human Countenance, which alone were originally and permanently beautiful.

• *Of the Features of the Human Countenance.*

There is a similar division of the Features of the Countenance of Men, as of its Colours, into what may be called (though with some restriction) the *Permanent* and the *Variable*. The Permanent Features are such as give the individual Distinction, or form the peculiar Character of the Countenance in moments of Tranquillity and Repose. Such are the peculiar form of the Head, the proportion of the Face, the forms of the Forehead, Eyebrows, Nose, Cheeks, Mouth and Chin, with their relation to the forms of the Neck, Shoulders, &c. The Variable Features are such Forms of the permanent Features, as are assumed under the influence of occasional or temporary Passions, as the contracted brow of Anger, the elevated Eyebrow of Surprise, the closed Eyelids of Mirth, the open Eye of Astonishment, the raised Lip of Cheerfulness, the depressed Lip of Sorrow, &c. &c.

With both of these appearances, I apprehend that we have distinct and powerful Associations; or in other words, that they are expressive to us, either directly or indirectly, of Qualities of Mind capable of producing Emotion.

1. Such Forms in the Countenance, have expression to us simply as Forms, and are beautiful upon the same principles, as I have endeavoured to illustrate. Independent of all direct Expression, small, smooth, and well-outlined Features, are expressive of delicacy or fineness. Harsh and prominent Features, with a coarse and imperfect outline, of imperfection, roughness, and coarseness. The union of the Features (perhaps the most important of all physical observations), admits, in the same manner, either of a flowing and undulating outline, or of harsh and angular conjunction. •The first

is ever expressive to us of Ease, Freedom, and of Fineness; the second of Stillness, of Constraint, and of Imperfection. These *indirect* Expressions prevail, not indeed over the more direct Expressions which intimacy or knowledge gives: but that they govern us in some degree with regard to those who are strangers to us; that we are disposed to attribute to the Character of those who are unknown to us, the Character which their physical Features exhibit; and that even with regard to those we love most, we are sometimes apt to lament that the form of their Features is so little expressive of their Character, are facts which every one knows, and which need not be illustrated.

2. Such Forms of Features are, in general, *directly* expressive to us of particular Characters or Dispositions of Mind. That certain appearances or Conformations of the features of the Human Countenance, are significant of certain qualities or distinctions of mind, is a fact which every Child knows, even in its nurse's arms, and which whether it arises from any original instinct or from Experience, is yet sufficient to establish a natural language, long before any artificial language is formed or understood. There are probably three sources from which these associations arise, 1st, the Expression of physical form, which I have just stated; 2dly, Experience of the uniform connexion of such appearances with certain characters or dispositions of the human Mind; a fact of which no Evidence can be greater than that of the distinction which the infant makes between the countenance of Children, of Women, and of Men; and 3dly, The observation of the influence which habitual passions have upon the permanent conformation of the Features, and the consequent belief that the Sign indicates the Disposition usually signified.

Of the Variable Features it is unnecessary to enter into any Explanation. That the human Countenance possesses a degree of Expression in this respect, beyond every other animated Being; that in its genuine State, it is the mirror of whatever passes in the Mind; and that all that is great or lovely in human character may there be read, even by the material Eye, are truths which every one knows, and upon which the Painter, the Sculptor, and the Poet, have formed the most exquisite productions of their Arts. I cannot therefore fatigue my readers with any Enumeration of effects which all have known, and all must have felt.

That the Beauty or Sublimity of the Forms which occur to us in the Features of the Human Countenance arises from such Expressions alone, and not from any original Beauty in such Forms themselves, may perhaps be evident from the following illustrations.

1. If there were any original Beauty in peculiar forms of this kind, altogether independent of the Expressions of Mind we associate with them, it would necessarily follow that the *same* Forms of Features would be permanently beautiful, and that every Form that deviated from this original and prescribed Form would, in the same degree, deviate from the Form of Beauty.

The slightest Experience is, I apprehend, sufficient to show the falsehood of this opinion. It is impossible to conceive a greater difference than takes place in the same Being, in the form and

construction and proportion of Features, than that which uniformly takes place in the progress of Man from Infancy to Old Age. In this progress there is not a single feature which is not changed in form, in size, or in proportion to the rest: Yet in all these, we not only discover Beauty, but what is more important, we discover it, at different ages, in forms different, if not opposite, from those in which we had discovered it before. The round Cheek, the tumid Lip, the unmarked Eyebrow, &c., which are all so beautiful in infancy, yield to the muscular Cheek, the firm and contracted Lip, the dark and prominent Eyebrow, and all the opposite forms which create the Beauty of Manhood. It is again the want of all this muscular power, and the new change of all the forms which it induces; the collapsed Cheek, the trembling Lip, the grey Eyebrow, &c., which constitute the Beauty of Age. The Poet and the Painter know it: but were they, from any visionary Theory, to alter these Signatures of Expression; were they to give to manhood the features of infancy, however beautiful, or to age those of manhood, however eloquently commented upon, is there any one who, for a moment, could look upon their representations? It is needless for me to say, that the same observation extends equally to the Features that are characteristic of Sex; that the form or proportion of the same features is very different in the different Sexes; that even in that Sex where alone they are the general objects of Emotion, these forms vary with the progress of Time; and that in general, no Forms of Features are beautiful, but those which accord with the character we expect in the age or period of the person we contemplate.

With regard to the *Variable* Features, the proposition I have stated is yet more generally observable. If there is any peculiar form of any Feature which is permanently beautiful, let the Inquirer state it to himself, and then let him examine the Countenances of actual Nature, or the representations of the Painter by this standard. He will find, if I mistake not, not only that this peculiar form has no permanency of Beauty, but on the contrary, that it is often the reverse; that there is some other law that governs his opinion upon the subject; and that the most different conformations of the same Features are beautiful, or otherwise, according to the Emotions they signify. If the smooth and open brow of youth and gaiety is instinctively beautiful, the dark and wrinkled brow of Indignation or Passion, ought to be positively displeasing: Yet the Experience of Nature, and of the Representation of the Imitative Arts, will show us how false would be the conclusion. If the elevated Eyebrow of Hope or Mirth is beautiful, how shall we account for the still more powerful beauty of the contracted, and even convulsed Eyebrow of Fear, of Horror, or of Guilt? The Form of the Grecian Nose is said to be originally beautiful; and in many cases, and in the manner in which the artists of antiquity employed it, it is undoubtedly beautiful, because it is the conformation of that Feature which best expresses the Character they wished to represent. Apply, however, this beautiful Form to the Countenance of the Warrior, the Bandit, the Martyr, &c., or to any countenance which is meant to express deep or powerful Passion, and the most

vulgar spectator would be sensible of dissatisfaction, if not of disgust. Is the Mouth of Youth, of Hope, of Rapture, beautiful? No contrast of the same feature can be so great as that of the same mouth, under the influence of Grief, of Age, or of Melancholy. And yet the Painter is able to render these Conformations beautiful, and they who have lived but a little in the world, have known, that they are in fact more beautiful than all that the same feature can receive from Hope, or Youth, or Joy. It were unpardonable to extend these illustrations to a greater length: It is enough to lead my readers to observe for themselves, and to attend to the general truth, That, if there were any forms of features originally and permanently beautiful, these, and these only, could be beautiful in all situations: and that every form that deviated from this prescribed and central Form, would necessarily be the object either of disgust or disappointment.

2. It is very easy to see, in the 2d place, that the most different Forms of Feature are actually beautiful: and that their Beauty uniformly arises from the Expressions of which they are significant to us. The open forehead is expressive to us of Candour and Generosity, and suits a countenance which has that Expression. The low forehead, on the contrary, is expressive to us of thought, of gloom, or melancholy. It becomes, therefore, a different Expression of Countenance. The full and blooming cheek suits the Countenance of youth, and mirth, and female loveliness: the sunk and faded cheek, the face of sensibility, of grief, or of penitence. The raised lip, the elevated eyebrow, the rapid Motion of the eye, are all the concomitants of joyous Beauty. The reverse of all these, the depressed lip, the contracted eyebrow, the slow and languid motion of the eye, are the circumstances which we expect and require in the Countenances of Sorrow or of Sensibility. Change any of these Conformations: give to the open and candid Countenance the low forehead; to the face of Grief, the fresh and blooming cheek of Joy; to the mourner the raised lip, or the elevated eyebrow, which are expressive to us of cheerful or joyous Passions; and the picture becomes a monster, from which even then the most vulgar taste would fly, as from something unnatural and disgusting. If there were any real or original Beauty in such Conformations, nothing of this kind could happen! And however discordant were our Emotions of Beauty and of Sentiment, we should still feel these Conformations beautiful, just as we perceive, under all circumstances, Colours to be permanently Colours, or Forms to be Forms.

3. The slight illustrations which I have now offered, seem to me sufficient to convince those who will prosecute them, that there is no original Beauty in any peculiar or distinct forms of the Human Features. There is another illustration which perhaps may still more strongly show the real origin of such Beauty to consist in the Expressions of which they are significant, viz., That the same Form of Feature is beautiful or not, just as it is expressive or not of Qualities of Mind which are amiable or interesting to us.

With regard to the Permanent Features, every one must have remarked, that the same Form of Feature which is beautiful in the one sex is not

beautiful in the other; that as there is a different Expression, there are different Signs by which we expect them to be signified; and that in consequence, the same Signs are productive of very different Emotions, when they are thus significant of improper or of unamiable Expressions. They who are conversant in the productions of the Fine Arts, must have equally observed, that the Forms and Proportions of Features, which the Sculptor and the Painter have given to their Works, are very different, according to the nature of the Character they represent, and the Emotion they wish to excite. The form or proportions of the features of Jove are different from those of Hercules, those of Apollo from those of Ganymede, those of the Fawn from those of the Gladiator. In Female Beauty, the form and proportions in the features of Juvo are very different from those of Venus, those of Minerva from those of Diana, those of Niobe from those of the Graces. All, however, are beautiful; because all are adapted with exquisite taste to the characters they wish the Countenance to express. Let the Theorist change them, and substitute for this varied and significant beauty, the forms which he chooses to consider as solely beautiful; and the experiment will very soon show, that the Beauty of these Forms is not original and independent, but relative and significant: and that when they cease to be expressive of the character we expect, they cease in the same moment to be beautiful.

The illustration, however, may be made still more precise; for even, in the same Countenance, and in the same Hour, the same Form of Feature may be beautiful or otherwise. Although there is an obvious distinction between the permanence of some features of the Countenance, it is at the same time true, that even the permanent features are susceptible of some change or form; that they vary with the employment of the muscles which move them; and that, therefore, their permanence is rather relatively than positively true. The forehead changes in its form and dimensions, with various passions. The line of the Nose is varied by the elevation or depression of the muscles of the Eyebrow; and its whole form is still more altered by the Contraction or Expansion of the Nostrils. The cheeks sink or swell, as they are influenced by different Emotions: And no one need to be told that the mouth is so susceptible of Variety of Form, that from that feature alone, every one is able to interpret the Emotion of the Person. The same observation is applicable to the rest of the features. If there were, therefore, any original Form in all these Features, which was instinctively beautiful, it would follow, that in all these changes, there was one only that was beautiful, and that all the rest would, according to their variations, be, in so far, deviations from Beauty. The real fact, however, is, that every one of these varieties are beautiful, when they are expressive to us of Emotions of which we approve, and in which we sympathise; that none is beautiful when it has not this expression; that any feature unsusceptible of these changes, would be felt as imperfect or monstrous; and that the degree of Change or variation, which is beautiful or otherwise, is always determined by its correspondence to our sentiment of the propriety or impropriety of the Emotion which it signifies. The

Reader will find innumerable illustrations of this truth, both in his observation of common nature, and of the representations of the Painter and the Sculptor.

With regard to the *variable* Features, (those which are expressive of momentary or local Emotion) that the Beauty of their Forms does not arise from their approach to any one standard, but from the nature of the Expressions they signify to us, is a Truth which may be easily observed in the study even of the same Countenance. Nothing can be more different in point of form, than what occurs in the same face, in the muscles of the eyebrow, in the close or open conformation of the eyelids, in the contraction or dilatation of the nostrils, in the elevation or depression of the lips, in the smoothness or swelling of the muscles of the throat and neck: yet all of these are beautiful, or at least susceptible of Beauty. It may have been our fortune to see all these variations of form to have taken place in the same Countenance, within the space of a few hours. And if we recollect our sentiments, we shall find, that all of them were not only beautiful, when they were the genuine Signs of Emotions with which we sympathised, but what is more, that they were the *only* forms which, in such circumstances, could have been beautiful: That their variety corresponded to the variety of Emotions which the mind experienced; and that any other conformations of Feature, however beautiful in other circumstances, would then have been painful or distressing. If any of my Readers have not felt this in their own experience, let them attend (while it is yet in their power) to the Countenance of Mrs. Siddons, in the progress of any of her great parts of Tragedy. Let them observe how the Forms and Proportions of every Feature vary with the Passions which they so faithfully express; let them mark every variety of Form almost, of which the Human Countenance is capable, take place in the space of a few short hours; let them then ask themselves what is the common source of this infinite Beauty; and although, in this Examination, they will still have but a feeble sense of the excellences of this illustrious Actress, they will be sensible, that there is no original or prescribed Form of Feature which alone is beautiful, but that every Conformation is beautiful when it is expressive of the Emotions we expect and approve.

Of the Composition of the Colours and Features in the Human Countenance.

The illustrations which I have given in the two former Sections, relate to the beauty of the Colours or features of the Countenance, as single or individual objects of Observation. It is very obvious, however, that all these are only parts of a *whole*: that some relation, at least, exists between those parts of the Countenance, and the Countenance itself: and that there is some harmony or accordance which we expect and demand in the Composition of these ingredients, before we feel that the whole is beautiful. The investigation of the principles which govern us in our sentiments of Composition will, I trust, afford an additional proof of the real Nature and origin of Human Beauty. *

If there were any original and independent Beauty in any peculiar colours or forms, it would then necessarily follow, that the union of these beautiful forms and colours would compose a Countenance of Beauty; and that every deviation, in Composition from these original principles of Beauty, would, in proportion to this deviation, affect us with sentiments either of indifference or disgust. If such were the constitution of our nature, the Painter and the Sculptor would possess a simple and determinate rule for the creation of Beauty; the beautiful forms and colours of the Human Countenance would be as definite as the proportions of Architecture: and the production of Beauty might be as certainly attained by the Artist, as arithmetical Truth is by the Arithmetician. That this is not the case; that the Beauty of the Human Countenance is not governed by such definite rules; and that there are some other qualities necessary for the Painter and the Sculptor, than the mere observation of physical appearances, are truths with which every one is acquainted, and which therefore it would be unnecessary to attempt to illustrate.

If, on the other hand, the principles which I have before attempted to illustrate are just, if the Beauty of every individual colour or form in the Countenance, is determined by its Expression to us of some pleasing or interesting quality, then it ought to follow, (as in all other cases of Composition,) That the expression of the whole ought to regulate the Beauty of the parts; that the actual Beauty of these parts or ingredients, ought to depend upon their relation to the general Character; and that the Composition therefore should only be beautiful, when this relation of Expression was justly preserved, and when no colour or feature was admitted, but what tended to the production of one harmonious and unmingled Emotion.

That this is really the case: that our opinion of the Beauty of the Human Countenance is determined by this Law, and that, in every particular case, our sense of the Beauty of the constituent parts is decided by their relation to the prevailing Character or Expression of the Countenance, may perhaps be obvious from the following considerations:

I.—I have formerly endeavoured to show, that in the case of physical forms, no form was, in reality, beautiful to us, which was not the Sign of some pleasing or interesting Expression, or which, in other words, was not productive of some Emotion. It is natural to think, that the same law should be preserved in the Forms, &c. of the Human Countenance; and it is still more natural to think so, when we consider, that the Expressions of the Countenance are the direct Expressions of Mind. That the Beauty, therefore, of every Countenance, arises from its Expression of some pleasing or interesting quality, in which our Imagination loves to indulge; and that no Countenance is ever felt as beautiful where such indirect or direct Expressions are not found, is a Proposition (I trust) which the Readers of the previous illustrations will both expect and demand. The truth of it may, perhaps, be elucidated by the following illustrations.

1. I would appeal, in the 1st place, to common experience.—If the real Beauty of the Human Countenance arises from the union of certain

Forms and Colours, that are originally beautiful, then every Man ought to feel the Sentiment of Beauty in those cases alone, where those certain appearances were united. Of the truth of this proposition every man is a judge. I will presume, on the contrary, to say, that there is no Man who has ever felt the sentiment of Beauty, who will not acknowledge, that he has felt it in the most various and even opposite conformations of Features; that he has felt, that instead of being governed by any physical Law of Form or Colour, it has been governed by the individual circumstances of the Countenance; that wherever it has been felt, it has been felt as significant of some pleasing or interesting disposition of Mind; that the union of every feature and colour has been experienced as beautiful, when it was felt as expressive of amiable or interesting sentiment; and that, in fact, the only limit to the Beauty of the Human Countenance, is the limit which separates Vice from Virtue; which separates the dispositions or affections we approve, from those which we disapprove or despise.

If this evidence should be insufficient, there is a yet stronger one, which arises from the usual language of Mankind. We hear, every day, the Admiration of Beauty:—Ask, then, the Enthusiast to explain to you, in what this Beauty consists? Did he feel that it were in any certain conformation of Features, or any precise tone of Colouring, that Beauty consists, he would tell you minutely the forms and proportions and colours of this admired Countenance; and were this the law of your Nature, you could feel it only by this physical description. But is it thus, in fact, that the communication is made? Is it not, on the contrary, by stating the *Expression* which this Countenance conveys to him? Are not the forms and magnitude of the features, and the tone and degree of colouring, made all subservient in his description, to the Character of Mind he wishes to convey to you? And do you not feel, at the same time, that if he succeeds in persuading you of the lovely or interesting Expression of the Countenance, you take for granted, at once, that whatever may be the form of the features, or the nature of the colouring, the Countenance itself has that simplicity and strength of Expression which justifies the admiration of the person who describes it? All this, however, which may happen every day, is utterly inexplicable upon any other principle, than the foundation of Beauty in Expression; and the language itself would be unintelligible, if it arose only from some definite form of features, or definite appearance of Colour.

The observation may be extended to the usual and habitual language of the world. There is no one who must not have observed that the description of human beauty in common life, is always by terms significant of its Expression. When we say that a Countenance is noble, or magnificent, or heroic, or gentle, or feeling, or melancholy, we convey at once to every hearer, a belief of some degree of Sublimity or Beauty; but no one ever asks us to describe the form of the features which compose it. When we differ, in the same manner, with regard to individual Beauty, we do not support ourselves by any physical investigation of Features. It is the *character* of the Countenance we disagree in; and when we feel that this Charac-

ter is either unmeaning, or expressive of unpleasing dispositions, no conformation of features, and no splendour of colours, will ever render it beautiful to us. How much this is the case in Society; how much the opinion of Beauty is dependent upon the character of the mind which observes it; how profusely the good find beauty in every class of mankind around them: how much, on the contrary, the habits of vice tend to obliterate all the genuine Beauty of nature to the vicious, must, to every man of common thought, have been the subject both of pleasing and of melancholy observation.

It is observable, in the same manner, that the most beautiful Countenance is not permanently and uniformly beautiful, as it necessarily would be, if this beauty arose from any original law of our nature; but that its Beauty is always dependent upon the nature of the temporary Dispositions, or qualities of Mind which it signifies. Every man who has had the good fortune to live in the society of beautiful women, must often have observed, that there were many days of his life, and many hours in every day, when he was altogether insensible to their beauty. The little unmeaning and uninteresting details of domestic life; the usual cares and concerns of female duty; sometimes, perhaps, the irritations and disturbances of domestic economy, produce Expressions which are neither interesting nor affecting; and, while they produce these, the beauty of the countenance (however lately great) is unfelt and unobserved. Whenever the Countenance assumes the Expression of any amiable or interesting Emotion, the Beauty of it immediately returns.

While there is scarcely any Countenance that thus remains beautiful under the Expression of vulgar or uninteresting Emotions, and none which can preserve it under the dominion of vicious or improper dispositions, it may at the same time be observed, that there are very few Countenances which are not raised into Beauty by the influence of amiable or lofty Expression. They, who have had the happiness to witness the effects of sudden joy or unlooked-for hope in the Countenances, even of the lowest of the people;—who have attended to the influence of sorrow, or sympathy, in the Expression of faces unknown to affection—they, still more, who have ever looked steadily upon the bed of sickness or of Death, and have seen the influences of submission and of resignation upon every feature of the suffering or Expiring Countenance, can, I am persuaded, well tell, that there is scarcely any form of features which such interesting and lofty Expressions cannot and do not exalt into Beauty. It is on the same account, that the young who live familiarly together, are so seldom sensible to each other's Beauty. The Countenance, however beautiful, must often appear to them with very unmeaning and uninteresting Expressions: The quiet detail of domestic life gives birth to no strong emotions in the Countenances of either; they meet without animation, and they separate without tenderness; the habits of simple friendship call forth no transports of passion; and they go abroad into less known societies, to look for those agitations of Hope or Fear which they do not experience at home. To lovers, on the contrary, and for the same reason, every look and every feature is beautiful, because they are expres-

sive to them of the most delightful emotions which their age can feel; because the Countenance is then animated with Expressions the most amiable and genuine which it ever can display, and still more, perhaps, because they are the signs to them of those imaginary scenes of future happiness, in the promise of which Youth and Love are so happily profuse.

It is the same principle which is the obvious cause of the infrequency of Beauty among the lower orders. Something of this is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the influences of climate, and of weather, and to the negligence of those Arts, by which, in the higher ranks of life, the physical Beauty, at least of Feature and of complexion, is so assiduously preserved. But the principal cause of it is in the character of Mind, which such situations too naturally create. They who live for subsistence cannot live for Beauty. The occupations in which they are engaged, the modes of life to which they are doomed, are little consistent with any amiable or interesting emotions; and their Countenances, therefore, (however latently beautiful), express nothing to us but low care or painful occupation. In their usual hours, therefore, their Beauty is scarcely more than that of Youth and Health; and we observe it with satisfaction rather than pleasure. Let us follow them however, from these vulgar and degrading occupations, into the scenes of their gaiety and enjoyment—let us follow them into scenes of distress or sympathy, when finer emotions are excited, or when their Countenances waken into correspondent expression, and we shall be astonished to find, that amid the most common Features, Beauty arises, and amid the most common forms, Grace is to be found. In every country, of Europe, I believe, in the same manner, the Traveller has felt that the greatest Beauty exists among women of the highest rank, or in those who live in affluence and independence; and it ought to be so. They who live not for subsistence, but for society; who, from their earliest days, are unbroken by labour, or by care; who, still more, exist for their hour only in the search of admiration, are under the necessity of gaining it by every flattery to the feelings of others, by assuming virtues if they possess them not, and by counterfeiting, for the time at least, every disposition of mind, and every expression of Countenance which renders society amiable, or Woman lovely.

Observations of this kind may be extended to every scene almost of our intercourse with mankind. I presume only to add the following, which perhaps every one of my readers can verify by their own experience.

Were the beauty of the Human Countenance dependent altogether upon certain forms or Colours, it would be very difficult to account for those different Beauties of age or sex, in which all men and all ages have agreed. If we consider them as arising from the expression of those qualities or dispositions which we expect and love in sex and in age, we shall find no difficulty in reconciling the facts with the theory. In men and in women, every Countenance is to a certain degree beautiful, which is expressive of interesting or amiable dispositions; and from the cradle to the grave, every conformation of the Human Countenance is in some measure beautiful, which

is significant of the qualities or Character of Mind, which we think that age ought to display.

There is, however, a difference in this respect; and it is obviously with very different sentiments that we regard male and female Beauty. The one we regard with Love and Admiration, the other scarcely with more than satisfaction: of these different sentiments the account is simple. The forms of the male Countenance in manhood, are not, in general, expressive of very amiable qualities, nor do we expect them. It is Spirit, Thought, Resolution, which we look for as the predominant Expressions of that age; but none of these are Expressions extremely interesting to us, and all of them may be painful or exaggerated. The dispositions of Mind, on the contrary, that we look for in the female Countenance, are Modesty, Humility, Timidity, Sensibility, and Kindness. These are dispositions which we never observe without deep emotion. They are not only delightful in themselves, but they are such as we expect in that sex; and there is no expression of them which does not affect us, both with the tenderness of love and with the sentiment of propriety. But while this is the case with the Countenance of manhood, it is not the same (as every one has observed) with other periods of male existence. Infancy is equally beautiful in the one sex as in the other, and the early youth of man (before it is corrupted by the business of the world), is not unfrequently susceptible of as great a degree of Beauty as is, perhaps, ever to be found in human conformation. In old age again, the male Countenance reassumes, as it were, its Beauty; because the character it expresses, the dispositions which it displays, and, still more, the melancholy contrast which we draw between its maturity and its decline, affect us with Emotions of a far more profound and exquisite kind, than we ever experienced in the noon-day of its strength. I forbear to add to those illustrations, and I have stated them with all the brevity in my power, because I wish my readers to observe for themselves, and because I am satisfied, that they who will exert this attention, will soon be convinced of the truth of the proposition.

2. While the Beauty of every Countenance seems thus fundamentally to arise from the expression of some pleasing or interesting quality, I would observe, in the second place, that the composition of the Countenance is dependent upon the preservation of the Unity of this expression, and that our sense of the Beauty of the individual colours or features, is always determined by the preservation of this relation.

There are properly three distinct species of Beauty of which the Human Countenance is capable. 1st, Physical Beauty, or that of forms or Colours, considered simply as Colours or Forms, and independent of any direct Expression of Character or Emotion. 2dly, The Beauty of Character, or the Expression of some permanent and distinctive disposition of amiableness or interest. And 3dly, The Beauty of Emotion, or the expression of some temporary or immediate feeling which we love or approve. In each of these distinct cases, I apprehend our common experience will justify us in concluding, that the Beauty of the Countenance depends upon the preservation of the unity of expression; and that our opinion of the Beauty of the separate Colours or Features,

is uniformly governed by their relation to this end.

1. There are many Countenances which are beautiful only as physical objects, which signify no Character of Mind, and of which we judge precisely in the same manner as we do of inanimate forms or colours. They are significant to us of Strength or Delicacy, of Coarseness or Fineness, of Health or Indisposition, of Youth or of Age, &c. but they are significant of nothing more. Of Countenances of this kind (whatever be their Character), our sense of the Beauty of every separate feature is uniformly determined by its relation to this general character, and the Countenance is only wholly beautiful when this relation is preserved. Our judgments of this kind are so common and so rapid, that we very seldom examine upon what they are founded; but a very few illustrations will be sufficient to satisfy any one that they ultimately rest upon this unity of expression. Features, small in form and fine in outline, with a complexion clear and pale, are generally expressive to us of Delicacy, Gentleness, Fineness, &c. To such a Countenance, give the addition of a Roman Nose, or tumid Lips, or thick and heavy Eyebrows, &c. and every one feels that the Beauty of the Countenance is destroyed. We see that there is inconsistency in the arrangement: we lament it; and we busy ourselves in imagining the form of feature that is wanted, and which would render the whole complete.— To a Countenance of manliness and vigour, in which the general form of the colours and features bear a relation to the general character, add one feature of infant or of feminine Beauty; a Grecian Nose, a small Mouth, the round Cheek, or the small and regular Teeth of infancy: The Countenance is not only hurt, but becomes ludicrous; and yet the destructive feature is in other cases singularly beautiful.— There is Beauty in the smooth complexion of Youth, and in the wrinkled and furrowed Complexion of Age, in the paleness of the delicate form, and in the high bloom of Health and Enjoyment, in the open front of Honour and Vigour, and the close and contracted brow of Thought and deep Reflection, &c. &c. Yet let them be fortuitously mingled, or let the Painter attempt to use them as elementary principles of Beauty, and every one will feel that their Beauty depends upon relation, and that this Relation is that of their correspondence to the general expression of the Countenance. It would be absurd to multiply illustrations upon a subject which every one expresses almost every day of his life, in the language he uses with regard to Human Beauty.

2. The truth of the proposition is still more apparent in relation to the second species of Beauty, or that of Character. Wherever, in actual life, we are conscious in any great degree of the influence of Beauty, we shall always find that it is in the general or characteristic expression of the countenance; that the language by which we describe it to others, or by which we attempt to explain it to ourselves, is always by terms significant of this expression; that the expressions which are not interesting to us are never the foundation of Beauty to us, however much they may be to others; that the degree of Beauty we perceive is uniformly correspondent to the degree of this ex-

pression which we love or approve; and that this Beauty is in fact either felt or unfelt, precisely as the state of our own minds induces us either to sympathize or not with the disposition of mind which the countenance displays. These are truths of which, I apprehend, every one who has ever attended to the history of his own feelings must immediately be conscious. If it were possible, however, to doubt, that the Beauty of colour or feature in any countenance arises from their correspondence and subservience to the general character of the expression, the following hints may perhaps be sufficient to satisfy it.

1st, When we find fault with any feature or colour in a characteristic or expressive Countenance, what is the reason of our objection, and the principle upon which we defend it in conversation? 2dly, When we meet with this want of correspondence in any beautiful countenance, do we attribute it to the absence of some positively beautiful form or colour, or to the want of harmony with the general tone and character of the countenance? 3dly, Are not the most different forms and Colours of the Countenance beautiful, when they are felt as the signs of just and interesting expressions; and is any form or Colour, however beautiful in one circumstance, capable of being transferred to others, without affecting us with emotions very different from Beauty? 4th, When we imagine to ourselves some Countenance of unmingled Beauty, does the operation of our fancy consist in bringing together single and individual colours or features which we have seen in individual cases as beautiful: or does it consist in composing them into one imaginary whole, in which every feature and colour unites in the signification of one lovely or interesting expression, and in which we see the character we love, unmingled and unalloyed by the usual discordance of vulgar features? 5th, When the Statuary, or the Painter, have executed any of those great works which command the admiration of ages, is it by uniting together features or colours of individual Beauty? or is it by seizing, as by inspiration, the character they wish to represent, by throwing off all the incumbrances of vulgar nature, and by bringing out the general and ideal correspondence of every line and every colour to the character he portrays, and thus leaving upon the mind of the spectator, that pure and unmingled emotion which he is never destined to feel in real life! To these queries, every one is able to answer; and I flatter myself, the answer to them will be sufficient to convince any candid mind, that the real Beauty of the features of the countenance is ultimately determined by their relation to the general expression; that many which are beautiful in one case are not beautiful in others; and that their real beauty consists in their correspondence to that unity of character which we ever expect and demand in this higher species of Beauty.

3. The same mode of reasoning may easily be extended to the third species of Beauty, or that which arises from temporary or accidental emotion. The great object of the Painter (of modern times at least), has been to represent the countenance under the dominion of such strong or sudden Emotions; the Beauty which is generally admired upon the stage, is that which is represented in scenes of deep interest or effect: and every one

must have perceived, in common life, that in moments of such a kind, the influence of Beauty has been felt in a very different degree from what it is in the tranquil scenes of ordinary life.

Every one, perhaps, has formed to himself some general conception of the Beauty of the Human Countenance, under the influence of Innocence, Gaiety, Hope, Joy, Rapture,—or under the dominion of Sensibility, Melancholy, Grief, or Terror, &c. If he attends to the nature of this operation of fancy, he will find that the principle which governs this ideal composition is that of unity of expression; that he admits into this sketch no feature or colour which does not correspond with the character which interests him; and that he is at last only satisfied when he has formed the conception of one uniform and harmonious whole. If we look to our actual experience, we shall find, in the same manner, that the same obstacles occur as in the case of characteristic Beauty which I have just mentioned; that few Countenances possess this opulence of expression; that some unmeaning feature either checks, or some contradictory feature destroys, the unity of the expression; and that, when we wish to feel it in reflection, we are under the necessity of throwing out the discordant feature, and composing a new and more harmonious combination.

Of the many circumstances of common observation which are evidences of this truth, I limit myself to the mention of a very few.

Whenever the Countenance has any distinguished character, it is seldom susceptible of Beauty, when under the dominion of opposite or unanalogous emotions. In countenances of deep Melancholy, laughter is painful. In those of extreme Gaiety, melancholy is not less so. Dignified features are disgraced by mirth, and mirthful features made ridiculous by the assumption of dignity. Nothing is more distressing than for the manly Countenance to affect the look of softness or effeminacy; and nothing more absurd than for the effeminate Countenance to affect the expression of manliness. Such observations are in the power of every one; and I believe it will universally be found, that whenever the Countenance possesses any characteristic species of Beauty, no Emotion is ever beautiful in it, but such as accords with this predominant expression.

It is on the same account that our experience of the different dispositions that become the different ages of life, govern, in so great a degree, our opinion of the Beauty of the Countenance in those different ages. We expect mirth and joy in Infancy; firmness and vigour in Manhood; gravity and serenity in Old Age. Nothing is more painful to us than the confusion or alteration of these expressions. Gravity in youthful features; or the heedless mirth of infancy in the features of maturity; or the passionate joy of youth in the features of old age, are expressions which we never observe without censure or disgust, and which, however beautiful in other cases, are in these painful and revolting. It is hence too, very obviously, that there arises a certain propriety or decency which we expect in men of different professions; and that the expressions of Countenance which we feel as beautiful or appropriate in one character, we feel as very different in others. The fearless and gallant look which we love in the

Sailor and the Soldier, we should disapprove in the countenance of a Judge, and still more, in that of a Minister of Religion. The gravity and sober thought which we expect in the looks of these, we should again disapprove in the Courtier or the Man of the World. We expect a different expression in the Countenance of the great Merchant and the little Shopkeeper, in the Landlord and the Farmer, in the Teacher of Science and in the Disciple. Each of these may be appropriate, and so far beautiful; but we feel them only as beautiful in their proper cases, or when they correspond to that general character of expression which we expect in such cases. I forbear to allude to the expressions of the female countenance; to the peculiar emotions which are beautiful in it, which do not extend to the other sex; to the degree of emotion which we expect in it, in comparison with that of men; and to the painful sentiments we feel, when female features assume the expression of man, or those of men assume that of woman, because they are within the reach of every person's observation.

4. The illustrations which I have offered of the truth of the general proposition, "That the Beauty of Colours or features in the Human Countenance, is estimated by their harmony or correspondence with the general expression, and from no original or positive Beauty in themselves," has been supported by that reference to common fact and common experience, of which every reader can judge. There is another argument, which arises from our consciousness, in which, perhaps, some of my readers may find a deeper interest.

If there were any original Beauty in certain colours or forms of the Human Countenance, or if the human mind were adapted to experience the emotion of Beauty only from such forms or colours, it would then inevitably follow, as in the case of every other sense, that one single and individual sentiment of pleasure would be felt upon such appearances; that the emotion of Beauty would be a simple and unassociated sentiment; and that language everywhere would have conveyed it with the same unity and accuracy, as it does the sentiments of right or wrong, of justice or injustice.

If, on the contrary, our sense of the Beauty of such forms or colours, is dependent upon their relation to a general expression; if our sentiment of their Beauty varies with that relation; and if the same forms and colours that are beautiful in one case are not beautiful in others, then it ought to follow, that our consciousness and our language (as expressive of that consciousness) should vary with the different circumstances of composition; that instead of one peculiar emotion of Beauty, we should experience as many different emotions of Beauty as the qualities of the Human mind can excite; that the Countenance of each sex, and of every age, should be susceptible of Beauty wherever the composition of its features, &c. corresponded with the character we expected and wished; and that no Countenance should be felt, or be expressed by us, as beautiful, but when the conformation of the various features and colours, corresponded with the characteristic, or temporary character, which we wished and expected under the circumstances in which we perceived them.

Which of these two theories is the most just or the most correspondent to our plain and common experience, I willingly leave to my readers to determine.

From the Illustrations I have offered in this Chapter, with regard to the origin of the Beauty of the Human Countenance, there are some general Conclusions which seem to follow, which it may not be unuseful to the observers of Nature to attend to; and to the Artists who are engaged in the representation of beautiful Nature to remember.

I.—There seem to be three distinct sources of the Beauty or Sublimity of the Countenance of Man. 1st, From Physical Beauty, or the Beauty of certain Colours and Forms, considered simply as Forms or Colours.

2d, From the Beauty of Expression and Character; or that habitual Form of Features and Colour of Complexion, which from experience we consider as significant of those habitual Dispositions of the human Mind, which we love, or approve, or admire. And,

3rd, From the Beauty of Emotion; or the Expression of certain local or temporary Affections of Mind, which we approve, or love, or admire.

II.—Each of these Species of Beauty will be perfect, when the Composition of the Countenance is such as to preserve, pure and unmingled, the Expression which it predominantly conveys; and when no Feature or Colour is admitted, but which is subservient to the Unity of this Expression.

III.—The last or highest degree of Beauty or Sublimity of the Human Countenance, will alone be attained when all these Expressions are united; when the physical Beauty corresponds to the Characteristic; when the Beauty of temporary Emotion harmonizes with the Beauty of Character; and when all fall upon the heart of the Spectator as one whole, in which Matter, in all its most exquisite Forms, is only felt as the sign of one great or amiable Character of Mind.

SECTION III.

OF THE BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY OF THE HUMAN FORM.

The same principle which leads us to ascribe the Beauty of inanimate Forms to some one original and independent configuration of beautiful form, has a tendency to mislead us with regard to the Beauty of the Human Form. In some species of form we perceive Beauty; in others, we perceive none. Of so uniform an effect we believe there must be an equally uniform cause; and as the apparent cause is in the nature and circumstances of the Material Form, we very naturally satisfy the indolence of inquiry, by supposing that there must be some one appearance or character of this Material Form which is originally beautiful; and that, of consequence, the absence of Beauty arises, in any case, from the absence of this peculiar and gifted form. Such is the first and most natural theory of mankind. It is that which we universally find among the lower ranks of men; and which, though it does not satisfy them, perhaps, in any individual case to which they give their attention, is yet sufficient to give them something like a general principle, which, while it has the appearance of truth, has still more the great convenience of Theory, that of saving them from

the labour of farther investigation. Of this popular and infant theory it is needless for me to enter into any investigation. It is always abandoned as soon as men are capable of observation; when they are able to perceive, that there is in fact no such supposed form of original Beauty; and when they begin to feel, from their own experience, that the sentiment of Beauty is felt from many different and even opposite appearances of Human Form.

From this early hypothesis, the next step has uniformly been to the imagination of some original Beauty in certain proportions of the Human Form. The belief that there is one central and sacred form which alone is beautiful, must be abandoned as soon as men are capable of observation. But the natural prejudice to refer the cause of this emotion to the material qualities alone which excite it, is not so soon abandoned; and as these are susceptible of measurement and precision, there is an obvious motive given, both to the philosopher and the artist, to establish a correspondent precision in the system of the one, and the productions of the other.

The Human Form is composed of different parts. In the natural or in the imitated form, there are some relations or proportions of these parts, which are everywhere felt as beautiful. It is natural therefore to conclude, that the adoption of such measures or proportions will always secure the production of the same effect; it seems hence naturally to follow, that the latent Beauty of form arises from these peculiar proportions; and that if these proportions were precisely ascertained, there would be a certain rule given, by which the production of Beauty, in this respect, would infallibly be attained. Artists, accordingly, in every age, have taken pains to ascertain the most exact measurements of the Human Form, and of all its parts. They have imagined also various standards of this measurement; and many disputes have arisen, whether the length of the head, of the foot, or of the nose, was to be considered as this central and sacred standard. Of such questions, and such disputes, it is not possible to speak with seriousness, when they occur in the present times. But it ought at the same time to be remembered, that this theory, however imperfect, was yet a step (and indeed a great one) in the progress, both of the art and of the science of Taste. It supposed observation,—it animated attention; and what is more, under the name of *physical* proportion (as I shall afterwards show), it involved the study of higher and more genuine proportion. The artist, in attending to the rude grammar of his language, learned something of its spirit and capacity; and when the progressive expansion of genius left behind it the rules and proportions of the school, the philosopher learned also to extend his induction, and to perceive that there were other principles by which his emotions were governed, and which were yet remaining for his investigation.

Of this second theory, therefore, "That there are certain relations or proportions of the different parts of the Human Form, which are originally and essentially beautiful, and from the perception of which all our sentiment of Beauty in this respect arises"—it is, I trust, now unnecessary for me to enter into any lengthened refutation. Yet, as some opinions of this kind yet linger among con-

noisseurs and men of taste; and as the anxiety for some definite rules of judgment is ever more prevalent among such men, than the desire of investigating their truth, it may not be unuseful to suggest the following very simple considerations, which every one of my intelligent readers must fully have anticipated.

1. If there were any definite proportions of the parts of the Human Form, which, by the constitution of our nature, were solely and essentially beautiful, it must inevitably have followed, that the beauty of these proportions must have been as positively and definitely settled as the relations of justice or of geometry. To take an original sense for granted, and, at the same time, to suppose, that the indications of this sense are variable, or contradictory, is a solecism in reasoning which no man will venture to support. If such a sense is supposed, then the universal opinion of mankind ought to be found to agree in some precise and definite proportion of the parts of the Human Form. If the opinions of mankind do not agree in such certain and definite proportion, then no peculiar sense can be supposed to exist, by which these sentiments are received.

That not only the sentiments of mankind do not agree upon this subject, but that the sentiments of the same individual differ, in a most material manner, is a truth very susceptible of illustration. There is no form, perhaps, in nature, which admits of such variety, both in appearance and proportion of parts, as the body of man; and which, therefore, seems so little capable of being reduced to any definite system of proportion. The proportions of the form of the infant are different from those of youth; these again from those of manhood; and these again perhaps still more from those of old age and decay. If there were any instinctive sense of beauty in form, in this long history, there would be one age only in which this sense could be gratified. Yet every one knows, not only that each of these periods is susceptible of beautiful form, but what is much more, that the actual Beauty in every period consists in the preservation of the proportions peculiar to that period, and that these differ in every article almost from those that are beautiful in other periods of the life of the same individual. The same observation is yet still more obvious with regard to the difference of sex. In every part of the form the proportions which are beautiful in the two sexes are different; and the application of the proportions of the one to the form of the other, is everywhere felt as painful and disgusting. If, however, there were any original and essential Beauty in some definite proportion of parts, such effects could never happen. This definite Proportion, in every case, would be solely beautiful, and every variation from it would affect us as a deviation or opposition to the genuine form of Beauty.

It may be observed, in the same manner, that if the Beauty of form consisted in any original proportion, the productions of the fine arts would everywhere have testified it; and that in the works of the Statuary and the Painter, we should have found only this sole and sacred system of proportion. The fact however is, (as every one knows,) that in such productions no such rule is observed; that there is no one proportion of parts which belongs to the most beautiful productions of these

arts; that the proportions of the Apollo, for instance, are different from those of the Hercules, the Antinous, the Gladiator, &c.; and that there are not, in the whole catalogue of ancient statues, two perhaps, of which the proportions are actually the same. Against the hypothesis of an instinctive Beauty in proportion, no fact can be so decisive as this. If there were any original Beauty in peculiar proportions of the Human Form, the artists of antiquity must have perceived it, when it was so easy a matter to ascertain it, only by the labour of measurement and calculation; and that their productions are independent of such definite proportions, and that their effect is still produced, amid all this variation of proportion, are irrefragable proofs, not only that the Beauty of their works is not dependent upon such a theory of proportion, but that it arises from some higher causes, and from some more profound attention to those feelings of human nature in which the sentiment of Beauty is to be found.

2. If there were any original Beauty in certain proportions of the Human Form (independent of all other considerations), then it must necessarily follow, that the same proportions of that form would in all cases be beautiful, and that all other proportions would affect us with sentiments of pain or of displeasure. If such a theory were maintained, let the philosopher state with accuracy the proportions that are thus instinctively beautiful. Let him then examine whether this doctrine corresponds with the most obvious facts in nature. The various ages of Man are, in some cases, and in all cases may be, made beautiful by the genius of the Painter or the Statuary. Are the rules of proportion applicable to all these cases? and do we admire the form of the child, the youth, the man, and the aged man, because they retain, amid all their changes, the same proportions? Is the Beauty of the female form demonstrable only because it contains the same proportions with that of Man; and is everything that deviates from the male proportion, a blemish and a deviation from Beauty in the female? These are obvious considerations; the pursuit of them, however, will lead every one that is capable of observation, to still more satisfactory conclusions. If it is still farther supposed, in aid of this infant theory, that there are certain proportions in Sex, and in the various ages of human life, which are originally beautiful, it will not easily be supposed or maintained, that there are similar instincts correspondent to the casual occupations of mankind; and that in every age in the progress of society, and in every society into which civilised man is formed, new or accidental instincts must be given, by which alone he can perceive the Beauty of the forms around him. Yet all this must be supposed before, upon these principles, it is possible to account for the sentiments we every day feel, and for the illustrations which the artist every day gives us, with regard to the Beauty of proportion. We see every day, around us, some forms of our species which affect us with sentiments of Beauty. In our own sex, we see the forms of the legislator, the man of rank, the general, the man of science, the private soldier, the sailor, the labourer, the beggar, &c. In the other sex, we see the forms of the matron, the widow, the young woman, the nurse, the domestic servant, &c. Is it by the principle of Pro-

portion alone, that in all these cases our sentiment of Beauty is determined? Are the proportions the same in all these cases? Is not in fact our sentiment of Beauty determined by the difference of these proportions; and would not the application of the same principles to each, destroy altogether the characteristic Beauty which we expect and look for in such different cases? It is obviously the same in the arts of Imitation. We expect different proportions of form from the Painter, in his representation of a warrior and of a shepherd, of a senator and of a peasant, of a wrestler and of a boatman, of a savage, and of a man of cultivated manners. We expect, in the same manner, from the statuary, very different proportions in the forms of Jove and of Apollo, of Hercules and of Antinous, of a Grace and of Andromache, of a Bacchante and of Minerva, &c. It is of no consequence at present *why* we expect all this, and why the greatest Artists have so faithfully fulfilled this expectation. It is only of consequence to observe, that all this could not happen if there were any sole and original Beauty in certain proportions alone; and that, if this had been the case, neither could we have formed the expectation, nor could the artist have dared to obey it, by deviating from the sole and established principle of Beauty. The farther prosecution of this illustration I leave very willingly to the reader.

If the Beauty, then, of the Human Form does not arise from any certain proportions which are solely and essentially beautiful, we must look for the source of it in those expressions, of which (like every other material form) it may be significant to us.

There are two principal classes of expression, which the Human Form seems to me to have to us, and which I shall consider separately, as they are the foundation of very different kinds of Beauty, and have not, perhaps, been so accurately distinguished as they deserve.

1.—The first of these expressions is that of *Fitness* for the end for which the form was designed. The Human Body is a machine fitted for many and important ends; every member of it, in the same manner, has distinct employments, and may be either well or ill formed for these ends. The knowledge of this fitness in the whole form, or in the various parts of it, we learn from our own experience, and from our continual observation of others; and the appearance of every form immediately suggests to us the ideas either of fitness or unfitness for these ends. That the appearance of fitness, in this respect, is pleasing and satisfactory to us; and that the appearance, on the contrary, of any unfitness, either in the general form or in any of its members, is painful and unsatisfactory to us, are propositions which need no illustration. Our opinions upon the subject are perhaps very seldom very accurate or scientific, and the standard by which we judge is, in general, perhaps, only the common or average form. But that we have all some standard of judgment on this subject, and that we actually feel this sentiment, either of fitness or unfitness, in observing the forms of things around us, the experience of every day may convince us.

It is this expression of *Fitness* which is, I apprehend, the source of the Beauty of what is strictly and properly called *Proportion* in the

parts of the Human Form. The considerations which lead me to this opinion are the following:—

1st, From language. The terms of proportion, and of fitness are convertible. If we describe to any person the circumstances of a form perfectly fitted for the animal ends of men, we give him immediately the idea of its proportion. If we describe a form in any respect unfitted for these ends, we give him immediately, in the same manner, the conception of disproportion. If, on the other hand, we describe a form, or a part of the form, as well or ill-proportioned, we immediately convey the idea either of the fitness or unfitness of the form, &c. Such circumstances could not occur if our sentiments on these subjects arose from different causes.

2d, Our sensibility to the Beauty of proportion is limited by our knowledge of this fitness. Children, it may always be observed, though sensible to the Beauty of forms from other causes, are very late of being sensible to the Beauty of proportion, obviously because they have not yet acquired the knowledge upon which the sense of this relation is founded. Every one may have observed, in the same manner, that women are very imperfect judges of the beauties of proportion in the male figure, and that their sentiments of Beauty are formed upon very different principles; because they are naturally unacquainted, from their own experience, with the various ends to which this fine machine is so wonderfully adapted; and while they remain ignorant of them, they want that sense of fitness upon which the sentiment of proportion is founded. The common professions of society demand the exertion of certain members of the body, in preference to the rest, and each has the tendency, therefore, to give peculiar strength and amplitude to these peculiar members. Such appearances of the human Form are perhaps displeasing to the general spectator, as deviations from the common forms. But to those who consider them in the view of the ends which they serve, they not only acquire the beauty of proportion, but the form would appear to them imperfect and unsatisfactory without these appearances. Every one expects a different conformation of members in the soldier, the sailor, the waterman, the shepherd, the huntsman, the ploughman, &c.; and every painter accommodates himself to this expectation. If we ask what is the cause of this difference of our expectation, we shall find it to be in our previous knowledge of the purposes which they serve; that the conformation which is suited to the end, has always to us the Beauty of proportion; and that, when we assign our reason for our approbation, the reason is always that of fitness for the occupation of the person. When we are ignorant of this end, we never fail to feel the conformation displeasing.

3d, When the opinion of fitness varies, the sense of proportion uniformly varies with it. The most striking illustration of this proposition is in the sentiments we feel with regard to the form and proportions of the sexes. Nothing is more pleasing or satisfactory to us, than the full proportions of the male form, when every member of the form is significant to us of the vigour and energy for which we know it was designed. The same proportions in the female form are both

painful and unsatisfactory. Nothing, in the same manner, that form can exhibit, is so beautiful as the genuine proportions of the female form, yet nothing is so positively painful, and even shocking, as the appearance of such proportions in the form of man. We may trace the influence of the same opinion, in our judgments of the proportions which are pleasing to us in the progress of the individual form, from infancy to manhood. In the age of infancy we look for health, and happiness, and vivacity, but not for energy or strength. The pleasing proportions of that age are, therefore, those only which are conducive to those ends; and the appearance of premature strength or energy, always affects us with a sense of something unnatural and monstrous. In the form of youth, we look for vivacity, agility, speed, and all the incipient marks of muscular power; but we do not look for the traces of confirmed strength, or habitual exertion. It is in manhood only that we expect the full evolution of the members of the human Form; and that we learn those general maxims of proportion, which not only guide our opinion of the form in that age, but which, in some measure, guide also our opinions of the different forms of the same individual in earlier ages, as the signs or indications of the promised and mature form. In these different stages of human Life, it is obvious that the proportions of the same form are very different, and it is equally obvious; that they are pleasing only when they are accommodated to the ends which we conceive to belong to these different periods.

We are conscious of the same effect in the opinions we form of the Proportions of the Human Body, in the various business and occupations of life: and the most different conformations are pleasing to us when they are significant of their fitness to these occupations. We expect a different form, and a different conformation of limbs, in a running-footman and a waterman, in a wrestler and a racing-groom, in a shepherd and a sailor, &c. If, with the idle and ineffectual labour of the connoisseur, we should measure the proportions of the Faun and the Gladiator, the Hercules and the Antinous, the Jupiter and the Apollo, we should find that not only the proportions of the form, but those of every limb, were different; and that the pleasure we feel in these proportions, arises from their exquisite fitness for the physical ends which the Artists were consulting, and not from any original or definite conformations, which alone are pleasing, independent of any such fitness. Even the most unobserving of mankind are yet conscious of the influence of this opinion; and we have only to attend to the common language of conversation to perceive, that men, in general, judge of the propriety of every form by its suitability to the profession, or age, or occupation of the person; and that some sentiment of dissatisfaction is always expressed, when this fitness or suitability does not appear in the peculiar form of configuration.

4th, I would observe, in the last place, that the sentiment of pleasure we feel from proportion in the Human Form is precisely similar, both in kind and degree, to that which we experience from the appearance of fitness in other subjects. The sentiment of fitness is a pleasing and satisfactory one, but it is not (in itself) a sentiment of much effect or enthusiasm. We are pleased, but not trans-

ported: it satisfies the understanding, but it has little effect upon the imagination. The sentiment we experience from the observation of proportion in this subject, is precisely similar. The just or expedient conformation of the human Form, or any of its members, to their ends, is undoubtedly a pleasing and satisfactory observation; but it is not one, which (of itself) leads to any deeper emotion. We are more displeas'd with its absence than pleas'd with its occurrence. If we describe to any person a form of this kind, we shall find that we give him satisfaction rather than emotion; and if we wish to give him the impression of Beauty, we shall also find that we must have recourse to other principles, and suggest other images to his mind, than those of mere fitness or proportion.

If the reader has followed me in the preceding slight illustrations, he will be induc'd to conclude: 1st, That there are no original and definite proportions which *alone* are beautiful, by any peculiar law in the Human Form. 2dly, That the Beauty of these proportions (whenever they are felt) is resolv'd into the more general Beauty of fitness. And, 3dly, That this expression of fitness, though a source of calm and satisfactory pleasure, is yet very insufficient to account for the intense and profound delight we are conscious of experiencing from the appearances of the Human Form.

Proportion, therefore, though necessary to the Beauty or Sublimity of the form of man, does not constitute it. Every one knows that Forms may be perfectly proportioned, and yet not be beautiful. In its proper and restricted sense, it is the just relation of animal members to the ends of an animal Frame; and it is a term, therefore, equally applicable to the forms of animals as to those of man. In so far as it influences our minds, it is a source rather of negative than of positive Beauty; without it, Beauty cannot exist, but it does not exist in it alone; and to account, therefore, for the effects we feel from the appearances of the Human Form, we must look for other causes, and higher principles.

II.—The second class of expressions which the form of man has to us, is that of CHARACTER, or of some amiable or interesting quality of mind. When we consider the form only as an animal frame, we determine its Beauty only by its fitness for the ends of animal existence; when we consider it as the habitation of Mind, we perceive it to be significant, in every member, of the disposition or character of that mind.

That such expressions exist; or that the Human Form is actually significant to us of mental qualities, and as such, is productive of the emotions which such qualities in themselves produce, is prov'd beyond dispute by the universal language of mankind. We not only speak of Forms as majestic, or heroic, or gentle, or benevolent, or gay, or spirited, or melancholy, or despondent, &c.; but what is much more, they are the only terms in which, in infant languages, or among the common people, the Human Form is described and distinguished. The progress of Art, indeed, gives to the Artist and the Connoisseur the advantage (and with it all the abuses) of technical terms; but in every country, the great body of mankind adhere to their first impressions, and distinguish the individual forms of those around them, by the qualities

of mind of which they feel them to be significant. Without pretending to any accurate enumeration, I apprehend the following sources of expression are consistent with every man's experience.

1. From the nature of Form itself ; in the same manner as has formerly been explained in the case of inanimate forms. Thus smooth and polished surfaces are expressive to us of fineness, and some kind of animal perfection ; slender and attenuated forms, of fineness, gentleness, tenderness, &c. ; forms which are described by flowing and waving outlines, of delicacy, ease, and pliability. The opposite appearances in the Human Form ; rough or unpolished surfaces, square or massy substances, sharp or angular outlines, are naturally expressive to us of the contrary qualities of rudeness, coarseness, harshness, and imperfection. That such effects are produced upon our minds by the appearances of the Human Form, may be very often observed in the opinions we form of the character of strangers, when we have no better grounds of opinion ; and that they have always some effect, even in the impressions we receive from the forms of those we know best, I think every man will at least suspect, who attends to his own feelings.

2. The different forms of age and of sex (for I must limit myself to the great illustrations which nature affords me) are expressive to us, from experience, of different characters, and become thus significant of those characters. The peculiar forms of infancy are expressive to us of innocence, ignorance, feebleness, thoughtlessness, and vivacity. Those of youth are expressive to us of sprightliness, activity, hope, and ardour. The mature form of man is expressive of strength, fortitude, thought, and the capacity of exertion. The mature female form is expressive of delicacy, modesty, humility, beneficence, and tenderness. The peculiar forms of old age in both sexes, of decay, diminished strength, abated capacity, and approaching dissolution. That these different expressions exist in these different forms, it were surely unnecessary to attempt to illustrate.

3. The form is susceptible of another class of expressions, as an animal form. Thus, there are certain appearances which are significant to us of health or disease, of strength or of weakness, of activity or of inactivity, of agility or of unwieldiness, of ease or of constraint, &c. &c. The least attention to our own experience, or to the language of others, may easily convince us, both how generally these expressions occur in our observation of the human Form, and how strongly they affect us with correspondent sentiments either of pleasure or pain.

4. The greatest and the most important class of expressions, however, of which the appearances of the form of man are significant to us, is that of peculiar characters or dispositions of MIND. Of the certainty and universality of this fact, it would be absurd to enter into any formal illustration. We acknowledge it ourselves, whenever we describe any form as majestic, humble, gay, thoughtful, despondent, &c. We understand it, whenever we hear the language of others describe them in the same terms ; and we recognise it, whenever, in the works of the painter or the statuary, we feel ourselves affected by emotions of awe, admiration, respect, pity, or sympathy.

Whether the knowledge which all men, in some

degree, have of these expressions, is to be ascribed to an original sense, or whether (as is more probable) it is the result of experience, is a question of no consequence in the present inquiry. It is sufficient for me, if it is allowed, that the forms of the Human Body are descriptive of characters of mind : that one form, for instance, is expressive of dignity, another of humility, another of gaiety, another of melancholy, &c. &c. ; and that such forms actually convey to us the belief of the dispositions and characters of which we have generally found them significant. If it is allowed that they have such expressions, it will not easily be denied, that such expressions must have their natural and necessary influence upon our feelings and emotions.

I may be permitted however to state, that there are many reasons, both in our own experience, and in our observation of the frame of others, which may lead us very early to some general conclusions of this kind. Every one knows how much the form of man is affected and changed by the passions which happen to influence him ; there is no child who does not know the distinction between the form of dignity, of arrogance, of humility, of supplication, of pity, of melancholy. When we come to think of these varieties, we cannot fail to perceive, that every passion has its distinct influence upon the form and proportions of the general frame ; that all the animating and cheerful passions, such as hope, ardour, fortitude, magnanimity, &c., have an effect in dilating and extending the general form ; and that all those passions, on the contrary, which are dispiriting or depressing, have a contrary effect, in contracting the limits, and diminishing the proportions, and lessening the volume, of the general form. Were observations of this kind carried as far as they deserve, I am persuaded it would be found that every genuine passion has its own peculiar influence upon the form, by its influence upon some peculiar members of it ; that certain passions have certain effects, either in the contraction or dilatation of certain parts of the Human Frame ; and that the language of the form might be made as intelligible by the Painter or the Statuary, as the language of the voice is made by the composer of genius. It belongs to the artist to pursue inquiries of this kind. It is sufficient for me only to observe, that there are certain indications in the Human Form of the dispositions which inhabit it : that different passions produce different conformations of the members and proportions of this form : that habitual dispositions are necessarily accompanied by habitual conformations ; and that from this experience we all become sensible to these effects, and do in fact judge and speak of the Forms of those around us as expressive of these characters or dispositions.

That it is from these sources, or from the expression of pleasing or interesting qualities or dispositions of mind, that the Human Form derives all its positive Beauty, appears to be evident, from the following considerations.

1. Every form which is felt as expressive of amiable or interesting character, is in some degree or other beautiful. Whenever we speak of a form as being heroic, or majestic, or compassionate, or tender, or gay, or modest, melancholy, &c., we always convey to others, and we mean to convey

the opinion of Beauty. Whenever such a description is made to ourselves, we are uniformly impressed with the belief of Beauty in that form. In the works of the Painter and the Statuary, all the forms which represent pleasing or interesting characters of mind, are beautiful; and all those which express painful, or vicious dispositions, are of an opposite character. If our sense of the Beauty of Form arose from material proportions alone, and were altogether independent of expression, such a coincidence could not happen. Forms would be beautiful only as they approached to a certain material standard; and whatever were the expressions they signified, our sense of their Beauty would be determined, not by this expression, but by their approach to or deviation from this standard.

2. The most different forms are beautiful when they are expressive of interesting characters. What can be so different as the forms of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age? Yet all are beautiful when they are expressive of the character which belongs to that age. What similarity is there between the forms of hope and of humility, of melancholy and of heroism, of fortitude and of compassion, of joy and gratitude? Yet all of these are beautiful. How different, in every respect almost, are the genuine forms of sex? and yet no one will pretend that Beauty is limited to one alone. If our sense of Beauty in the Human Form were the result of material appearances only, such differences of effect would be altogether impossible.

3. The sentiment of Beauty which we feel in these cases, is precisely similar to those which we feel from the characters of mind of which such forms are expressive. If the emotion of Beauty were the effect of any law of our nature by which certain forms or proportions were immediately productive of this emotion, the emotion itself would be a uniform and homogeneous one, and would differ only in degree but not in kind. Every sound and colour produces one definite sensation, and all colours and sounds of the same kind, according to their degree, produce the same sensation. If there were any peculiar sense, by which the emotion of Beauty, with regard to forms, were received, the emotion would in every case be similar, and as readily distinguishable from all other emotions, as the sense of sound is from that of colour, or the sentiment of justice from that of expedience.

In his experience of the Beauty of forms, I apprehend, every man is conscious that there is no such uniformity of emotion, as any sense of material Beauty, independent of all expression, would produce. In his admiration of the forms of heroism, of gaiety, of majesty, of pity, of grief, of resignation, is it one uniform and peculiar emotion he feels? or is it, on the contrary, an emotion founded upon the peculiar character he contemplates, and which corresponds to the emotion he feels from the same character of mind, when he meets with it in real life, or when it is represented to him in the page of the historian or the novelist? It would be a singular anomaly in nature, if the same cause should produce in our minds gaiety and sadness, admiration and pity, laughter and tears: yet all these different effects are produced by the appearances of the Human

Form; and, in all these various and contradictory appearances, we at the same time feel the sentiment of Beauty. No imaginable theory seems to be able to account for these discordant facts, which rests upon any original sense of Beauty in Form alone; and no other theory seems to be able to include them, but that which attributes the origin of Beauty to the Expressions of which the form is significant, and which therefore admits of every variety of form as beautiful, which is expressive of pleasing or interesting character.

4. In the preceding observations, I have considered the Human Form only as a simple form, the Beauty of which was to be determined either by some law of material form, or as significant to us of various interesting and affecting characters of mind. Fearful as I am of fatiguing my readers, I must yet entreat their patience to follow me in another view of the subject, in which I apprehend the same truth will more strongly appear, and from which, perhaps, some conclusions may be derived of consequence, both to the Artist and the man of philosophic taste.

The Human Form is not a simple form. It is a complicated frame composed of many parts, in which some relation of these parts is required by every eye, and from which relation, beauty or deformity is the actual and experienced result. If the principle which I have stated is just, if the positive Beauty of the Human Form arises, in all various and different cases, from its expression of character of mind, then it ought to follow, that the beauty of Composition in this complicated form ought (as in all other cases of composition) to arise from the preservation of Unity of character; that no forms or proportions ought to be felt as beautiful, but those which accord with this central expression, and that different forms and different proportions ought to be felt as beautiful, whenever they are significant of the characters we wish and expect. If these are found to be facts, I apprehend it will not only be sufficient to show the real origin of the Beauty of form, but to establish some more definite conceptions, with regard to the nature of the Beauty we experience in these relations of the parts of the Human Form.

That the Beauty of composition in the form of man is determined by this unity of character or expression, or in other words, that the principle by which we judge of the Beauty of any member or members of the form, is that of their correspondence to the general expression, is a proposition which seems very consistent with common experience. Every form which we remark for Beauty, has always some specific character which is the foundation of our admiration. It is either manly, or gallant, or majestic, or dignified, &c.; or feminine, or gentle, or modest, or delicate, &c.; as such we feel, and as such we describe it. It seldom happens, however, in actual life, that any form of this kind appears to us in which we are not conscious of some defect, of some limb or member being unsuitable to the rest, and affecting us with some sense of pain or dissatisfaction. If we ask ourselves what is the reason of our disapprobation, or if we attend to the language of others, we shall find, I think, that it is always resolvable into the want of correspondent expression, and that the imaginary

attempts we make to rectify it, consist in new-modelling the faulty members, so as to accord with this expression. It is painful to us, thus, to see a form of general delicacy with any strong or muscular limb, to see a bust of manliness or strength, with limbs either short or attenuated, or limbs of great strength and vigour, with a thin and hectic form of body, &c. In the general form of woman, it is in the same manner painful to observe any limb of masculine size or strength; and so delicate is even the rudest feeling upon this subject, that the form of a foot, or of a finger, can detract from the most perfect Beauty.

When we have the misfortune to witness any defect of this kind, we wish, and perhaps we express our wishes, to remedy it; and what is the object of our wishes? Is it not to reduce the too powerful, or to increase the too attenuated limb to the general character of the form, to maintain throughout it that unity of expression which is necessary to our complete emotion, and if either in idea or in imitation we can succeed in these wishes, do we not feel ourselves, and teach others to feel, the full effect of that beautiful form which nature or accident has left imperfect? Is it not consistent in the same manner with general experience, that in describing a beautiful form to those who have not seen it, we always begin by stating the character which it signifies, and if we end by asserting that all the various members of the form correspond in maintaining this characteristic expression, do we not succeed in convincing them that the form is beautiful, and that its composition is as perfect as its expression?

The standard I believe by which we chiefly estimate the general character of the form, is that of the expression of the Countenance. We very seldom, I apprehend, pretend to judge of the *Beauty* of the form of any person, whose countenance we have not yet seen. Of a mutilated statue of which the head was lost, we might speak securely of the propriety of its mere physical proportions, but I think we should not speak with equal security of the *Beauty* of the composition of its members. In studying any of the greater forms of statuary or painting, I conceive, in the same manner, that we shall feel in ourselves, and that we may observe in others, that our eye is perpetually moving from the countenance to the form; that until we feel distinctly the character which the Countenance expresses, we are at a loss to conceive the meaning of the composition; and that when we do feel it, we then immediately conceive that we are in possession of the key by which the form and the proportion of every member is to be estimated. The moment, either in the observation of nature or of the arts of imitation, that we feel the Countenance to be expressive of character, we instantly expect and look for a unity in the composition of every member of the form. The most insignificant portions of the frame seem then to arise into meaning and consequence; we demand that all of these should contribute, by the nature of their character, to the general character of the Countenance; and if any of them are defective, we lament either over the accidents of nature, or the incapacity of the artist. Were we to state to any person, that a statue had all the proportions which the assiduity of technical taste had ascertained, that every limb was fashioned

according to the most approved rule, and the whole composed of the most perfect individual members, the impression I think we should leave upon him would be, that it was a work of consummate art, and that the labour of the artist was deserving of much reward. Were we, on the other hand, to state to him that this statue had some great or interesting character, that the Countenance expressed some heroic or some amiable passion, and that every limb and every line of the form was in full correspondence with this expression, I apprehend we should give him the conviction, that the statue was a masterpiece of genius, and that no language of enthusiasm was superior to its deserts.

In prosecuting this inquiry (and I attempt nothing but to lead the minds of my readers to the prosecution of the subject for themselves), I trust they will find that the second proposition, or, "that no forms or proportions are actually felt as beautiful, which do not accord with the characteristic expression of the general form," to be equally consistent with experience. It is undoubtedly natural at first, to imagine that a beautiful form is that which consists of beautiful parts, and that, therefore, nothing more is necessary than to unite the most beautiful parts together. Such is the first rude idea of the mind of taste; and such also, perhaps, the first attempt of the young artist. A very little experience is sufficient to overturn this infant theory. It teaches, both in nature and in the imitation of it, that the mere assemblage of beautiful parts, is not sufficient to constitute Beauty; that some other principle is wanting; and that no forms or proportions are in themselves essentially beautiful, but as they accord with the character of the whole form, and unite with its peculiar expression.

There is no man, however ignorant of the language of Taste, who would not feel shocked at seeing the delicate arm of a woman joined to the body of a warrior, or the athletic limbs of the warrior united with the form of youthful gaiety, or the muscular bust of labour with the light and elastic limbs of joy and activity; each of these parts, however, are beautiful in peculiar circumstances: and why are they here disapproved of,—but because they do not agree with the character of the form, and contradict the expression we were prepared to indulge. Nothing that the genius of man has ever produced is perhaps so beautiful as the limbs of the Belvidere Apollo, and the forms which reign in the head and neck and bust of the Medicean Venus. Yet let us, even in fancy, apply these exquisite forms to any other statue; let us give to the form of Jove or Hercules the limbs of the Apollo, and to those of Juno or of Minerva the head and bust of the Venus, and we should feel the assemblage not only painful, but ludicrous. If we were asked, or if we were to ask ourselves, for the reason of this displeasure, we should immediately say that it was because these forms were discordant with the general character; and that they affected us precisely in the same manner as we are affected in real life, when we see age or dignity counterfeit the manners of youth, or matron gravity assume the affectation of youthful bashfulness. These indeed are extreme cases: but they are important in showing the principle from which our most common judgments are

formed; and whoever will prosecute the inquiry by his own observation, will perceive that even in his most familiar intercourse with others, it is this demand which chiefly determines them: that in every form which we feel as characteristic, we look for unity in the expression of its parts: and that our criticisms upon the forms of those around us are permanently occasioned by the want of this correspondence, and the contradiction we feel between the expression of the limbs and that of the general form. It is unnecessary for me to say, that such feelings and such criticism never could take place, if there were any essential Beauty in such forms, independent of all expression.

These observations (slight as they are) lead so necessarily to establish the truth of the third proposition, "that different forms and different proportions of form are felt as beautiful, when they correspond with the character of the general form," that I can scarcely presume to fatigue my readers with any illustration. If no forms or parts are beautiful but those which accord with the general expression, it must follow that different forms of these parts may be beautiful. How fully this is the case, we have the testimony of experience. Nothing is more different than both the forms and proportions of the same members, in infancy, in youth, in manhood, and in age; yet in all of these we discover Beauty, when they are expressive of the character which is amiable or respectable or interesting, in these different periods of human life. I forbear to speak of the difference of sexual forms, and of the principle which so obviously determines the difference of our admiration. I leave my readers to attend to the illustrations which painting, and which, above all, statuary can afford them, where they will find that the great masters of this art have governed themselves by principles very different from those who, in later ages, have satisfied themselves with the humble glory of being their admirers and expositors: that the deep effect which they have produced is by the magical harmony of their composition: that in this study they have made use of the most different forms, and proportions of form, in every member of the human body: that there are not perhaps two examples existing, in which these proportions are to be found the same; and that even in the representation of the same ideal being, these proportions are found to vary, whenever the expression, by which it was distinguished, varied either in kind or degree. I shall only observe that the principle from which they executed their unrivalled works, is the same which the lowest of us experience in daily life. We are all acquainted with the influences of passion or emotion upon the general form, and upon its different members; and we every day judge of the existence of such emotions or passions by such appearances of the form. Even in the same individual we have seen perhaps all these changes take place; the muscular limbs of health and the shrunk limbs of disease, the elevated chest of hope or ardour, and the bent form of despondence or grief, the firm and compressed form of fortitude, or the lengthened and elastic spring of gaiety or joy, &c. We have felt the influence of these expressions of mind, therefore, even in the same individual: under different forms and proportions of form, we have recognised, by this experience, the principle which has given

to the statuary his power over the feelings of mankind; and whenever we look back upon our experience, we shall find that the forms which we thus felt as most beautiful in the same individual, were permanently those which were expressive of the most amiable or the most interesting dispositions of mind. They who have sufficiently felt the power of theatrical representation, who have attended not only to the voice and the countenance, but to the variety of form, or proportions of form, which Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Siddons assumed, according to the passions they represented, will feel better than by any cold illustration, that different forms are capable of Beauty, and that all are beautiful which express noble passions and interesting emotions.

From the illustrations, which I have limited myself to suggest only, but not to pursue, I flatter myself my readers will perceive, that the form of man is, actually significant to us of two distinct and important expressions. 1st, As a physical form, in which the form itself, and every member of it, is expressive either of fitness or unfitness for its physical ends. 2dly, As a form expressive of Mind, in which every passion or emotion has its distinct signs, in the appearance of the form itself, and in the appearance of its different members.

The term Proportion has unfortunately been promiscuously applied to both expressions; and in the ambiguity of the term both the artist and the philosopher have been often misled, in their research into the origin of this Beauty.

I am not presumptuous enough to attempt to introduce any new language into a science where technical terms are so rigidly cherished; but I may presume to suggest to my younger readers a very simple rule, by which they may know to what cause they are, in such cases, to ascribe the emotions they feel.

A Human Form has all the beauty of strict *proportion*, when nothing hurts us in its form, and when no impropriety appears in any of its members for the physical ends for which the form, either in nature or art, is designed.

A Human Form, on the contrary, has only the Beauty of *character*, when some amiable or interesting disposition of mind is expressed by it, and when we perceive a positive relation between the expression of every different member, and the expression of the general character.

Some attention to this distinction may perhaps be of use both to the man of genuine taste, and to the artist.—It may relieve the first from the trammels of technical language, and raise him to higher speculations than the usual schools of art permit or employ; and it may teach the latter that his ambition is only to be gratified when he can excite the sympathies of mankind, and make the Human Form expressive of all that the Human Mind can either exert or feel.

I finish this long section, by stating the general conclusions, with regard to the Beauty that is peculiar to the form of man, which seem to follow from the considerations I have suggested.

I.—That the Beauty or Sublimity of the Human Form, does not arise from any original and essential Beauty in this form, or in its composition.

II.—That there is a negative species of Beauty necessary to every beautiful form, but not constituting it, which arises from the expression of physical fitness or propriety.

III.—That the real and positive Beauty of the form arises from its expression of some amiable or interesting character of Mind, and that the degree of this Beauty is proportionate to the degree in which this character is interesting or affecting to us. And,

IV.—That the Beauty of composition in the Human Form arises (as in all other cases) from the unity of Expression; and that the law by which we determine the Beauty of the several members of this form, is that of their correspondence to the peculiar nature of the Characteristic expression.

SECTION IV.

OF THE SUPPLIMITY AND BEAUTY OF ATTITUDE AND GESTURE.

BESIDE the general Beauty of form which I have considered, there are various emotions of Beauty felt from peculiar POSITIONS, or MOTIONS of the Human Body. The first of these constitutes the Beauty of *Attitude*, the second the Beauty of *Gesture*.

The proper Expression of form is that of the permanent character or disposition of mind. The expressions, on the contrary, of attitude and of gesture, are those of temporary or occasional passion or affection. They have, therefore, the same relation to the expression of the general form, that the variable colours and features of the Countenance have to the expression of the general Countenance.

I have only farther to premise, that Proportion, or that proper conformation of parts which is necessary for the purposes of the animal frame, is as essential to the Beauty of attitude and gesture, as it is to that of form in general. No form can be beautiful which is disproportioned; but every form that is proportioned is not beautiful. In the same manner, no attitude or gesture can properly be beautiful in a form which is disproportioned or deformed; but every attitude or gesture in a well-proportioned form is not felt as beautiful. For this Beauty, therefore, we must search for other causes.

Whatever may be the result of our investigation, it is to be observed, in the first place, that in this case, as in the foregoing case of form, there are two very distinct expressions, which any attitude or gesture may signify to us.

1. The first is that of Ease or constraint, of physical pleasure or physical pain. Our knowledge of this expression is derived from all the sources of our knowledge, from our own experience, from our sympathy with others, and from their language and analogous experience. There is no child, perhaps, who does not immediately perceive, from the attitudes or gestures of others, whether they are easy or constrained; and who does not feel pain when he witnesses any gesture or attitude which seems to him forced or extreme. The same principle guides us in a still greater degree in

maturity.—And in the fine arts, in those representations of Human Form or Action, where something greater and more perfect than ordinary nature is attempted to be produced, we still feel that ease is necessary to the Beauty either of attitude or gesture; and that we are incapable of entering into the full expression of the form, if anything harsh or constrained appears in its composition. Of the truth of this proposition, I shall enter into no farther explanation. I have only to add, that while it is an expression necessary to the Beauty either of Attitude or gesture, it does not constitute this Beauty. Many attitudes and gestures may be easy and unconstrained, but they are not therefore beautiful. In every mechanical profession ease is acquired by the labourers or artists; but the attitudes or gestures which such professions exhibit are not therefore beautiful. In the common business of life we everywhere see ease in the performance of it, but we do not everywhere see Beauty in gesture or attitude.

The expression, therefore, of Ease or facility is necessary to the Beauty of attitude or gesture, in the same manner as that of proportion is to the Beauty of form. It is the *negative* Beauty of gesture and attitude, because without it this Beauty cannot exist, but as it does not of itself constitute it, we must look to other causes for the origin of their *positive* Beauty.

2. The second great expression of which attitude and gesture in the Human Form are significant to us, is that of Passion or Emotion, or of some pleasing or interesting quality of an intellectual or moral Mind. That such expressions of mind do exist; that in our earliest years we interpret the sentiments of the minds of others from the external appearances of their gesture or attitude; that whether an original or acquired language, it is yet a language which all men understand; that in the defect of artificial language, it is the universal language to which all men instinctively have recourse, and which all men as instinctively comprehend: that the attitudes, in short, of majesty, fortitude, hope, love, pity, despondence, &c.; and that the gestures of gaiety, mirth, rapture, anger, revenge, melancholy, despair, &c., are intelligible to mankind without any previous instruction, and that when they are understood, they convey the peculiar emotions which the affections of mind they signify are fitted to convey, are propositions so plain and so universally acknowledged, that I cannot detain my readers by any formal illustration of them.

The object which I have in view, is to solicit them to observe, that all the *positive* Beauty or Sublimity which they experience in such attitudes or gestures, is finally to be ascribed to the Characters or dispositions of mind of which they are significant.

1.—If there were any gestures or attitudes of the Human Form which were necessarily and originally beautiful, it would follow that such gestures or attitudes of Beauty might be found under every variety of expression. If, on the contrary, the Beauty of these conformations arises from the expressions of mind which they signify, then it ought to follow that no gestures or attitudes should be beautiful that are not expressive of interesting or amiable affections.

For the determination of this question—the most

ignorant man has all the knowledge that is necessary. Every man can distinguish between the attitudes or gestures of amiable or unamiable dispositions : between the attitudes or gestures of gaiety, gentleness, pity, humility, &c., and those of fear, rage, envy, pride, cruelty, &c. Of all these various attitudes and gestures the Human Form is susceptible. The only question is, which of these classes of expression is beautiful ? and what the answer to that question is to be, I leave most willingly to my readers to determine.

If this is the case in real life, it is naturally the same in the representation of it. The genius of painting and statuary has imagined and represented all the classes of expression of which the Human Form is capable. Which of these is it that we feel and that we speak of as beautiful ? What are the gestures or attitudes on which our imagination loves to dwell, and which seem to us to give a higher intelligence and meaning to the rude language of common nature ? Is it not upon those which are expressive to us of great, or heroic, or amiable dispositions *alone* ; and do we not wish to forget those, on the other hand, which convey to us the idea of dark or malignant, or selfish affections ? We yield, perhaps, to the powers of the Artist : we acknowledge the use of such forms and such expressions for the general effect of contrast in the composition, but we never mistake between the original and the artificial Beauty ; and we only lament (as we do in real life) that the forms of vice should be necessary to give effect to the character and the expression of virtue. The artist may speak (in the language of art) of the Beauty of such attitudes or gestures, in the same manner as the lover of dramatic art may speak of the Beauty of the representation of *Richard* or *Iago*. But these are obviously conventional terms ; terms which express not the Beauty of the character represented, but of the justness of the representation, and of which every one has in his power to judge when he separates the character from the composition, and considers whether the attitude or gestures which express such characters are beautiful *in themselves*, or only beautiful in reference to the end of the composition.

If anything more were necessary to be said upon a principle so obvious, I would entreat my readers to make a simple though an imaginary experiment : to assume to themselves in the first place, the most perfect form they have known, whether of male or female Beauty, and then to throw this same exquisite form into the situations I shall suggest, and which their own experience of the influence of mind upon the material frame will sufficiently justify.

Let them, in the first place, suppose this form under the influence of some *very uninteresting or vulgar emotion*, such as ever occurs, and must ever occur in the common business of life, even to the greatest and the best of mankind. In such circumstances, are any attitudes or gestures felt as beautiful ? The most perfect form of man may be doomed to low and degrading labour : may follow the plough, or toil at the oar, or labour at the anvil, or be attenuated at the shuttle. The most interesting form of woman may in the same manner be employed in the various debasing offices of common servitude, or in the low higgling

of the market, or in the angry contests of narrow economy, &c. In such situations is the attitude or gesture of any form (however naturally beautiful in itself) ever remarked as beautiful ? and do we not wish for some higher or more interesting expression before we expect to find it ? “No man,” says the French proverb, “is a hero to his valet de chambre.” The truth of the proverb may be extended much farther, and there is no man capable of observation, who must not have been often struck with the contradictory emotions he has felt from the appearances of the same form, and the complete absence of Beauty in the attitudes and gestures of the same person, in whom, at other times, and when under the dominion of any interesting emotion, he felt all the influence of gesture or of attitude.

Let the Experimentalist suppose, in the second place, the assumed form under the dominion of any *unamiable* or *vicious* emotion. Let him imagine it under the influence of rage, or envy, or cruelty, or revenge, or remorse, &c., and then ask himself whether, in such circumstances, the gestures or the attitudes of the form are beautiful. Such experiments it may have been the misfortune of some to verify ; such attitudes or gesture, all, in some degree, may have seen, in the representations of the painter or the sculptor ; and whatever may be the illusion of art, or the artificial Beauty which arises from the powers of invention or composition, there is no one who will not acknowledge that, *in themselves* at least, such gestures or attitudes are not beautiful, and that if they occurred in real life they would be felt either as painful or revolting.

Let the observer then, in the last place, suppose his assumed form under the dominion only of *amiable* or of *interesting emotions* ; let him animate it with hope, or love, or joy, or tenderness, or melancholy, or dignity, or patriotism, or benevolence, or devotion ; and let him then ask himself what is the character of the attitudes or gestures which the instincts of his imagination supply ; he will find (if I do not much deceive myself), that all the attitudes or gestures which then rise before him are beautiful ; that every conformation of the human frame which is expressive of such dispositions is pleasing and delightful to him : and what is more, that the emotion they produce in him is precisely *the same* with that which he feels from the expression of the same dispositions by the artificial communication of language. I have used the simplest illustration that occurs to me ; but if my readers are conscious of its justice, it will be sufficient to show them that the Beauty of attitude or gesture arises, not from any original and independent Beauty in certain conformations of the members of the human form, but from the expression they convey of the dispositions or passions by which it is animated.

2. In addition to this very obvious consideration, I must observe, that if the Beauty of attitude or gesture is predetermined by any law of our constitution, it cannot obviously exist in different and contrary appearances or conformations. If, for instance, the full display of all the muscular force or vigour of the form affords the central Beauty of the attitudes or gestures of that form, then no attitude or gesture which hides, which diminishes, or which contracts this display, can

possibly be beautiful. If the absolute Beauty of the form depends, according to another theory, upon the preservation of certain lines or proportions, or sinuosities, &c., then it is equally obvious that no form can possibly be beautiful which does not possess these positive lines or curvatures, &c. Whatever may be the hypothesis we assume with regard to the material origin of this Beauty, nothing can be more obvious, than that the truth of the hypothesis must finally rest upon the uniformity of our sentiments upon this subject; and that no hypothesis can be deserving of regard, if it is found that opposite and different appearances are yet productive of the same sentiment of Beauty.

The facts, which are within the reach of every person's observation, seem to me to conclude decisively against every hypothesis of this kind; and to show that the most *dissimilar* and *opposite* attitudes and gestures are actually felt as beautiful, whenever they are expressive of emotions or dispositions of mind, in which we sympathise and are interested. I limit myself to the suggestion of a very few examples.

In the attitudes of majesty, or dignity, or heroism, or virtuous pride, &c. the form is elevated, the head is raised, the chest expanded, the limbs firmly and vigorously pronounced, &c. In the attitudes, on the contrary, of the same form, under the impression of humility, pity, adoration, penitence, melancholy, &c., the reverse of all these configurations takes place. The head droops, the form bends, the chest contracts, the limbs yield, and the whole frame assumes not only a different, but an opposite appearance. All of these attitudes, however, are beautiful in nature, as well as in the representations of art. Could this happen if there were any certain conformations which alone were beautiful? or can they be explained upon any other principle than that of their being beautiful only, as the signs of the characters and dispositions of mind?

There is great Beauty in the same manner in the *gestures* of all the gay and exhilarating passions, in the frolic of infancy, the elastic step of joy, the expanded arms of hope, the clasped hands of thankfulness, in the reclining head, and heaving bosom, which express the long-drawn sigh of rapture, &c. These, however, are all *different* appearances, and not reconcilable certainly to the hypothesis of any original or independent conformation, in which the beautiful only consists. But if those different appearances are irreconcilable with such hypotheses, what shall we say to the still more beautiful gestures which even the same form exhibits under the dominion of other emotions? and when the conformations presented are not only different but opposite;—to the slow and heavy step of grief, the drooping form of melancholy, the bent posture of supplication, the reposing limbs of infant slumber, or the prostration of the whole form in ardent devotion, &c.? If we look for the origin of the Beauty of these appearances in the qualities of the material form alone, we shall find it difficult to account for the production of the same effect from causes so different and even contradictory: but if we look for it in the expressions of which such appearances are significant, we shall receive a very simple solution when we consider that all these various signs are

expressive of passions which are pleasing or interesting to us, and when we remember that the nature of the emotion we receive from these signs is precisely the same in every case, with that which we receive from our sympathy with the passions or emotions of which they are significant.

3. In the slight illustrations which I have now offered, I have for a moment taken it for granted, that our sentiment of the Beauty of attitude or gesture is uniform; and that (whatever may be the origin of Beauty in this respect) the same gesture or attitude which is once beautiful, is always beautiful. It is an admission, however, very inconsistent with experience; and I have therefore to solicit my readers to observe farther, that not only the most different and opposite gestures or attitudes of the human form are felt as beautiful, but that even the *same* attitude or gesture is felt sometimes as beautiful and sometimes as the reverse: and that this difference of our opinion is always to be referred to our sense of the propriety or impropriety of the emotion which it expresses to us.

Every one is sensible of the Beauty of the attitudes or gestures of infancy, of the careless play of limbs, and the elastic vigour of motion, which distinguish that happy age. The same attitudes or gestures in manhood or in age would be either indecorous or painful, and would express to us nothing but imbecility or insanity. The helpless attitudes, the slow and feeble gestures of old age, are beautiful in an extreme degree, and can never be imitated by the artist, without producing a deep and interesting emotion. The same attitudes or gestures in youth or in manhood would be positively painful, as expressing to us nothing but the most abject terror or servility. There are a thousand gestures and attitudes which belong to the female sex, which arise from their peculiar character, and constitution, and habits, and which, as expressive of female character, are, and ever must be, beautiful. Give the male figure any of these characteristic attitudes or gestures, and you will soon find that the only effect is that of positive disgust and abhorrence. The assumption of the most beautiful or of the most sublime gestures of the male form, by the female sex, is ever productive of similar pain and dissatisfaction.

There is, in the same manner, a certain consistency, that we expect in common life, between the attitude or gesture of any person and the nature of the character we attribute to him; and we never observe any violation of this consistency without pain.

The same attitude of gaiety which we feel as beautiful in the young, we should feel as disgraceful in the mature. The same gesture of joy which we should approve in the thoughtful and the old, we should consider as tame and unfeeling in the young. The grief of a young woman we expect to be expressed by greater violence of gesture, than we should approve in a character of matron firmness: and the calm and subdued gesture of matron grief, would, in the same manner, be painful or unsatisfactory to us in the form of the former. In pursuing this observation it will be found, that not only age, but profession, occupation, character of form, character of countenance, and a thousand other circumstances, determine our sentiments of the Beauty of attitude or gesture, by

determining the nature of the expression we expect from the individual we contemplate ; and that the same gesture is beautiful or otherwise precisely as it accords, or does not accord, with the character we attribute to the Form.

The severe and thoughtful gravity we admire in the attitude of a Judge, would be absurd in a young Lawyer. The step of dignity, the attitude of command which we love in the general of an army, would be ludicrous in a subaltern officer, &c. The same gestures or attitudes which we feel as beautiful or sublime in tragic imitation upon the stage, would be ludicrous, if they were employed even in the higher comedy, nor would they even be permitted by good taste in the inferior and less interesting characters of tragedy. It is unnecessary to say that the most approved or fascinating gestures of comedy would be altogether insufferable if they were employed in tragic representations. I shall only farther request my readers to call to their remembrance the attitudes and gestures which they have so often admired in classic sculpture, and to ask themselves whether the *same* gestures, &c., would be beautiful in all characters : (as would necessarily be the case, if Beauty in this respect arose from any definite conformations),—whether the gesture of the Apollo would be beautiful in the Hercules, or in the Jupiter ; or the attitudes of the Venus beautiful in the forms of Juno or Minerva ? Even in the lowest employment of the art of painting (in portrait-painting), we feel the necessity of this correspondence of attitude to character ; and we blame the painter whenever he chooses any attitude or position which appears to us inconsistent with the character of mind which is expressed by the Countenance. In feeling and in expressing, on the contrary, this correspondence ; in selecting the attitude or gesture which suits best with the character he represents, consists of one of the chief evidences of the genius of the artist ; and by this means the portrait of an obscure individual may sometimes possess the value of an original composition.

I shall only add to these illustrations, by requesting my readers to observe, in the last plate, that in a great variety of cases, our sense of the Beauty of the *same* attitude or gesture in the *same* individual is actually determined, not by the appearances which are exhibited to the eye, but by our opinion of the propriety or impropriety of the emotion which it expresses. Indignation for instance, or rage, or revenge, are passions capable of producing very sublime attitudes and gestures ; and when these passions arise from great or noble motives, the attitudes by which they are expressed are felt as sublime. Let us witness the same attitudes when they are expressive of little, or trivial, or degrading sentiments, and they immediately become painful or ridiculous. The gestures of Don Quixote in encountering the windmills, or in routing the flock of sheep, are precisely the same with those that must have been employed by the Amadis or the Orlando of romance ; yet they would be beheld certainly with very different emotions. The attitudes of grief, of sorrow, of melancholy, are beautiful in an extreme degree, particularly in the female form. Tell us, however, that they arise from some trifling cause, from the disappointment of a party, the loss of a trinket, or the success of a rival Beauty, and we feel no emo-

tion but those of contempt or ridicule. The gestures of almost all the gay and exhilarating passions are beautiful ; and our sympathy with happiness is so great, that we never observe them without the disposition to believe that they are just. Inform us, however, that all these expressions of happiness arise from some childish or some worthless motive ; that the philosopher has only discovered a new butterfly ; or that the warrior has only got a step in the army ; that the joy of the youthful Beauty is only occasioned by the present of a new dress, and that of the matron by a fifty-pound prize in the lottery, &c., and the gestures we formerly admired become at once either ludicrous or disgusting. Observations of this kind may be extended to every emotion or passion, and I think it will be found, in every case, that no gesture or attitude expressive of such passions or emotions is permanently and originally beautiful ; that our opinion of this Beauty varies according to circumstances ; and that the circumstance, in every case, which determines our sentiment of Beauty, is our opinion of the justness or propriety of the emotion which such attitude or such gesture signifies.

SECTION V.

OF GRACE.

THE preceding illustrations are intended to show, that the Sublimity or Beauty of attitude and gesture, arises not from any causes of a material kind, nor from any law by which certain material appearances are immediately productive of these sentiments, but from their being adapted to express, and being felt as expressive of amiable, or interesting, or respectable qualities of the Human Mind. In concluding those illustrations, I have completed all that I had properly in view in that investigation.

There is, however, a quality of which the Human Form is susceptible, and which is occasionally found both in its positions and in its motions, which is not sufficiently accounted for by this theory. This quality is GRACE ; a quality different from Beauty, though nearly allied to it ; which is never observed without affecting us with emotions of peculiar delight, and which it is perhaps the first object of the arts of sculpture and of painting to study and to present. Upon this subject, while I presume to offer a few additional observations, I am yet to request my readers to consider them rather as conjectures, than as the results of any formal inquiry.

That there is a difference between the qualities of Beauty and of Grace, in the Human Form, must, I conceive, everywhere be admitted. The terms themselves are neither synonymous, nor are used synonymously ; the emotions we receive from them are easily distinguishable, and are every day distinguished in common language ; and when we refer to experience, we may find a thousand instances in which the positions and movements of the form are beautiful without being graceful. Beauty, indeed, in some degree or other, is to be found in the most common appearances of man ; but Grace is rarely seen. We often lament its absence, while we are conscious of the presence of Beauty ; and it everywhere seems to us to demand some higher and more uncommon requisites than those which are necessary to mere Beauty.

It seems to me, still farther, that the appearances of Grace in the attitudes or gestures of the form, are never perceived without affecting us with some sentiment of respect, or admiration, for the person whose form expresses them. When we observe the attitudes of joy, or hope, or innocent gaiety, we feel delight, but not respect for those who exhibit them. When we observe the attitudes of grief, or melancholy, or despondence, we feel sympathy, and the delight which nature has annexed to social interests, but we do not necessarily feel admiration. The gestures of rage, in the same manner, of force, of anguish, of terror, may affect us with very sublime emotions of fear, of astonishment, of awful interest, but they may be unaccompanied with any emotion of admiration or respect for the individual who displays them. Whenever, on the contrary, we witness the Graceful in gesture or attitude, we feel, I apprehend, an additional sentiment of respect: a conviction of something dignified or exalted in the mind of the person, and of which the gesture or attitude employed is felt as significant to us. How far this proposition is true, must be finally determined by the consciousness of my readers: I shall observe only, that it seems to me very strongly justified both by the language of philosophers, and by the common language of the world. When we hear any attitude or gesture described as *graceful*, we are conscious, I think, of immediately feeling some sentiment of respect or admiration for the individual who displays it. Whenever we use the same term ourselves, we mean always to convey to those who hear us a similar sentiment. Every attitude or gesture of a well-proportioned form, which is at once easy and expressive of some amiable or interesting feeling, is beautiful, and is accordingly spoken of as beautiful: but when we add the term Graceful, we wish, I think, always to convey the idea of some additional quality, which is entitled to respect, and which is expressive of some conceived dignity or superiority in the mind of the person who exhibits it. Whenever, in the same manner, any attitude or gesture affects us, beside the emotion of Beauty, with the sense of respect or admiration for the individual in whose form it appears, I apprehend we use the term Graceful in addition to that of Beautiful, to express our sense of this superiority or dignity. The application of the same observation to the sublime, either in movement or position, is within the reach of every person's inquiry; and I apprehend, that the experience of every one will teach him that the sublime of this kind may often exist without grace; and that, when grace is perceived, it is always felt as an additional quality, and as expressive of something in the character of the person which excites veneration, or astonishment, or respect.

I.—From these preliminary remarks, I would observe, in the first place, "That there seems to be no one emotion or class of emotions, to the expression of which the quality of Grace is exclusively limited; but that, on the contrary, every emotion in which the spectator can be interested, is susceptible of Grace in the expression of it, either in attitude or gesture." Of so general a proposition, the full illustration is impossible within the limits to which I must confine myself. I shall only request my readers to call to mind, the different pleasing or interesting emotions of which the

Human Form is expressive, and to examine for themselves, whether there is any of them which does not admit of Grace in these expressions. If we consult experience, I am much deceived if we shall not find that every class of human feelings is susceptible of Grace in the movements or positions of the form which is significant of such qualities. All the gay and exhilarating emotions, the emotions of hope, of joy, of love, of beneficence, of admiration, &c., admit very obviously of Grace, as well as of Beauty, though it is much more rarely perhaps that we discover it. In the saddening or depressing class of emotions, on the other hand, in grief, or sorrow, or penitence, or melancholy, &c., the capacity of Grace will, I apprehend, equally be found. If we consult the productions of the fine arts, (and more particularly of the fine arts of antiquity, whose predominant feature is Grace,) we shall arrive at the same conclusion. In the remains which we possess of their sculpture, there is scarcely any emotion or class of emotions of which man is susceptible which they have not imitated. In all of these, Grace is intended, and is produced, and in all the minute or technical commentaries of connoisseurs, there is none which has limited this quality to any one expression, or class of expressions exclusively; or pointed out any appearance of the Human Form which is susceptible of Beauty or Sublimity, and which is not susceptible of Grace. If the reader will take the trouble of following out these slight suggestions, I apprehend he will be satisfied that Grace is not the result of any peculiar quality in Human Character, but of some general quality which may be common to all.

II.—I presume to observe, in the second place, "That, wherever the attitude or gesture expressive of any emotion or passion, is at the same time expressive of SELF-COMMAND, (of that self-possession which includes in our belief, both the presence of a lofty standard of character and conduct, and of the habitual government of itself by this high principle), the attitude or gesture is perceived and felt as graceful; and that, although every pleasing or virtuous quality of Mind may admit of Beauty, and every great or exalted quality may admit of Sublimity, the sense of Grace is only experienced when, in the expression of these qualities, we perceive still farther, the expression of that dignified self-command which restrains them within those limits of refined or of high-minded propriety which it has prescribed to itself." Of a proposition of so general a kind, the proof, I am sensible, must finally rest upon the consciousness of those who will take the pains to examine it; I presume only to suggest a few topics of illustration, both from actual nature, and from the imitations of the fine arts, which may facilitate this examination.

I.—It will be found, I think, in the first place, that the attitude or gesture of no passion or emotion, however pleasing or interesting, is actually felt as *graceful* when it is considered as violent, or intemperate, or significant of want of self-command. Nothing, for instance, is more beautiful than the attitudes of hope or joy, or the gestures of mirth and innocent gaiety. We love them in the frolics of infancy, in the sportive activities of youth, in the cheerful "abandon" of rural dancing, &c. But it is rarely that we find them graceful. In this tumult and intemperance of happiness, there is

something rather that always borders upon the ludicrous, and the slightest exaggeration of the gestures is sufficient to make them the objects of laughter, instead of admiration.

Nothing, in the same manner, is more lovely than the attitudes or movements of all the kind and benevolent affections, as those of pity, charity, beneficence, modesty, maternal tenderness, &c. yet how seldom do we, at the same time, reutark them as graceful! Their hurry and intemperance, which are often additional sources of their Beauty, take away in the same proportion from their Grace, and tend to make them degenerate into positions of constraint, or into movements of violence and force.

In the other class of passions, in the severe, the suffering, the dreadful, &c., it will be found, in the same manner, I apprehend, that no attitudes or gestures are ever felt as *graceful*, which express that violence or intensity of passion, which indicates the absence of all self-command. The attitudes of horror, for instance, of fear, of despair, may be, and are very often sublime, but no one is so absurd as to consider them as graceful. The frantic gestures of rage, of agony, of revenge, &c., may often possess Sublimity; but it would be a contradiction in terms to speak of them as possessing Grace. I know not that there is any statue of antiquity in which extreme passion is represented, but in the Laocœon; and undoubtedly the first impression which it makes upon common spectators is very different from that of Grace.

There is another illustration of the same proposition which is within every one's reach, I mean, from the observation of the theatre. In actual life there are many circumstances which prevent the exhibition of Grace in the positions or movements of the form; and amid the trivial scenes of common business or amusement, there would be an absurdity in any attempt to display it. But upon the stage, where stronger passions are represented and more important interests transacted, some attempt, at least, of this kind, is both expected and executed. It is to this illustration that I wish to direct the attention of my readers, and to request them to observe when it is that they are sensible of Grace in the attitudes or gestures which are exhibited. If I do not much deceive myself, they will find that no gesture or attitude is ever felt as graceful when it is expressive of violent or intemperate emotion; and that no character admits of Grace in representation, which is distinguished either by the extravagance of comie, or the violence of tragic passion.

It is on this account that grace is rarely to be found in the gestures either of infancy or of old age. The frolics of children, the wild playfulness of early youth, are beautiful, but they do not amount to grace, or if they do, it is to a degree only of grace very inferior to that of which the perfect form is susceptible. Their age is yet incapable of any high sentiment of propriety and of any firm habit of self-command; and their gestures therefore are marked by a freedom and carelessness, which excite delight, rather than admiration or respect. In old age, on the other hand, the deficiency of grace arises from a different cause. The progress of years takes but too certainly from the vigour of the human mind, and from the capacity of physical expression; and however

beautiful, therefore, or sublime the gestures of age may be, they seldom are expressive of high thought or conscious superiority. It is only in the perfection of the human system, in the age when the form has assumed all its powers, and the mind is awake to the consciousness of all the capacities it possesses, and the lofty obligations they impose, that the reign of physical grace commences; and that the form is capable of expressing, under the dominion of every passion or emotion, the high and habitual superiority which it possesses, either to the allurements of pleasure or the apprehensions of pain. It is this age, accordingly, which the artists of antiquity have uniformly represented, when they sought to display the perfection of Grace, and when they succeeded in leaving their compositions as models of this perfection to every succeeding age.

It is from the same cause that grace is so seldom to be found in the attitudes or gestures of the lower orders of mankind. The usual occupations in which they are engaged are productive of no gestures or attitudes significant of emotion, and all that we look for in them is merely ease, or the absence of constraint. In their hours of sensibility or passion, on the other hand, as their education and the habits of their society seldom give them any high sentiments of propriety or decorum, the gestures which they employ are as seldom distinguished by any temperance or moderation. Their gaiety, therefore, is apt to be expressed by movements of homeliness and vulgarity, and their sufferings by correspondent movements of violence or extravagance. Whenever we do discover the rudiments of grace among them, we shall always find that they are expressive of some chastened or subdued passion; of some expression which marks the predominance of mind over temporary emotion; and which is significant to us of a character superior to that tumult and hurry which we generally observe in their unstudied and unstrained gestures. That it is on the same account we expect some degree of gracefulness at least in the higher ranks of life, in those who have possessed a more generous education, and that it is from their habits of accommodating themselves to this expectation that we generally find it, are subjects of illustration too obvious to require any comment.

* 11.—I would observe, in the second place, that the attitudes or gestures of every passion or emotion are felt as graceful, when they appear as significant of this self-command or self-possession.

In the preceding illustrations I have stated that none of the gestures or attitudes of the gay or cheerful passions (however beautiful they may be) are felt as graceful when they are violent or intemperate—when, then, are they felt as graceful? or what is the point or degree of emotion, when they rise from simple Beauty into Grace? If the reader will pursue the investigation, I think he will uniformly find, that it is when they are subdued into temperance, and when they indicate the possession of self-command. The sports of youth, the festivities of peasants, the mirth of rural dancing, &c., admit of pleasing and sometimes of beautiful gestures, but seldom of attitudes or gestures which are graceful: and they very generally degenerate into movements either ludicrous or grotesque. When is it that we meet, amid such

scenes, with grace? It is always, I apprehend, when some individual mingles with the group, whose gestures indicate a character superior to the scene, and in whose movements we read a mind incapable of the intemperance of the common joy. There may be beauty in the representation of the gayest dances of the nymphs of Diana; but the grace of the goddess can only be displayed by movements which are significant of purer taste, and more exalted character. In Mr. Hogarth's admirable print of the "Ball-Room," (intended for the illustration of a very different theory,) it is impossible for the most careless observer not to perceive that even the very imperfect grace which he has given to the two principal figures arises from the composure and temperance of their feelings, compared with the tumult and affectation and overstrained efforts of the other dancers. The hasty and hurried gestures of joy, may often be compatible with Beauty; but they are felt as graceful only when they are softened down into chastisement and composure. There is a period in the emotion of mirth when it may assume gracefulness, but it is very different from that intemperance where "laughter is holding both his sides."

However beautiful, in the same manner, the expressions of all the social or benevolent affections are, it is only when we see them under the control of judgment and of taste that we feel them as graceful. It is not in the hurried step of compassion, in the wild disorder of maternal anxiety, or in the sudden ardours of generous friendship, that we find attitudes or gestures of grace. It is in the more temperate period of these affections, when we see the dominion of emotion rather than passion, and when the gestures assume the repose of habitual character. There is not a more exquisite picture of generous affection than that which Virgil has described in the well-known exclamation of Nisus,

Me, me adsum qui feci! in me convertite ferrum, &c.

Me, behold me! it is I who did it; on me turn the sword.

Yet the painter would certainly be much mistaken who should seize this frantic and breathless moment as the moment of grace. There are no affections so susceptible perhaps of graceful attitude or gesture as those which belong to devotion; and they have, from many causes, been the great object of imitation among the painters of modern times. Every one must have observed, however, that it is not in their periods of violence or extremity, amid the transports of hope, or the raptures of joy, or the agonies of penitence, that grace is to be found; that the attitudes which are graceful are always those on the other hand which represent chastened and subdued emotion; and that the painters who are most eminent for the production of grace, are those who have given this chastened character to their forms, and repressed all the expressions of intemperate or unrestrained emotion.

In the opposite class of passions; in those which belong to pain and to suffering, it will be found, in the same manner, that although the extreme violence of the expressions may be sublime, the point or degree of passion which alone

is susceptible of grace, is that which evinces a mind unsubdued by affliction, and which continues to possess itself amid all the sufferings which surround it. There is none of these passions perhaps, which does not admit of the graceful either in position or in movement, and it is in the expression of some of them that the highest degree of grace is exhibited of which the human form is capable; yet every one must have perceived that it is never in their state of violence and intemperance that this quality is found, and that the hurry and tumult of the gestures of fear, of pain, of horror, of despair, &c., if they cease to be felt as sublime, tend always to degenerate into the ridiculous or contemptible. Whenever, on the contrary, under such circumstances, we perceive the presence of a high and unconquered mind; whenever, in the composure of the attitudes, or in the tranquillity of the gestures, we see the dominion of lofty thought and exalted sentiment, we feel immediately these gestures and attitudes to be graceful; and as signs of these high qualities of mind, we regard them with the same sentiments of admiration and of respect that we are formed to feel for the qualities they signify. Give to the dying Gladiator the attitude of agony or of horror, and although the expression might be sublime, yet it would lose all the grace which is acknowledged to distinguish it. Give to the Apollo Belvidere any gesture of rage or revenge; and though its Beauty would not be lost, it would lose all the matchless grace, which every age has felt, in that expression of divinity which radiates from every limb of its form in that composure which marks the superiority of a celestial being; and in that lofty scorn which disdains even to feel a victory over an enemy so unworthy of his arms. It is not, in the same manner, in the agonizing limbs, or in the convulsed muscles of the Laocoön, that the secret grace of its composition resides; it is in the majestic air of the head, which has not yielded to suffering, and in the deep serenity of the forehead, which seems to be still superior to all its afflictions, and significant of a mind that cannot be subdued.

"What GRACE," says Mr. Smith, with his usual persuasive eloquence, "what noble propriety do we not feel in the conduct of those who exert that recollection and self-command which constitute the dignity of every passion, and which bring it down to what others can enter into! We are disgusted with that clamorous grief, which, without any delicacy, calls upon our compassion with sighs and tears, and impetunate lamentations. But we reverence that reserved, that silent and majestic sorrow, which discovers itself only in the swelling of the eyes, in the quivering of the lips and cheeks, and in the distant, but affecting coldness of the whole behaviour. It imposes the like silence upon us; we regard it with respectful attention, and watch over our whole behaviour, lest, by any impropriety, we should disturb that concerted tranquillity, which it requires so great an effort to support*." It is "this recollection and self-command," which in such scenes constitute what even in common language is called the graceful in behaviour or deportment; and it is the expression of the same qualities in the attitude and gesture,

* Theory of Moral Sentiments, p. 31. •

which constitute, in my apprehension, the grace of such gestures or attitudes.

As a farther illustration of the same truth, I must again hint to my readers the observation of the theatre. Within the limits which I must prescribe to myself, it is impossible for me to enter into any detail upon this pleasing subject. I shall satisfy myself by appealing to this observation, and by stating, that if the hypothesis which I have proposed is just, it ought to be found, that, whether in comic or in tragic passions, the moment of grace should be that of composure and self-command; that every attitude or gesture which is significant of this character of mind should in some degree or other be graceful; that no characters should admit of grace in representation, which are distinguished by violence or intemperance of passion; and that the scenes or moments in the representation of any character, which are most susceptible of graceful representation, should be those in which the dignity of the character is most displayed in superiority to the passions which subdue ordinary men. If the reader should arrive at these conclusions, he will perhaps be led to perceive the cause of the acknowledged superiority of the French to the English stage, in the article of grace; and that the bold delineations of character which distinguish the drama which Shakspeare has formed, can be represented only by the display of an energy and extremity of passion which is incompatible with the temperance of graceful gesture.

In the preceding observations I have alluded only to the positions and movements of the Human Form, under the dominion of emotion or passion. It seems to me, however, that the observation may be carried farther, and that *wherever*, in the movements of the form, self-command or self-possession is expressed, some degree of Grace, at least, is always produced. I shall state only two instances of this; the first is in the movements of the form in cases of difficulty, and the second of similar movements in cases of danger.

The common motions of walking, running, &c., have in themselves nothing of difficulty, and are therefore, in general, incapable of producing any emotion. But dancing is an art of real difficulty, and we observe it always with the consciousness of this difficulty. To acquire all the different motions which are most commonly taught in this branch of education: to appropriate them to the particular time and character of the music: to understand the figure of every dance, which is purposely made as intricate as the time will permit; and to be able to execute all this with ease and facility, are in truth acquisitions of more difficulty than we generally believe, and require more composure and presence of mind than we are commonly disposed to imagine. When accordingly we see all this well performed, when we see the dancer move without hurry or disorder, perform all the steps of the dance with ease, accommodate his motions with justice to the measure, and extricate himself from all the apparent intricacies of the figure with order and facility, we feel a very perceptible sentiment of surprise and admiration, and are conscious of the Grace of gestures, in which so much skill, and composure, and presence of mind, are displayed. If we compare such a performance with the rude gestures of

the untaught vulgar, or with the hurried and extravagant postures of those who happen unfortunately to mingle in the dance without the requisite instruction, we shall soon perceive how much the Grace of gesture is dependent upon the character of mind which it exhibits; and if we ascend from this common example to the higher exhibitions of the art, to the serious or heroic dances of the opera stage, we shall see this Grace expand, from the same cause, into loftier dimensions, and be satisfied, that the applause we hear around us is justly due to every exhibition where dignity of mind is expressed, or where difficult things are performed with ease and facility. I have chosen this instance as the most familiar that occurs to me; but the reader who will prosecute the subject, will find a thousand illustrations of it, in his observation of the gestures of men in every performance which is difficult of execution, and in proportion to this difficulty; and will perceive the influence of this presence or command of mind in bestowing Grace, from the boatman at his oar, or the smith at his anvil, to the deportment of the higher ranks in the drawing-room, where presence and ease and elevation of mind may be expressed in things so trifling as in the movement of a fan, or in the presentation of a snuff-box.

There is still a higher degree of Grace observable in those movements which express this self-possession and serenity of mind, in cases of danger: and wherever the gestures or attitudes are expressive of this serenity, they appear to me always to be felt as graceful. It is thus, I think, very observably in feats of horsemanship, performance upon the tight-rope, &c., when they do not degenerate into tricks of mere agility, or unnatural postures. That they are felt as graceful even by the lowest people, is obvious from their conduct during such performances. They observe them with still apprehension; they shout and exult at their success: and when they speak of them to their companions, they erect their forms, and assume somewhat of the sympathetic dignity they have felt from these expressions of superiority to danger. It is impossible, I think, in the same manner, to observe the easy and careless movements of a mason upon a roof, or of a sailor upon the mast, without some sentiment of this nature. Observations of this kind every one may pursue; and that it is from the expression of this strength and serenity of mind that the Grace of such attitudes or gestures arises, may easily be inferred, when it is recollected that the same attitudes or gestures upon the ground, or in a place of security, would be altogether unnoticed.

I entreat leave yet farther to remark, that the conjecture which I have now stated seems to be supported by the consideration of the *parts* of the Human Form which are peculiarly expressive of Grace, and by the nature of the *movement* of those parts when they are actually felt as graceful. The *parts* or members of the form which are peculiarly expressive to us of the temperance or intemperance of passion, are those which are most susceptible of motion, or which are most easily and visibly influenced by the character of mind. It is in these parts or members accordingly, that Grace chiefly, if not solely, resides; in the air and posture of the head, the turn of the neck, the expansion of the chest, the position of the arms,

the motion or step of the limbs, the forms of the hair, and the folds of the drapery. That it is in the slow and composed *movement* alone of those parts, in that measure of motion, (if I may use the expression,) which indicates self-possession and self-command, that the graceful is to be found, is an observation which every one must have made, and which has been made from the earliest antiquity. Grace, according to the luminous expression of Lord Bacon, consists "in gracious and decent motion;" and I need not remind my classical readers, that whosoever the poets of antiquity have represented graceful attitude or motion, they have always represented it as composed or slow; and that wherever it has been represented by the sculptors of antiquity, it has been expressed by the same signs of self-command, and self-possession. I presume to add only one illustration from Virgil, in which the distinction between Beauty and Grace in the air and movements of the Human Form, seems to me to be expressed with his usual delicacy of taste and of imagination.

In the first appearance of Venus to Æneas she is thus described:

Cui Mater mediū sese tulit obvia sylvā,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma
 Spartane; vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
 Harpalycæ, volucremque fuga prævertit Hebrum;
 Namque humeris de more habilē suspendit arcum
 Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis;
 Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.

Æn. l. 1. 314.

Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
 Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—
 A huntress in her habit and her mien:
 Her dress a maid, her air confessed a queen.
 Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
 Loose was her hair, and wanted in the wind;
 Her hand sustained a bow; her quiver hung behind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
 With such array Harpalycæ buestrode
 Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid food.

DRYDEN.

In these lines, Venus appears in all the glow and gaiety of rural Beauty:—she bursts upon us, as upon her son, by surprise; her air, her attire, bespeak youth and animation, and her hair floating upon the wind, marks the speed with which she has pursued her woodland game. All this is beautiful and picturesque, but it is not graceful. It is in the moment she disappears, and when she reveals herself by her gesture, that Virgil raises this fine being into the Grace that belonged to her:

Dixit, et avertens rosea corvix refulsit,
 Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

Æn. 402.

Thus having said, she turned and made appear,
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevelled hair,
 Which flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around.
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
 And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.

DRYDEN.

In this description everything is changed and exalted; her form dilates into serene majesty; her locks cease to float upon the wind, and fall in

dignity around her head; her robes descend, and assume those ample folds which mark a more elevated form, and a loftier movement; and above all, her gait rises from the gay hurry of the Spartan nymph, into the slow and measured step which evinces the conscious dignity of her genuine being.

The influence of this expression may be pursued farther; and it may, perhaps, amuse the reader to follow it into many appearances, both in the animal world and in inanimate nature. Wherever the powers and facilities of motion are possessed, there the capacity of Grace, at least, is possessed along with them; and whenever in such motions Grace is actually perceived, I think it will always be found to be in slow, and, if I may use the expression, in restrained or measured motions. The motions of the horse, when wild in the pasture, are beautiful; when urged to his speed, and straining for victory, they may be felt as sublime; but it is chiefly in movements of a different kind that we feel them as graceful, when in the impatience of the field, or in the curvetting of the manege, he seems to be conscious of all the powers with which he is animated, and yet to restrain them from some principle of beneficence, or of dignity. Every movement of the stag almost is beautiful, from the fineness of his form, and the ease of his gestures: yet it is not in those, or in the heat of the chase, that he is graceful; it is when he pauses upon some eminence in the pursuit, when he erects his crested head, and when, looking with disdain upon the enemy who follow, he bounds to the freedom of his hills. It is not, in the same manner, in the rapid speed of the eagle when he darts upon his prey, that we perceive the Grace of which his motions are capable. It is when he soars slowly upwards to the sun, or when he wheels with easy and continuous motion in airy circles in the sky.

In the personification which we naturally give to all inanimate objects which are susceptible of movement, we may easily perceive the influence of the same association. We speak commonly, for instance, of the graceful motions of trees, and of the graceful movements of a river. It is never, however, when these motions are violent or extreme, that we apply to them the term of Grace. It is the gentle waving of the tree in slow and measured cadence which is graceful, not the tossing of its branches amid the storm. It is the slow and easy winding which is graceful in the movements of the river, and not the burst of the cataract, or the fury of the torrent.

SECTION VI.

CONCLUSION OF THIS ESSAY.—OF THE FINAL CAUSE OF THIS CONSTITUTION OF OUR NATURE.

THE illustrations that have been offered in the course of this ESSAY upon the origin of the SUBLIMITY and BEAUTY of some of the principal qualities of MATTER, seem to afford sufficient evidence for the following conclusions:

I.—That each of these qualities is either from nature, from experience, or from accident, the sign of some quality capable of producing Emotion, or the exercise of some moral affection. And,

II.—That when these associations are dissolved, or in other words, when the material qualities

cease to be significant of the associated qualities, they cease also to produce the emotions, either of Sublimity or Beauty.

If these conclusions are admitted, it appears necessarily to follow, that the Beauty and Sublimity of such objects is to be ascribed, not to the material qualities themselves, but to the qualities they signify ; and of consequence, that the qualities of matter are not to be considered as sublime or beautiful in themselves, but as being the signs or expressions of such qualities as, by the constitution of our nature, are fitted to produce pleasing or interesting emotion.

The opinion I have now stated coincides, in a great degree, with a DOCTRINE that appears very early to have distinguished the PLATONIC school ; which is to be traced, perhaps, (amid their dark and figurative language,) in all the philosophical systems of the East, and which has been maintained in this country, by several writers of eminence, by Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Hutcheson, Dr. Aikenside, and Dr. Spence, but which has nowhere so firmly and so philosophically been maintained as by Dr. Reid in his invaluable work ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF MAN. The doctrine to which I allude, is, that matter is not beautiful in itself, but derives its Beauty from the expression of MIND.

As this doctrine, however, when stated in general terms, has somewhat the air of paradox, I shall beg leave, in a few words, to explain in what sense I understand and adopt it, by enumerating what appear to me the principal classes of this expression, or the principal means by which the qualities of matter become significant to us of those qualities of mind which are destined to affect us with pleasing or interesting emotion.

The qualities of MIND which are capable of producing emotion, are either its ACTIVE, or its PASSIVE qualities ; either its powers and capacities, as beneficence, wisdom, fortitude, invention, fancy, &c., or its feelings and affections, as love, joy, hope, gratitude, purity, fidelity, innocence, &c. In the observation or belief of these qualities of mind, we are formed, by the original and moral constitution of our nature, to experience various and powerful emotions.

As it is only, however, through the medium of matter that, in the present condition of our being, the qualities of mind are known to us, the qualities of matter become necessarily expressive to us of all the qualities of mind they signify. They may be the signs, therefore, or expressions of these mental qualities, in the following ways :

I.—As the immediate signs of the POWERS or capacities of mind. It is thus, that all the works of human art or design, are directly significant to us of the wisdom, the invention, the taste, on the benevolence of the artist ; and the works of nature, of the power, the wisdom, and the beneficence of the Divine artist.

II.—As the signs of all those AFFECTIONS, or dispositions of mind, which we love, or with which we are formed to sympathise. It is thus that the notes and motions of animals are expressive to us of their happiness and joy ; that the tones of the human voice are significant of the various emotions by which it is animated ; and that all the affections which we either love or admire in the Human Mind, are directly signified to us by the various appearances of the countenance and form.

These may be called the *direct* expressions of mind ; and the material qualities which signify such powers or affections, produce in us immediately the peculiar emotions which, by the laws of our nature, the mental qualities are fitted to produce. But besides these, there are other means by which the qualities of matter may be significant to us of the qualities of mind, *indirectly*, or by means of less universal and less permanent relations.

1. From experience, when peculiar forms or appearances of matter are considered as the *means* or *instruments* by which those feelings or affections of mind are produced with which we sympathize, or in which we are interested. It is thus that the productions of art are in so many various ways significant to us of the conveniences, the pleasures, or the happiness they bestow upon human life, and as the signs of happiness, affect us with the emotion this happiness itself is destined to produce. It is thus also, that the scenes of nature acquire such an accession of Beauty, when we consider them as fitted, with such exquisite wisdom, for the habitation of so many classes of sentient being ; and when they become thus expressive to us of all the varied happiness they produce, and contain, and conceal.

2. From analogy or resemblance ; from that resemblance which has everywhere been felt between the qualities of matter and of mind, and by which the former becomes so powerfully expressive to us of the latter. It is thus, that the colours, the sounds, the forms, and above all, perhaps, the motions of inanimate objects, are so universally felt as resembling peculiar qualities or affections of mind, and when thus felt, are so productive of the analogous emotion ; that the personification of matter is so strongly marked in every period of the history of human thought ; and that the poet, while he gives life and animation to everything around him, is not displaying his own invention, but only obeying one of the most powerful laws which regulate the imagination of man.

3dly, From association (in the proper sense of that term) when by means of education, of fortune, or of accident, material objects are connected with pleasing or interesting qualities of mind ; and from this connexion become for ever afterwards expressive of them. It is thus that colours, forms, &c., derive their temporary beauty from fashion ; that the objects which have been devoted to religion, to patriotism, or to honour, affect us with all the emotions of the qualities of which they become significant ; that the Beauty of natural scenery is so often exalted by the record of the events it has witnessed ; and that, in every country, the scenes which have the deepest effect upon the admiration of the people, are those which have become sacred by the memory of ancient virtue, or ancient glory.

4. From individual association ; when certain qualities or appearances of matter, are connected with our own private affections or remembrances ; and when they give to these material qualities or appearances a character of interest which is solely the result of our own memory and affections.

Of the reality of these expressions I believe no person can doubt ; and whoever will attend to the power and extent of their influence, will, I think, soon be persuaded, that they are sufficient to account for all the Beauty or sublimity we discover in the qualities of matter.

The conclusion, therefore, in which I wish to rest is, THAT THE BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY WHICH IS FELT IN THE VARIOUS APPEARANCES OF MATTER, ARE FINALLY TO BE ASCRIBED TO THEIR EXPRESSION OF MIND; OR TO THEIR BEING, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, THE SIGNS OF THOSE QUALITIES OF MIND WHICH ARE FITTED, BY THE CONSTITUTION OF OUR NATURE, TO AFFECT US WITH PLEASING OR INTERESTING EMOTION.

Yet, before I conclude this long, and, I fear, very tedious Essay, there is one view of the subject which I cannot prevail upon myself to withhold. It is the view of the end, or FINAL CAUSE of this constitution of our nature; or of the purpose which is served by this dependence of the Beauty or Sublimity of the material world, on the higher qualities of which it is made significant. It is perhaps the most striking and the most luminous fact in the history of our intellectual nature, that that principle of curiosity, which is the instinctive spring of all scientific inquiry into the phenomena either of matter or of mind, is never satisfied until it terminates in the discovery, not only of design, but of benevolent design: and the great advantage (in my humble apprehension) which man derives from inquiry into the laws of his own mind, is much less in the addition which it gives to his own power or wisdom, than in the evidence which it affords him of the wisdom with which his constitution is framed, and the magnificent purposes for which it is formed. It is in this conviction, that I submit to my readers the following hints, upon this constitution of our nature with regard to the Material World.

I. It is, in a very obvious manner, the means of diffusing happiness (in so far as it depends upon the pleasures of taste) with a very impartial equality among mankind. We are perpetually surrounded with the objects of the material world: they are capable of giving us either pleasure or pain, and it must therefore, according to the law of this relation, that our pain or our pleasure must be determined.—If the Beauty or Sublimity of the objects of the material world arose from any original and determinate law of our nature, by which *certain* colours, or sounds, or forms, &c., were necessarily and solely beautiful, then there must of necessity have followed a great disproportion between the happiness of mankind by the very constitution of their nature. If certain colours (for instance), or forms, or magnitudes, or proportions, &c., in the scenery of nature alone were beautiful, then all men to whom these appearances were unknown, must necessarily have been deprived of all the enjoyment which the scenery of external nature could give. The eye of taste would often have looked in vain for its gratification; one certain form in every class of objects, and one prescribed composition in every varied scenery, could alone have afforded this gratification, and all the prodigal variety of nature which now affords so delightful a subject, either of observation or of reflection, would then have been significant only of partiality or imperfection. If, still farther, in the human countenance and form there were only *certain* colours, or forms, or proportions, that were essentially beautiful, how

imperious a check would have been given, not only to human happiness, but to the most important affections and sensibilities of our nature! The influence of Beauty would then have operated, in a thousand cases, in opposition to the principles of duty; whenever it was wanting in those with whom we were connected, some obstacle, at least, would be imposed to the freedom or the warmth of our regard, and wherever it was present, an irresistible and fatal preference would be given to those in whom it was found. The parent would turn from the children whose forms nature had neglected, to those on whom she had lavished her external favour; the friend and the husband would feel their gratitude and their affection decrease with every shade which infirmity, which sorrow, or which age threw over the countenances of those whom once they loved; the regards of general society would fall but too exclusively upon those who were casually in possession of these external advantages, and an Aristocracy would be established even by nature itself, more irresistible, and more independent either of talents or of virtue, than any that the influence of property or of ancestry has ever yet created among mankind.

If the emotions of Taste, on the other hand, and all the happiness they give, are produced by the perpetual expression of mind, the accommodation of this system to the happiness of human nature, is not only in itself simple, but may be seen in the simplest instances. Wherever the appearances of the material world are expressive to us of qualities we love or admire; wherever, from our education, our connexions, our habits, or our pursuits, its qualities are associated in our minds with affecting or interesting emotion; there the pleasures of Beauty or of Sublimity are felt, or at least are capable of being felt. Our minds, instead of being governed by the character of external objects, are enabled to bestow upon them a character which does not belong to them, and even with the rudest or the commonest appearances of nature, to connect feelings of a nobler or a more interesting kind, than any that the mere influences of matter can ever convey. It is hence, that the inhabitant of savage and of barbarous countries clings to the rocks and the deserts in which he was nursed; that if the pursuit of fortune unhappily forces him into the regions of fertility and cultivation, he sees in them no memorials of early love, or of ancient independence, and that he hastens to return to the rocks and the deserts which spoke to his infant heart, and amid which he recognises his first affections, and his genuine home. It is hence, that in the countenance of her dying infant, the eye of the mother discovers beauties which she feels not in those who require not her care, and that the bosom of the husband or the friend, glows with deeper affection when he marks the advances of age or disease, over those features which first awakened the emotions of friendship or of love. It is hence, in the same manner, that the eye of admiration turns involuntarily from the forms of those who possess only the advantages of physical Beauty, to rest upon the humbler forms which are expressive of genius, of knowledge, or of virtue, and that in the public assemblies of every country, the justice of national taste neglects all the ex-

ternal advantages of youth, of rank, or of grace, to bestow the warmth of its enthusiasm upon the mutilated form of the warrior who has extended its power, or the grey hairs of the statesman who has maintained its liberty.

II. This dependence of the Beauty of matter upon the qualities of which it is significant, is (in a very obvious manner) the great source of the progress and improvement of human ART in every department, whether mechanical or liberal. Were there any original and positive Beauty in *certain* forms or proportions, or combinations of matter, and were it to these alone that the sentiment of Beauty was constitutionally restricted, a very obvious barrier would be imposed to the progress of every art that was conversant in material form, and the sense of taste would, of necessity, operate to oppose every new improvement.

As the peculiar forms, or combinations of form, which nature had thus prescribed, could alone be beautiful, the common artist would hardly dare to deviate from them, even when he felt the propriety of it, and whenever any strong motive of usefulness induced him to deviate from them, the spectator would feel that sentiment of dissatisfaction which attends vulgar and unenlightened workmanship. The sense of Beauty would thus be opposed to the sense of utility; the rude but beautiful form would become as permanent in the productions of art, as we now see it in those cases where the ideas of sanctity are attached to it, and thus, at once, an additional influence would be given to the rude inventions of antiquity, and an additional obstacle imposed to those progressive inventions, which are so necessarily demanded by the progress of society.

In the fine arts, still more, or, in those arts which are directed solely to the production of Beauty, this obstacle would seem to be permanent and invincible. As no forms or combinations of forms could, in such a constitution of our nature, be beautiful but those which this law of our nature prescribed, then the period of their discovery must have been the final period of every art of taste. The exertions of the artist must of necessity have been confined to strict imitation; the demand of the spectator could alone have been satisfied when accuracy and fidelity, in this respect, were attained, and the names of genius, of fancy, or of invention, must either have altogether been unknown, or known only to be contemned.

By the dependence of our sense of Beauty, on the other hand, upon the qualities of which material forms are significant, and may be made significant, a very different and a far nobler effect is produced upon the progress of human art. Being thus susceptible of the expressions of fitness, of utility, of invention, of study, or of genius, they are capable of producing all the emotions of admiration or delight which such qualities of mind themselves produce, and a field is thus opened to the dignified ambition of the artist, not only unbounded in its extent, but in which, even in the lowest of the mechanical arts, the highest honours of genius or of benevolence may be won. Instead of a few forms which the superstition of early taste had canonized, every variety, and every possible combination of forms, is thus brought within the pale of cultivated taste; the mind of the spectator follows with joy

the invention of the artist: wherever greater usefulness is produced, or greater fitness exhibited, he sees, in the same forms, new Beauty awakening. The sensibility of imagination thus follows the progress of genius and of usefulness, and instead of an obstacle being imposed to the progress of art, a new motive is thus afforded to its improvement, and a new reward provided for the attainment of excellence.

With regard to the Fine Arts, the influence of this constitution of our nature is still more apparent. Destined as they are to the production of Beauty, the field in which they are to labour is not narrowed by the prescriptions of vulgar men or of vulgar nature; nor are they chained, like the Egyptian artists of old, to the servile accuracy of imitating those forms or compositions of form alone, which some irresistible law has prescribed. The forms and the scenery of material nature are around them, not to govern, but to awaken their genius; to invite them to investigate the sources of their Beauty; and from this investigation to exalt their conceptions to the imagination of forms, and of compositions of form, more pure and more perfect, than any that nature herself ever presents to them. It is in this pursuit that that Ideal Beauty is at last perceived, which it is the loftiest ambition of the artist to feel and to express; and which, instead of being created by any vulgar rules, or measured by any organic effects, is capable of producing emotions of a more exquisite and profound delight, than nature itself is ever destined to awaken.

III. It is far more important to observe, that it is by means of this constitution of our nature, that the emotions of taste are blended with MORAL sentiment; and that one of the greatest pleasures of which we are susceptible, is made finally subservient to moral improvement.

If the Beauty of the Material World were altogether independent of expression—if any original law had imperiously prescribed the objects in which the eye and the ear alone could find delight, the pleasures of Taste could not have been independent of all moral emotion, and the qualities of Beauty and Sublimity as distinct from moral sensibility as those of number or of figure. The scenery of nature would have produced only an organic pleasure, which would have expired with the moment in which it was felt: and the compositions of the artist, instead of awakening all the enthusiasm of fancy, and of feeling, must have been limited to excite only the cold approbation of faithful outline, and accurate detail. No secret analogies, no silent expressions, would then have connected enjoyment with improvement; and in contradiction to every other appearance of Human Nature, an important source of pleasure would have been bestowed, without any relation to the individual or the social advancement of the human race.

In the System which is established, on the contrary—in that system which makes Matter sublime or beautiful only as it is significant of Mind—we perceive the lofty end which is pursued; and that pleasure is here, as in every other case, made instrumental to the moral purposes of our being. While the objects of the material world are made to attract our infant eyes, there are latent ties by which they reach our hearts; and wherever they afford us delight, they are always the signs of

expressions of higher qualities, by which our moral sensibilities are called forth. It may not be our fortune, perhaps, to be born amid its nobler scenes. But wander where we will, trees wave, rivers flow, mountains ascend, clouds darken or winds animate, the face of Heaven; and over the whole scenery, the sun sheds the cheerfulness of his morning, the splendour of his noon-day, or the tenderness of his evening light. There is not one of these features of scenery which is not fitted to awaken us to moral emotion; to lead us, when once the key of our imagination is struck, to trains of fascinating and of endless imagery; and in the indulgence of them to make our bosoms either glow with conceptions of mental excellence, or melt in the dreams of moral good. Even upon the man of the most uncultivated taste, the scenes of nature have some inexplicable charm: there is not a chord perhaps of the human heart which may not be awakened by their influence; and I believe there is no man of genuine taste, who has not often felt, in the lone majesty of nature, some unseen spirit to dwell, which, in his happier hours, touched, as if with magic hand, all the springs of his moral sensibility, and rekindled in his heart those original conceptions of the moral or intellectual excellence of his nature, which it is the melancholy tendency of the vulgar pursuits of life to diminish, if not altogether to destroy.

In the Sublimity or Beauty of the works of Art, this purpose of nature is yet more evident. If it is from their natural Beauty they affect us, from their being expressive of fineness, delicacy, gentleness, majesty, solemnity, &c., they then awaken corresponding emotions in our bosoms, and give exercise to some of the most virtuous feelings of our nature. If it is from their relative Beauty, from their being expressive of invention, genius, taste, or fancy in the artist, they produce effects no less important to our intellectual improvement. They raise us to those high conceptions of the powers and of the attainments of the human mind, which is the foundation of every noble ambition. They extend our views of the capacities of our nature for whatever is great or excellent; and whatever be the pursuits from which we come, they stimulate us to higher exertions in them, by the prospect of the genius which has been exhibited, and the excellence which has been attained.

But it is chiefly in the Beauty of the Human Countenance and Form that the great purpose of nature is most apparent. When we feel these, it is not a mere organic or animal effect we experience. Whatever is lovely or beloved in the character of MIND, whatever in the powers or dispositions of man can awaken admiration or excite sensibility—the loveliness of innocence, the charms of opening genius, the varied tenderness of domestic affection—the dignity of heroism, or the majesty of patriotic virtue; all these are expressed to us in the features of the countenance, or in the positions and movements of the form. While we behold them, we feel not only a feeling of temporary pleasure, but what Lord Kames has profoundly and emphatically called the “Sympathetic Emotion of Virtue;” we share in some measure in those high dispositions, the expressions of which we contemplate; our own bosoms glow with kindred sensibilities; and we return to life and to its duties, with minds either

softened to a wider benevolence, or awakened to a higher tone of morality.

It is thus, by means of the expressions of which it is everywhere significant, that the Material Universe around us becomes a scene of moral discipline; and that, in the hours when we are most unconscious of it, an influence is perpetually operating, by which our moral feelings are awakened, and our moral sensibility exercised. Whether in the scenery of nature, amid the works and inventions of men, amid the affections of home, or in the intercourse of general society, the material forms which surround us are secretly but incessantly influencing our character and dispositions. And in the hours of the most innocent delight, while we are conscious of nothing but the pleasures we enjoy, the beneficence of Him that made us, is employed in conducting a secret discipline, by which our moral improvement is consulted, and those sentiments and principles are formed, which are afterwards to create not only our own genuine honour, but the happiness of all with whom it is our fortune to be connected.

There is yet, however, a greater expression which the appearances of the Material World are fitted to convey, and a more important influence which, in the design of nature, they are destined to produce upon us; their influence I mean in leading us directly to RELIGIOUS Sentiment. Had organic enjoyment been the only object of our formation, it would have been sufficient to establish senses for the reception of these enjoyments. But if the promises of our nature are greater: if it is destined to a nobler conclusion; if it is enabled to look to the Author of Being himself, and to feel its proud relation to HIM; then nature, in all its aspects around us, ought only to be felt as signs of his providence, and as conducting us, by the universal language of these signs, to the throne of the DEITY.

How much this is the case with every pure and innocent mind, I flatter myself few of my readers will require any illustration. Wherever, in fact, the eye of man opens upon any sublime or any beautiful scene of nature, the first impression is to consider it as designed—as the effect or workmanship of the Author of nature, and as significant of his power, his wisdom, or his goodness: And perhaps it is chiefly for *this fine* issue, that the heart of man is *thus finely touched*, that devotion may spring from delight: that the imagination, in the midst of its highest enjoyment, may be led to terminate in the only object in which it finally can repose; and that all the noblest convictions, and confidences of religion, may be acquired in the simple school of Nature, and amid the scenes which perpetually surround us. Wherever we observe, accordingly, the workings of the human mind, whether in its rudest or its most improved appearances, we everywhere see this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the expressions of natural scenery. It calls forth the hymn of the infant bard, as well as the anthem of the poet of classic times. It prompts the nursery tale of superstition, as well as the demonstration of the school of philosophy. There is no æra so barbarous in which man has existed, in which the traces are not to be seen of the alliance which he has felt between earth and heaven: or of the conviction he has acquired of the Mind that created nature, by the signs which it exhibits:

And amid the wildest, as amid the most genial scenes of an uncultivated world, the rude altar of the savage everywhere marks the emotions that swelled in his bosom when he erected it to the awful or the beneficent deities whose imaginary presence it records. In ages of civilization and refinement, this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, forms one of the most characteristic marks of human improvement, and may be traced in every art which professes to give delight to the imagination. The funeral urn, and the inscription to the dead, present themselves everywhere as the most interesting incidents in the scenes of ornamented nature. In the landscape of the painter, the columns of the temple or the spire of the church rise, amid the ceaseless luxuriance of vegetable life, and, by their contrast, give the mighty moral to the scene, which we love even while we dread it; the powers of music have reached only their highest perfection when they have been devoted to the services of religion; and the description of the genuine poet has seldom concluded without some hymn to the Author of the universe, or some warm appeal to the devotional sensibility of mankind.

Even the thoughtless and the dissipated yield unconsciously to this beneficent instinct; and in the pursuit of pleasure, return, without knowing it, to the first and the noblest sentiments of their nature. They leave the society of cities, and all the artificial pleasures, which they feel have occupied, without satiating their imagination. They hasten into those solitary and those uncultivated scenes, where they seem to breathe a purer air, and to experience some more profound delight. They leave behind them all the arts, and all the labours of man, to meet Nature in her primeval magnificence and beauty. Amid the slumber of their usual thoughts, they love to feel themselves awakened to those deep and majestic emotions

which give a new and a nobler expansion to their hearts, and, amid the tumult and astonishment of their imagination,

*Præsentiorum conspiciere DEUM
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivisque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.*

—To behold omniscient providence
In rocks impassable, wild hills and broken cliffs;
In raging waves and in the forest night.

It is on this account that it is of so much consequence in the education of the Young, to encourage their instinctive taste for the Beauty and Sublimity of Nature. While it opens to the years of infancy or youth a source of pure, and of permanent enjoyment, it has consequences on the character and happiness of future life, which they are unable to foresee. It is to provide them, amid all the agitations and trials of society, with one gentle and unapproaching friend, whose voice is ever in alliance with goodness and virtue, and which, when once understood, is able both to soothe misfortune, and to reclaim from folly. It is to identify them with the happiness of that nature to which they belong; to give them an interest in every species of being which surrounds them; and, amid the hours of curiosity and delight, to awaken those latent feelings of benevolence and of sympathy, from which all the moral or intellectual greatness of man finally arises. It is to lay the foundation of an early and of a manly piety—amid the magnificent System of material Signs in which they reside, to give them the mighty key which can interpret them—and to make them look upon the universe which they inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares, or human joys, but as the temple of the LIVING GOD, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.

THE END.

NARRATIVE

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY,

A Voyage to the South Seas.

LIEUT. W. BLIGH, COMMANDER.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS, AND A RELATION OF THE SUBSEQUENT FATE OF THE
MUTINEERS, AND OF THE SETTLEMENT IN PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

LONDON:
PETER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE FARM,
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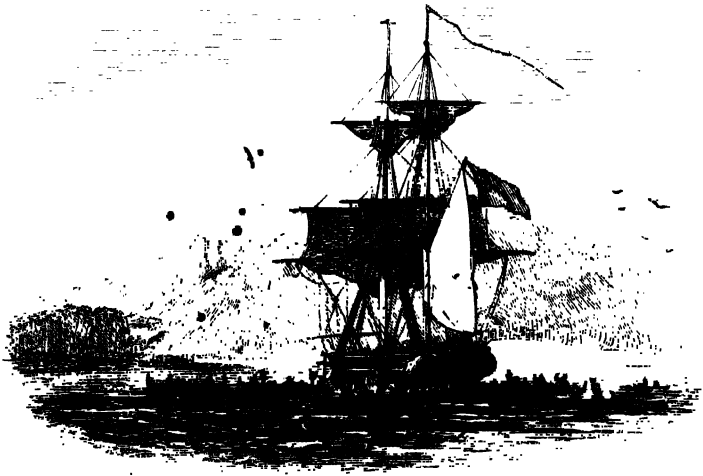


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LIEUT. BLIGH AND HIS COMPANIONS OFF THE ISLAND OF TOFOA.

THE
MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.



THE BOUNTY AT OTAHEITE.

LIEUTÉNAⁿT W. BLIGH.

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

CHAPTER I.

PLAN OF THE EXPEDITION—OUTFIT, AND OCCURRENCES TO THE TIME OF LEAVING ENGLAND—DESCRIPTION OF THE BREAD-FRUIT.

THE king having been graciously pleased to comply with a request from the merchants and planters interested in his majesty's West India possessions, that the bread-fruit tree might be introduced into those islands, a vessel, proper for the undertaking, was bought, and taken into dock at Deptford, to be provided with the necessary fixtures and preparations for executing the object of the voyage. These were completed according to a plan of my much honoured friend, Sir Joseph Banks, which, in the event, proved the most advantageous that could have been adopted for the intended purpose.

The ship was named the *Bounty*; I was appointed to command her on the 16th of August, 1787. Her burthen was nearly two hundred and fifteen tons; her extreme length on deck, ninety feet ten inches; extreme breadth, twenty-four feet three inches; and height in the hold under the beams, at the main hatchway, ten feet three inches. In the cockpit were the cabins of the surgeon, gunner, botanist, and clerk, with a steward-room and store-rooms. The between decks was divided in the following manner:—the great cabin was appropriated for the preservation of the plants, and extended as far forward as the after hatchway. It had two large sky-lights, and on each side three scuttles for air, and was fitted with a false floor cut full of holes to contain the garden-pots, in which the plants were to be brought home. The deck was covered with lead, and at the foremost corners of the cabin were fixed pipes to carry off the water that drained from the plants, into tubs placed below to save it for future use. I had a small cabin on one side to sleep in, adjoining to the great cabin, and a place near the middle of the ship to eat in. The bulk-head of this apartment was at the after-part of the main hatchway, and on each side of it were the berths of the mates and midshipmen; between these berths the arm-chest was placed. The cabin of the master, in which was always kept the key of the arms, was opposite to mine. This particular description of the interior parts of the ship is rendered necessary by the event of the expedition.

The ship was masted according to the proportion of the navy; but, on my application, the masts were shortened, as I thought them too much for her, considering the nature of the voyage.

On the 3rd of September, the ship came out of dock; but the carpenters and joiners remained on board much longer, as they had a great deal of work to finish.

The next material alteration made in the fitting out, was, lessening the quantity of iron and other ballast.—I gave directions that only nineteen tons of iron should be taken on board, instead of the customary proportion, which was forty-five tons. The stores and provisions I judged would be fully sufficient to answer the purpose of the remainder; for I am of opinion, that many of the misfortunes which attend ships in heavy storms of wind, are occasioned by too much dead weight in their bottoms.

The establishment of men and officers for the ship were as follows:—1 Lieutenant to command; 1 Master; 1 Boatswain; 1 Gunner; 1 Carpenter; 1 Surgeon; 2 Master's Mates; 2 Midshipmen; 2 Quarter Masters; 1 Quarter Masters' Mate; 1 Boatswain's Mate; 1 Gunner's Mate; 1 Carpenter's Mate; 1 Carpenter's Crew; 1 Sailmaker; 1 Armourer; 1 Corporal; 1 Clerk and Steward; 23 able seamen—Total 44.

Two skilful and careful men were appointed, at Sir Joseph Banks's recommendation, to have the management of the plants intended to be brought home: the one, David Nelson, who had been on similar employment in Captain Cook's last voyage; the other, William Brown, as an assistant to him.—With these two, our whole number amounted to forty-six.

It was proposed, that our route to the Society Islands should be round Cape Horn; and the greatest despatch became necessary, as the season was already far advanced: but the shipwrights not being able to complete their work by the time the ship was ready in other respects, our sailing was unavoidably retarded. However, by the 4th of October the pilot came on board to take us down the river; on the 9th we fell down to Long Reach, where we received our gunner's stores, and guns, four 4-pounders and ten swivels.

The ship was stored and victualled for eighteen months. In addition to the customary allowance of provisions, we were supplied with sour kroust, portable soup, essence of malt, dried malt, and a proportion of barley and wheat in lieu of oatmeal. I was likewise furnished with a quantity of iron-work and trinkets, to serve in our intercourse with the natives, in the South Seas: and from the Board of Longitude I received a time-keeper, made by Mr. Kendal.

On the 15th I received orders to proceed to

Spithead; but the winds and weather were so unfavourable that we did not arrive there till the 4th of November. On the 24th I received from Lord Hood, who commanded at Spithead, my final orders. The wind, which for several days before had been favourable, was now turned directly against us. On the 28th the ship's company received two months' pay in advance, and on the following morning we worked out to St. Helen's, where we were obliged to anchor.

We made different unsuccessful attempts to get down channel, but contrary winds and bad weather constantly forced us back to St. Helen's, or Spithead, until Sunday the 23rd of December, when we sailed with a fair wind.

The object of all the former voyages to the South Seas, undertaken by the command of his present majesty, has been the advancement of science, and the increase of knowledge. This voyage may be reckoned the first, the intention of which has been to derive benefit from those distant discoveries. For the more fully comprehending the nature and plan of the expedition, and that the reader may be possessed of every information necessary for entering on the following sheets, I shall here lay before him a copy of the instructions I received from the Admiralty, and likewise a short description of the bread-fruit.

By the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

Whereas the king, upon a representation from the merchants and planters interested in his majesty's West India possessions, that the introduction of the bread-fruit tree into the islands of those seas, to constitute an article of food, would be of very essential benefit to the inhabitants, hath, in order to promote the interests of so respectable a body of his subjects (especially in an instance which promises general advantage) thought fit that measures should be taken for the procuring some of those trees, and conveying them to the said West India islands: and whereas the vessel under your command hath, in consequence thereof, been stored and victualled for that service, and fitted with proper conveniences and necessaries for the preservation of as many of the said trees as, from her size, can be taken on board her; and you have been directed to receive on board her the two gardeners named in the margin*, who, from their knowledge of trees and plants, have been hired for the purpose of selecting such as shall appear to be of a proper species and size:

You are, therefore, in pursuance of his majesty's pleasure, signified to us by Lord Sydney, one of his principal secretaries of state, hereby required and directed to put to sea in the vessel you command, the first favourable opportunity of wind and weather, and proceed with her, as expeditiously as possible, round Cape Horn, to the Society Islands, situate in the southern ocean, in the latitude of about eighteen degrees south, and longitude of about two hundred and ten degrees east from Greenwich, where, according to the accounts given by the late Capt. Cook, and persons who accompanied him during his voyages, the bread-fruit tree is to be found in the most luxuriant state.

Having arrived at the above-mentioned islands, and taken on board as many trees and plants as may be thought necessary (the better to enable you to do which, you have already been furnished with such articles of merchandise and trinkets as it is supposed will be wanted to satisfy the natives) you are to proceed from thence through Endeavour Straights (which separate New Holland from New Guinea) to Prince's Island, by the Straights of Sunda, or, if it should happen to be more convenient, to pass on the

* David Smith, William Brown.

eastern side of Java to some port on the north side of that island, where any bread-fruit trees which may have been injured, or have died, may be replaced by mangosteens, duriens, jacks, nances, lansas, and other fine fruit trees of that quarter, as well as the rice plant which grows upon dry land; all of which species (or such of them as shall be judged most eligible) you are to purchase on the best terms you can from the inhabitants of that island, with the ducats with which you have also been furnished for that purpose; taking care, however, if the rice plants above-mentioned cannot be procured at Java, to touch at Prince's Island for them, where they are regularly cultivated.

From Prince's Island, or the Island of Java, you are to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies (calling on your way thither at any places which may be thought necessary) and deposit one half of such of the above-mentioned trees and plants as may be then alive at his majesty's botanical garden at St. Vincent, for the benefit of the Windward Islands, and then go on to Jamaica: and, having delivered the remainder to Mr. East, or such person or persons as may be authorised by the governor and council of that island to receive them; refreshed your people, and received on board such provisions and stores as may be necessary for the voyage, make the best of your way back to England; repairing to Spithead, and sending to our secretary an account of your arrival and proceedings.

And whereas you will receive herewith a copy of the instructions which have been given to the above-mentioned gardeners for their guidance, as well in procuring the said trees and plants, and the management of them after they shall be put on board, as for bringing to England a small sample of each species, and such others as may be prepared by the superintendent of the botanical garden at St. Vincent's, and by the said Mr. East, or others, for his majesty's garden at Kew; you are hereby required and directed to afford, and to give directions to your officers and company to afford, the said gardeners every possible aid and assistance, not only in the collecting of the said trees and plants at the places before-mentioned, but for their preservation during their conveyance to the places of their destination.

Given under our hands the 20th November, 1787.—HOWE, CHAS. BRETT, JED. HOPKINS, J. LIEVENON GOWER.

To Lieut. W. Bligh, commanding H.M.'s armed vessel the *Bounty*, at Spithead.

By command of their Lordships,

P. STEVENS.

In the foregoing orders it is to be observed, that I was particularly directed to proceed round Cape Horn; but, as the season was so far advanced, and we were so long detained by contrary winds, I made application to the Admiralty for discretionary orders on that point; to which I received the following answer:—

By the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c.

The season of the year being now so far advanced as to render it probable, that your arrival, with the vessel you command, on the southern coast of America, will be too late for your passing round Cape Horn without much difficulty and hazard; you are, in that case, at liberty (notwithstanding former orders) to proceed in her to Otahete, round the Cape of Good Hope.

Given under our hands the 18th December, 1787.—HOWE, CHAS. BRETT, BAYHAM.

To Lieut. W. Bligh, commanding H.M.'s armed vessel *Bounty*, Spithead.

By command of their Lordships,

P. STEVENS.

The bread-fruit is so well known and described, that to attempt a new account of it would be unnecessary and useless. However, as it may contribute to the convenience of the reader, I have given the following extracts respecting it.

Extract from the account of Dampier's Voyage round the World, performed in 1688.

"The bread-fruit (as we call it,) grows on a large tree, as big and high as our largest apple-trees. It hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples; it is as big as a penny-loaf when wheat is at five shillings the bushel; it is of a round shape, and hath a thick tough rind. When the fruit is ripe, it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant. The natives of Guam use it for bread. They gather it, when full-grown, while it is green and hard; then they bake it in an oven, which scorseth the rind and makes it black; but they scrape off the outside black crust, and there remains a tender thin crust; and the inside is soft, tender, and white like the crumb of a penny-loaf. There is *neither seed nor stone* in the inside, but all is of a pure substance, like bread. It must be eaten new; for, if it is kept above twenty-four hours, it grows harsh and shoaky; but it is very pleasant before it is too stale. This fruit lasts in season *eight months* in the year, during which the natives eat *no other sort of food of bread kind*. I did never see of this fruit any where but here. The natives told us, that there is plenty of this fruit growing on the rest of the Ladrone islands: and I did never hear of it any where else."

Extract from the account of Lord Anson's Voyage, published by Mr. Walter.

"There was, at Tinian, a kind of fruit, peculiar to these (Ladrone) islands, called by the Indians *rhymay*, but by us the *bread-fruit*; for it was constantly eaten by us, during our stay upon the island*, instead of bread; and so *universally preferred*, that no ship's bread was expended in that whole interval. It grew upon a tree which is somewhat lofty, and which towards the top divides into large and spreading branches. The leaves of this tree are of a remarkable deep green, are notched about the edges, and are generally from a foot to eighteen inches in length. The fruit itself is found indifferently on all parts of the branches; it is, in shape, rather elliptical than round; it is covered with a tough rind, and is usually seven or eight inches long; each of them grows singly, and not in clusters. This fruit is fittest to be used when it is full-grown, but still green; in which state, after it is properly prepared by being roasted in the embers, its taste has some distant resemblance to that of an artichoke's bottom, and its texture is not very different, for it is soft and spungy."

Extracts from the account of the first Voyage of Captain Cook. Hawkesworth, Vol. II.

IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

"The bread-fruit grows on a tree that is about the size of a middling oak; its leaves are frequently a foot and a half long, of an oblong shape, deeply sinuated like those of the fig-tree, which they resemble in consistence and colour, and in the exuding of a white milky-juice upon being broken. The fruit is about the size and shape of a child's head, and the surface is reticulated not much un-

* About two months; viz. from the latter end of August to the latter end of October, 1742.

like a truffle; it is covered with a thin skin, and has a core about as big as the handle of a small knife. The eatable part lies between the skin and the core; it is as white as snow, and somewhat of the consistence of new bread: it must be roasted before it is eaten, being first divided into three or four parts. Its taste is insipid, with a slight sweetness somewhat resembling that of the crumb of wheaten bread mixed with a Jerusalem artichoke."

"Of the many vegetables that have been mentioned already as serving them for food, the principal is the bread-fruit, to procure which costs them no trouble or labour but climbing a tree. The tree which produces it does not indeed shoot up spontaneously; but, if a man plants ten of them in his life-time, which he may do in about an hour, he will as completely fulfil his duty to his own and future generations as the native of our less temperate climate can do by ploughing in the cold winter, and reaping in the summer's heat, as often as these seasons return; even if, after he has procured bread for his present household, he should convert a surplus into money, and lay it up for his children.

"It is true, indeed, that the bread-fruit is not always in season; but cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, and a great variety of other fruits, supply the deficiency."

Extract from the account of Captain Cook's last Voyage.

IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

"I (Captain Cook) have inquired very carefully into their manner of cultivating the bread-fruit tree at Otaheite; but was always answered, that they never planted it. This, indeed, must be evident to every one who will examine the places where the young trees come up. It will be always observed, that they spring from the roots of the old ones, which run along near the surface of the ground. So that the bread-fruit trees may be reckoned those that would naturally cover the plains, even supposing that the island was not inhabited; in the same manner that the white-barked trees, found at Van Diemen's Land, constitute the forests there. And from this we may observe, that the inhabitant of Otaheite, instead of being obliged to plant his bread, will rather be under the necessity of preventing its progress; which, I suppose, is sometimes done, to give room for trees of another sort, to afford him some variety in his food."

IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"The bread-fruit trees are planted, and flourish with great luxuriance, on rising grounds."—"Where the hills rise almost perpendicularly in a great variety of peaked forms, their steep sides and the deep chasms between them are covered with trees, amongst which those of the bread-fruit were observed particularly to abound."

"The climate of the Sandwich Islands differs very little from that of the West India Islands, which lie in the same latitude. Upon the whole, perhaps, it may be rather more temperate."

"The bread-fruit trees thrive in these islands, not in such abundance, but produce double the quantity of fruit they do on the rich plains of Otaheite. The trees are nearly of the same height, but the branches begin to strike out from the trunk much lower, and with greater luxuriance."

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—ARRIVAL AT TENERIFFE—SAIL FROM TRENOR—ARRIVAL OFF CAPE HORN—SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER—OBLIGED TO BEAR AWAY FOR THE SAKE OF GOOD HOPE.

On Sunday morning, the 23d of December 1787, we sailed from Spithead, and, passing through the Needles, directed our course down channel, with a fresh gale of wind at east. In the afternoon one of the seamen, in furling the main-top-gallant sail, fell off the yard, and was so fortunate as to save himself by catching hold of the main-top-mast-stay in his fall. At night the wind increased to a strong gale, with a heavy sea. It moderated, however, on the 25th, and allowed us to keep our Christmas with cheerfulness; but the following day it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, which continued till the 29th, in the course of which we suffered greatly. One sea broke away the spare yards and spars out of the star-board main chains. Another heavy sea broke into the ship, and stove all the boats. Several casks of beer that had been lashed upon deck were broke loose and washed overboard, and it was not without great difficulty and risk that we were able to secure the boats from being washed away entirely. On the 29th we were in latitude 39° 35' N. and longitude 14° 26' W. when the gale abated, and the weather became fair. Besides other mischief done to us by the storm, a large quantity of our bread was damaged and rendered useless, for the sea had stove in our stern, and filled the cabin with water. From this time to our arrival at Teneriffe we had moderate weather, and winds mostly from the northward.

January 4th. This forenoon we spoke a French ship bound to the Mauritius. The next day, at nine in the forenoon, we saw the island of Teneriffe, bearing W.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. about twelve leagues distant. It was covered with a thick haze, except the north-westernmost part, which is a remarkable headland, resembling a horse's head, the ears very distinct. To the eastward of this head lie two round rocks, the northern boundary of Teneriffe. A Spanish packet, bound to Corunna, an American brig, and several other vessels, were lying here.

As soon as the ship was anchored, I sent an officer (Mr. Christian) to wait on the governor; and to acquaint him I had put in to obtain refreshments, and to repair the damages we had sustained in bad weather. To this I had a very polite answer from the governor*, that I should be supplied with whatever the island afforded. I had also directed the officer to acquaint him that I would salute, provided an equal number of guns were to be returned; but, as I received an extraordinary answer to this part of my message, purporting that his excellency did not return the same number but to persons equal in rank to himself, this ceremony was omitted.

During this interval I was visited by the port-master (Captain Adams), and shortly afterwards several officers came on board from his excellency, to compliment me on my arrival. As soon as the ship was moored, I went on shore, and paid my respects to him.

On Monday morning I began to forward the

* Marquis de Brancheforté.

ship's business with the utmost dispatch, and gave the necessary directions to Messrs. Collogan and Sons, the contractors, for the supplies I wanted. I also got leave of the governor for Mr. Nelson to range the hills and examine the country in search of plants and natural curiosities.

As there was a great surf on the shore, I bargained for every thing I wanted to be brought off by the shore boats, and agreed to give five shillings per ton for water. Very good wine was bought at ten pounds per pipe, the contract price; but the superior quality was fifteen pounds; and some of this was not much inferior to the best London Madeira. I found this was an unfavourable season for other refreshments: Indian corn, potatoes, pumpkins, and onions, were all very scarce, and double the price of what they are in summer. Beef also was difficult to be procured, and exceedingly poor; the price nearly sixpence farthing per pound. The corn was three current dollars per fanega, which is full five shillings per bushel; and biscuit at twenty-five shillings for the hundred pounds. Poultry was so scarce that a good fowl cost three shillings. This is, therefore, not a place for ships to expect refreshments at a reasonable price at this time of the year, wine excepted; but from March to November supplies are plentiful, particularly fruit; of which at this time we could procure none, except a few dried figs and some bad oranges.

The landing on the beach is generally impracticable with our own boats, at least without great risk; but there is a very fine pier, on which people may land without difficulty if there is not much swell in the road. To this pier the water is conveyed by pipes for the use of shipping, and for which all merchant-ships pay.

There is a degree of wretchedness and want among the lower class of people, which is not any where so common as among the Spanish and Portuguese settlements. To alleviate these evils, the present governor of Teneriffe has instituted a most charitable society, which he takes the trouble to superintend; and by considerable contributions, a large airy dwelling, that contains one hundred and twenty poor girls, and as many men and boys, has been built, and endowed with a sufficiency of land round it, not only for all present purposes, but for enlarging the building for more objects of charity as their funds increase. I had the honour to be shown by his excellency this asylum, (Hospicio they call it,) where there appeared in every countenance the utmost cheerfulness and content. The decency and neatness of the dress of the young females, with the order in which they were arranged at their spinning-wheels and looms, in an extensive airy apartment, was admirable. A governess inspected and regulated all their works, which were the manufacturing of ribbons of all colours, coarse linens, and tapes; all which were managed and brought to perfection by themselves, from the silk and flax in their first state; even the dyeing of the colours is performed by them. These girls are received for five years, at the end of which they are at liberty to marry, and have for their portions their wheel and loom, with a sum of money proportioned to the state of the fund, which is assisted by the produce of their labour, and at this time was estimated at two thousand dollars per annum.

The men and boys are not less attended to: they are employed in coarser work, blanketing and all kinds of common woollens: if they become infirm, they spend the remainder of their days here comfortably, and under a watchful inspector, who attends them in the same manner as the governess does the girls. They are all visited every day by the governor, and a clergyman attends them every evening. By this humane institution a number of people are rendered useful and industrious, in a country where the poor, from the indulgence of the climate, are too apt to prefer a life of inactivity, though attended with wretchedness, to obtaining the comforts of life by industry and labour.

The number of inhabitants in the island, I was informed, were estimated at between eighty and one hundred thousand. Their annual export of wine is twenty thousand pipes, and of brandy half that quantity. Vessels are frequently here from St. Eustatia, and from thence a great quantity of Teneriffe wine is carried to the different parts of the West Indies, under the name of Madeira.

Teneriffe is considered of more value than all the other Canaries: the inhabitants, however, in scarce seasons receive supplies from the Grand Canary; but their vineyards here are said to be greatly superior. Their produce of corn, though exceedingly good, is not sufficient for their consumption; and, owing to this, the Americans have an advantageous trade here for their flour and grain, and take wine in return.

The town of Santa Cruz is about half a mile in extent each way, built in a regular manner, and the houses in general large and airy, but the streets are very ill paved. I am told that they are subject to few diseases; but if any epidemic distemper breaks out, it is attended with the most fatal consequences, particularly the small-pox, the bad effects of which they now endeavour to counteract by inoculation. For this reason they are very circumspect in admitting ships to have communication with the shore without bills of health.

A sloop from London, called the Chance, William Meredith, master, bound to Barbadoes, out nineteen days from the Downs, came into the road the day before we sailed. She had suffered much by the bad weather; but, having brought no bill of health, the governor would not allow any person to come on shore, unless I could vouch for them that no epidemic disease raged in England at the time they sailed, which I was able to do, it being nearly at the same time that I left the land; and by that means they had the governor's permission to receive the supplies they wanted, without being obliged to perform quarantine.

Having finished our business at Teneriffe, on Thursday the 10th, we sailed with the wind at S.E., our ship's company all in good health and spirits.

I now divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates.—I have always considered this as a desirable regulation, when circumstances will admit of it, on many accounts; and am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of a ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency.

As it was my wish to proceed to Otaheite without stopping, I ordered every body to be at two-

thirds allowance of bread; I also directed the water for drinking to be filtered through drip-stones that I had bought at Teneriffe for that purpose.

We ran all night towards the S.S.W., having the wind at S.E. The next morning we could see nothing of the land. I now made the ship's company acquainted with the intent of the voyage; and, having been permitted to hold out this encouragement to them, I gave assurances of the certainty of promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it.

The winds, for some days after leaving Teneriffe, were mostly from the southward. Fishing-lines and tackle were distributed amongst the people, and some dolphins were caught.

On the 17th the wind came round to the N.E., and continued steady in that quarter till the 25th, on which day, at noon, we were in 3° 54' N. As the cloudiness of the sky gave us reason to expect much rain, we prepared the awnings with hoses for the convenience of saving water, in which we were not disappointed. From this time to our meeting with the S.E. trade wind we had much wet weather, the air close and sultry, with calms, and light variable winds, generally from the southward.

On the 29th there was so heavy a fall of rain that we caught seven hundred gallons of water.

On the 31st, latitude at noon, 2° 5' N., found a current setting to the N.E., at the rate of fourteen miles in the twenty-four hours. The thermometer was at 82° in the shade, and 81½° at the surface of the sea, so that the air and the water were within half a degree of the same temperature. At eight o'clock in the evening we observed a violent rippling in the sea, about half a mile to the N.W. of us, which had very much the appearance of breakers. This I imagine to have been occasioned by a large school (or multitude) of fish, as it was exactly in the track the ship had passed, so that if any real shoal had been there, we must have seen it at the close of the evening, when a careful look-out was always kept. However, if it had appeared ahead of us, instead of astern, I should certainly have tacked to avoid it. To such appearances I attribute the accounts of many shoals within the tropics, which cannot be found any where but in maps. Our latitude at this time was 2° 8' N., and longitude 19° 43' W. The next day we had more of these appearances, from the number of schools of fish by which the ship was surrounded.

Saturday the 2nd. This morning we saw a sail to the N.N.W., but at too great a distance to distinguish what she was.

Monday the 4th. Had very heavy rain; during which we nearly filled all our empty water casks. So much wet weather, with the closeness of the air, covered every thing with mildew. The ship was aired below with fires, and frequently sprinkled with vinegar; and every little interval of dry weather was taken advantage of to open all the hatchways, and clean the ship, and to have all the people's wet things washed and dried.

With this weather, and light unsteady winds, we advanced but 2½ degrees in twelve days; at the end of which time we were relieved by the S.E. trade wind, which we fell in with on the 6th at noon, in latitude 1° 21' N., and longitude 20° 42' W.

BLIGH'S NARRATIVE OF

The next afternoon we crossed the equinoctial line, in longitude $21^{\circ} 50' W$. The weather became fine, and the S.E. trade wind was fresh and steady, with which we kept a point free from the wind, and got to the southward at a good rate.

The weather continuing dry, we put some of our bread in casks, properly prepared for its reception, to preserve it from vermin: this experiment, we afterwards found, answered exceedingly well.

On the 16th, at daylight, we saw a sail to the southward. The next day we came up with her, and found her to be the British Queen, Simon Paul, master, from London, bound to the Cape of Good Hope on the whale-fishery. She sailed from Falmouth the 5th of December, eighteen days before I left Spithead. By this ship I wrote to England. At sunset she was almost out of sight astern.

Monday the 18th. At noon we were in latitude $20^{\circ} 44' S$, and longitude $31^{\circ} 23' W$. In our advances towards the south, the wind had gradually veered round to the east, and was at this time at E.N.E. The weather, after crossing the Line, had been fine and clear, but the air so sultry as to occasion great faintness, the quicksilver in the thermometer, in the day-time, standing at between 81 and 83 degrees, and one time at 85 degrees. In our passage through the northern tropic, the air was temperate, the sun having then high south declination and the weather being generally fine till we lost the N.E. trade wind; but such a thick haze surrounded the horizon, that no object could be seen, except at a very small distance. The haze commonly cleared away at sunset, and gathered again at sunrise. Between the N.E. and S.E. trade winds, the calms and rains, if of long continuance, are very liable to produce sickness, unless great attention is paid to keeping the ship clean and wholesome, by giving all the air possible, drying between decks with fires, and drying and airing the people's clothes and bedding. Besides these precautions, we frequently wetted with vinegar; and every evening the pumps were used as ventilators. With these endeavours to secure health, we passed the low latitudes without a single complaint.

The currents we met with were by no means regular, nor have I ever found them so in the middle of the ocean. However, from the channel to the southward, as far as Madeira, there is generally a current setting to the S.S.E.

On the evening of the 21st, a ship was seen in the N.E., but at too great a distance to distinguish of what country. The next day the wind came round to the N. and N.W., so that we could no longer consider ourselves in the trade wind. Our latitude at noon was $25^{\circ} 55' S$, longitude $36^{\circ} 29' W$. Variation of the compass three degrees east.

Sat. 23rd, towards night the wind died away, and we had some heavy showers of rain, of which we profited, by saving a ton of good water. The next day we caught a shark and five dolphins.

Tuesday, 26th, we bent new sails, and made other necessary preparations for encountering the weather that was to be expected in a high latitude. Our latitude at noon was $29^{\circ} 38' S$, longitude $41^{\circ} 44' W$. Variation $7^{\circ} 13' E$. In the afternoon, the wind being westerly, and blowing strong in

squalls, some butterflies, and other insects, like what we call horse-flies, were blown on board of us. No birds were seen except sheerwaters. Our distance from the coast of Brazil at this time was above 100 leagues.

Sunday, March 2nd, in the forenoon, after seeing that every person was clean, divine service was performed, according to my usual custom on this day. I gave to Mr. Fletcher Christian, whom I had before directed to take charge of the third watch, a written order to act as lieutenant.

Saturday, 8th. We were at noon in latitude $36^{\circ} 50' S$, and longitude $52^{\circ} 53' W$. The last four days, we several times tried for soundings, without finding bottom, though considerably to the westward of Captain Wallis's track, who had soundings at fifty-four fathoms depth, in latitude $35^{\circ} 40' S$, and longitude $49^{\circ} 54' W$. This day we tried with two hundred and forty fathoms of line, but did not find bottom; at the same time, observing a rippling in the water, we tried the current by mooring a keg with one hundred fathoms of line, by which it appeared to run to the N.N.W., at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. By the noon observation, however, we were eighteen miles to the southward of our reckoning. In the afternoon we saw a turtle floating, and, not having much wind, hoisted a boat out, and sent after it; but it was found to be in a putrid state, with a number of crabs feeding upon it.

The change of temperature began now to be sensibly felt, there being a variation in the thermometer, since yesterday, of eight degrees. That the people might not suffer by their own negligence, I gave orders for their light tropical clothing to be put by, and made them dress in a manner more suited to a cold climate. I had provided for this before I left England, by giving directions for such clothes to be purchased as were necessary.

Monday, 10th. In the forenoon we struck soundings at eighty-three fathoms depth; our latitude $40^{\circ} 8' S$, and longitude $55^{\circ} 40' W$. This I conclude to have been near the edge of the bank; for, the wind being at S.S.W., we stood towards the S.E.; and, after running fourteen miles in that direction, we could find no bottom with one hundred and sixty fathoms of line. In the night we stood towards the W.S.W., with a southerly wind, and got again into soundings. The next day we saw a great number of whales of an immense size, that had two spout-holes on the back of the head.—Upon a complaint made to me by the master, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen lashes, for insolence and mutinous behaviour. Before this, I had not had occasion to punish any person on board.

On the 12th, we caught a porpoise, by striking it with the grains. Every one ate heartily of it; and it was so well liked, that no part was wasted.

On the 14th, in the afternoon, we saw a land-bird like a lark, and passed part of a dead whale that had been left by some whalers after they had taken the blubber off. Saw, likewise, two strange sail.

On the 19th, at noon, by my account, we were within twenty leagues of Port Desire; but the wind blowing fresh from the N.W. with thick weather, I did not attempt to make the

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

land. We passed a good deal of rock-weed, and saw many whales, and albatrosses and other sea-birds.

On the 20th, in the afternoon, the wind, which had for some time past been northerly, suddenly shifted to the W.S.W. and blew hard. We steered to the S.S.E.; and on the 23rd, at two o'clock in the morning, we discovered the coast of Terra del Fuego bearing S.E. At nine in the forenoon we were off Cape St. Diego, the eastern part of Terra del Fuego. The wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten Land, than to attempt passing through Straits le Maire. The two opposite coasts of the Straits exhibited very different appearances. The land of Terra del Fuego hereabouts, though the interior parts are mountainous, yet near the coast is of a moderate height, and, at the distance we were from it, had not an unpromising appearance. The coast of Staten Land, near the Straits, is mountainous and craggy, and remarkable for its high peaked hills. Straits le Maire is a fair opening, which cannot well be mistaken; but if any doubt could remain, the different appearances of the opposite shores would sufficiently make the Straits known.

I did not sail within less than six leagues of the coast, that we might have the wind more regular, and avoid being exposed to the heavy squalls that came off from the land.

The sight of New Year's Harbour almost tempted me to put in; but the lateness of the season, and the people being in good health, determined me to lay aside all thoughts of refreshment, until we should reach Otaheite. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the easternmost of New Year's Isles, where Captain Cook observed the latitude to be 55° 40' S., bore from us south four leagues. We saw the entrance isles of New Year's harbour; at the back of which the land is very craggy and mountainous. This must be a very convenient port to touch at, as the access to it is safe and easy.

About two leagues to the westward of Cape St. John, I observed the separation of the mountains that Captain Cook has taken notice of, which has the appearance of Staten Land being there divided into two islands.

Monday, 24th. We had stood to the southward all night, with the wind at W.S.W. and S.W. At eight in the morning, Cape St. John bore N.W., ten leagues distant. Soon after we lost sight of the land.

From the time we lost sight of the land, to the end of the month, we were struggling with bad weather and contrary winds: but on the morning of the 31st the wind came to the N.N.E., and made us entertain great hopes that we should be able to accomplish our passage round the Cape without much difficulty. At noon we were in latitude 60° 1' S., and in 71° 45' W. longitude, which is 8° 26' W. of the meridian of Cape St. John. This flattering appearance was not of long continuance: in the night the wind became variable, and next day settled again in the W. and N.W., with very bad weather.

On April 2nd, in the morning, the wind, which had blown fresh all night from the N.W., came round to the S.W., and increased to a heavy gale. At six in the morning the storm exceeded what I

had ever met with before; and the sea, from the frequent shifting of the wind, running in contrary directions, broke exceeding high. Our ship, however, lay to very well, under a main and fore stay-sail. The gale continued, with severe squalls of hail and sleet, the remainder of this, and all the next day.—On the 4th, the wind was less violent, but far from moderate. With so much bad weather, I found it necessary to keep a constant fire, night and day; and one of the watch always attended to dry the people's wet clothes: and this, I have no doubt, contributed as much to their health as to their comfort.

Our companions in this inhospitable region, were albatrosses, and two beautiful kinds of birds, the small blue petterel, and pintada. A great many of these were frequently about the wake of the ship, which induced the people to float a line with hooks baited, to endeavour to catch them; and their attempts were successful. The method they used, was to fasten the bait a foot or two before the hook, and, by giving the line a sudden jerk when the bird was at the bait, it was hooked in the feet or body.

On the 6th the weather was moderate, and continued so till the 9th, with the wind veering between the N.W. and S.W.; of which we were able to take advantage.

On the 10th we saw some fish, which appeared spotted, and about the size of bonetos: these were the only fish we had seen in this high latitude.

The stormy weather continued with a great sea. The ship now began to complain, and required to be pumped every hour; which was no more than we had reason to expect from such a continuance of gales and high seas. The decks also became so leaky, that I was obliged to allot the great cabin, of which I made little use, except in fine weather, to those people who had wet births, to hang their hammocks in; and by this means the between-decks was less crowded.

Every morning all the hammocks were taken down from where they hung, and when the weather was too bad to keep them upon deck, they were put in the cabin; so that the between-decks were cleaned daily, and aired with fires, if the hatchways could not be opened. With all this bad weather, we had the additional mortification to find, at the end of every day, that we were losing ground; for notwithstanding our utmost exertions, and keeping on the most advantageous tacks, (which, if the weather had been at all moderate, would have sufficiently answered our purpose) yet the greater part of the time, we were doing little better than drifting before the wind.

Birds, as usual, were about the ship, and some of them caught; and, for the first time since we left Staten Land, we saw some whales. This morning, owing to the violent motion of the ship, the cook fell and broke one of his ribs, and another man, by a fall, dislocated his shoulder. The gunner, who had the charge of a watch, was laid up with the rheumatism; and this was the first sick list that appeared on board the ship. The time of full moon, which was approaching, made me entertain hopes, that, after that period, we should experience some change of wind or weather in our favour; but the event did not at all answer our expectations. The latitude, at noon this day, was 58° 9' S, and longitude 76° 1' W.

As we caught a good many birds, but which were all lean, and tasted fishy, we tried an experiment upon them which succeeded admirably. By keeping them cooped up, and cramming them with ground corn, they improved wonderfully in a short time; so that the pintada birds became as fine as ducks, and the albatrosses were as fat, and not inferior in taste to fine geese. Some of the latter birds were caught that measured seven feet between the extremities of the wings, when spread. This unexpected supply came very opportunely; for none of our live stock remained except hogs, the sheep and poultry not being hardy enough to stand the severity of the weather.

This morning, the wind died away, and we had a calm for a few hours, which gave us hopes that the next would be a more favourable wind. A hog was killed for the ship's company, which gave them an excellent meal. Towards noon, to our great disappointment, the wind sprung up again from the westward, and in the afternoon blew strong, with snow and hail storms.

This was the second day after the full moon; but, as I have remarked before, it had no influence on the weather. At noon our latitude was $58^{\circ} 31'$ S., and longitude $70^{\circ} 7'$ W., which is near seven degrees to the eastward of our situation on the morning of the ninth instant, when we had advanced the farthest in our power to the westward, being then in $76^{\circ} 58'$ W., three degrees to the west of Cape Desada, the west part of the Straits of Magellan; and at this time we were $3^{\circ} 52'$ to the east of it, and hourly losing ground.

It was with much concern I saw how hopeless, and even unjustifiable it was, to persist any longer in attempting a passage this way to the Society Islands. We had been thirty days in this tempestuous ocean. At one time we had advanced so far to the westward as to have a fair prospect of making our passage round; but from that period hard gales of westerly wind had continued without intermission, a few hours excepted, which, to borrow an expression in Lord Anson's voyage, were "like the elements drawing breath to return upon us with redoubled violence." The season was now too far advanced for us to expect more favourable winds or weather, and we had sufficiently experienced the impossibility of beating round against the wind, or of advancing at all without the help of a fair wind, for which there was little reason to hope. Another consideration, which had great weight with me, was, that if I persisted in my attempt this way, and should, after all, fail to get round, it would occasion such a loss of time, that our arrival at Otaheite, soon enough to return in the proper season by the East Indies, would be rendered precarious. On the other hand, the prevalence of the westerly winds in high southern latitudes, left me no reason to doubt of making a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the eastward round New Holland. Having maturely considered all circumstances, I determined to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope; and at five o'clock on the evening of the 22d, the wind then blowing strong at west, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board. Our sick list at this time had increased to eight, mostly with rheumatic complaints: in other respects the people were in good health, though exceedingly jaded.

The passage round Cape Horn, into the South Seas, during the summer months, has seldom been attended with difficulty, and is to be preferred, in the moderate seasons, to the more distant route to the eastward, round the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland. If we had been one month earlier, or perhaps less, I doubt not but we should have effected our passage.

CHAPTER III.

PASSAGE TOWARDS THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—ARRIVAL AT FALSE BAY—OCCURRENCES THERE—REPORTS CONCERNING THE GROSVENOR'S PEOPLE—DEPARTURE FROM THE CAPE.

THE westerly winds and stormy weather continuing, gave me no reason to repent of my determination. On the 25th at noon, we were in latitude $54^{\circ} 16'$ S., and longitude $57^{\circ} 4'$ W. The nearest of the Falkland Islands, by my reckoning, then bore N. 13° W.; distance 23 leagues. Our stock of water being sufficient to serve us to the Cape of Good Hope, I did not think it worth while to stop at these islands, as the refreshment we might obtain there would scarce repay us for the expense of time: we therefore continued our course towards the N.E. and E.N.E.

Thursday 22, at two in the afternoon, we saw the Table Mountain of the Cape of Good Hope. As it is reckoned unsafe riding in Table Bay at this time of the year, I steered for False Bay. The next evening we anchored in the outer part, and on the forenoon of the 24th got the ship secured in Simon's Bay, which is in the inner part of False Bay. We found lying here, one outward-bound Dutch Indianman, five other Dutch ships, and a French ship.

After saluting the fort, which was returned by an equal number of guns, I went on shore, and dispatches were sent away to Cape Town, to acquaint the governor of our arrival. A Dutch ship at this time lying in Table Bay, bound for Europe, I sent letters by her to the Admiralty. It is very unusual for ships to be in Table Bay so late in the year, on account of the strong N.W. winds. April is the time limited.

I gave the necessary directions for getting our wants supplied. The ship required to be caulked in every part, for she was become so leaky, that we had been obliged to pump every hour in our passage from Cape Horn. This we immediately set about, as well as repairing our sails and rigging. The severe weather we had met with, and the leakiness of the ship, made it necessary to examine into the state of all the stores and provisions. Of the latter, a good deal was found damaged, particularly the bread.—The time-keeper I took on shore to ascertain its rate, and other instruments, to make the necessary astronomical observations.—Fresh meat, with soft bread, and plenty of vegetables, were issued daily to the ship's company, the whole time we remained here. A few days after our arrival, I went over to Cape Town, and waited on his excellency M. Vander Graaf, the governor, who obligingly arranged matters so much to our advantage, that we scarcely felt the inconvenience of being at a distance from the Cape Town, whence we received all our supplies.

During our stay here, I took care to procure seeds and plants that would be valuable at Otaheite, and the different places we might touch at in our

way thither. In this I was greatly assisted by Colonel Gordon, the commander of the troops. In company with this gentleman, the loss of the Grosvenor East Indiaman was mentioned: on this subject, Colonel Gordon expressed great concern, that, from anything he had said, hopes were still entertained to flatter the affectionate wishes of the surviving friends of those unfortunate people. He said that, in his travels into the Caffre country, he had met with a native who described to him, that there was a white woman among his countrymen, who had a child, and that she frequently embraced the child, and cried most violently. This was all he (the colonel) could understand; and, being then on his return home, with his health much impaired by fatigue, the only thing that he could do, was to make a friend of the native, by presents, and promises of reward, on condition that he would take a letter to this woman, and bring him back an answer. Accordingly he wrote letters in English, French, and Dutch, desiring, that some sign or mark might be returned, either by writing with a burnt stick, or by any means she should be able to devise, to satisfy him that she was there; and that on receiving such token from her, every effort should be made to ensure her safety and escape. But the Caffre, although apparently delighted with the commission which he had undertaken, never returned, nor has the colonel ever heard any thing more of him, though he had been instructed in methods of conveying information through the Hottentot country.

To this account, that I may not again have occasion to introduce so melancholy a subject, I shall add the little information I received respecting it, when I re-visited the Cape, in my return towards Europe.—A reputable farmer, of the name of Holhousen, who lives at Swellendam, eight days' journey from the Cape, had information from some Caffre Hottentots, that at a crawl, or village, in their country, there were white men and women. On this intelligence, Mr. Holhousen asked permission of the governor to make an expedition, with some of the farmers, into the country, requiring a thousand rix-dollars to bear his expenses. The governor referred him to Mr. Wocke, the landros of Graverennet, a new colony, in his way. But from the place where Mr. Holhousen lives, to the landros Mr. Wocke's residence, is a month's journey, which he did not choose to undertake at an uncertainty, as Mr. Wocke might have disapproved of the enterprise. It was in October last that Mr. Holhousen offered to go on this service. He was one of the party who went along the sea-coast in search of these unfortunate people, when a few of them first made their appearance at the Cape. I am, however, informed, that the Dutch farmers are fond of making expeditions into the country, that they may have opportunities of taking away cattle; and this, I apprehend, to be one of the chief reasons why undertakings of this kind are not encouraged.

On the 13th of June, the Dublin East Indiaman arrived from England; on board of which ship was a party of the 77th regiment, under the command of Colonel Balfour.

On the 29th, being ready for sea, I took the time-keeper and instruments on board. The error of the time-keeper was 3' 33", 2 too slow for the

mean time at Greenwich, and its rate of going 3" per day, losing. The thermometer, during our stay here, was from 51 to 66 degrees.

We had been thirty-eight days at this place, and my people had received all the advantage that could be derived from the refreshments of every kind that are here to be met with. We sailed at four o'clock this afternoon, and saluted the platform with thirteen guns as we ran out of the bay, which were returned.

CHAPTER IV.

PASSAGE TOWARDS VAN DIEMEN'S LAND—MAKE THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL—ARRIVAL IN ADVENTURE BAY—NATIVES SEEN—SAIL FROM VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

We lost sight of the land the day after leaving False Bay, and steered towards the E.S.E., having variable winds the first week, with much thunder, lightning, and rain. The remainder of this passage, the winds were mostly between the S. and W., blowing strong. There were almost every day great numbers of pintada, albatrosses, blue petterels, and other oceanic birds, about us; but it was observed, that if the wind came from the northward, only for a few hours, the birds generally left us, and their presence again was the forerunner of a southerly wind.

On Sunday the 22nd, at noon, we were scudding under the fore-sail and close-reefed main-top-sail, the wind blowing strong from the west. An hour after noon the gale increased, and blew with so much violence, that the ship was almost driven fore-castle under, before we could get the sails clewed up. As soon as the sails were taken in, we brought the ship to the wind, lowered the lower yards, and got the top-gallant-masts upon deck, which eased the ship very much. We remained lying to till eight the next morning, when we bore away under a reefed fore-sail. In the afternoon the sea ran so high, that it became very unsafe to stand on: we therefore brought to the wind again, and remained lying to all night, without accident, excepting that the man at the steerage was thrown over the wheel, and much bruised. Towards noon, the violence of the storm abated, and we again bore away under the reefed fore-sail. In the afternoon saw some whales.

We continued running to the eastward, it being my intention to make the island St. Paul. On Monday the 28th, at six in the morning, we saw the island, bearing E. by N., 12 leagues distant: between 10 and 11 o'clock, we ran along the south side, at about a league distant from the shore. There was a verdure that covered the higher parts of the land; but I believe it was nothing more than moss, which is commonly found on the tops of most rocky islands in these latitudes. We saw several whales near the shore. The extent of this island is five miles from E. to W.; and about two or three from N. to S. As we passed the east end, we saw a remarkable high sugar-loaf rock, abreast of which, I have been informed, is good anchorage in 23 fathoms, the east point bearing S.W. by S., by true compass. I had this information from the captain of a Dutch packet, in which I returned to Europe. He likewise said there was good fresh water on the island, and a hot spring, which boiled fish in as great perfection as on a fire.

At noon, we were three leagues past the island. We kept on towards the E.S.E., and for several days continued to see rock-weed, which is remarked to be generally the case after ships pass St. Paul's; but to the westward of it very seldom any is seen.

We had much bad weather, with snow and hail, and in our approach to Van Diemen's Land, nothing was seen to indicate the nearness of the coast, except a seal, when we were within the distance of 20 leagues.

At two o'clock this afternoon, we saw the rock named the Mewstone, that lies near the S.W. cape of Van Diemen's Land, bearing N.E. about six leagues. The wind blew strong from the N.W. As soon as we had passed the Mewstone, we were sheltered from a very heavy sea, which ran from the westward. At eight o'clock at night we were abreast of the south cape, when the wind became light and variable. Saw several fires inland.

All the 20th, we were endeavouring to get into Adventure Bay, but were prevented by variable winds. The next morning, at five o'clock, we anchored in the outer part, and at sun-rise weighed again: at noon, we anchored well in the bay, and moored the ship.

In our passage from the Cape of Good Hope, the winds were mostly from the westward, with very boisterous weather: but one great advantage, that this season of the year has over the summer months is, in being free from fogs. I have already remarked, that the approach of strong southerly winds is announced by many kinds of birds of the albatross or petterel tribe, and the abatement of the gale, or a shift of wind to the northward, by their keeping away. The thermometer also very quickly shows when a change of these winds may be expected, by varying sometimes six and seven degrees in its height. I have reason to believe, that after we passed the island St. Paul, there was a westerly current; the ship being every day to the westward of the reckoning, which in the whole, from St. Paul to Van Diemen's Land, made a difference of four degrees between the longitude by the reckoning and the true longitude.

The ship being moored, I went in a boat to look out for the most convenient place to wood and water at, which I found to be at the west end of the beach: for the surf, though considerable, was less there than at any other part of the bay. The water was in a gully about sixty yards from the beach; it was perfectly good, but being only a collection from the rains, the place is always dry in the summer months; for we found no water in it when I was here with Captain Cook in January, 1777.—We had very little success in hauling the seine; about twenty small flounders, and flat-headed fish, called foxes, were all that were taken.

I found no signs of the natives having lately frequented this bay, or of any European vessels having been here since the Resolution and Discovery in 1777. From some of the old trunks of trees, then cut down, I saw shoots about twenty-five feet high, and fourteen inches in circumference.

In the evening, I returned on board. The next morning, 22nd, at daylight, a party was sent on shore for wooding and watering, under the command of Mr. Christian and the gunner; and I directed that one man should be constantly em-

ployed in washing the people's clothes. There was so much surf that the wood was obliged to be rafted off in bundles to the boat. Mr. Nelson informed me, that, in his walks to-day, he saw a tree, in a very healthy state, which he measured, and found to be thirty-three feet and a half in girth; its height was proportioned to its bulk.

Saturday the 23rd. The surf was rather greater than yesterday, which very much interrupted our wooding and watering. Nelson to-day picked up a male opossum that had been recently killed, or had died, for we could not perceive any wound, unless it had received a blow on the back, where there was a bare place about the size of a shilling. It measured fourteen inches from the ears to the beginning of the tail, which was exactly the same length.

Most of the forest trees were at this time shedding their bark. There are three kinds, which are distinguished from each other by their leaves, though the wood appears to be the same. Many of them are full one hundred and fifty feet high; but most of those that we cut down, were decayed at the heart. There are, besides the forest trees, several other kinds that are firm good wood, and may be cut for most purposes, except masts; neither are the forest trees good for masts, on account of their weight, and the difficulty of finding them thoroughly sound. Mr. Nelson asserted that they shed their bark every year, and that they increase more from the seed than by suckers.

I found the tide made a difference of full two feet in the height of the water in the lake, at the back of the beach. At high water, it was very brackish, but at low tide, it was perfectly fresh to the taste, and soap showed no sign of its being the least impregnated. We had better success in fishing on board the ship, than by hauling the seine on shore; for, with hooks and lines, a number of fine rock cod were caught.—I saw to-day several eagles, some beautiful blue-plumaged herons, and a great variety of paroquets. A few oyster-catchers and gulls were generally about the beach, and in the lake a few wild ducks.

Being in want of plank, I directed a saw-pit to be dug, and employed some of the people to saw trees into plank. The greater part of this week the winds were moderate, with unsettled weather. On Friday it blew strong from the S.W., with rain, thunder, and lightning. We continued to catch fish in sufficient quantities for every body, and had better success with the seine.—We were fortunate, also, in angling in the lake, where we caught some very fine tench. Some of the people felt a sickness from eating muscles, that were gathered from the rocks; but I believe it was occasioned by eating too many. We found some spider-crabs, most of them not good, being the female sort, and out of season. The males were tolerably good, and were known by the smallness of their two fore-claws, or feeders. We saw the trunk of a dead tree, on which had been cut "A. D. 1773." The figures were very distinct; even the slips made with the knife were discernible. This must have been done by some of captain Furneaux's people, in March, 1773, fifteen years before. The marks of the knife remaining so unaltered, I imagine the tree must have been dead when it was cut; but it serves to show the durability of the wood, for it was perfectly sound at this time. I shot two gail-

nets: these birds were of the same size as those in England; their colour is a beautiful white, with the wings and tail tipped with jet black, and the top and back of the head of a very fine yellow. Their feet were black, with four claws, on each of which was a yellow line, the whole length of the foot. The bill was four inches long, without nostrils, and very taper and sharp-pointed.

The east side of the bay being not so thick of wood as the other parts, and the soil being good, I fixed on it, at Nelson's recommendation, as the most proper situation for planting some of the fruit-trees which I had brought from the Cape of Good Hope. A circumstance much against any thing succeeding here, is, that in the dry season, the fires made by the natives are apt to communicate to the dried grass and underwood, and to spread in such a manner as to endanger every thing that cannot bear a severe scorching. We, however, chose what we thought the safest situations, and planted three fine young apple-trees, nine vines, six plantain-trees, a number of orange and lemon-seed, cherry-stones, plum, peach, and apricot-stones, pumpkins, also two sorts of Indian corn, and apple and pear kernels. The ground is well adapted for the trees, being of a rich loamy nature. The spot where we made our plantation was clear of underwood; and we marked the trees that stood nearest to the different things which were planted. Nelson followed the circuit of the bay, planting in such places as appeared most eligible. I have great hopes that some of these articles will succeed. The particular situations I had described in my survey of this place, but I was unfortunately prevented from bringing it home. Near the watering place, likewise, we planted on a flat, which appeared a favourable situation, some onions, cabbage-roots, and potatoes.

For some days past, a number of whales were seen in the bay. They were of the same kind as those we had generally met with before, having two blow-holes on the back of the head.

On the night of the 1st of September, we observed, for the first time, signs of the natives being in the neighbourhood. Fires were seen on the low land, near Cape Frederick Henry, and at daylight, we saw the natives with our glasses. As I expected they would come round to us, I remained all the forenoon near the wooding and watering parties, making observations, the morning being very favourable for that purpose. I was, however, disappointed in my conjecture, for the natives did not appear, and there was too great a surf for a boat to land on the part where we had seen them.

The natives not coming near us, I determined, on the 2nd, to go after them, and we set out, in a boat, towards Cape Frederick Henry, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. I found landing impracticable, and therefore came to a grapple, in hopes of their coming to us, for we had passed several fires. After waiting near an hour, I was surprised to see Nelson's assistant come out of the wood: he had wandered thus far in search of plants, and told me that he had met with some of the natives. Soon after we heard their voices like the cackling of geese, and twenty persons came out of the wood, twelve of whom went round to some rocks, where the boat could get nearer to the shore than we then were. Those who remained behind were women.

We approached within twenty yards of them, but there was no possibility of landing, and I could only throw to the shore, tied up in paper, the presents which I intended for them. I showed the different articles as I tied them up, but they would not untie the paper till I made an appearance of leaving them. They then opened the parcels, and, as they took the articles out, placed them on their heads. On seeing this, I returned towards them, when they instantly put every thing out of their hands, and would not appear to take notice of any thing that we had given them. After throwing a few more beads and nails on shore, I made signs for them to go to the ship, and they, likewise, made signs for me to land; but as this could not be effected, I left them, in hopes of a nearer interview at the watering place.

When they first came in sight, they made a prodigious clattering in their speech, and held their arms over their heads. They spoke so quick, that I could not catch one single word they uttered. We recollected one man, whom we had formerly seen among the party of the natives that came to us in 1777, and who is particularised in the account of Captain Cook's last voyage, for his humour and deformity. Some of them had a small stick, two or three feet long, in their hands, but no other weapon.

Their colour, as Captain Cook remarks, is a dull black: their skin is scarified about their shoulders and breast. They were of a middle stature, or rather below it. One of them was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre, but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, which was laid on so thick over their faces and shoulders, that it is difficult to say what they were like.

They ran very nimbly over the rocks, had a very quick sight, and caught the small beads and nails, which I threw to them, with great dexterity. They talked to us sitting on their heels, with their knees close into their armpits, and were perfectly naked.

In my return towards the ship, I landed at the point of the harbour near Penguin Island, and from the hills, saw the water on the other side of the low isthmus of Cape Frederick Henry, which forms the bay of that name. It is very extensive, and in, or near, the middle of the bay, there is a low island. From this spot, it has the appearance of being a very good and convenient harbour.

The account which I had from Brown, the botanist's assistant, was, that in his search for plants, he had met an old man, a young woman, and two or three children. The old man at first appeared alarmed, but became familiar on being presented with a knife. He nevertheless sent away the young woman, who went very reluctantly. He saw some miserable wigwams, in which were nothing but a few kangaroo skins spread on the ground, and a basket made of rushes.

Among the wood that we cut here, we found many scorpions and centipedes, with numerous black ants that were an inch long. We saw no musquitos, though in the summer months they are very troublesome.

What is called the New Zealand tea plant, grew here in great abundance; so that it was not only gathered and dried to use as tea, but made excellent brooms. It bears a small pointed leaf, of

a pleasant smell, and its seed is contained in a berry, about the size of a pea, notched into five equal parts on the top. The soil, on the west and south sides of the bay, is black mould, with a mixture of fine white sand, and is very rich. The trees are lofty and large, and the underwood grows so close together, that in many places it is impassable. The east side of the bay is a rich loamy soil; but, near the tops of the hills, is very much encumbered with stones and rocks: the underwood thinly placed and small. The trees on the S. S. E. and S. W. sides of the hills, grow to a larger size than those that are exposed to the opposite points; for the sides of the trees open or exposed to the north winds are naked, with few branches; while the other sides are in a flourishing state. From this I do not infer, that the equatorial are more hurtful than the polar winds; but that the trees, by their situation, were more sheltered from the one than from the other.

A calm prevented our sailing to-day. The friendly interview which we had had with the natives, made me expect that they would have paid us a visit; but we saw nothing more of them, except fires in the night, upon the low land to the northward.

This forenoon, having a pleasant breeze at N. W., we weighed anchor, and sailed out of Adventure Bay.

CHAPTER V.

ROCKY ISLANDS DISCOVERED—SEE THE ISLAND MAITEA, AND ARRIVE AT OŌAHEITE—SHIP CROWDED BY THE NATIVES.

BEING clear of the land, we steered towards the E. S. E., it being my intention to pass to the southward of New Zealand, as I expected in that route to meet with constant westerly winds; in which, however, I was disappointed, for they proved variable, and frequently from the eastward blowing strong, with thick misty weather. The thermometer varied from 41 to 46 degrees.

On the 14th, at noon, we were in 49° 24' S. latitude, and in 168° 3' E. longitude, which is on the same meridian with the south end of New Zealand. We altered our course, steering to the northward of east, and frequently saw rock-weed, which I supposed to have drifted from New Zealand. The sea now became rougher, from our being exposed to a long swell, which came from the N. E.

On the 19th, at day-light, we discovered a cluster of small rocky islands, bearing east by north four leagues distant from us. We had seen no birds, or any thing to indicate the nearness of land, except patches of rock-weed, for which the vicinity of New Zealand sufficiently accounted. The wind being at N. E. prevented our near approach to these isles; so that we were not less than three leagues distant in passing to the southward of them. The weather was too thick to see distinctly: their extent was only three and a half miles from east to west, and about half a league from north to south: their number, including the smaller ones, was thirteen. I could not observe any verdure on any of them: there were white spots like patches of snow; but, as Captain Cook, in

describing the land of New Zealand, near Cape South, says, in many places there are patches like white marble, it is probable that what we saw might be of the same kind as what he had observed. The westernmost of these islands is the largest; they are of sufficient height to be seen at the distance of seven leagues from a ship's deck. While in sight of the islands, we saw some penguins, and a white kind of gull with a forked tail. Captain Cook's track, in 1773, was near this spot, but he did not see the islands: he saw seals and penguins hereabouts, but considered New Zealand to be the nearest land. I have named them after the ship, the Bounty Isles.

On Sunday, the 21st, we saw a seal, some rock-weed, and a great many albatrosses.

October 2nd, Thursday, it being calm, and a number of small blubbers about the ship, I took up some in a bucket, but I saw no difference between them and the common blubbers in the West Indies. We frequently, in the night-time, observed the sea to be covered with luminous spots, caused by prodigious quantities of small blubbers, that, from the strings which extend from them, emit a light like the blaze of a candle, while the body continues perfectly dark.

The 3rd, in the morning, we saw a seal. Captain Cook has remarked seeing sea-weed, when nearly in the same place. Our latitude 40° 21' S., longitude 215° E. Being now well to the eastward of the Society Islands, I steered more to the northward.

We continued to have the southern oceanic birds accompany us, and a few whales. The people caught albatrosses, and fattened them in the same manner which they had done when off Cape Horn. Some of these measured near eight feet between the tips of the wings, when spread.

On Thursday, the 9th, we had the misfortune to lose one of our seamen, James Valentine, who died in the night, of an asthmatic complaint. This poor man had been one of the most robust people on board, until our arrival at Adventure Bay, where he first complained of some slight indisposition, for which he was bled, and got better. Some time afterwards, the arm in which he had been bled, became painful and inflamed: the inflammation increased, with a hollow cough, and extreme difficulty of breathing, to his death.

The 13th, in the afternoon, we saw two land birds, like what are called sand-larks. Our latitude at this time was 28° 3' S., and longitude 223° 26' E. The next morning we saw a tropic bird, and some fish. The winds were light and variable, with calms, from this time to the 19th, when a breeze sprung up from the N. E., which gradually came round to the eastward, and proved to be the trade wind.

On the 25th, at half past seven in the morning, we saw the Island Maitea, called Osanburg by Captain Wallis, who first discovered it. As Captain Wallis and Captain Cook had both passed near the south side, I ran along the north side, which is remarkably steep. The island is high and round, and not more than three miles in its greatest extent. The south side, where the declivity from the hill is more gradual, is the chief place of residence of the natives; but the north side, from the very summit down to the sea, is so steep, that it can afford no support to the inha-

bitants. We steered pretty close in to the northward of the east end, where we saw but few habitations: a very neat house on a small eminence, delightfully situated in a grove of cocoa-nut-trees, particularly attracted our notice. About twenty of the natives followed us along shore, waving and showing large pieces of cloth; but the surf on the shore was too high to think of having any communication with them. I observed a great number of cocoa-nut-trees, but did not see one plantain-tree. There were other trees, but of what kind we could not distinguish: near the east end are two remarkable rocks, and a reef runs off to the eastward about half a league.

We continued our course to the westward, and at six in the evening saw Otaheite, bearing W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.; the island Maitca, then in sight, bearing E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., eight leagues distant. As there was great probability that we should remain a considerable time at Otaheite, it could not be expected that the intercourse of my people with the natives should be of a very reserved nature: I therefore ordered that every person should be examined by the surgeon, and had the satisfaction to learn, from his report, that they were all perfectly free from any venereal complaint.

On the 26th, at four o'clock in the morning, having run twenty-five leagues from Maitca, we brought to till day-light, when we saw Point Venus bearing S.W. by W., distant about four leagues. As we drew near, a great number of canoes came off to us. Their first enquiries were, if we were *tyos*, which signifies friends; and whether we came from *Pretanie*, (their pronunciation of Britain) or from Lima: they were no sooner satisfied in this, than they crowded on board in vast numbers, notwithstanding our endeavours to prevent it, as we were working the ship in; and in less than ten minutes, the deck was so full that I could scarce find my own people. At nine in the forenoon, we were obliged to anchor in the outer part of Matavai Bay, in thirteen fathoms, being prevented by light variable winds from placing the ship in a proper berth.

This passage of fifty-two days from Van Diemen's land may be rated as moderate sailing. We passed New Zealand with the spring equinox, and the winds, though strong, were at no time violent. To the southward of 40° 0' S. they were variable; between the latitudes of 40 and 33° S., the wind kept in the N.W. quarter; afterwards, till we got into the trade, the winds were variable, mostly from the eastward, but light, and inclinable to calms. The ship was 3° 22' in longitude to the eastward of the dead reckoning, which the time-keeper almost invariably proved to be owing to a current giving us more casting than the log. Our track was as distant from any course of former ships as I could conveniently make it; and though we made no new discoveries, except the small cluster of islands near New Zealand, yet in other parts of the track, as has been noticed, we met with signs of being in the neighbourhood of land.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that the whole distance which the ship had run by the log, in direct and contrary courses, from leaving England to our anchoring at Otaheite, was twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles, which, on an average, is at the rate of a hundred and eight miles each twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCOUNT OF AN ENGLISH SHIP LATELY SAILED FROM OTAHEITE—DEATH OF OMAI—CAPTAIN COOK'S PICTURE SENT ON BOARD—OTOO VISITS THE SHIP—HIS VISIT RETURNED—NATIVES WELL DISPOSED TOWARDS US—ACCOUNT OF THE CATTLE LEFT BY CAPTAIN COOK—BREAD-FRUIT PLANTS PROMISED—VISIT TO THE KAREE RAHIE—PRESENTS MADE TO THE ARREVOYS.

THE ship being anchored, Sunday, 26th, our number of visitors continued to increase; but as yet we saw no person that we could recollect to have been of much consequence. Some inferior chiefs made me presents of a few hogs, and I made them presents in return. We were supplied with cocoa-nuts in great abundance, but bread-fruit was scarce.

Many inquiries were made after Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and many of their former friends. They said a ship had been here, from which they had learnt that Captain Cook was dead; but the circumstances of his death they did not appear to be acquainted with; and I had given particular directions to my officers and ship's company, that they should not be mentioned. The ship spoken of, they informed me, staid at Otaheite one month, and had been gone four months, by some of their accounts; according to others, only three months. The captain they called Tonah. I understood likewise from them, that Lieutenant Waits was in the ship; who, having been here in the Resolution with Captain Cook, was well known to them.—One of my first enquiries, as will naturally be imagined, was after our friend Omai*; and it was a sensible mortification and disappointment to me to hear that not only Omai, but both the New Zealand boys who had been left with him, were dead. Every one agreed in their information that they died a natural death. Otoo, who was the chief of Matavai when Captain Cook was here the last time, was absent at another part of the island; they told me messengers were sent to inform him of our arrival, and that he was expected to return soon. There appeared among the natives in general great goodwill towards us, and they seemed to be much rejoiced at our arrival. This whole day we experienced no instance of dishonesty. We were so much crowded, that I could not undertake to remove to a more proper station, without danger of disobliging our visitors, by desiring them to leave the ship: this business was therefore deferred till the next morning.

Early in the morning of Monday, before the natives began to flock off to us, we weighed anchor, to work farther into the bay, and moored at about a quarter of a mile distance from the shore; the ship lying in seven fathoms water.

Several chiefs now came on board, and expressed great pleasure at seeing me. Among these were Otoo, the father of Otoo, and Oreepyah, his brother; also another chief of Matavai, called Poeno: and to these then I made presents. Two messengers likewise arrived from Otoo, to acquaint me of his being on his way to the ship; each of whom brought me, as a present from Otoo, a small pig, and a young plantain-tree, as a token of

* Carried to England by Captain Cook.

friendship. The ship was now plentifully supplied with provisions; every person having as much as he could consume.

As soon as the ship was secured, I went on shore with the chief Poeno, and accompanied by a multitude of the natives. He conducted me to the place where we had fixed our tents in 1777, and desired that I would now appropriate the spot to the same use. We then went across the beach, and through a walk delightfully shaded with bread-fruit trees, to his own house. Here we found two women at work staining a piece of cloth red. These I found were his wife and her sister. They desired me to sit down on a mat, which was spread for the purpose, and with great kindness offered me refreshments. I received the congratulations of several strangers, who came to us and behaved with great decorum and attention. The people, however, thronged about the house in such numbers, that I was much incommoded by the heat, which being observed, they immediately drew back. Among the crowd I saw a man who had lost his arm just above the elbow; the stump was well covered, and the cure seemed as perfect as could be expected from the greatest professional skill.

I made inquiries about the cattle that had been left here by Captain Cook, but the accounts I received were very unfavourable, and so various, that for the present I shall forbear speaking of them. After staying about an hour, I got up to take leave, when the women, in a very obliging manner, came to me with a mat, and a piece of their finest cloth, which they put on me after the Otaheite fashion. When I was thus dressed, they each of them took one of my hands, and accompanied me to the water-side, and at parting promised that they would soon return my visit.

In this hour I had the satisfaction to see that the island had received some benefit from our former visits. Two shaddocks were brought to me, a fruit which they had not till we introduced it; and among the articles which they brought off to the ship, and offered for sale, were capsicunas, pumpkins, and two young goats.

On my return to the ship, I found that a small disturbance had been occasioned by one of the natives making an attempt to steal a tin pot; which, on being known to Oreopyah, he flew into a violent rage, and it was with some difficulty that the thief escaped with his life. He drove all his countrymen out of the ship; and when he saw me, he desired if at any time I found a thief, that I would order him to be tied up and punished with a severe flogging.

This forenoon a man came on board with Capt. Cook's picture, which had been drawn by Mr. Webber in 1777, and left with Ottoo. It was brought to me to be repaired. The frame was broken, but the picture no way damaged, except a little in the back ground. They called it *Toote* (which has always been their manner of pronouncing Captain Cook's name) *Earee no Otaheite*, chief of Otaheite. They said *Toote* had desired Ottoo, whenever any English ship came, to show the picture, and it would be acknowledged as a token of friendship. The youngest brother of Ottoo, named Whydoah, visited me this afternoon; he appeared delighted with drinking *ava*. At sunset all our little visitors left the ship.

The next morning early I received a message from Ottoo, to inform me of his arrival, and requesting that I would send a boat for him; which I immediately did, with an officer (Mr. Christian) to conduct him on board. He came with numerous attendants, and expressed much satisfaction at our meeting. After introducing his wife to me, we joined noses, the customary manner of saluting, and, to perpetuate our friendship, he desired we should exchange names. I was surprised to find that, instead of Ottoo, the name by which he formerly went, he was now called *Tinah*. The name of Ottoo, with the title of *Earee Rahie*, I was informed had devolved to his eldest son, who was yet a minor, as is the custom of the country. The name of *Tinah's* wife was *Iddeah*: with her was a woman, dressed with a large quantity of cloth, in the form of a hoop, which was taken off and presented to me, with a large hog, and some bread-fruit. I then took my visitors into the cabin, and after a short time produced my presents in return. The present I made to *Tinah* (by which name I shall hereafter call him) consisted of hatchets, small adzes, files, gimblets, saws, looking-glasses, red feathers, and two shirts. To *Iddeah* I gave ear-rings, necklaces, and beads; but she expressed a desire also for iron, and therefore I made the same assortment for her as I had for her husband. Much conversation took place among them on the value of the different articles, and they appeared extremely satisfied; so that they determined to spend the day with me, and requested I would show them all over the ship, and particularly the cabin where I slept. This though I was not fond of doing, I indulged them in, and the consequence was, as I had apprehended, that they took a fancy to so many things, that they got from me nearly as much more as I had before given them. Afterwards, *Tinah* desired me to fire some of the great guns: this I likewise complied with, and, as the shot fell into the sea at a great distance, all the natives expressed their surprise by loud shouts and acclamations.

I had a large company at dinner; for, besides *Tinah* and his wife, there was *Otoo*, the father of *Tinah*, *Oreopyah*, and *Whydoah*, two of his brothers, *Poeno*, and several other chiefs. *Tinah* was a very large man, much above the common stature, being not less than six feet four inches in height, and proportionably stout: his age about thirty-five. His wife (*Iddeah*) I judged to be about twenty-four years of age: she was likewise much above the common size of the women at Otaheite, and had a very animated and intelligent countenance. *Whydoah*, the younger brother of *Tinah*, was highly spoken of as a warrior, but had the character of being the greatest drunkard in the country; and, indeed, to judge from the withered appearance of his skin, he must have used the pernicious drink called *ava*, to great excess. *Tinah* was fed by one of his attendants, who sat by him for that purpose, this being a particular custom among some of the superior chiefs; and I must do him the justice to say, he kept his attendant constantly employed: there was indeed little reason to complain of want of appetite in any of my guests. As the women are not allowed to eat in presence of the men, *Iddeah* dined with some of her companions about an hour afterwards, in private, except that her husband *Tinah* favoured

them with his company, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that he had already dined.

Provisions were brought off to the ship in the greatest plenty; and, to prevent as much as possible anything which might occasion disputes, I desired Mr. Peckover, the gunner, to undertake the management of our traffic with the natives. Some of the hogs brought to-day weighed 200 lbs., and we purchased several for salting. Goats were likewise brought off for sale, and I bought a she-goat and kid for less than would have purchased a small hog. Our friends here expressed much disappointment that there was no portrait painter on board; Tinah in particular, who wished to have had pictures of his father and family.

An intimacy between the natives and our people was already so general, that there was scarce a man in the ship who had not his *tyo* or friend. Tinah continued with me the whole afternoon, in the course of which he ate four times of roast pork, besides his dinner. When he left the ship, he requested I would keep for him all the presents I had given to him, as he had not, at Matavai, a place sufficiently safe to secure them from being stolen; I therefore showed him a locker in my cabin for his use, and gave him a key to it. This is perhaps not so much a proof of his want of power, as of the estimation in which they hold European commodities, and which makes more than the common means of security necessary to prevent theft.

I had sent Nelson and his assistant to look for plants, and it was no small pleasure to me to find, by their report, that, according to appearances, the object of my mission would probably be accomplished with ease. I had given directions to every one on board not to make known to the islanders the purpose of our coming, lest it might enhance the value of the bread-fruit plants, or occasion other difficulties. Perhaps so much caution was not necessary; but at all events I wished to reserve to myself the time and manner of communication. Nelson met with two fine shaddock-trees, which he had planted in 1777: they were full of fruit, but not ripe.

Wednesday, 29th.—In the morning I returned Tinah's visit, for I found he expected it. He was in a small shed about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Matavai Point, with his wife and three children, not their own, but who they said were relations. In my walk I had picked up a numerous attendance, for every one I met followed me; so that I had collected such a crowd that the heat was scarce bearable, every one endeavouring to get a look to satisfy their curiosity: they, however, carefully avoided pressing against me, and welcomed me with cheerful countenances, and great good-nature.

I made Tinah understand that my visit was particularly to him, and gave him a second present, equal to the first, which he received with great pleasure; and to the people of consequence that were about him I also presented some article or other. There were great numbers of children; and, as I took notice of the little ones that were in arms, and gave them beads, both small and great, but with much drollery and good-humour, endeavoured to benefit by the occasion. Boys of ten and twelve years old were caught up in arms and brought to me, which created much laughter; so

that in a short time I got rid of all I had brought on shore.

In my return I called on Pocco and an elderly chief, a relation of his, called Moannah, the principal men of this district, and with whom I judged it my interest to be on good terms. I gave them several valuable articles; and as the situation here was eligible for a garden, I planted melon, cucumber, and salad-seeds. I told them many other things should be sown for their use; and they appeared much pleased when they understood I intended to plant such things as would grow to be trees and produce fruit. I saw large patches of tobacco growing without culture, and many pumpkin vines. The bread-fruit trees and cocoa-nut trees at this time were full of fruit.

I went on board to dinner, and Moannah accompanied me. In the afternoon I returned to Pocco's, with some additional seeds to improve the little garden I had begun to make in the forenoon. While I was giving directions, I received a message from Tinah, inviting me to come to him at his brother Oreepyah's house, which was near the beach. At this place I found a great number of people collected, who, on my appearance, immediately made way for me to sit down by Tinah. The crowd being ordered to draw back, a piece of cloth about two yards wide and forty-one yards in length was spread on the ground; and another piece of cloth was brought by Oreepyah, which he put over my shoulders and round my waist, in the manner the chiefs are clothed. Two large hogs, weighing each above two hundred pounds, and a quantity of baked bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, were then laid before me, as a present, and I was desired to walk from one end of the cloth spread on the ground to the other, in the course of which, Tyo and Ehoah* were repeated with loud acclamations. This ceremony being ended, Tinah desired I would send the things on board, which completely loaded the boat; we therefore waited till she came back, and then I took them on board with me; for I knew they expected some return. The present which I made on this occasion was equal to any that I had made before; but I discovered that Tinah was not the sole proprietor of what he had given to me, for the present I gave was divided among those who I guessed had contributed to support his dignity; among whom were Moannah, Pocco, and Oreepyah; Tinah, however, kept the greatest part of what I had given, and every one seemed satisfied with the proportion he allotted them.

The Otahite breed of hogs seems to be supplanted by the European. Originally they were of the China sort, short, and very thick-necked; but the superior size of the European has made them encourage our breed.

Thursday, 30th.—At break of day, Tinah and his wife came again to the ship, and as their attendants were numerous, I provided a breakfast for them of broiled and roasted pork, which they preferred to tea. Our arrival being known all over the island, we had this day a great number of strangers on board, who came from the most remote parts, and in the forenoon some hooks and thimbles were cut from the blocks. This induced me to order all the natives out of the ship, except

* *Tyo* and *Ehoah* are words of the same signification; i. e. friend.

the chiefs and their attendants. In executing these orders, a daring fellow attacked the sentinel, but escaped among the crowd. Every one knew the consequence of offending the sentinel, and were exceedingly alarmed at the appearance of anger I thought necessary to assume.

Among those who visited us to-day were two chiefs of great consequence, Marremarro and his son Poohaitaiah Otee, Earees of the districts of Itteeah and Attahooroo. Otee was fed at dinner in the same manner as Tinah. It was evident that the attention which I showed to these chiefs seemed to give uneasiness to Tinah. At sunset my visitors took leave, and were carried on shore by one of the ship's boats, which has always been regarded as a mark of distinction, and on that account preferred by them to going in their own canoes. At their request a race was rowed between our five-oared cutter and one of their double canoes with four paddles. Great exertions were used on both sides, but the cutter first reached the shore. In their return to the ship, Oreepyah stopped them, till a large piece of cloth that he had sent for was brought, which he tied to the boat-hook, and desired should be carried off as a trophy of their victory.

The next morning, at sunrise, Moannah came on board with a message from Tinah, to acquaint me that he was *matlow* (afraid to see me) till he had recovered some things that had been stolen from the ship, and which he had sent after. I knew there was something wrong, as no canoes came off to us, and, on looking about, we found the buoy of the best bower anchor had been taken away, I imagine, for the sake of some iron hoops that were on it. That this might not create any coolness, I sent a boat to Tinah, to invite him and his friends to come on board; which they immediately did, and were no longer under any apprehensions. I had made an appointment with Oreepyah, for him to go with me to Oparro this morning; but the accident just mentioned caused him to break his engagement, he having gone, I was informed, in search of what had been stolen.

Oparro is the district next to the westward of Matavai. One of my reasons for going to Oparro, was to see if Nelson would be able to procure plants there; but I gave the credit of my visit to young Otoo, the son of Tinah, who was the Earee Rahie, and lived with the rest of Tinah's children at Oparro. I prepared a magnificent present for this youth, who was represented to me as the person of the greatest consequence, or rather of the highest rank, in the island. At noon I left the ship, accompanied by Tinah, his wife Iddeah, and Poeno. Moannah was to have been of the party, but he insisted on remaining in the ship, to prevent his countrymen from attempting to steal anything.

After half an hour's sailing, we arrived at Oparro. During this time, Tinah gave me a more circumstantial account of the cattle and sheep, that had been left with him: he related, that after five years from the time of Captain Cook's departure (counting sixty-three moons) the people of the island Eimeo joined with those of Attahooroo, a district of Otaheite, and made a descent on Oparro: that after some resistance, by which many men were killed, Tinah and his people fled to the mountains, leaving all their property to the mercy of the victorious party, who destroyed almost every thing which they found not convenient to take

away with them. Some of the cattle were killed and eaten, but the greater part were taken to Eimeo. The cows, he said, had produced eight calves, and the ewes ten young ones. The ducks, among which they classed the geese, had greatly increased; but the turkeys and peacocks, whatever was the cause, had not bred. It seemed to give Tinah great pleasure to observe how much I was concerned for the destruction of so many useful animals; but the cause of his satisfaction, I found, did not proceed from any expectation that I should replace them, but from the belief that I would take vengeance on the people who had deprived him of them; for with respect to the loss of the cattle, he appeared so unconcerned and indifferent, that I was very angry with him. There is, however, sufficient excuse for his resentment against the people of Eimeo; for the large extensive houses, which we had seen in this part of Otaheite, in the year 1777, were all destroyed, and at present they had no other habitations than light sheds, which might be taken by the four corners, and removed by four men; and of the many large canoes which they then had, not more than three remained. Tinah, understanding from my conversation, that I intended visiting some of the other islands in this neighbourhood, very earnestly desired I would not think of leaving Matavai. "Here," said he, "you shall be supplied plentifully with every thing you want. All here are your friends, and friends of King George: if you go to the other islands, you will have every thing stolen from you." I replied, that on account of their good-will, and from a desire to serve him and his country, King George had sent out those valuable presents to him; "and will not you, Tinah, send something to King George in return?"—"Yes," he said, "I will send him any thing I have;" and then began to enumerate the different articles in his power, among which he mentioned the bread-fruit. This was the exact point to which I wished to bring the conversation; and, seizing an opportunity, which had every appearance of being undesigned and accidental, I told him the bread-fruit trees were what King George would like; upon which he promised me a great many should be put on board, and seemed much delighted to find it so easily in his power to send any thing that would be well received by King George.

On landing at Oparro, an immense crowd of natives, as usual, immediately thronged about us. I inquired for Oreepyah, whom I expected to have met me here, but he was not yet returned from his search after the thieves; we therefore went under a shed of his to wait for him, and in about a quarter of an hour he joined us, bringing with him an iron scraper, and one of the hoops of the buoy. I thanked him for the trouble which he had taken, and assured him that I was perfectly satisfied; for he still seemed apprehensive of my displeasure.

We took leave, for a short time, of Oreepyah, and I proceeded with Tinah to make my visit to the young Otoo, the *Earee Rahie*. When we had walked about five minutes, Tinah stopped, and informed me that no person could be permitted to see his son, who was covered above the shoulders. He then took off his upper garments, and requested I would do the same. I replied, that I had no objection to go as I would to my own king, who was the greatest in all the world; and pulling off my

hat, he threw a piece of cloth round my shoulders, and we went on. About a quarter of a mile farther towards the hills, through a delightful shade of broad-fruit trees, we stopped at the side of a small serpentine river: here I was in view of a house on the other side, at about fifty yards distance. From this house the young king was brought out on a man's shoulders, clothed in a piece of fine white cloth, and I was desired by Tinah to salute him by the name of *Too Earee Rahie*. The present which I had prepared was divided into three parts, and two other children made their appearance in the same manner. The first present I gave to a messenger who attended for that purpose; and I was instructed by Tinah to say, that it was for the *Earee Rahie*; that I was his friend; that I hated thieves; and that I came from Britannia. The second present was sent in the same manner, with a similar message, to one of the other children; and likewise the third.

As I could not see the *Earee Rahie* distinctly, I desired to be permitted to go over the river to him; but this, it seems, could not be complied with: therefore, after seeing the presents delivered, I returned with Tinah towards Oreepyah's house. I was informed that Tinah had four children by his wife, Iddeah. Otoo, or Too, the *Earee Rahie*, appeared to be about six years old: the second is a girl, named Terrenah Oroah: the third, a boy, Terrectapanooai; and a fourth, an infant girl, whom I did not see, named Tahamydoah.

When we came to the place where we had first stopped, Tinah took the cloth from my shoulders, and desired me to put my hat on; I expressed a desire to see more of the place, and he took me back by a different way. On passing a trunk of a tree, rudely carved, I was desired again to pull my hat off, and all uncovered their shoulders. This I discovered to be nothing more than the boundary of the king's land; on which, whoever set their feet, uncovered themselves out of respect.

We stopped at a house belonging to Tinah; where I was treated with a concert of one drum and three flutes, with singing by four men. I made some presents to the performers, and we removed to Oreepyah's house, where, after paying my compliments to him, which I found was expected, Tinah made me a present of a large hog, and some cocoa-nuts. He then introduced an uncle of his, called Mowworoah, a very old man, much tattooed, and almost blind. To this chief I made a present; and soon after I embarked, with Tinah, Oreepyah, their wives, and Pocono. A vast number of people were collected on the beach to see us depart; and as soon as the boat had put off, Tinah desired me to fire my pocket-pistol, the *poopooe etc etc*, as he called it: the report seemed to electrify the whole crowd; but finding no harm done, they gave great shouts of approbation.

Nelson, who accompanied me in this expedition, had but little opportunity to search after plants, the natives having crowded so much about him: he saw enough, however, to assure him that they were to be procured here as plentifully as at Matavai.

In our passage to the ship, which we rowed in one hour, nothing but *Britannic* was inquired after, and of the number of ships and guns. When I told them we had ships of a hundred guns, they could not believe it, till I drew one on paper: they then asked me if it was not as big as Tarrah,

which is a high projecting headland, half way between Matavai and Oparro, called by us One-tree Hill. Tinah much wished that one of these large ships should be sent to Otaheite, and that myself should come in her, and bring him a number of things that he wanted; among which he particularly desired beds and high-backed elbow chairs might not be forgotten: a request perfectly agreeing with the indolent character of Tinah.

Saturday, November 1st.—As we had occasion to fix a tent on Point Venus, this morning we moved the ship nearer to it, and moored again in six fathoms, the point bearing N.N.E.

Tinah and several other chiefs dined on board with me. After dinner I went on shore with Tinah, and made a visit to his father Otow. I likewise went to the garden which I had made near Pocono's house, and found every thing had been taken care of. After this, I was invited to an entertainment called *Heiva*, which Tinah had ordered, and which consisted of singing and dancing by three men and a young girl. When this performance was finished I returned to the ship.

Sunday, 2nd.—At daylight I sent Mr. Christian with a party to erect our tent, and soon after followed myself with Tinah, Moannah, and Pocono. With their consent I fixed a boundary, within which the natives were not to enter without leave, and the chiefs cautioned them against it.

The principal use of the tents on shore was for a lodgment for the plants; and I had now, instead of appearing to receive a favour, brought the chiefs to believe that I was doing them a kindness in carrying the plants as a present from them to the *Earee Rahie no Britanee*. The party at the tent consisted of nine persons, including Nelson and his assistant.

Tinah dined with me on board, and was to-day my only visitor: nevertheless, the ceremony of being fed he so scrupulously observed, that, even after all the attendants were sent away, and we were left by ourselves, I was obliged to lift the wing to his mouth. The wives of the *Earees* are sometimes subject to this restriction after the birth of a child, but are released after a certain time, on performing a ceremony called *Oamma*.

After dinner, Tinah invited me to accompany him with a present of provisions to a party of the *Arrocoys*, a society described in the accounts of the former voyages;* in this ceremony, he made me the principal person. Our way to the place where the offering was to be made, was by the side of a river, along the banks of which I had always walked before this time; but on the present occasion a canoe was provided for me, and dragged by eight men. On arriving at the landing-place, I saw a large quantity of bread-fruit, with some hogs ready dressed, and a quantity of cloth. At about forty yards distance sat a man, who, I was informed, was a principal *Arrocoy*. A lane being made by the crowd, he was addressed by one of Tinah's people, standing on the canoe, in a speech composed of short sentences, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. During this a piece of cloth was produced, one end of which I was desired to hold, and five men, one with a sucking pig, and the others having each a basket of bread-fruit,

* A licentious society admitting both men and women between whom the intercourse is promiscuous; all children born in this society are immediately destroyed

prepared to follow me. In this order we advanced to the *Arreoy*, and laid the whole down before him. I then spoke several sentences dictated to me by Tinah, the meaning of which I did not understand; and my pronunciation not being very exact, caused a great deal of mirth. This speech being finished, I was shown another *Arreoy*, who had come from Ulitea, and to him likewise I was required to deliver an oration. Tinah, understanding from me, that I had children in my own country, he desired me to make one more offering on their account. There still remained three baskets of bread-fruit, a small pig, and another piece of cloth: with these, assisted as before, I made the offering in favour of my children to the man whom I had first addressed. He made no reply to all my fine speeches, but sat with great gravity, and received every thing as a matter of right, and not of courtesy.

All that I could make out of this strange ceremony was, that the *Arreoy*s are highly respected, and that the society is chiefly composed of men distinguished by their valour or some other merit, and that great trust and confidence is reposed in them; but I could not comprehend what this had to do with my children, or why it should be imagined that an offering made on their account to a society of men, who destroy all their children, should be propitious. I learnt from Tinah, in talking about his children, that his first-born child was killed as soon as it came into the world, he being then an *Arreoy*; but before his second child was born, he quitted the society. The *Arreoy*s are allowed great latitude in their amours, except in times of danger. Then, as they are almost all fighting men (*tala toa*) they are restricted, that they may not weaken or enervate themselves.

These ceremonies being ended, I returned to the ship.

Such of the natives, as I conversed with about the institution of so extraordinary a society as the *Arreoy*, asserted that it was necessary, to prevent an ever population. *Worrou worrou no te myddde, worrou worrou te tala.* We have too many children, and too many men, was their constant excuse. Yet it does not appear, that they are apprehensive of too great an increase of the lower class of people, none of them being ever admitted into the *Arreoy* society. The most remarkable instance, related to me, of the barbarity of this institution, was of Teppahoo, the Earee of the district of Tottahn, and his wife, Tetteehowdeeah, who is sister to Otow, and considered as a person of the first consequence. I was told that they have had eight children, every one of which was destroyed as soon as born. That any human beings were ever so devoid of natural affection, as not to wish to preserve alive one of so many children, is not credible. It is more reasonable to conclude, that the death of these infants was not an act of choice in the parents; but that they were sacrificed in compliance with some barbarous superstition, with which we are unacquainted. What strengthens this conjecture is, that they have adopted a nephew as their heir, of whom they are excessively fond.

In countries so limited as the islands in the South Seas, the natives of which, before they were discovered by European navigators, probably had not an idea of the existence of other lands, it is

not unnatural that an increasing population should occasion apprehensions of universal distress. Orders of celibacy, which have proved so prejudicial in other countries, might perhaps in this have been beneficial; so far at least as to have answered their purpose by means not criminal. The number of inhabitants at Otahcite have been estimated at above one hundred thousand. The island, however, is not cultivated to the greatest advantage: yet, were they continually to improve in husbandry, their improvement could not, for a length of time, keep pace with an unlimited population.

An idea here presents itself, which, however fanciful it may appear at first sight, seems to merit some attention:—While we see among these islands so great a waste of the human species, that numbers are born only to die; and, at the same time, a large continent so near them as New Holland, in which there is so great a waste of land uncultivated, and almost destitute of inhabitants; it naturally occurs, how greatly the two countries might be made to benefit each other; and gives occasion to regret that the islanders are not instructed in the means of emigrating to New Holland, which seems as if designed by nature to serve as an asylum for the superflux of inhabitants in the islands. Such a plan of emigration, if rendered practicable to them, might not only be the means of abolishing the horrid custom of destroying children, as it would remove the plea of necessity, but might lead to other important purposes. A great continent would be converted from a desert to a populous country; a number of our fellow-creatures would be saved; the inhabitants of the islands would become more civilized; and it is not improbable, but that our colonies in New Holland would derive so much benefit as to more than repay any trouble or expense, that might be incurred in endeavouring to promote so humane a plan.

The latter, however, is a remote consideration, for the intertopical parts of New Holland are those most suited to the habits and manner of living of the islanders; and likewise the soil and climate are the best adapted to their modes of agriculture. Man placed by his Creator in the warm climates, perhaps would never emigrate into the colder, unless under the tyrannous influence of necessity; and ages might elapse before the new inhabitants would spread to our settlers, though they are but barely within the limits of frost, that great cause of nine tenths of the necessities of Europeans. Nevertheless, besides forwarding the purposes of humanity and general convenience, in bringing a people without land to a land without people, the benefit of a mutual intercourse with a neighbouring and friendly colony, would in itself be no inconsiderable advantage.

Among people so free from ostentation as the Otahciteans, and whose manners are so simple and natural, the strictness with which the punctilios of rank are observed, is surprising. I know not if any action, however meritorious, can elevate a man above the class in which he was born, unless he were to acquire sufficient power to confer dignity on himself. If any woman of the inferior classes has a child by an Earee, it is not suffered to live. Perhaps the offspring of Teppahoo and Tetteehowdeeah were destined to satisfy some cruel adjustment of rank and precedency.

CHAPTER VII.

A THEFT COMMITTED—DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTED HEAD—CONVERSATION WITH A PRIEST—A WRESTLING MATCH—REPORTS OF THE NATIVES CONCERNING OTHER ISLANDS—SOME ACCOUNT OF OMAI.

MONDAY, November 3rd.—The trade for provisions I directed to be carried on at the tent by Mr. Peckover, the gunner. Moannah likewise resided there, as a guard over his countrymen; but though it appeared to be the wish of all the chiefs, that we should remain unmolested, it was not possible entirely to prevent them from pilfering.

My table at dinner was generally crowded. Tinah, Orcepyah, Poeno, and Moannah, were my regular guests, and I was seldom without some chiefs from other districts. Almost every individual of any consequence has several names, which makes it frequently perplexing, when the same person is spoken of, to know who is meant. Every chief has perhaps a dozen or more names in the course of thirty years; so that the person who has been spoken of by one visitor, will not perhaps be known to another, unless other circumstances lead to a discovery. The father of Tinah, at this time called Otow, was known in 1769 by the name of Whappai.

I showed Tinah the preparations I was making to take on board the bread-fruit plants, which pleased him exceedingly, but he did not forget to remind me, that when the next ship came out he hoped King George would send him large axes, files, saws, cloth of all kinds, hats, chairs, and bedsteads, with arms, ammunition, and in short every thing he could think of mentioning.

This afternoon, the gudgeon of the rudder belonging to the large cutter, was drawn out and stolen, without being perceived by the man that was stationed to take care of her. Several petty thefts having been committed by the natives, mostly owing to the negligence of our own people; and as these kind of accidents generally created alarm, and had a tendency to interrupt the good terms on which we were with the chiefs, I thought it would have a good effect to punish the boat-keeper in their presence, many of them happening to be then on board; and accordingly I ordered him a dozen lashes. Tinah, with several of the chiefs, attended the punishment, and interceded very earnestly to get it mitigated: the women showed great sympathy, and that degree of feeling which characterises the amiable part of their sex.

The natives brought off to-day two different kinds of roots that grow like yams; one they call Ettec, which is a sweet root, common also to the Friendly Islands, and may be eaten as a sweetmeat: the other they call Appay, a root like the Tyah or Eddie in the West Indies. A fruit called Ayyah, which is the jambo of Batavia, was likewise brought off to us: they are as large as middle-sized apples, very juicy and refreshing, and may be eaten in large quantities. Also some Avees, which are the real Otaheite apple; but they were not yet in season. These are a delicious high-flavoured fruit, and before they are ripe, answer the culinary purposes of our apples.

Tuesday, 4th.—A chief called Tootaha, who came from the island Ulietea, was introduced to me to-day, by Tinah, as one of his particular friends. I was told that he was a priest, and a person of

great knowledge. I desired Tinah to take what he thought proper as a present for him; and I must do Tinah the justice to say, he was more sparing than I should have been. I likewise received a visit to-day from Oedidee, the man who had been at sea with Captain Cook in 1773 and 1774, as related in the account of that voyage. He still retained some of the English words which he had learnt in that expedition.

Wednesday, 5th.—The weather variable, with lightning, and frequent showers of rain. Wind E.N.E.

This was the first day of our beginning to take up plants: we had much pleasure in collecting them, for the natives offered their assistance, and perfectly understood the method of taking them up and pruning them.

The crowd of natives was not so great as hitherto it had been: the curiosity of strangers was satisfied; and, as the weather began to be unsettled and rainy, they had almost all returned to their homes; so that only the people of Matavai and Oparre remained with us, except a few chiefs from other islands: our supplies however were abundant; and what I considered as no small addition to our comforts, we ceased to be incommoded, when on shore, by the natives following us, and could take our walks almost unnoticed. In any house that we wished to enter, we always experienced a kind reception, and without officiousness. The Otaheiteans have the most perfect easiness of manners, equally free from forwardness and formality. When they offer refreshments, if they are not accepted, they do not think of offering them the second time; for they have not the least idea of that ceremonious kind of refusal which expects a second invitation. In like manner, at taking leave, we were never troubled with solicitations to prolong our visit, but went without ceremony, except making use of a farewell expression at parting. Another advantage, seldom found in warm countries, was, in this part of Otaheite, being free from muskitoes, though, at particular times of the year, the inhabitants are pestered with great numbers of flies.

Moannah continued our constant friend at the tent, and, with Tinah and all his friends, dined with me every day.

The ship's barber had brought with him from London, a painted head, such as the hair-dressers have in their shops, to show the different fashions of dressing hair; and it being made with regular features, and well coloured, I desired him to dress it, which he did with much neatness, and with a stick, and a quantity of cloth, he formed a body. It was then reported to the natives that we had an English woman on board, and the quarter-deck was cleared of the crowd, that she might make her appearance. Being handed up the ladder, and carried to the after-part of the deck, there was a general shout of "*Huaheine no Brittanne myty.*" Huaheine signifies woman, and myty, good. Many of them thought it was living, and asked if it was my wife. One old woman ran with presents of cloth and bread-fruit, and laid them at her feet; at last they found out the cheat; but continued all delighted with it, except the old lady, who felt herself mortified, and took back her presents, for which she was laughed at exceedingly. Tinah and all the chiefs enjoyed the joke, and, after making

many inquiries about the British women, they strictly enjoined me, when I came again, to bring a ship full of them.

Some very fine sugar-cane was brought to me; each of the pieces was six inches round. I had before told Tinah that our sugar was made of it, and he was very desirous to discover the means; for they were so fond of our loaf sugar, that a present to any chief would have been incomplete without a piece of it. Another article in great estimation, and likewise expected to make part of a present, was scissors, which they made use of to keep their beards in order.

By this time Nelson had, with assistance from the ship, completed a large garden near the tents; in which were sown seeds of different kinds, that we had collected at the Cape of Good Hope. I likewise distributed fruit-stones and almonds for planting, among the chiefs, who, I hope, will endeavour to make them succeed: and, as they are very fond of sweet-smelling flowers, with which the women delight to ornament themselves, I gave them some rose-seed.

Thursday, 6th.—We had very variable weather, much rain, and some westerly winds; so that a considerable swell ran into the bay, and a number of spotted white and black porpoises made their appearance. I had the mortification to see that our garden-ground had been much trod over; and what was worse, the chiefs appeared but little concerned at it. To this kind of carelessness and indifference I attribute the miscarriage of many of the plants left here by Captain Cook. I had now in a flourishing state, two orange plants, some vines, a fig-tree, and two pine-apple plants, which I gave to Peeco, whose residence is a place favourable for their growth.

We got on successfully with our plants, having a hundred potted at the tent, and in a fair way of doing well. The cabin also was completed, and ready to receive them on board.

I have before remarked that my friend Tinah was rather of a selfish disposition, and this afternoon he showed a stronger instance of it than I was witness to at any time before or after. His brother Oreepyah sent on board to me a present of a large hog and a quantity of bread-fruit; but these kind of presents are much more expensive than purchasing at the market. Soon after Oreepyah himself came on board. Tinah was with me at the time, and whispered me to tell Oreepyah not to bring any more hogs or fruit, and to take those back which he had sent. This advice, as may be supposed, did not produce the effect intended. Oreepyah appears to be a man of great spirit, and is highly respected by his countrymen. Among other visitors to-day was one of the men who had been to Lima, in 1776.

Saturday, 8th.—Our plants had now increased to 252: as they were all kept on shore at the tent I augmented the guard there, though, from the general conduct of the natives, there did not appear the least occasion for so much caution.

While I was at dinner, Tinah desired I would permit a man to come down into the cabin, whom he called his *Taowah*, or priest; for I was obliged to keep a sentinel at the hatchway to prevent being incommoded at my meals with too much company; a restriction which pleased the chiefs, who always asked leave for any particular person

to be admitted of whom they wished me to take notice. The company of the priest brought on a religious conversation. He said their great God was called Oro; and that they had many others of less consequence. He asked me if I had a God?—if he had a son? and who was his wife? I told them he had a son, but no wife. Who was his father and mother? was the next question. I said he never had father or mother; at this they laughed exceedingly. You have a God then who never had a father or mother, and has a child without a wife! Many other questions were asked, which my little knowledge of the language did not enable me to answer.

The weather was now fine again, and a great number of people were come from other parts of the island. Tinah informed me that there was to be a *heiva* and a wrestling match on shore, and that the performers waited for our attendance; we therefore set off with several of our friends, and about a quarter of a mile from the tents we found a great concourse of people formed into a ring. As soon as we were seated, a dancing *heiva* began, which was performed by two girls and four men: this lasted half an hour, and consisted of wanton gestures and motions, such as have been described in the account of former voyages. When the dance ended, Tinah ordered a long piece of cloth to be brought; his wife Ideah and myself were desired to hold the two first corners, and the remaining part being supported by many others, we carried it to the performers and gave it them. Several other chiefs made a like present or payment. The performers were strollers, that travelled about the country as in Europe.

After this the wrestling began, and the place soon became a scene of riot and confusion. A party of the Arrecoys also began to exercise a privilege, which it seems they are allowed, of taking from the women such of their clothes as they thought worth it; so that some of them were left little better than naked. One young woman, who was attacked, opposed them with all her strength, and held fast her cloth, though they almost dragged her along the ground. Observing that I took notice of her, she held out her hand, and begged my assistance; and at my request she escaped being pillaged.

Soon after a ring was again made, but the wrestlers were so numerous within it, that it was impossible to restore order. In the challenges, they lay one hand upon their breast, and on the bending of the arm at the elbow, with the other hand they strike a very smart blow, which, as the hand is kept hollow, creates a sound that may be heard at a considerable distance; and this they do so frequently, and with such force, that the flesh becomes exceedingly bruised, and the skin breaking, bleeds considerably. At this time, the sound from so many resembled that of a number of people in a wood felling trees. This is the general challenge; but when any two combatants agree to a trial, they present their hands forward, joining them only by the extremities of the fingers. They begin by watching to take an advantage; at length they close, seize each other by the hair, and are most commonly parted before either receives a fall. Only one couple performed any thing like the part of good wrestlers; and, as they were an equal match, this conflict lasted longer than any of the others; but they also were parted.

Iddeah was the general umpire, and she managed with so much address as to prevent any quarrelling, and there was no murmuring at her decisions. As her person was large, she was very conspicuous in the circle. Tinah took no part in the management. Upon the whole, this performance gave me a better opinion of their strength than of their skill or dexterity.

For some time past Tinah had talked of going to the island of Tethuroa, which lies eight or ten leagues north from Otaheite, to fetch his mother; but I found I had only half understood him, for this morning he inquired when we were to sail there in the ship; however he seemed to feel no great disappointment at my not complying with his wish. Tethuroa, he informed me, is the property of his family. He likewise spoke to me about an island called Roo-opow, the situation of which he described to be to the eastward of Otaheite four or five days' sail, and that there were large animals upon it with eight legs. The truth of this account he very strenuously insisted upon, and wished me to go thither with him. I was at a loss to know whether or not Tinah himself gave credit to this whimsical and fabulous account; for though they have credulity sufficient to believe any thing, however improbable, they are at the same time so much addicted to that species of wit which we call humbug, that it is frequently difficult to discover whether they are in jest or earnest. Their ideas of geography are very simple; they believe the world to be a fixed plane of great extent, and that the sun, moon, and stars are all in motion round it. I have been frequently asked by them if I have not been as far as the sun and moon; for they think we are such great travellers that scarce any undertaking is beyond our ability.

Another island, called Tappuhoi, situated likewise to the eastward, was described to me by Tinah, the inhabitants of which were said to be all warriors, and that the people of Otaheite did not dare to go there. He told me, that very lately a canoe from Tappuhoi was at the island Maitea; that as soon as they landed they began to fight with the people of Maitea, who killed them all except a young lad and a woman, who have since been at Otaheite. I saw the boy, but could get no information from him. It is most probable, that this unfortunate visit of the canoe from Tappuhoi was not designed, but occasioned by adverse winds, which forced them so far from their own island; and that the people of Maitea began the attack, taking advantage of their superior numbers on account of some former quarrel.

Thursday, 13th.—I had a large company to dine with me to-day. Some of my constant visitors had observed that we always drank His Majesty's health as soon as the cloth was removed, but they were by this time become so fond of wine, that they would frequently remind me of the health in the middle of dinner, by calling out King George Earee no Brittanee, and would banter me if the glass was not filled to the brim. Nothing could exceed the mirth and jollity of these people when they met on board.

I was assured by Oediddeo and several others, that the vines planted at the island Huahaine by Captain Cook had succeeded and bore fruit; and that some of the other plants, both at Huahaine and at Oaitepeha, a district on the S.E. part of

Otaheite, had been preserved, and were in a thriving state. I was likewise informed that there was a bull and a cow alive at Otaheite, but on different parts of the island; the former at a place called Itteah, the latter at the district of Tettaha. All the rest were taken away or destroyed by the people of Eimeo. As Tettaha was at no great distance, I determined to go thither myself the first opportunity, and make inquiries, in hopes that the breed might still be preserved.

I had much discourse with my guests about Omai: they confirmed to me that he died about thirty months after Captain Cook left the islands. Soon after Captain Cook's departure from Huahaine, there were some disputes between the people of that island and those of Ulictea, in which also the natives of Bolabola took a part. Omai, who was become of consequence from the possessing three or four muskets and some ammunition, was consulted on the occasion. Such was his opinion and assurances of success, that a war was determined on, and took place immediately.—Victory soon followed, through the means of those few arms, and many of the Ulictea and Bolabola men were killed. In this contest their flints proved bad, or probably the locks of the muskets had got out of order: this, they remedied by a lighted stick, one man presenting the musket, and another with the burnt stick setting fire to the priming; without which contrivance their arms would have proved useless. This expedition, it seems, consumed all their ammunition. Peace was soon after established, but I did not understand that Omai had increased his possessions or his rank. Nevertheless, I have reason to conclude, that he was in some degree of favour with his countrymen, from the general good character which they give of him. It appears that he always remembered England with kindness; for his accounts to his countrymen have been such as to give them, not only a great idea of our power and consequence, but of our friendship and goodwill towards him.

Tyvarooah, the eldest of the New Zealand boys that were left with him, died a short time after Omai. About Coah, the youngest, I had always doubtful accounts till I came to Huahaine, where I learnt that he likewise was dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPEDITION TO TETTAHA AFTER A KEIFER—EXTRAORDINARY DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS—TINAH'S MOTHER VISITS THE SHIP—A SHEEP BROUGHT FROM ULICTEA—HEAVY STORM—DEATH OF THE SURGEON—TAOWNE AND TOAHROAH HARBOURS EXAMINED.

AFTER dinner I went on shore, and while I was at the tents, from having exposed myself too much in the sun, I was taken ill, and continued in much pain for near an hour. This was soon known among the natives, and I was exceedingly surprised to see Tinah and all the principal people, both men and women, collecting round me and offering their assistance. For this short illness I was made ample amends, by the pleasure I received from the attention and appearance of affection in these kind people.

Friday, 14th November.—This morning I had numberless inquiries after my health. The wea-

ther being fine, I invited Tinah, Oreepyah, and Poeno, to accompany me to Tettaha, in order to inquire after the cow, and soon after sunrise we set off in the launch. Tettaha is nearly four leagues from Point Venus. On our arrival, Tinah sent a man to give notice of our visit. The chief of the district, whose name was Teppahoo, did not appear, but sent a messenger to demand, if I came only to see the cow, or to take it away with me? In answer to this, I sent assurances that I only desired to see it; and the chiefs who were with me spoke to the same effect. I was then desired to proceed in the boat further along shore to the westward. In our way Tinah made me stop among some fishing canoes to purchase fish for him, which he ate raw, with salt water for sauce. When we arrived at the landing-place, a great number of people had collected, and soon after Teppahoo arrived. Oreepyah and I went with him about a quarter of a mile, when I was shown one of the most beautiful heifers I ever saw. I asked if they had any more, but they all said there was no other than a bull at Itteah, as before-mentioned. I could not refrain from expressing my displeasure at the destruction and the foolish separation of these fine animals. I had shared with Captain Cook in the trouble of this business, and had been equally anxious for the success.

The district of Tettaha is not so luxuriant and fruitful as the country about Matavai. As I saw nothing of consequence to detain me, I made a present to Teppahoo, and, after inviting him to visit me on board the ship, which he promised to do, I took leave. Tinah had remained all this time in the boat. I observed that no respect was shown to him at this place, nor was he able to procure a cocoa-nut, or a bread-fruit, otherwise than by purchasing it. The heifer being here is a proof of this district not having been friendly to the people of Matavai and Oparre.

In our way back, having to row against the wind, we stopped to refresh at Oparre, and it was eight o'clock by the time we arrived at the ship. I kept my fellow-travellers on board to supper, and they did not fail to remind me of the king's health.

Monday, 17th.—Our collection of bread-fruit plants at the tents continued increasing. This morning I sent twelve on board, in pots, to discover where they would thrive the best, the air being more temperate on board the ship than on shore. While I was absent from the ship, Teppahoo had been on board, and left a hog as a present for me.

After dinner to-day, Tinah, who was my constant visitor, left the table sooner than usual. When he was gone, Oreepyah, his brother, and Oedidde, told me a piece of scandal, which had been before hinted to me, but which till now I had not heard of with certainty: this was, that Iddeah, Tinah's wife, kept a gallant, who was a *toutow*, or servant, and the very person who always fed Tinah at dinner: and this was so far from being without Tinah's knowledge or consent, that they said it was by his desire. They added many other circumstances, and, as I appeared to doubt, they took several opportunities, in the course of the day, of mentioning it to other people, who all declared it was true.

Tuesday, 18th.—This afternoon, I saw Teppa-

hoo, and invited him on board: before we parted, I bargained with him for the heifer, which he promised to bring in five days. My intention was, that if I got the heifer, I would endeavour to purchase the bull at Itteah: but if that could not be done, then I could send the heifer as a present to the possessor of the bull, which might equally well answer my purpose.

It has been mentioned, that Tinah had a place in my cabin to keep those things which I gave him, as being more secure on board than on shore. I had remarked lately, that his hoard seemed to diminish the more I endeavoured to increase it: at length I discovered that Iddeah kept another hoard in the master's cabin, which she regularly enriched from her husband's, whenever I made him a present, apprehending that I should cease giving, when I saw Tinah's locker full. At his request, I set the carpenters to work to make him a chest large enough for himself and wife to sleep on. Captain Cook had formerly given him such a chest, but it had been taken from him by the Eimeo people.

Friday, 21st.—This forenoon, I received a message from Teppahoo, to acquaint me the heifer was brought to Matavai. I immediately went on shore, and found that he had been as good as his word. The purchase money was paid, which consisted of a shirt, a hatchet, a spike-nail, a knife, a pair of scissors, a gimlet, and file; to which was added, a small quantity of loaf-sugar. Teppahoo appeared well pleased with his bargain; and I sent the heifer to Poeno's residence, near which was plenty of grass.

In the afternoon, I was invited to a heiva, the most extraordinary part of which was an oration, with some ceremonies in compliment to us. Twelve men were divided into four ranks, with two women in the front; behind them all stood a priest, who made a speech which lasted ten minutes, and which was listened to with some attention. During this, the picture of Captain Cook, which had been brought for that purpose, was placed by my side. When the priest left off speaking, a piece of white cloth was wrapt round the picture, and another piece round me. The priest then spoke again for a short time, and an old man placed a piece of plaited cocoa-nut leaf at my feet; the same was done to Tinah, and one piece was put under the picture. After this the dancing began, which was in the same style that we had already seen.

The head of the ship was the figure of a woman, and not ill carved. As we were painting the ship's upper works, I directed this figure to be painted in colours, with which the islanders were much pleased. Not only the men, but the women, desired me to bring English women when I came again. To-day Oedidde, thinking I was not convinced of the truth of what he had told me about Iddeah, mentioned the affair to the lady herself in my hearing, at which she laughed, but said he did ill to tell me of it. However, it was evident she was not much offended; for they were both very much diverted in discoursing upon the subject.

I find it is not at all uncommon for brothers to have connexion with the wives of each other, particularly elder brothers with the wives of their younger brothers, which is generally allowed, and no offence taken: but if any person, not belonging

to the family, endeavours at the same intimacy, it is resented as an injury. Inclination seems to be the only binding law of marriage at Otaheite.

As I purposed to get instruments on shore at Point Venus, to make observations, I desired Tinah to order a house to be brought there for me; which was done, and fixed in half an hour, being only a light shed supported by posts.

Monday, 24th, I bought a turtle, that was caught on the reefs. As Tinah was going to leave me for a few days, I had it dressed for his dinner. He told me that his mother, Oberree-roah, was arrived from the island Tethuroa, and begged that I would send for her in the morning, and take care of her till he returned; which I willingly promised.

Tuesday, 25th.—This morning, I sent a boat to Oparre, which returned in the afternoon with Oberree-roah, and two women, her servants. As she was old and corpulent, it was with difficulty that we helped her up the ship's side. As soon as she was in the ship, she sat down on the gang-way, and, clasping my knees in her arms, expressed her pleasure at seeing me by a flood of tears. Her servants then produced three pieces of cloth, which, with a large hog, some bread-fruit, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, she had brought as a present. As she was fatigued by her journey, she wished to remain on board all night; and I directed accommodations to be prepared, which was done with little trouble, as nothing more was necessary than a mat, and some cloth spread on the deck. She had with her a favourite cat, bred from one that had been given her by Captain Cook. She told me all the misfortunes that had befallen her son and friends, since Captain Cook left Otaheite. All the accounts agree in some of the cattle being now alive at the island Eimeo: in the number they differ; but that there are eight, is the least account. In the morning, Oberree-roah being desirous to go on shore, I made her a present of several things, which she did not care to take with her then, but requested that I would keep them safe for her. Only Moannah and Poeno dined with me to-day. They told me that Tinah and his brother Oreepyah were not on good terms together; and it was imagined that they would fight as soon as the ship was gone. I had observed a coolness between them, and had at times endeavoured to make them more cordial, but with very little effect. Their quarrel has arisen from a disagreement between their wives.

In the afternoon, a canoe from Ulietea arrived, in which was an Earec, or chief, of that island, who is a nephew to Oberree-roah. He brought a sheep with him: the poor animal was infected with the mange, and in very poor condition. The climate had not, as far as I could judge, altered the quality of the wool, with which he was well covered, except a part about the shoulders. I imagine this animal to be the English ewe left by Captain Cook. The owner assured me that there were ten sheep at Huaheine; the truth of which I much doubted. I was surprized, and rather mortified, to find that he set so little value on this, as to let me have it, at the first word, for a small adze. I sent it to be kept at Poeno's, with the heifer.

Friday, 28th.—Tinah and his wife returned to Matavai, and, from appearances which I have no reason to mistrust, were sincerely glad to see me again after their short absence. They brought,

as usual, a present of a hog and fruit. This morning there was an eclipse of the sun, but the weather was so cloudy, that I had only an opportunity of observing the end of the eclipse, which was at 19^h 43' 53".

Saturday, 29th, I sent a man to shear the ewe, by which a remedy could more easily be applied to cure the disease with which it was infected. The garden made near the tents was not in a prosperous condition: most of the melons and cucumbers were destroyed by insects; and the soil, being sandy, was not favourable to the other seeds. I therefore chose another spot of ground, farther from the sea-side, and had an assortment of seeds sown.

Monday, December 1st.—In the night, the rudder of one of the boats was stolen from the tents. On landing in the morning, neither Tinah nor any of his family came near me, being, I was informed, afraid of my displeasure. As the loss was not great, I immediately sent to assure them that I had no anger, except against the person who committed the theft. In consequence of this message, Tinah and some of the other chiefs came to the tents, and promised that they would exert themselves to discover the thief, and get the rudder restored. This was the first theft, of any consequence, that had been committed since the tents were on shore; and my suspicions fell chiefly on the people who were here from some of the other islands. Tinah had just begun to build a house for himself, and I promised that our carpenters should assist him. Whydooh, the youngest brother of Tinah, had lately been one of my constant visitors, and seemed to have left off his former custom of getting drunk with the Ava. He was esteemed one of their best warriors; and I was told that in the quarrel with the people of Eimeo, he killed Mahcine, the chief of that island.

Friday, 5th.—The weather for some time past had been very unsettled. This afternoon, the wind blew fresh from the N.W., which occasioned the sea to break very high across the Dolphin bank; and in the night such a heavy broken sea came into the bay, that we were obliged to batten all the hatchways down, and to keep everybody upon deck all night, though the rain came down in torrents. The ship rolled in a most violent manner. In the morning the wind increasing, and there being no possibility of putting to sea, we struck yards and topmasts, and trusted to our anchors. The river swelled so much with the rain, that the point of land on which the tents stood became an island; and, to preserve the bread-fruit plants from being endangered, the people were obliged to cut a passage for the river through a part of the beach, at a distance from the tents. The sea broke very high on the beach; nevertheless, a canoe put off, and, to my surprise, Tinah, his wife, and Moannah, made their way good through the surf, and came on board to see me. There was no other person in the canoe, for the weather did not admit of useless passengers: each of them had a paddle, which they managed with great activity and skill. These kind people embraced me with many tears, and expressed their apprehensions for the safety of the ship. Towards noon, however, the sea abated considerably, but the wind continued to blow

strong from the N.W. At sun-set, Iddeah went on shore, but Tinah would remain with me the whole night.

Sunday, 7th.—The wind continued between the N. and N.W., but has so much moderated, that I no longer considered our situation to be alarming. At noon, Iddeah returned to the ship, with a large hog, and a supply of bread-fruit, and cocoa-nuts; and soon after, she and Tinah left the ship, having exacted a promise from me, that if the weather was moderate, I would go on shore in the morning, and visit their parents and sister, who, they told me, had been much alarmed on our account. I received a visit likewise from Poeno and his wife. This woman had always shown great regard for us; and now, on our meeting, before I could be aware of it, she began beating her head violently with a shark's tooth, so that her face was covered with blood in an instant. I put a stop to this as soon as I could, and, with the drying up of the blood, her agitation subsided. This ceremony is frequently performed, upon occasions either of joy or grief. Her husband said, that, if any accident happened to the ship, I should live with him, and that they would cut down trees, and build me another ship.

From this sample of the weather, and the information of the natives, I was convinced it would not be safe to continue in Matavai Bay much longer; and I determined to get every thing ready for sailing as speedily as I could.

The night proved moderate; and in the morning, I went on shore, where I was received by Oberree-roah, and several other friends, with great affection.

The plants received no injury from the bad weather, having been carefully covered from the spray of the sea: some were in a dormant state, and others were striking out young shoots. Nelson thought that it was better to refrain a few days from taking them on board; I therefore consented to defer it. He was of opinion that the plants could be propagated from the roots only, and I directed some boxes to be filled, as we could stow them where no others could be placed.

Tuesday, 9th.—This afternoon, in hauling the launch on shore to be repaired, many of the natives assisting, one of them, a fine boy about ten years old, was thrown down, and a roller which was placed under the boat went over him. The surgeon being ill, I sent off for his assistant. Fortunately no limb was broken, nor did he receive any material injury. The surgeon had been a long time ill, the effect of intemperance and indolence. He had latterly scarce ever stirred out of his cabin, but was not apprehended to be in a dangerous state; nevertheless, this evening he appeared to be so much worse than usual, that it was thought necessary to remove him to some place where he could have more air; but to no effect, for he died in an hour afterwards. This unfortunate man drank very hard, and was so averse to exercise, that he never would be prevailed on to take half a dozen turns upon deck at a time, in the whole course of the voyage.

Wednesday, 10th.—As I wished to bury the surgeon on shore, I mentioned it to Tinah; who said there would be no objection, but that it would be necessary to ask his father's consent first; which he immediately went to do, and immediately left

me for that purpose. By this circumstance it appears, that though the eldest son of an Earee succeeds to the title and honours of the father as soon as he is born, yet a considerable portion of authority remains with the father, even after the son is of age. When Tinah returned, I went with him to the spot intended for the burial place, taking with us two men to dig the grave; but on our arrival, I found the natives had already begun it. Tinah asked me, if they were doing right? "There," says he, "the sun rises, and there it sets." The idea that the grave should be east and west, I imagine they learnt from the Spaniards, as the captain of one of their ships was buried at Ocitepela in 1774. Certain it is, they had not the information from any body belonging to our ship; for I believe we should not have thought of it. The grave, however, was marked out very exactly. At four in the afternoon, the body was interred: the chiefs, and many of the natives, came to see the ceremony, and showed great attention during the service. Some of the chiefs were very inquisitive about what was to be done with the surgeon's cabin, on account of apparitions. They said, when a man died in Otahcite, and was carried to the Tupapow, that as soon as night came, he was surrounded by spirits, and if any person went there by himself, they would devour him: therefore they said that not less than two people together should go into the surgeon's cabin for some time. I did not endeavour to dissuade them from this belief, otherwise than by laughing, and letting them know that we had no such apprehensions.

In the afternoon, the effects of the deceased were disposed of, and I appointed Mr. Thomas Denham Ledward, the surgeon's mate, to do duty as surgeon.

Sunday, 14th.—This forenoon, we performed divine service. Many of the principal natives attended, and behaved with great decency. Some of the women at one time betrayed an inclination to laugh at our general responses; but, on my looking at them, they appeared much ashamed. After the service, I was asked if no offering was to be made for the Eatua to eat.

The weather had been fair all the last week, and at this time appeared quite settled; so that I was under no apprehensions of danger from continuing a little longer in Matavai bay.

CHAPTER IX.

4. WALK INTO THE COUNTRY—THE FEEAH ROAH—PREVAILED ON, BY THE KINDNESS OF THE CHIEFS, TO DEFER OUR DEPARTURE—BREAD-FRUIT PLANTS COLLECTED—MOVE THE SHIP TO TOAHROAH HARBOUR—WISHING—THREE OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY DESERT—INDISCRETION OF OUR PEOPLE ON SHORE—INSTANCES OF JEALOUSY—MOURNING—HULL BROUGHT TO OPAARÉ BY A PROPHET—THE DESERTERS RECOVERED—TINAH PROPOSES TO VISIT ENGLAND.

WEDNESDAY, 17th Dec.—This morning I took a walk into the country, accompanied by Nelson and my old friend Moannah. The breadth of the border of low land, before we arrived at the foot of the hills, was near three miles. This part of our journey was through a delightful country, well covered with bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, and strewed with houses, in which were swarms

of children. We then proceeded along a valley, still among houses, with plantations of yams, tarro, the cloth-plant, and their favourite root the Ava: there were bread-fruit trees on the sides of the hills, which were dwarfs in comparison of those on the low land. Our walk was very much interrupted by a river, the course of which was so serpentine, that we had to cross it several times, being carried over on men's shoulders.

On arriving at a Morai, I saw a number of the natives collected, and was informed that the priests were performing their devotions. Sixteen men were sitting on their heels; in the front was a pole covered with a plaited cocoa-nut branch, and before each of the men there was a number of small pieces of the same leaf plaited, which they call *hahyree*, and each had likewise a piece round his wrist. One, who appeared to be the chief priest, prayed aloud, and was answered by all the rest together: after a few short sentences and responses, they rose, and each carried an *hahyree*, which they placed at the foot of the pole, and returned to prayer: this was repeated till all the *hahyree* were delivered, and then the ceremony ended. I must not forget to mention, that they had placed, near the pole, an offering of plantains and bread-fruit, which they left for the *Eatua*. They very kindly asked us to partake of a roasted hog, that had been prepared for them whilst they were praying; but as I wished to make the most of the morning, before the sun was too high, I declined their offer, and Moannah bespoke refreshments to be ready for us when we returned.

We continued our walk up the valley, which became very narrow, and had advanced a considerable way beyond all the houses and plantations, when we were suddenly stopped by the cascade, that fell into the river from a height of above 200 feet: the fall at this time was not great, but in the heavy rains must be considerable. The natives look upon this as the most wonderful sight in the island. The fall of water is the least curious part; the cliff, over which it comes, is perpendicular, forming an appearance as if supported by square pillars of stone, and with a regularity that is surprising. Underneath is a pool eight or nine feet deep, into which the water falls; and in this place all the natives make a point of bathing once in their lives, probably from some religious idea.

The hills here approach each other within a few yards, and are well covered with wood. As the road appeared difficult, I did not care to proceed towards the mountain. I cannot with certainty say how far this curious precipice is from the bay, but think, in the road by which we went, it cannot be less than seven miles. It is called *Peeah Roah*.

In our return, we found a young pig prepared for us, and we made a hearty meal. We dined in the house of an old acquaintance of Nelson's; for whom he had, in 1777, planted the two shadow-plant, formerly mentioned, which he had brought from the Friendly Islands. These we had the satisfaction to see were grown to fine trees, and full of fruit.

In their plantations they do not take much pains, except with the Ava and the cloth-plant, both of which they are careful to keep clear of weeds. Many of the plantations of the cloth-plant were fenced with stone, and surrounded with a ditch.

The yams and plantains are mostly on the higher grounds. As soon as we had finished our dinner, we returned towards the ship. I was much delighted, in this walk, with the number of children that I saw in every part of the country: they are very handsome and sprightly, and full of antic tricks. They have many diversions that are common with the boys in England; such as flying kites, cat's cradle, swinging, dancing or jumping in a rope, walking upon stilts, and wrestling.

Friday, 19th.—The wind to-day blew fresh, but continued regular from the E. and E.S.E. We had likewise much rain, and a long swell set into the bay. I had not yet determined, whether, on leaving Matavai bay, I would go to the island *Eimeo*, or to the harbour of *Toahroah* near *Oparre*: this uncertainty made *Tinah*, and the rest of my friends, very anxious; and they appeared much distressed on my desiring them, this afternoon, to send on board all the things which they wished to have repaired by the forge, without delay, that what they wanted might be done before the ship left Matavai, which I told them would be in a few days. They very earnestly intreated I would stay one month longer. I represented this as impossible, and asked *Tinah* if he would not go with me to *Eimeo*; but he said, that, notwithstanding my protection, he was certain the *Eimeo* people would watch for an opportunity to kill him. He remained on board with me all night, but his wife went on shore, and returned early in the morning, bringing with her some axes, and other things, that were in need of repair.

When I went on shore, I found *Otow*, *Oherroeroah*, *Moannah*, and several others, in great tribulation at the thoughts that we were so soon to leave them. All the people of Matavai, I saw, were much concerned at my intention of going to *Eimeo*, and took every opportunity to prejudice me against the people of that island; to which I paid very little attention, as their motive was obvious. Their expressions of friendship and affection for me, however, I could not disregard, as I had no doubt of their being genuine and unaffected; and I felt my unwillingness to leave these kind people so much increased, that the next day, I sent the master in the launch to re-examine the depth of water between this bay and *Toahroah* harbour. He returned in the evening, and acquainted me, that he found a good bottom, with not less than sixteen fathoms depth all the way. The harbour of *Toahroah* appearing every way safe, I determined to go; the ship there as speedily as possible, and I immediately made my intention public, which occasioned great rejoicing.

Wednesday, 24th.—This day, we took the plants on board, being 774 pots, all in a healthy state; for whenever any plant had an unfavourable appearance, it was replaced by another. The number of those rejected was, 302, of which not one in ten but was found to be growing at the root.

The natives reckon eight kinds of the bread-fruit tree, each of which they distinguish by a different name. 1. *Patteah*. 2. *Eoroo*. 3. *Awanna*. 4. *Mi-re*. 5. *Oree*. 6. *Poverro*. 7. *Appeere*. 8. *Row-deeah*. In the first, fourth, and eighth class, the leaf differs from the rest; the fourth is more sinuated; the eighth has a large broad leaf, not at all sinuated. The difference of the fruit is

principally in the first and eighth class. In the first, the fruit is rather larger and more of an oblong form: in the eighth, it is round and not above half the size of the others. I inquired if plants could be produced from the seed, and was told they could not, but that they must be taken from the root. The plants are best collected after wet weather, at which time the earth balls round the roots, and they are not liable to suffer by being moved.

The most common method of dividing time at Otaheite is by moons; but they likewise make a division of the year into six parts, each of which is distinguished by the name of the kind of bread-fruit then in season. In this division they keep a small interval called *Tavaa*, in which they do not use the bread-fruit. This is about the end of February, when the fruit is not in perfection; but there is no part of the year in which the trees are entirely bare.

Thursday, 25th.—At day-light we unmoored, and I sent the tents in the launch to Oparre, with directions that after landing them, the launch should meet the ship in the entrance of Toahroah harbour, to show the safest part of the channel. At half past ten, we got the ship under sail, and ran down under top-sails: when we were near the launch, it fell calm, and the ship shot past her. We immediately let the anchor go, but, to our great surprise, we found the ship was aground forwards. She had run on so easy, that we had not perceived it at the time. This accident occasioned us much trouble, as we were obliged to send anchors out astern to get the ship afloat: in doing this, one of the cables swept a rock, and was not got clear again without much difficulty. When the ship was moored, point Venus bore N. 46° E. The east point of the harbour N. 65° E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Our distance from the shore half a cable's length; depth of water 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

The next morning, on my landing, I was welcomed by all the principal people; I may say by the whole crowd, and congratulated on the safety of the ship. Tinah showed me a house near the water side, abreast the ship, which he desired I would make use of, and which was large enough for all our purposes. He and his brother Oreepyah then desired I would stay and receive a formal address and present, which they called *Oteo*. To this I assented, and a stool was brought for me to sit on. They then left me with Moannah, and in a short time I saw Tinah returning with about twenty men, who all made a stop at some distance, and a priest said a short prayer to the *Eatua*, to which the rest made reply. A man was then sent to me three several times, at each time bringing me a small pig, and the stem of a plantain leaf. The first they told me was for the God of Brittanee, the next for King George, and the last for myself. Moannah then got up, and, without being dictated to, made an oration for me; the purport of which I understood to be, that I received their offering with thanks; that we were good people and friends; and therefore he exhorted them to commit no thefts: he told them to bring their pigs, cocoa-nuts, and bread-fruit, and they would receive good things in return; that we took nothing without their consent; and finally, that every man was to quit the place (the house we occupied) at night; for if they made

any visit in the dark, they would be killed. With this speech the ceremony ended.

I found this a delightful situation, and in every respect convenient. The ship was perfectly sheltered by the reefs in smooth water, and close to a fine beach without the least surf. A small river, with very good water, runs into the sea about the middle of the harbour. I gave directions for the plants to be landed, and the same party to be with them as at Matavai. Tinah fixed his dwelling close to our station.

Monday, 29th.—Some of the natives took advantage of the butcher's negligence, and stole his cleaver. I complained of this to the chiefs who were on board, and they promised that they would endeavour to recover it; but an article so valuable as this was to the natives, I had no great expectation of seeing restored.

The ship continued to be supplied by the natives as usual. Cocoa-nuts were in such plenty, that I believe not a pint of water was drunk on board the ship in the twenty-four hours. Bread-fruit began to be scarce, though we purchased, without difficulty, a sufficient quantity for our consumption: there was, however, another harvest approaching, which they expected would be fit for use in five or six weeks. The better kind of plantains also were become scarce; but a kind which they call *Vayhee* were in great plenty. This fruit does not hang on the trees like the other kinds, but grows upon an upright stalk of considerable strength and substance. Though this plantain is inferior in quality to most of the others, it affords great subsistence to the natives. We received, almost every day, presents of fish, chiefly dolphin and albacore, and a few small rock fish. Their fishing is mostly in the night, when they make strong lights on the reefs, which attract the fish to them. Sometimes, in fine weather, the canoes are out in such numbers, that the whole sea appears illuminated. In the canoes they fish with hook and line, and on the reefs they strike the fish with a spear. Some likewise carry out small nets, which are managed by two men. In the day-time their fishing canoes go without the reefs, sometimes to a considerable distance, where they fish with rods and lines, and catch bonetas, and other fish. Whenever there is a show of fish, a fleet of canoes immediately proceeds to sea. Their hooks being bright, are used without bait, in the manner of our artificial flies. Their rods are made of bamboo; but when there are any very large fish, they make use of an outrigger over the fore part of the canoe, about twenty-five feet in length, which has two prongs at the extremity, to each of which is fastened a hook and line; and when a fish takes the hook, it is raised by ropes managed by two men in the stern of the canoe.

1789. January 1st.—Contrary to my expectation, Tinah, this afternoon, brought on board the cleaver that had been stolen. The thief had taken it to Attahooroo, and Tinah told me, which I could easily believe, that it was given up with great reluctance. The next morning I offered Tinah a present of axes, and other things; but, as he suspected this was meant by way of return for getting the cleaver restored, he would not be prevailed with to accept a single article.

I had constantly the company of Tinah, his wife, and some of his relations; but the royal children,

though so near us, never came in sight of the ship. The river separated them from the place occupied by our people on shore; and, for fear of giving alarm or offence, I gave strict orders that no one should attempt to go near their place of residence.

Monday, 5th.—At the relief of the watch, at four o'clock this morning, the small cutter was missing. I was immediately informed of it, and mustered the ship's company; when it appeared, that three men were absent, Charles Churchill, the ship's corporal, and two of the scamen, William Musprat, and John Millward; the latter of whom had been sentinel from twelve to two in the morning. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but what their plan was, or which way they had gone, no one on board seemed to have the least knowledge. I went on shore to the chiefs, and soon received information, that the boat was at Matavai; and that the deserters had departed in a sailing canoe for the island Tethuroa. On this intelligence, I sent the master to Matavai to search for the small cutter, and one of the chiefs went with him; but before they had got half way, they met the boat with five of the natives, who were bringing her back to the ship. This service, rendered me by the people of Matavai, pleased me much, and I rewarded the men accordingly.

I told Tinah, and the other chiefs, that I expected they would get the deserters brought back; for that I was determined not to leave Otaheite without them. They assured me, that they would do every thing in their power to have them taken; and it was agreed, that Oreepyah and Moannah should depart the next morning for Tethuroa. Oreepyah inquired if they had pocket pistols, "for," said he, "though we may surprize and seize them before they can make use of their muskets; yet, if they have pistols, they may do mischief, even while they are held." I quieted these apprehensions, by assuring them that the deserters had no pistols with them.

At day-light, Oreepyah and Moannah set off in two canoes for Tethuroa, but the weather became so boisterous, that they were obliged to return in the forenoon, and I was happy to see them get safe in, as the sea ran very high without the harbour. From the first of this month, the weather and winds had been much unsettled, with a great deal of rain. Our former station at Matavai appeared not at all safe, the sea at times breaking high over the Dolphin bank, and making a great swell in the bay. Oreepyah and Moannah both promised me, that they would sail again as soon as the weather should be fine.

Friday, 9th.—The wind continued to blow strong at sea, though in the harbour we had, at times, but light breezes. Poeno from Matavai, came to see me to-day: he said, he was apprehensive that I was displeas'd with him, on account of our deserters having been carried to Tethuroa, by a canoe from Matavai. This, he declared, had been done before he heard of it; and that the only service in his power, he had not neglected to do for me, which was the sending our boat back. As this was really an act of friendship, I received him with great cordiality; and he assured me, that there could be no doubt, from the directions Tinah had given, of the deserters being brought to the ship, as soon as the weather would admit canoes to go after them.

Saturday, 10th.—One of the officers, this morning, on shore, inadvertently plucked a branch from a tree called Tutuee, that bears the oil nut, which was growing at a Morai. On entering with it into the house occupied by our people, all the natives, both men and women, immediately went away. When I went on shore, I found this branch tied to one of the posts of the house, although the effect it had on the natives was known. I was much displeas'd at this piece of wantonness, and ordered the branch to be taken away; but the natives, notwithstanding, would not come near the place. They said the house was *taboo*, which I understand to signify interdicted, and that none of them might approach it till the *taboo* was taken off, which could only be done by Tinah. To take any thing away from a Morai is regarded as a kind of sacrilege, and, they believe, gives great offence to the Eatua. At my request, Tinah took off the *taboo*, but not before the afternoon. This was performed by an offering of a plantain leaf at the Morai, and a prayer made to the Eatua. After this ceremony, the house was resorted to by the natives, as usual.

I had not yet given up the hope of obtaining the bull from Itteah, though I had hitherto received no satisfactory answer to the messages which Tinah had sent at my desire: I therefore spoke to Poeno, who undertook to negotiate this business, and I commissioned him to make very liberal offers. He left me after dinner, to return to Matavai. In the evening, a messenger arrived from him, to acquaint me, that, in his absence, the sheep which I had trusted to his care, had been killed by a dog; and that he had sent the culprit, hoping that I would kill him for the offence he had committed. This poor sheep had been so much diseas'd, that I could not help suspecting he died without the dog's assistance, and that the story of the dog was invented to prevent my attributing it to want of care. This doubt did not appear in my answer; as for the dog, I told the messenger to do with him what he pleas'd.

Tuesday, 13th.—This morning, the weather being more moderate than it had been for some days past, Oreepyah sailed with two canoes for Tethuroa. Some business prevented Moannah from accompanying him, but he followed the next day with two other canoes. The wood that we had got at Matavai being expended, I applied to Tinah, who sent three trees down to the water side before night, which when cut up made a good launch load.

I saw two instances of jealousy to-day, one of which had nearly produced fatal consequences. A man was detected with a married woman, by the husband, who stabbed him in the belly with a knife: fortunately the intestines escap'd, and the wound did not prove dangerous. The other instance was, a girl, who had constantly lived with my coxswain, beating another girl, that she discovered to have been too intimate with him.

Friday, 16th.—In walking to-day with Tinah near a Tupapow, I was surpris'd by a sudden outcry of grief. As I expressed a desire to see the distressed person, Tinah took me to the place, where we found a number of women, one of whom was the mother of a young female child that lay dead. On seeing us their mourning not only immediately ceased, but to my astonishment, they all burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, while we re-

mained, appeared much diverted with our visit. I told Tinah the woman had no sorrow for her child, otherwise her grief would not have so easily subsided; on which he jocosely told her to cry again: they did not, however, resume their mourning in our presence. This strange behaviour would incline us to think them hard-hearted and unfeeling, did we not know that they are Cond parents, and, in general, very affectionate: it is therefore to be ascribed to their extreme levity of disposition; and it is probable, that death does not appear to them with so many terrors, as it does to people of a more serious cast.

Sunday, 18th.—I received a message from Poeno, to acquaint me that he had been successful in his negotiation for the bull, which he had driven part of the way by land, but could not get farther on account of the rivers, and therefore desired a boat should be sent for him. I accordingly ordered the launch to be got ready, and at two o'clock the next morning, Mr. Fryer, the master, set off in her.

In the afternoon, the launch returned with the bull, and my friend Poeno. For the night I directed that the bull should remain at Oparre, and the next day he was taken to the cow at Matavai.

Wednesday, 21st.—To-day, Poeno brought to me the person from whom he had the bull, to receive the stipulated payment, which was one of every article of traffic that I had in my possession. This man, whose name was Owevee, they told me, was inspired by a divine spirit; and that in all matters of consequence he was consulted, for that he conversed with the Eatua. It was, they said, the Eatua that ordered him to demand the bull from Tinah, which not to have complied with, would have been the height of impiety. I endeavoured to convince them of the roguery of this man, thinking I had a fair argument to prove it by his selling that which the Eatua had ordered him to keep; but here I was easily defeated, for it seems the Eatua told him to sell me the beast. This being the case, I said I would not give the animals to any person; that they were now mine, and that I would leave them under the protection of Poeno and Tinah, who I hoped would take care of them for me till I returned. They both entered into my views, and promised the animals should be attended to, and told me, that while they were considered as my property, no one would attempt to take them away.

Thursday, 22nd.—This afternoon, I received a message from Teppahoo, to inform me that our deserters had passed this harbour, and were at Tettaha, about five miles distant. I ordered the cutter to be got ready, and a little before sun-set left the ship, taking Oodidee with me. By his advice I landed at some distance from the place where the deserters were; but thinking it necessary to have the boat within call, and Oodidee assuring me that there was safe landing farther on, I directed the boat to proceed along shore, whilst Oodidee and I walked along the beach. The night was very dark and windy, and the shore being rocky, I soon lost sight of the boat. A few of the natives had joined us in our walk; and, from their manner, I had reason to suspect them of a design to close upon us, with an intention, no doubt, to plunder: I was provided with pocket-pistols, and

on producing one, they left us. Oodidee was so much alarmed that I could scarcely prevail on him to proceed. When we arrived at Teppahoo's house, we were very kindly received by him and his wife. The cutter was arrived, but, there being a very high surf, she could not come within a hundred yards of the shore.

The deserters, I was informed, were in a house close to us, and I imagined there would be no great difficulty in securing them, with the assistance of the natives. They had, however, heard of my arrival; and when I was near the house, they came out, without their arms, and delivered themselves up. I sent directions off to the boat for one of my people to come on shore, and for the boat to return to the place where I landed. My next business was to secure the arms, which I delivered to Teppahoo to take charge of for the night. One musket and two bayonets were missing, which they said were lost, by the canoe in which they came from Tethuroa having overset. I then took leave of Teppahoo, who presented us with a plentiful supply of provisions, and we proceeded with the deserters towards the boat; but as the wind had increased, and it rained hard, I determined to remain on shore till the morning; and having found shelter for the people, we passed the remainder of the night without accident. At daylight, I sent for the arms, and we returned to the ship.

I learnt from the deserters, that at Tethuroa they had seen Oreepyah and Moannah, who had made an attempt to secure them. They said it was their intention to have returned to the ship; and it is probable that they were so much harassed by the natives watching for an opportunity to surprise them, that they might wish to have the merit of returning of their own accord, to avoid the disgrace of being seized and brought back. At the time they delivered themselves up to me, it was not in their power to have made resistance, their ammunition having been spoiled by the wet.

In consequence of my having been kept all night from the ship by the tempestuous weather, the time-keeper went down at 10h. 5m. 36s. Its rate, previous to this, was 1^h. 7 losing in 24 hours, and its error from the mean time at Greenwich was 7^h 29^m. 2 too slow. I set it going again by a common watch, corrected by observations, and endeavoured to make the error the same as if it had not stopped; but being over cautious, made methodious in setting it in motion, and increased the error from mean time at Greenwich. The rate of going I did not find to have altered.

At dinner Tindh congratulated me on having recovered my men, but expressed some concern that they had not been brought by Oreepyah and Moannah; lest I should imagine they had not done every thing in their power. To this I replied, that I was perfectly satisfied of their good intentions to serve me, and that I considered myself under great obligations to them for the trouble they had been at on my account. I learnt afterwards that they had actually seized and bound the deserters, but had been prevailed upon, by fair promises of their returning peaceably to the ship, to let them loose: the deserters, however, finding an opportunity to get possession of their arms again, set the natives at defiance.

Friday, 30th.—This afternoon I punished one

of the seamen, Isaac Martin, with nineteen lashes, for striking an Indian. This was a transgression of so serious a nature, and such a direct violation of my orders, that I would on no account be prevailed on to forgive it, though great intercession was made by some of the chiefs.

Oreepyah and Moannah were not yet returned from Tethuroa. This place is resorted to by the principal people of this part of Otaheite, at particular seasons, when fish are in great plenty there. It was described to me to be a group of small keys, surrounded by a reef: their produce is chiefly cocoa-nuts and plantains. During the season, bread-fruit and other provisions are daily carried over from Otaheite. Not less than a hundred sail of canoes were at Tethuroa when our deserters were there.

Teppahoo and his wife were become my constant visitors: he had for some time past been ill, and had made Oparre his place of residence, for the benefit of our surgeon's advice and assistance. At this time he complained of a hoarseness and sore-throat. Mr. Ledward, on examining him, discovered there had been two holes in the roof of his mouth, which, though healed, had the appearance of having been large: the adjacent parts appeared sound, yet the surgeon was of opinion that they were cancerous, and would in the end occasion his death.

Saturday, 31st.—This morning I ordered all the chests to be taken on shore, and the inside of the ship to be washed with boiling water to kill the cockroaches. We were constantly obliged to be at great pains to keep the ship clear of vermin, on account of the plants.—By the help of traps and good cats, we were freed from rats and mice. When I was at Otaheite with Captain Cook, there were great numbers of rats about all the houses, and so tame, that they flocked round the people at their meals for the offals, which were commonly thrown to them; but, at this time, we scarce ever saw a rat, which must be attributed to the industry of a breed of cats left here by European ships.

After breakfast, I walked with Tinah to Mata-vai, to see the cattle and the gardens. Tinah had already taken so large a dose of the Ava, that he was perfectly stupified. Iddeah, however, was with us, and she is one of the most intelligent persons I met with at Otaheite.

We went first to Poeno's house, and saw the bull and cow together in a very fine pasture. I was informed that the cow had taken the bull; so that, if no untoward accident happens, there is a fair chance of the breed being established. In the garden, near Poeno's house, many things had failed. The Indian corn was in a fine state, and I have no doubt but they will cultivate it all over the country. A fig-tree was in a very thriving way, as were two vines, a pine-apple plant, and some slips of a shaddock-tree. From this place we walked to the garden at Point Venus; but I had the mortification to find almost every thing there destroyed by the hogs. Some underground peas and Indian corn had escaped, and likewise the callio green and oera of Jamaica.

We returned to the ship; and after dinner I was not a little surprised to hear Tinah seriously propose that he and his wife should go with me to England. He said he would only take two servants; that he much wished to see King George,

who, he was surc, would be glad to see him. Tinah and many of his countrymen were become extremely eager to get a knowledge of other countries, and were continually inquiring about the situations of the islands which we told them of in these seas. To quiet his importunity, I was obliged to promise that I would ask the king's permission to carry them to England, if I came again; that then I should be in a larger ship, and could have accommodations properly fitted up. I was sorry to find, that Tinah was apprehensive he should be attacked by his enemies, as soon as our ship left Otaheite, and that if they joined, they would be too powerful for him. The illness of Teppahoo, with whom he was on good terms, gave him much uneasiness; Teppahoo's wife being a sister of Otow's and aunt to Tinah. They have no children, as has been before related; and if Teppahoo were to die, he would be succeeded, as Earce of the district of Tettaha, by his brother, who is an enemy to Tinah. I have on every occasion endeavoured to make the principal people believe that we should return again to Otaheite, and that we should revenge any injury done in our absence to the people of Matavai and Oparre.

The wife of Oedidee is likewise an aunt to Tinah, and sister to Otow. His native place is Ulietea, where he has some property; but which, I imagine, is not of such consequence to him as the countenance of the chiefs with whom he is connected at Otaheite.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHIP'S CABLE CUT IN THE NIGHT—COOLNESS WITH THE CHIEFS ON THAT ACCOUNT—VISIT TO AN OLD LADY—DISTURBANCE AT A HEIVA—TINAH'S HOSPITALITY—A THIEF TAKEN, AND PUNISHED—PREPARATIONS FOR SAILING.

Tuesday, February 3d.—I was present, this afternoon, at a wrestling match, where a young man, by an unlucky fall, put his arm out of joint at the elbow: three stout men immediately took hold of him, and two of them fixing their feet against his ribs, replaced it. I had sent for our surgeon, but before he arrived, all was well, except a small swelling of the muscles in consequence of the strain. I inquired what they would have done if the bone had been broken; and, to show me their practice, they got a number of sticks and placed round a man's arm, which they bound with cord. That they have considerable skill in surgery is not to be doubted. I have before mentioned an instance of an amputated arm being perfectly healed, and which had every appearance of having been treated with great propriety.

The part of the beach nearest the ship, was become the general place of resort towards the close of the day. An hour before sunset, the inhabitants began to collect, and here they amused themselves with exercising the lance, dancing, and various kinds of merriment, till nearly dark, when they retired to their homes. Of this cheerful scene, we were spectators and partakers, every fine evening.

Friday, 6th.—An occurrence happened to-day that gave me great concern, not only on account of the danger with which the ship had been threatened, but as it tended greatly to diminish the confidence and good understanding which had hitherto been

constantly preserved between us and the natives. The wind had blown fresh in the night, and at day-light we discovered that the cable, by which the ship rode, had been cut near the water's edge in such a manner, that only one strand remained whole. While we were securing the ship, Tinah came on board. I could not but believe he was perfectly innocent of the transaction; nevertheless, I spoke to him in a very peremptory manner, and insisted upon his discovering and bringing to me the offender. I was wholly at a loss how to account for this malicious act. My suspicions fell chiefly, I may say wholly, on the strangers that came to us from other parts of the island; for we had, on every occasion, received such unreserved and unaffected marks of goodwill from the people of Matavai and Oparre, that in my own mind I entirely acquitted them. The anger which I expressed, however, created so much alarm, that old Otow and his wife (the father and mother of Tinah) immediately quitted Oparre, and retired to the mountains in the midst of heavy rain, as did Teppahoo and his family. Tinah and Iddeah remained, and expostulated with me on the unreasonableness of my anger against them. He said that he would exert his utmost endeavours to discover the guilty person; but it might possibly not be in his power to get him delivered up, which would be the case, if he was either of Tiarraboo, Attahooroo, or of the island Eimeo. That the attempt might have been made as much out of enmity to the people of Matavai and Oparre as to me; every one knowing the regard I had for them, and that I had declared I would protect them against their enemies. All this I was inclined to believe; but I did not think proper to appear perfectly satisfied, lest Tinah, who was naturally very indolent, should be remiss in his endeavours to detect the offender. To guard as much as possible against future attempts of this kind, I directed a stage to be built on the fore-castle, so that the cables should be more directly under the eye of the sentinel; and I likewise gave orders that one of the midshipmen should keep watch forward.

In the afternoon, Orecpyah returned from Tethuroa. He told me, that Moannah and himself had narrowly escaped being lost in the bad weather, and that Moannah had been obliged to take shelter at Eimeo. Several canoes had been lost lately in their passage to or from Tethuroa. The upsetting of their canoes is not the only risk they have to encounter, but is productive of another danger more dreadful; for at such times many become a prey to the sharks, which are very numerous in these seas. I was informed likewise, that they were sometimes attacked by a fish, which, by their description, I imagine to be the barracoota, as they attribute to it the same propensity.

Saturday passed without my seeing any thing of Tinah the whole day. The next morning, he and Iddeah came to me, and assured me that they had made the strictest inquiries concerning the injury intended us, but had not been able to discover any circumstance which could lead them to suspect who were concerned in it. This was not at all satisfactory, and I behaved towards them with great coolness, at which they were much distressed; and Iddeah, at length, gave

vent to her sorrow by tears. I could no longer keep up the appearance of mistrusting them; but I earnestly recommended to them, as they valued the King of England's friendship, that they would exert their utmost endeavours to find out the offenders; which they faithfully promised. Our reconciliation accordingly took place, and messengers were sent to acquaint Otow and Teppahoo, and to invite them to return.

It has since occurred to me, that this attempt to cut the ship adrift, was most probably the act of some of our own people; whose purpose of remaining at Otahcite might have been effectually answered, without danger, if the ship had been driven on shore. At the time, I entertained not the least thought of this kind, nor did the possibility of it enter into my ideas, having no suspicion that so general an inclination, or so strong an attachment to these islands, could prevail among my people, as to induce them to abandon every prospect of returning to their native country.

A messenger came to me this afternoon, from the Earce of Tiarraboo, the S.E. division of Otahcite, with an invitation for me to visit him. I excused myself on account of the distance, and, at Tinah's request, sent back by the messenger a handsome present, which I hope Tinah will get the credit of. I observed, with much satisfaction, that a great part of what Tinah had received from me, he had distributed; to some, out of friendship and esteem, and to others, from motives of political civility.

Tuesday, 10th.—Teppahoo and his family left us to-day to go to Tettaha, where a grand heiva was to be performed, at which their presence was required.

Wednesday, 11th.—A small party of heiva people passed through Oparre this morning, in their way to Tettaha, where they were going by appointment. They had the civility to send me word, that, if I chose, they would stay to perform a short heiva before me; and I immediately attended. It began by a dance of two young girls, to the music of drums and flutes, which lasted no long time; at the conclusion, they suddenly dropped all their dress, which was left as a present for me, and went off without my seeing them any more. After this, the men danced: their performance was more indecent than any I had before seen, but was not the less applauded on that account by the natives, who seemed much delighted.

After this entertainment, I went with Tinah and Iddeah, to pay a visit to an old lady named Wanow-oorah, widow to Towah, the late Earce of Tettaha, who conducted the expedition against Eimeo, when Captain Cook was here in 1777. The old lady had just landed, and we found her sitting on the beach, by the head of her canoe. With Tinah was a priest and three men, who carried a young dog, a fowl, and two young plantain boughs: these were intended for the offering, or present, called Otee. Tinah and his party seated themselves at about ten yards distance from Wanow-oorah, and were addressed by her in short sentences for a few minutes, and received her Otee, which was exactly the same as his. Tinah's priest, in return, made a short prayer, and his offering was presented to the old lady. Tinah then rose and went to her, and embraced her in a very affectionate manner; and she returned his kindness with

tears, and many expressions which I could not understand. Soon after he conducted her to a shed, and we remained with her till it was time to go on board to dinner. I invited her to be of the party, but she excused herself on account of age and infirmity. Tinah gave directions for her and her attendants to be supplied with whatever they had occasion for, and we went off to the ship.

Friday, the 13th.—This forenoon Tinah sent to inform me, that many strangers were arrived from all parts, to be present at a grand heiva, which he had prepared in compliment to me. I accordingly went on shore, and found a great crowd of people collected together. A ring was made at a little distance from our post, and Tinah and several other chiefs came to meet me. When we were all seated, the heiva began by women dancing; after which a present of cloth, and a tawme or breast-plate, was laid before me. This ceremony being over, the men began to wrestle, and regularity was no longer preserved. Old Otow came to me, and desired I would help to put a stop to the wrestling, as the people came from different districts, some of which were ill-disposed towards others. What Otow had apprehended was not without reason, for in an instant the whole was tumult: every man took to his arms, and, as I found my single interference could be of no service, I retired to our post, and ordered all my people there under arms. At the time the disturbance began, Tinah and Iddeah were absent: their first care was for me, and Iddeah came to see if I was safe at the post. She had a double covering of cloth round her, and her waist was girded with a large rope. I desired her to stay under my protection: this she would not consent to, but said she would return as soon as all was over; and away she went.

I immediately gave orders for two guns to be fired from the ship without shot, which had a good effect: and, as no chief was concerned in the tumult, but, on the contrary, all of them exerted their influence to prevent mischief, every thing was soon quiet, and Tinah and Iddeah returned to let me know that all was settled. They went on board, with some other chiefs, and dined with me.

After dinner, I went on shore with Tinah and his friends; and I found three large hogs dressed, and a quantity of bread-fruit, which he had ordered to be prepared before he went on board, and now desired I would present them to the different parties that had come to see the entertainment:—one to the chief people of Attahooroo, one to the Arreys, and a third to the performers of the heiva. I presented them according to his directions, and they were received with thankfulness and pleasure. This I looked upon as very handsomely done on the part of Tinah, and I was glad to see that it was regarded in the same light by his guests. These instances of liberality make full amends for the little slips which I have formerly noticed in Tinah. At this time, a day seldom passed, that he did not give proofs of his hospitality, by entertaining the principal people that came from different parts of the island to visit him, or to see the ship. Some of the chiefs he commonly invited to dine on board, and made provision for others on shore. Scarce any person of consequence went away without receiving some present from him. This I encouraged, and was glad it

was in my power to assist him. But, besides the political motives that I have alluded to, it would be unjust to Tinah not to acknowledge that his disposition seemed improved: he was more open and unreserved in his manners than formerly, and his hospitality was natural and without ostentation.

Monday, the 16th.—I was present this afternoon, at a wrestling-match by women. The manner of challenging, and method of attack, were exactly the same as among the men. The only difference that I could observe, was not in favour of the softer sex; for in these contests they showed less temper, and more animosity than I could have imagined them capable of. The women, I was told, not only wrestle with each other, but sometimes with the men; of this I have never seen an instance, and imagine it can happen but seldom, as the women in general are small, and by no means masculine. Iddeah is said to be very famous at this exercise.

Tuesday, the 17th.—I walked with Tinah towards the hills, to see his country residence, which was at a very neat house, pleasantly situated, and surrounded with plantations. From this place we saw the island Totiuroa. The next morning, I went to Matavai, to look after the Indian corn, which I judged would be full ripe for gathering; but, on my arrival, I found that the natives had been beforehand with me, the whole being taken away. This I was not at all sorry for, as it shows that they value it too much to neglect cultivating it.

Monday, 23rd.—Iddeah sent on board, for our dinners to-day, a very fine tarro pudding; and Tinah brought a bunch of bananas, that weighed eighty-one pounds, on which were two hundred and eighty-six fine fruit: ten had broken off in the carriage. The tarro pudding is excellent eating, and easily made: I shall describe this piece of cookery, as the knowledge of it may be useful in the West Indies. The tarro being cleared of the outside skin, is grated each, and made up in rolls of about half a pound each, which they cover neatly with leaves, and bake for near half an hour. An equal quantity of ripe cocoa-nut meat is likewise grated, from which, through a strainer, the rich milky juice is expressed. This juice is heated, by putting smooth hot stones in the vessel that contains it, and the tarro is then mixed with it, and kept constantly stirring to prevent burning, till it is ready, which is known by the cocoa-nut juice turning to a clear oil.

Wednesday, 25th.—Iddeah was very uneasy to-day, on account of her youngest child being ill. She would not accept of assistance from our surgeon, but said she had sent to Tetaha for a man, who she expected would come and tell her what to do. These physical people are called *Tata rapaoo*.

Thursday, 26th.—This morning, a man died of a consumption, about two miles from our post. I was informed of it by Mr. Peckover, the gunner, who I had desired to look out for such a circumstance. I therefore went, accompanied by Iddeah, in hopes of seeing the funeral ceremony; but before we arrived, the body was removed to the Toopapow. It lay bare, except a piece of cloth round the loins, and another round the neck: the eyes were closed: the hands were placed, one over the pit of the stomach, and the other upon his breast. On a finger of each hand was a ring, made of plated fibres of the cocoa-nut tree, with a small bunch of red feathers. Under the Toopa

pow, a hole was dug, in which, at the end of a month, the corpse was to be buried. The deceased was of the lower class; the Toopapow, however, was neat, and offerings of cocoa-nuts and platted leaves lay on the ground.

The dead are sometimes brought to the Toopapow in wooden coffins, which are not shaped like ours, but are simply a long box. This custom, Iddeah informed me, they learnt from the Europeans, and is not very common, as making plank is a work of great labour.

Monday, March 2nd.—When I landed this morning, I found the inhabitants, that lived near to us, had left their houses, and retired towards the mountains; and was informed that in the night a water-cask, part of an azimuth compass, and Mr. Peckover's bedding, had been stolen from the post on shore; the knowledge of which had caused a general alarm. I sent a message to complain of this theft to Tinah, who did not come near me. About two hours elapsed, during which time I went on board to breakfast, and returned, when I saw Tinah and Oreepyah, with a number of people, at a house at some distance; and soon after they all marched to the eastward, passing close by our post. Oedidee, who was with me, told me that they had intelligence of the thief, and were gone in quest of him: and in less than an hour, news was brought that they had taken him. Shortly after, the whole party appeared, with the water-cask and compass. Tinah had hold of the thief by the arm, and, showing him to me, desired that I would kill him. The bedding, he said, he had not heard of, but would go in search of it. I applauded him for the pains he had taken in this business, and explained, with some success, the injustice of stealing from us: that if any of our people committed the least offence against them, it did not pass unnoticed; and that friendship required on their part, that those who injured us should not be protected by them. Tinah stopped me from saying more by embracing me, and the whole crowd cried out *Tyomity* (i. e. good friend). Tinah then left me, to enquire after the bedding, and I sent the offender on board, whom I punished with a severe flogging. I was glad to find this man was not of Oparre or Matavai.

The fine fruit, called Avee, was just coming into season: it was likewise in season at the time of our arrival in October. The bread-fruit trees, I have no doubt, bear all the year round: we have seen a scarcity of bread-fruit, but have never been wholly without it. Some fern-root was shown to me, which, in scarce seasons, is used by the natives as bread. It bears a long even-edged leaf, about an inch wide; the taste somewhat resembled that of a yam. I was informed by our people, that in their walks they saw, in many places, patches of Indian corn just making their appearance through the ground. This convinces me that the corn taken from Matavai could not have been better disposed of.

Goats are frequently offered for sale, but I rather discouraged the buying of them, for fear of injuring the breed. The natives will not eat them, neither will they taste the milk; and ask, with some appearance of disgust, why we do not milk the sows? I endeavoured to prevail on Tinah and Iddeah to eat the goats' milk, by mixing it with fruit, but they would only try one spoonful.

We had begun to make preparations for sailing; and Tinah supplied us with a sufficient stock of wood, by ordering trees to be brought down from the country. He had frequently expressed a wish that I would leave some fire-arms and ammunition with him, as he expected to be attacked after the ship sailed; and, perhaps, chiefly on account of our partiality to him: I, therefore, thought it but reasonable to attend to his request; and I was the more readily prevailed on, as he said his intentions were to act only on the defensive. This indeed seems most suited to his disposition, which is neither active nor enterprising. If Tinah had spirit in proportion to his size and strength, he would probably be the greatest warrior in Otahite: but courage is not the most conspicuous of his virtues. When I promised to leave with him a pair of pistols, which they prefer to muskets, he told me, that Iddeah would fight with one, and Oedidee with the other. Iddeah has learnt to load and fire a musket with great dexterity, and Oedidee is an excellent marksman. It is not common for women in this country to go to war, but Iddeah is a very resolute woman, of a large make, and has great bodily strength.

Friday, 6th.—I sent Mr. Fryer, the master, to sound Taowne harbour. The knowledge that we intended shortly to sail, having spread among the natives, a great many broken iron tools were brought from all parts of the island, to be repaired at our forge; and this morning, a messenger arrived from Waleatua, the Earce of Tiarrahoo, with several pieces of Spanish iron, which he desired to have made into small adzes. This request was, of course, complied with.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL OF AN ARREOY WOMAN FROM TETHUROA—A PRESENT DELIVERED BY TINAH FOR HIS MAJESTY—OTHER OCCURRENCES TO THE TIME OF THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE FROM OTAHITE.

1789. March.—From the 5th to the 14th of this month, the wind blew constantly from between the N.W. and S.W., with a great deal of rain. This was the longest continuance of westerly winds without interruption, that we experienced. On the 13th, several canoes arrived here, and at Matavai, from Tethuroa: in these were a large tribe of the Arreoy, and among them Huheine Moyere, the wife of Oreepyah, who is an Arreoy woman, and remained at Tethuroa after Oreepyah came away. On her arrival, a ceremony was performed, called Hooeippee, which seemed to be designed as a public visit to all their friends, who are collected on the occasion. In this ceremony, there was nothing remarkable: the Arreoy men took their opportunity to plunder the women who were near them, and Iddeah made a present of some cloth to Huheine Moyere, and a baked hog to the Arreoy.

After this ceremony, a present was produced from many of the principal people, for young Otoo, the Earce Ralie; which was received by Iddeah, Tinah being absent. This present consisted of five hogs, and forty-eight baskets filled with bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, tarro, and different kinds of puddings. The baskets were decorated with slips of cloth, stained with variety of colours, and carried by 24 men, each of whom had a

pole on his shoulder, at each end of which was a basket.

I have seldom spoken of Otoo, who was too young to have any share in the management of affairs, and with whom we were not permitted to have any intercourse, except speaking to him now and then, across a river; at which times, I did not neglect to send the children some little presents, so that they always rejoiced to see me. I might have been admitted to a nearer acquaintance, if I would have gone with my shoulders uncovered, as his parents did, but this I declined. The children do not all live under the same roof, the two sisters eating and sleeping in a separate house, though at other times they are generally together.

The island Tethuroa may very properly be compared to some of our watering-places in England, producing a similar effect upon those who visit it. Many, who went there covered with scurf, returned plump and fair, and scarce like the same people. This alteration for the better, is in a great measure to be attributed to the discontinuance of the Ava, which Tethuroa does not produce: the cocoa-nut trees, likewise, which supply them with their only beverage, growing on low sandy keys, and having their roots below the level of the sea, may probably have qualities different from the cocoa-nuts of Otaheite; which, with a plenty of fish, that at other times they are not accustomed to, must no doubt contribute to the amendment described.

Saturday, 14th.—I was visited to-day by a very old man, an uncle to Tupia, the person who went from these islands in the Endeavour, in the year 1769, and who died at Batavia. He appeared to be near 70 years old, and was treated with much respect by the natives. He made several inquiries concerning his nephew, and requested that when I came again, I would bring his hair. At the time that Tinah mentioned to me his desire of visiting England, I asked what account I could give to his friends, if he should not live to return; to which he replied, that I must cut off his hair, and carry it to them, and they would be perfectly satisfied.

On the 16th, I was informed, that a stop was put to the sale of hogs, in the district of Tottala. Teppahoo, the Eearee of that district, told me that they had very few hogs left there, and that it was necessary, for a certain time, to prohibit every person from killing or selling, that they might have time to breed. I did not think it reasonable to solicit any indulgence on this head: my friends at Matavai and Oparre promised to supply us, as long as we remained here, though we had considerably thinned their stock. After our departure, the same restriction was to take place in these districts, and it being delayed on our account, certainly deserves to be regarded among their acts of friendship towards us.

As it was generally known that we were preparing to sail, a number of the natives from other parts of the island were constantly with us, and petty thefts were committed, whenever the negligence of our people afforded an opportunity: but no attempt of any consequence was made.

Thursday, 19th.—This evening, Mr. Samuel, my clerk, returned from an excursion to the mountains, having been two days absent. He described the hills to be well clothed with wood, except the tops of the higher mountains, which only produced bushes and fern. The birds he saw, were blue

parroquets and green doves, except one, which he found burrowing in the ground, and brought to me. This bird was about the size of a pigeon, and proved to be a white-bellied petrel, of the same kind as those seen in high latitudes, which are called shearwaters. He likewise brought a branch of a plant, like the New Zealand tea-plant, and which, at Van Diemen's Land, we had made use of for brooms. From the hills he saw the islands Maitea and Huaheine, which are situated nearly in opposite directions from Otaheite, and are 70 leagues distant from each other.

Friday, 27th.—For some days past, Tinah had been busied in getting two *parais*, or mourning-dresses, made, which he intended as a present to King George. Being finished, they were this morning hung up in his house, as a public exhibition, and a long prayer made on the occasion; the substance of which was, that the King of England might for ever remain his friend, and not forget him. When he presented the *parais* for me to take on board, he could not refrain from shedding tears. During the short remainder of our stay here, there appeared among the natives an evident degree of sorrow that we were so soon to leave them, which they showed by unusual kindness and attention.

We began, this afternoon, to remove the plants to the ship. They were in excellent order: the roots had appeared through the bottom of the pots, and would have shot into the ground, if care had not been taken to prevent it.

The weather was considerably altered for the better, and the trade-wind appeared settled. The rainy and bad season of the year, may be reckoned to begin towards the end of November, and to continue till near the end of March. During this time, the winds are variable, and often westerly, though we seldom found them to blow strong in that direction. We likewise experienced frequent intervals of fine weather; but, during these months, so open a road as Matavai bay is not a safe anchoring-place for ships that intend remaining any length of time at Otaheite.

Tuesday, the 31st.—To-day, all the plants were on board, being in 774 pots, 39 tubs, and 24 boxes. The number of bread-fruit plants were 1015: besides which, we had collected a number of other plants. The *avoc*, which is one of the finest flavoured fruits in the world. The *ayyah*, which is a fruit not so rich, but of a fine flavour and very refreshing. The *rattah*, not much unlike a chestnut, which grows on a large tree, in great quantities: they are singly in large pods, from one to two inches broad; and may be eaten raw, or boiled in the same manner as Windsor beans, and so dressed, are equally good. The *orai-ah*, which is a very superior kind of plantain. All these I was particularly recommended to collect, by my worthy friend, Sir Joseph Banks. I had also taken on board some plants of the *eltow* and *matte*, with which the natives here make a beautiful red colour; and a root called *peeah*, of which they make an excellent pudding.

I now made my last presents to several of my friends with whom I had been most intimate, particularly to Teppahoo. Several people expressed great desire to go with us to England. Oedidee, who was always very much attached to us, said, he considered it as his right, having formerly left his native place, to sail with Captain Cook. Scarce

any man belonging to the ship was without a *tyo*, who brought to him presents, chiefly of provisions for a sea store.

Friday, the 3rd of April.—Tinah and his wife, with his parents, brothers, and sister, dined with me to-day, and, as I meant to sail early the next morning, they all remained on board for the night. The ship was crowded the whole day with the natives, and we were loaded with cocoa-nuts, plantains, bread-fruit, hogs, and goats. In the evening, there was no dancing or mirth on the beach, such as we had been accustomed to, but all was silent.

Saturday, 4th.—At day-light, we unmoored: the stock of the best bower anchor was so much eaten by the worms, that it broke in stowing the anchor: the small bower had an iron stock; and in these voyages, it is very necessary that ships should be provided with iron anchor-stocks. At half past six, there being no wind, we weighed, and, with our boats and two sweeps, towed the ship out of the harbour. Soon after, the sea breeze came, and we stood off towards the sea.

The outlet of Toahroah harbour being narrow, I could permit only a few of the natives to be on board: many others, however, attended in canoes, till the breeze came, when I was obliged to leave them. We stood off and on, almost all the remainder of the day. Tinah and Iddcah pressed me very strongly to anchor in Matavai bay, and stay one night longer; but, as I had already taken leave of most of my friends, I thought it better to keep to my intention of sailing. After dinner, I ordered the presents which I had reserved for Tinah and his wife, to be put in one of the ship's boats, and, as I had promised him fire-arms, I gave him two muskets, a pair of pistols, and a good stock of ammunition. I then represented to them, the necessity of their going away, that the boat might return to the ship before it was dark; on which they took a most affectionate leave of me, and went into the boat. One of their expressions, at parting, was "*Yourah no t' Fatua tee evecerah.*" "May the Fatua protect you, for ever and ever."

All the time that we remained at Otaheite, the picture of Captain Cook, at the desire of Tinah, was kept on board the ship. On delivering it to him, I wrote on the back, the time of the ship's arrival and departure, with an account of the number of plants on board.

Tinah had desired that I would salute him, at his departure, with the great guns, which I could not comply with, for fear of disturbing the plants; but, as a parting token of our regard, we manned ship with all hands, and gave him three cheers. At sunset, the boat returned, and we made sail, bidding farewell to Otaheite, where for twenty-three weeks we had been treated with the utmost affection and regard, and which seemed to increase in proportion to our stay. That we were not insensible to their kindness, the events which followed more than sufficiently prove: for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people, may be ascribed the motives for that event which effected the ruin of an expedition, that there was every reason to hope, would have been completed in the most fortunate manner.

To enter into a description of the island, or its inhabitants, I look upon as superfluous. From the accounts of former voyages, and the facts

which I have related, the character of the people will appear in as true a light, as by any description in my power to give. The length of time that we remained at Otaheite, with the advantage of having been there before, gave me opportunities of making, perhaps, a more perfect vocabulary of the language, than has yet appeared; but I have chosen to defer it for the present, as there is a probability that I may hereafter be better qualified for such a task.

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE ISLAND HUAHEINE—A FRIEND OF OMAI VISITS THE SHIP—LEAVE THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—A WATER-SPOUT—THE ISLAND WHYTOOTACKEE DISCOVERED—ANCHOR IN ANNAMOOKA BAY—OUR PARTIES ON SHORE ROBBED BY THE NATIVES—SAIL FROM ANNAMOOKA—THE CHIEFS DETAINED ON BOARD—PART FRIENDLY.

SUNDAY, 5th April 1789.—We steered towards the Island Huaheine, which we got sight of the next morning. At noon we brought to, near the entrance of Owharre harbour, it not being my intention to anchor. We could see every part of the harbour distinctly, but my attention was particularly directed to the spot where Omai's house had stood, no part of which was now visible. It was near three o'clock before any canoes came off to us, for the people on shore imagined that the ship was coming into the harbour. The first that arrived, had three men in it, who brought a few cocoa-nuts. I enquired about the chief, or *Barce Rahie*; and one of the fellows, with great gravity, said, he was the *Barce Rahie*, and that he had come to desire I would bring the ship into the harbour. I could not help laughing at his impudence: however, I gave him a few nails for his cocoa-nuts, and he left us. Immediately after, a double canoe, in which were ten men, came alongside: among them was a young man, who recollected and called me by my name. Several other canoes arrived, with hogs, yams, and other provisions, which we purchased. My acquaintance told me that he had lived with our friend Omai. He confirmed the account that has already been given; and informed me, that, of all the animals which had been left with Omai, the mare only remained alive. He said that Omai and himself had often rode together; and I observed, that many of the islanders, who came on board, had the representation of a man on horseback tattooed on their legs. After the death of Omai, his house was broken to pieces, and the materials stolen. The fire-arms were at Ulietea, but useless. I enquired after the seeds and plants, and was informed that they were all destroyed, except one tree; but of what kind that was, I could not make out from their description. I was much pressed to take the ship into the harbour, and Omai's companion requested me to let him go to England. When they found that I would not stop among them, they seemed jealous of our going to Ulietea, and it appeared to give them some satisfaction, when I told them that I should not go near that island.

The canoes had left us, and we were making sail, when we discovered an Indian in the water, swimming towards the shore, which in all probability he would not have been able to reach. We took him up, and, luckily, another canoe coming alongside, we put him in her. The people of the

canoe said that the man was insane; but how he came to be swimming so far from the land, we could not conjecture. At six o'clock we made sail, and ran all night to the S.W., and S.W. by S., between the Islands Huaheino and Ulietea. The next morning, I altered the course, steering more to the westward, for the Friendly Islands.

On the 9th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the weather became squally, and a body of thick black clouds collected in the east. Soon after, a water-spout was seen at no great distance from us, which appeared to great advantage from the darkness of the clouds behind it. As nearly as I could judge, it was about two feet diameter at the upper part, and about eight inches at the lower. I had scarce made these remarks, when I observed that it was advancing rapidly towards the ship. We immediately altered our course, and took in all the sails, except the foresail; soon after which, it passed within ten yards of our stern, making a rustling noise, but without our feeling the least effect from its being so near us. The rate at which it travelled I judged to be about ten miles per hour, going towards the west in the direction of the wind. In a quarter of an hour after passing us, it dispersed. I never was so near a water-spout before: the connection between the column, which was higher than our mast-heads, and the water below, was no otherwise visible, than by the sea being disturbed in a circular space of about six yards in diameter, the centre of which, from the whirling of the water round it, formed a hollow; and from the outer parts of the circle, the water was thrown up with much force, in a spiral direction, and could be traced to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. At this elevation we lost sight of it, and could see nothing of its junction with the column above. It is impossible to say what injury we should have suffered, if it had passed directly over us. Masts, I imagine, might have been carried away, but I do not apprehend it would have endangered the loss of a ship.

As we sailed very near the track made in former voyages, I had little reason to expect that we should at this time make any new discovery: nevertheless, on the 11th, at day-light, land was seen to the S.S.W., at about five leagues' distance, which appeared to be an island of a moderate height. On the north part was a round hill: the N.W. part was highest and steep: the S.E. part sloped off to a low point.

The wind had been westerly since the preceding noon, and at the time we saw the land, the ship was standing to the N.W. At six, we tacked to the southward, and, as we advanced in that direction, discovered a number of low keys, of which at noon we counted nine: they were all covered with trees. The large island first seen had a most fruitful appearance, its shore being bordered with flat land, on which grew innumerable cocoa-nut and other trees; and the higher grounds beautifully interspersed with lawns. The wind being light and unfavourable, we endeavoured all day, but without success, to get near the land. In the night we had a heavy squall, which obliged us to clew up all our sails, and soon after it fell calm.

On the 12th, the winds were light and variable all day, with calms. At two in the afternoon, we were within three miles of the southernmost key

and could see a number of people within the reefs. Shortly after, a canoe, in which were four men, paddled off to us, and came alongside, without showing any signs of apprehension or surprise. I gave them a few beads, and they came into the ship. One man, who seemed to have an ascendancy over the others, looked about the ship with some appearance of curiosity, but none of them would venture to go below. They asked for some boiled fresh pork, which they saw in a bowl, belonging to one of the seamen, and it was given them to eat, with boiled plantains. Being told that I was the *Earee* or chief of the ship, the principal person came and joined noses with me, and presented to me a large mother-of-pearl shell, which hung with platted hair round his neck; this he fastened round my neck, with signs of great satisfaction.

They spoke the same language as at Otaheite, with very little variation, as far as I could judge. In a small vocabulary, that I made whilst conversing with these men, only four words, out of twenty-four, differed from the Otaheite. The name of the large island, they told me, was Wytotackee, and the *Earee* was called Lomakkayah. They said that there were no hogs, dogs, or goats upon the island, nor had they yams, or tarro; but that plantains, cocoa-nuts, fowls, bread-fruit, and avees, were there in great abundance. Notwithstanding they said that no hogs were on the island, it was evident they had seen such animals; for they called them by the same name as is given to them at Otaheite, which made me suspect that they were deceiving me. However, I ordered a young boar and sow to be put into their canoe, with some yams and tarro, as we could afford to part with some of these articles. I also gave to each of them a knife, a small adze, some nails, beads, and a looking-glass. The latter they examined with great curiosity; but with the iron-work they appeared to be acquainted; calling it *aurree*, which is the common name for iron among the islands where it is known.

As they were preparing to leave us, the chief of the canoe took possession of every thing that I had given to the others. One of them showed some signs of dissatisfaction; but, after a little altercation, they joined noses, and were reconciled. I now thought they were going to leave the ship; but only two of them went into the canoe, the other two purposing to stay all night with us, and to have the canoe return for them in the morning. I would have treated their confidence with the regard it merited, but it was impossible to say how far the ship might be driven from the island in the night. This I explained to them, and they reluctantly consented to leave us. They were very solicitous that somebody from the ship should go on shore with them; and just before they quitted us, they gave me a wooden spear, which was the only thing, the paddles excepted, they had brought with them in the canoe. It was a common long staff, pointed with the *toa* wood.

The people that came off to us did not differ in appearance from the natives of Hervey's Islands, seen in Captain Cook's last voyage, though much more friendly and inoffensive in their manners. They were tattooed across the arms and legs, but not on the loins or posteriors, like the people of

Otaheite. From their knowledge of iron, they have doubtless communication with Hervey's Islands, which are not more than eighteen leagues distant from them.

In the night, a breeze sprung up from the south, and we continued our course to the westward.

On the 18th, at sunset, we saw Savage Island; and in the night, passed by to the southward of it.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 21st, we saw the island Caow, from the mast-head, bearing N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. This island is a high mountain, with a sharp-pointed top, and is the northwesternmost of all the Friendly Islands. At noon we saw it very distinctly from the deck, it being then nineteen leagues distant from us.

The wind being to the southward, we could not fetch Annamooka, at which island I intended to stop, before the evening of the 23rd, when we anchored in the road, in twenty-three fathoms; the extremes of Annamooka bearing E. by N. and S. by E., our distance from the shore being half a league. In the middle of the day, a canoe had come off to us from the island Mango, in which was a chief, named Latoomy-lange, who dined with me. Immediately on our anchoring, several canoes came alongside, with yams and cocoa-nuts, but none of the natives offered to come on board, without first asking permission. As yet, I had seen no person with whom I could recollect to have been formerly acquainted. I made enquiries after some of our old friends, particularly the chiefs, but I found myself not sufficiently master of the language to obtain the information I wanted.

Friday, 24th.—Our station being inconvenient for watering, at daylight we weighed, and worked more to the eastward, where we anchored in twenty-one fathoms; our distance from the shore being half a league. Sounded all round the ship, and found the ground to be a coarse coral bottom, but with even soundings.

By this time, some large sailing canoes were arrived from different islands in the neighbourhood of Annamooka; and an old lame man, named Tapa, whom I had known in 1777, and immediately recollected, came on board. Two other chiefs, whose names were Noocaboo and Kuncappo, were with him. Tapa having formerly been accustomed to our manner of speaking their language, I found I could converse with him tolerably well. He informed me, that Poulaho, Feenow, and Tubow, were alive, and at Tongataboo, and that they would come hither as soon as they heard of our arrival, of which he promised to send them immediate notice. He said that the cattle which we had left at Tongataboo had all bred, and that the old ones were yet living. He enquired after several people who were here with Captain Cook. Being desirous to see the ship, I took him and his companions below, and showed them the bread-fruit* and other plants, at seeing which they were greatly surprised. I made each of them a present; and, when they had satisfied their curiosity, I invited them to go on shore with me in the ship's boat.

I took Nelson with me to procure some bread-fruit plants, one of our stock being dead, and two or three others a little sickly. When we landed, there were about two hundred people on the

beach, most of them women and children. Tapa showed me a large boat-house, which, he told me, we might make use of; thinking we should have a party on shore, as our ships had formerly. I went with him in search of water, but could find no better place than where Captain Cook had watered, which is a quarter of a mile inland from the east end of the beach. I next walked to the west point of the bay, where some plants and seeds had been sown by Captain Cook; and had the satisfaction to see, in a plantation close by, about twenty fine pine-apple plants, but no fruit, this not being the proper season. They told me, that they had eaten many of them, that they were fine and large, and that at Tongataboo there were great numbers.

When I returned to the landing-place, I was desired to sit down, and a present was brought me, which consisted of some bundles of cocoa-nuts only. This fell short of my expectations; however, I appeared satisfied, and distributed beads and trinkets to the women and children near me.

Numerous were the marks of mourning with which these people disfigure themselves, such as bloody temples, their heads deprived of most of the hair, and what was worse, almost all of them with the loss of some of their fingers. Several fine boys, not above six years old, had lost both their little fingers; and some of the men, besides these, had parted with the middle finger of the right hand.

The chiefs went off with me to dinner, and I found a brisk trade carrying on at the ship for yams; some plantains and bread-fruit were likewise brought on board, but no hogs. In the afternoon, more sailing canoes arrived, some of which contained not less than ninety passengers. We purchased eight hogs, some dogs, fowls, and shadoocks. Yams were in great abundance, very fine and large; one yam weighed above forty-five pounds. Among the people that came this afternoon, were two of the name of Tubow, which is a family of the first distinction among the Friendly Islands; one of them was chief of the island Lefooga; with him and Tapa I went on shore to see the wooding-place. I found a variety of sizeable trees; but the kind which I principally pitched upon, was the Barringtonia, of Forster. I acquainted Tapa with my intention of sending people to cut wood, which meeting with his approbation, we parted.

On the 25th, at daylight, the wooding and watering parties went on shore. I had directed them not to cut the kind of tree* which, when Captain Cook wooded here in 1777, blinded, for a time, many of the wood-cutters. They had not been an hour on shore, before one man had an axe stolen from him, and another an adze. Tapa was applied to, who got the axe restored, but the adze was not recovered. In the evening we completed wooding.

Sunday, 26th.—In the morning, Nelson went on shore to get a few plants; but, no principal chief being among the people, he was insulted, and a spade taken from him. A boat's grapnel was likewise stolen from the watering party.

* *Excaccaria Agallocha* Linn. Sp. Pl., called in the Malay language, *Caor Mata Boola*, which signifies, the tree that wounds the eyes.

Tepa recovered the spade for us; but the crowd of natives was become so great, by the number of canoes that had arrived from different islands, that it was impossible to do anything, where there was such a multitude of people, without a chief of sufficient authority to command the whole. I therefore ordered the watering party to go on board, and determined to sail; for I could not discover that any canoe had been sent to acquaint the chiefs of Tongataboo of our being here. For some time after the thefts were committed, the chiefs kept away, but before noon, they came on board.

At noon, we unmoored, and at one o'clock, got under sail. The two Tubows, Kunocappo, Latoomy-lange, and another chief, were on board, and I acquainted them, that, unless the grapnel was returned, they must remain in the ship. They were surprised, and not a little alarmed. Canoes were immediately dispatched after the grapnel, which, I was informed, could not possibly be brought to the ship before the next day, & those who had stolen it immediately sailed with their prize to another island. Nevertheless, I detained them till sunset, when their uneasiness and impatience increased to such a degree, that they began to beat themselves about the face and eyes, and some of them cried bitterly. As this distress was more than the grapnel was worth, and I had no reason to imagine that they were privy to, or in any manner concerned in the theft, I could not think of detaining them longer, and called their canoes alongside. I then told them they were at liberty to go, and made each of them a present of a hatchet, a saw, with some knives, gimblets, and nails. This unexpected present, and the sudden change in their situation, affected them not less with joy than they had before been with apprehension. They were unbounded in their acknowledgments; and I have little doubt but that we parted better friends than if the affair had never happened.

We stood to the northward all night, with light winds, and on the next day, the 27th, at noon, were between the islands Tofoa and Kotoo. Latitude observed 19° 18' S.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with many circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. A very different scene was now to be experienced. A conspiracy had been formed, which was to render all our past labour productive only of extreme misery and distress. The means had been concerted and prepared with so much secrecy and circumspection, that no one circumstance appeared to occasion the smallest suspicion of the impending calamity.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MUTINY IN THE SHIP.

MONDAY, 27th April, 1789.—We kept near the island Kotoo all the afternoon, in hopes that some canoes would come off to the ship; but in this I was disappointed. The wind being northerly in the evening, we steered to the westward, to pass to the south of Tofoa. I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle

watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

Tuesday, 28th.—Just before sun-rising, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called as loud as I could in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Mallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect. "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant," was constantly repeated to me.

The master by this time had sent to request that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin.

I continued my endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he with many oaths threatened to kill me immediately, if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side, whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvass, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water, and Mr. Samuel got 150 pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The mutineers having forced those of the seamen whom they meant to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his own crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ship;

there was no one to assist me, and every endeavour on my part was answered with threats of death.

The officers were next called upon deck and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizen-mast, Christian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the bandage that secured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked, but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M^cIntosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavours to bring back the offenders to a sense of their duty; all I could do was by speaking to them in general; but it was to no purpose, for I was kept securely bound, and no one except the guard suffered to come near me.

To Mr. Samuel I am indebted for securing my journals and commission, with some material ship papers. Without these I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honour and character might have been suspected, without my possessing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great resolution, though guarded and strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were numerous, when he was hurried away, with "Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

It appeared to me, that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest.

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business: some swore "I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets anything with him," (meaning me); and, when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, "Damn my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month;" while others laughed at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

I asked for arms, but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian; who then said—"Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the

boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance you will instantly be put to death:" and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned; and it was then that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

I had with me in the boat the following persons:

| <i>Names.</i> | <i>Stations.</i> |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| JOHN FRYER | Master. |
| THOMAS LEDWARD | Acting Surgeon. |
| DAVID NELSON | Botanist. |
| WILLIAM PECKOVER | Gunner. |
| WILLIAM COLE | Boatswain. |
| WILLIAM PURCELL | Carpenter. |
| WILLIAM EPHINSTONE | Master's Mate. |
| THOMAS HAYWARD | } Midshipmen. |
| JOHN HALLER | |
| JOHN NORTON | } Quarter Masters. |
| PETER LINKLETTER | |
| LAWRENCE LEBGOUR | Sailmaker. |
| JOHN SMITH | } Cooks. |
| THOMAS HALL | |
| GEORGE SIMPSON | Quarter Master's Mate |
| ROBERT TINKLER | A Boy. |
| ROBERT LAMB | Butcher. |
| MR. SAMUEL | Clerk. |

There remained on board the *Bounty*

| | |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| FLETCHER CHRISTIAN | Master's Mate. |
| PETER HEYWOOD | } Midshipmen. |
| EDWARD YOUNG | |
| GEORGE STEWART | |
| CHARLES CHURCHILL | Master at Arms. |
| JOHN MILLS | Gunner's Mate. |
| JAMES MORRISON | Boatswain's Mate. |
| THOMAS BURKITT | Able Seaman. |
| MATTHREW QUINTAL | Ditto. |
| JOHN SUMNER | Ditto. |
| JOHN MILLWARD | Ditto. |
| WILLIAM M ^c KOY | Ditto. |
| HENRY HILLBRANT | Ditto. |
| MICHAEL BYRNE | Ditto. |
| WILLIAM MUSPRAT | Ditto. |
| ALEXANDER SMITH | Ditto. |
| JOHN WILLIAMS | Ditto. |
| THOMAS ELLISON | Ditto. |
| ISAAC MARTIN | Ditto. |
| RICHARD SKINNER | Ditto. |
| MATTHREW THOMPSON | Ditto. |
| WILLIAM BROWN | Gardener. |
| JOSEPH COLEMAN | Armourer. |
| CHARLES NORMAN | Carpenter's Mate. |
| THOMAS M ^c INTOSH | Carpenter's Crew. |

In all twenty-five hands, and, the most able men of the ship's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore N. E. about ten leagues from us. While the ship was in sight, she steered to the W.N.W., but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away—"Huzza for Otaheite," was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of the mutineers, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

was the third voyage he had made with me; and as I found it necessary to keep my ship's company at three watches, I had given him an order to take charge of the third, his abilities being thoroughly equal to the task; and by this means the master and gunner were not at watch and watch.

Heywood* was also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained hopes, that as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country.

Young was well recommended, and had the look of an able stout seaman: he, however, fell short of what his appearance promised.

Stewart was a young man of creditable parents, in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the Resolution from the South Seas, in 1780, we received so many civilities, that, on that account only, I should gladly have taken him with me: but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character.

Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some signs of remorse in Christian. When they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him, if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship? he appeared disturbed at my question, and answered with much emotion, "That,—Captain Bligh,—that is the thing;—I am in hell—I am in hell."

As soon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward satisfaction, which prevented any depression of my spirits: conscious of my integrity, and anxious solicitude for the good of the service in which I had been engaged, I found my mind wonderfully supported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithstanding so heavy a calamity, that I should one day be able to account to my King and my country for the misfortune.—A few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering. I had a ship in the most perfect order, and well stored with every necessary both for service and health: by early attention to those particulars I had, as much as lay in my power, provided against any accident in case I could not get through Endeavour Straits, as well as against what might befall me in them; add to this, the plants had been successfully preserved in the most flourishing state: so that upon the whole, the voyage was two thirds completed, and the remaining part, to all appearance, in a very promising way; every person on board being in perfect health, to establish which was ever amongst the principal objects of my attention.

It will very naturally be asked, what could be the reason for such a revolt? in answer to which I can only conjecture, that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheiteans, than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that

they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away: especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived. The utmost, however, that any commander could have supposed to have happened is, that some of the people would have been tempted to desert. But if it should be asserted, that a commander is to guard against an act of mutiny and piracy in his own ship, more than by the common rules of service, it is as much as to say that he must sleep locked up, and when awake, be girded with pistols.

Desertions have happened, more or less, from most of the ships that have been at the Society Islands; but it has always been in the commander's power to make the chiefs return their people: the knowledge, therefore, that it was unsafe to desert, perhaps, first led mine to consider with what ease so small a ship might be surprised, and that so favourable an opportunity would never offer to them again.

The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Heywood and Young, had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on. To such a close-planned act of villany, my mind being entirely free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I fell a sacrifice. Perhaps, if there had been marines on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I slept with the door always open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions, the possibility of such a conspiracy being ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard: but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with: that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night, he excused himself from supping with me on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his integrity and honour.

† From subsequent disclosures it does not appear that any conspiracy had been entered into, but that the mutiny was solely occasioned by a sudden determination taken by Christian, who had received insulting language from Captain Bligh on several occasions, and particularly on the previous afternoon, and he was but too readily seconded by many of the people, particularly by the men who had deserted at Otaheite. The motives which Captain Bligh ascribes to the crew generally, without doubt actuated many when the explosion occurred, but there is no reason to believe that any previous intention of mutiny existed. Heywood and Stewart, who were left behind, took no part in the affair. See Appendix.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROCKED IN THE LAUNCH TO THE ISLAND TOFOA—DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING SUPPLIES THERE—TREACHEROUS ATTACK OF THE NATIVES—ESCAPE TO SEA, AND BEAR AWAY FOR NEW HOLLAND.

My first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip our boat, and grant us a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies.

The quantity of provisions I found in the boat, was 150lb. of bread, 16 pieces of pork, each piece weighing 2lb., 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, with 28 gallons of water, and four empty barrecoos.

Fortunately it was calm all the afternoon, till about four o'clock, when we were so far to windward, that, with a moderate easterly breeze which sprung up, we were able to sail. It was nevertheless dark when we got to Tofoa, where I expected to land; but the shore proved to be so steep and rocky, that we were obliged to give up all thoughts of it, and keep the boat under the lee of the island with two oars; for there was no anchorage. Having fixed on this mode of proceeding for the night, I served to every person half a pint of frog, and each took to his rest as well as our unhappy situation would allow.

Wednesday, April 29th.—In the morning, at dawn of day, we rowed along shore in search of a landing-place, and about ten o'clock we discovered a cove with a stony beach, at the N.W. part of the island, where I dropt the grapnel within twenty yards of the rocks. A great surf ran on the shore; but, as I was unwilling to diminish our stock of provisions, I landed Mr. Samuel, and some others, who climbed the cliffs and got into the country to search for supplies. The rest of us remained at the cove, not discovering any other way into the country, than that by which Mr. Samuel had proceeded. It was great consolation to me to find, that the spirits of my people did not sink, notwithstanding our miserable and almost hopeless situation. Towards noon, Mr. Samuel returned, with a few quarts of water which he had found in holes; but he had met with no spring, or any prospect of a sufficient supply in that particular, and had seen only the signs of inhabitants. As it was uncertain what might be our future necessities, I only issued a morsel of bread, and a glass of wine, to each person for dinner.

I observed the latitude of this cove to be 19° 41' S. This is the N.W. part of Tofoa, the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands.

The weather was fair, but the wind blew so strong from the E.S.E., that we could not venture to sea. Our detention made it absolutely necessary to endeavour to obtain something towards our support; for I determined, if possible, to keep our first stock entire. We therefore weighed, and rowed along shore to see if anything could be got; and at last discovered some cocoa-nut trees; but they were on the top of high precipices, and the surf made it dangerous landing: both one and the other, we however got the better of. Some of the people, with much difficulty, climbed the cliffs, and got about twenty cocoa-nuts, and others slung them to ropes, by which we hauled them through the surf into the boat. This was

all that could be done here; and, as I found no place so safe as the one we had left, to spend the night at, I returned to the cove, and, having served a cocoa-nut to each person, we went to rest again in the boat.

Thursday, 30th.—At daylight, we attempted to put to sea; but the wind and weather proved so bad, that I was glad to return to our former station: where, after issuing a morsel of bread and a spoonful of rum to each person, we landed, and I went off with Mr. Nelson, Mr. Samuel, and some others, into the country, having hauled ourselves up the precipice by long vines, which were fixed there by the natives for that purpose; this being the only way into the country.

We found a few deserted huts, and a small plantation walk, but little taken care of; from which we could only collect three small bunches of plantains. After passing this place, we came to a deep gully that led towards a mountain, near a volcano; and, as I conceived that in the rainy season very great torrents of water must pass through it, we hoped to find sufficient for our use remaining in some holes of the rocks; but, after all our search, the whole that we collected was only nine gallons. We advanced within two miles of the foot of the highest mountain in the island, on which is the volcano that is almost constantly burning. The country near it is covered with lava, and has a most dreary appearance. As we had not been fortunate in our discoveries, and saw nothing to alleviate our distresses, except the plantains and water abovementioned, we returned to the boat, exceedingly fatigued and faint. When I came to the precipice whence we were to descend into the cove, I was seized with such a dizziness in my head, that I thought it scarce possible to effect it: however, by the assistance of Nelson and others, they at last got me down, in a weak condition. Every person being returned by noon, I gave about an ounce of pork and two plantains to each, with half a glass of wine. I again observed the latitude of this place 19° 41' south. The people who remained by the boat I had directed to look for fish, or what they could pick up about the rocks; but nothing eatable could be found: so that, upon the whole, we considered ourselves on as miserable a spot of land as could well be imagined.

I could not say positively, from the former knowledge I had of this island, whether it was inhabited or not; but I knew it was considered inferior to the other islands, and I was not certain but that the Indians only resorted to it at particular times. I was very anxious to ascertain this point; for, in case there had been only a few people here, and those could have furnished us with but very moderate supplies, the remaining in this spot to have made preparations for our voyage, would have been preferable to the risk of going amongst multitudes, where perhaps we might lose everything. A party, therefore, sufficiently strong, I determined should go another route, as soon as the sun became lower; and they cheerfully undertook it.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the party set out; but, after suffering much fatigue they returned in the evening, without any kind of success.

At the head of the cove, about 150 yards from the water-side, there was a cave; the distance across the stony beach was about 100 yards, and

from the country into the cove there was no other way than that which I have already described. The situation secured us from the danger of being surprised, and I determined to remain on shore for the night, with a part of my people, that the others might have more room to rest in the boat with the master; whom I directed to lie at a grapple, and be watchful, in case we should be attacked. I ordered one plantain for each person to be boiled; and, having supped on this scanty allowance, with a quarter of a pint of grog, and fixed the watches for the night, those whose turn it was, laid down to sleep in the cave, before which we kept up a good fire; yet notwithstanding we were much troubled with flies and musquitoes.

Friday, May 1st.—At dawn of day, the party set out again in a different route, to see what they could find; in the course of which they suffered greatly for want of water: they, however, met with two men, a woman and a child: the men came with them to the cove, and brought two cocoa-nut shells of water. I endeavoured to make friends of these people, and sent them away for bread-fruit, plantains, and water. Soon after, other natives came to us; and by noon there were thirty about us, from whom we obtained a small supply; but I could only afford one ounce of pork, and a quarter of a bread-fruit to each man for dinner, with half a pint of water; for I was fixed in my resolution not to use any of the bread or water in the boat.

No particular chief was yet among the natives: they were, notwithstanding, tractable, and behaved honestly, exchanging the provisions they brought for a few buttons and beads. The party who had been out, informed me of their having seen several neat plantations; so that it remained no longer a doubt of there being settled inhabitants on the island; for which reason I determined to get what I could, and to sail the first moment that the wind and weather would allow us to put to sea.

I was much puzzled in what manner to account to the natives for the loss of my ship: I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that we only were saved: the latter appeared to be the most proper and advantageous for us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, inquiries were made about the ship, and they seemed readily satisfied with our account; but there did not appear the least symptom of joy or sorrow in their faces, although I fancied I discovered some marks of surprise. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon, and we got enough of bread-fruit, plantains, and cocoa-nuts for another day; but of water they only brought us about five pints. A canoe also came in with four men, and brought a few cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit, which I bought as I had done the rest. Nails were much inquired after, but I would not suffer any to be shown, as they were wanted for the use of the boat.

Towards evening, I had the satisfaction to find our stock of provisions somewhat increased; but the natives did not appear to have much to spare. What they brought was in such small quantities,

that I had no reason to hope we should be able to procure from them sufficient to stock us for our voyage. At sun-set all the natives left us in quiet possession of the cove. I thought this a good sign, and made no doubt that they would come again the next day with a better supply of food and water, with which I hoped to sail without farther delay: for if, in attempting to get to Tongataboo, we should be driven to leeward of the islands, there would be a larger quantity of provisions to support us against such a misfortune.

At night, I served a quarter of a bread-fruit and a cocoa-nut to each person for supper; and, a good fire being made, all but the watch went to sleep.

Saturday 2nd.—At day-break, the next morning, I was pleased to find every one's spirits a little revived, and that they, no longer regarded me with those anxious looks, which had constantly been directed towards me since we lost sight of the ship: every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and they all seemed determined to do their best.

As there was no certainty of our being supplied with water by the natives, I sent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty shells, to see what could be found. In their absence the natives came about us, as I expected, and in greater numbers; two canoes also came in from round the north side of the island. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Maccaackawow. Soon after, some of our foraging party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief, called Egieefow, or perhaps more properly Eefow, Eijij or Eglec, signifying a chief. To each of these men I made a present of an old shirt and a knife, and I soon found they had either seen me, or had heard of my being at Annamooka. They knew I had been with Captain Cook, whom they inquired after, and also Captain Clerk. They were very inquisitive to know in what manner I had lost my ship. During this conversation, a young man, named Nageete, appeared, whom I remembered to have seen at Annamooka: he expressed much pleasure at our meeting. I inquired after Poulaho and Eefow, who, they said, were at Tongataboo; and Eefow agreed to accompany me thither, if I would wait till the weather moderated. The readiness and affability of this man gave me much satisfaction.

This, however, was but of short duration, for the natives began to increase in number, and I observed some symptoms of a design against us. Soon after they attempted to haul the boat on shore, on which I brandished my cutlass in a threatening manner, and spoke to Eefow to desire them to desist; which they did, and everything became quiet again. My people, who had been in the mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little bread-fruit that was brought to us, and likewise some spears to arm my men with, having only four cutlasses, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our situation, I told our people I would wait till sun-set, by which time, perhaps, something might happen in our favour: for if we attempted to go at present, we must fight our way through, which we could do more advantageously at night; and that in the mean time we would endeavour to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the

knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. At noon I served a cocoa-nut and a bread-fruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued, to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused: for it occurred both to Nelson and myself, that they intended to seize hold of me, if I gave them such an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, constantly on our guard, we were suffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in some quietness.

After dinner, we began by little and little to get our things into the boat, which was a troublesome business, on account of the surf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who continued to increase in number; and found that, instead of their intention being to leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their stay during the night. Consultations were also held among them, and every thing assured me we should be attacked. I sent orders to the master that when he saw us coming down he should keep the boat close to the shore, that we might the more readily embark.

I had my journal on shore with me, writing the occurrences in the cave, and in sending it down to the boat, it was nearly snatched away, but for the timely assistance of the gunner.

The sun was near setting, when I gave the word, on which every person, who was on shore with me, boldly took up his proportion of things, and carried them to the boat. The chiefs asked me if I would not stay with them all night, I said, "No, I never sleep out of my boat; but in the morning we will again trade with you, and I shall remain till the weather is moderate, that we may go, as we have agreed, to see Poulaho, at Tongataboo." Maeca-ackavow then got up, and said, "You will not sleep on shore? then Mattie," (which directly signifies we will kill you) and he left me. The onset was now preparing; every one, as I have described before, kept knocking stones together, and Eefow quitted me. All but two or three things were in the boat, when I took Nageete by the hand, and we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror.

While I was seeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to stay to speak to Eefow; but I found he was encouraging them to the attack, and it was my determination, if they had then begun, to have killed him for his treacherous behaviour. I ordered the carpenter not to quit me till the other people were in the boat. Nageete, finding I would not stay, loosed himself from my hold and went off, and we all got in the boat except one man, who while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the sternfast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling the boat on shore; which they would certainly have effected, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time, I saw five of the na-

tives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, for to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones, and twelve men came off after us, to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable us all. Our grapnel was foul, but Providence here assisted us; the fluke broke, and we got to our oars, and pulled to sea. They, however, could paddle round us, so that we were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were very inferior to them. We could not close, because our boat was lumbered and heavy, of which they well knew how to take advantage: I therefore adopted the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes, which, as I expected, they stopped to pick up; and, as it was by this time almost dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

The poor man killed by the natives was John Norton: this was his second voyage with me as a quarter-master, and his worthy character made me lament his loss very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he supported.

I once before sustained an attack of a similar nature, with a smaller number of Europeans, against a multitude of Indians: it was after the death of Captain Cook, on the Morai at Owlyhee, where I was left by Lieutenant King. Yet, notwithstanding this experience, I had not an idea that the power of a man's arm could throw stones, from two to eight pounds weight, with such force and exactness as these people did. Here unhappily we were without fire-arms, which the Indians knew; and 't was a fortunate circumstance that they did not begin to attack us in the cave; for in that case our destruction must have been inevitable, and we should have had nothing left for it but to sell our lives as dearly as we could; in which I found every one cheerfully disposed to concur. This appearance of resolution deterred them, supposing they could effect their purpose without risk after we were in the boat.

Taking this as a sample of the disposition of the natives, there was but little reason to expect much benefit by persevering in the intention of visiting Poulaho; for I considered their good behaviour formerly to have proceeded from a dread of our fire-arms, and which, therefore, was likely to cease, as they knew we were now destitute of them: and, even supposing our lives not in danger, the boat and everything we had, would most probably be taken from us, and thereby all hopes precluded of ever being able to return to our native country.

We set our sails, and steered along shore by the west side of the island Tofoa; the wind blowing fresh from the eastward. My mind was employed in considering what was best to be done, when I was solicited by all hands to take them towards home: and, when I told them that no hopes of relief for us remained (except what might be found at New Holland) till I came to Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, where there was a Dutch settlement, but in what part of the island I knew not; they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, per day.

Therefore, after examining our stock of provisions, and recommending to them, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise, we bore away across a sea, where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself.

Our stock of provisions consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ship, was principally owing to our loss in the bustle and confusion of the attack. A few cocoa-nuts were in the boat, and some bread-fruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSAGE TOWARDS NEW HOLLAND—ISLANDS DISCOVERED IN OUR ROUTE—OUR GREAT DISTRESS—SEE THE REEFS OF NEW HOLLAND, AND FIND A PASSAGE THROUGH THEM.

It was about eight o'clock at night when we bore away under a reefed lug foresail: and, having divided the people into watches, and got the boat in a little order, we returned God thanks for our miraculous preservation, and, fully confident of his gracious support, I found my mind more at ease than it had been for some time past.

Sunday, 3rd.—At day-break, the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery and red, a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the top of the sea it was too much to have set: but we could not venture to take in the sail, for we were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might. A situation more distressing has, perhaps, seldom been experienced.

Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet: to be starved to death was inevitable, if this could not be prevented: I therefore began to examine what clothes there were in the boat, and what other things could be spared; and, having determined that only two suits should be kept for each person, the rest was thrown overboard, with some rope and spare sails, which lightened the boat considerably, and we had more room to bale the water out. Fortunately the carpenter had a good chest in the boat, in which we secured the bread the first favourable moment. His tool chest also was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, so that this became a second convenience.

I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, (for we were very wet and cold) with a quarter of a bread-fruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner: our engagement was now strictly to be carried into execution, and I was fully determined to make our provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

At noon, I considered our course and distance from Tofoa to be W.N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. 86 miles, latitude $19^{\circ} 27' S.$ I directed the course to the W. N. W., that we might get a sight of the islands called

Feejee, if they lay in the direction the natives had pointed out to me.

The weather continued very severe, the wind veering from N.E. to E.S.E. The sea ran higher than in the forenoon, and the fatigue of baling, to keep the boat from filling, was exceedingly great. We could do nothing more than keep before the sea: in the course of which the boat performed so well, that I no longer dreaded any danger in that respect. But among the hardships we were to undergo, that of being constantly wet was not the least: the night was very cold, and at day-light on Monday, 4th, our limbs were so benumbed, that we could scarce find the use of them. At this time I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, from which we all found great benefit.

As I have mentioned before, I determined to keep to the W.N.W., till I got more to the northward; for I not only expected to have better weather, but to see the Feejee Islands, as I have often understood, from the natives of Annamooka, that they lie in that direction. Captain Cook likewise considered them to be N.W. by W. from Tongataboo. Just before noon, we discovered a small flat island, of a moderate height, bearing W.S.W., 4 or 5 leagues. I observed our latitude to be $18^{\circ} 58' S.$; our longitude was, by account, $3^{\circ} 4' W.$ from the island of Tofoa, having made a N. $72^{\circ} W.$ course, distance 95 miles, since yesterday noon. I divided five small cocoa-nuts for our dinner, and every one was satisfied.

A little after noon, other islands appeared, and at a quarter past three o'clock we could count eight, bearing from S. round by the west to N.W. by N.; those to the south, which were the nearest, being four leagues distant from us.

I kept my course to the N.W. by W., between the islands, the gale having considerably abated. At six o'clock, we discovered three other small islands to the N. W., the westernmost of them bore N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 7 leagues. I steered to the southward of these islands, a W.N.W. course for the night under a reefed sail.

Served a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, and performed prayers.

The night turned out fair, and, having had tolerable rest, every one seemed considerably better in the morning, Tuesday, 5th, and contentedly breakfasted on a few pieces of yams that were found in the boat. After breakfast we examined our bread, a great deal of which was damaged and rotten; this, nevertheless, we were glad to keep for use.

I had hitherto been scarcely able to keep any account of our run; but we now equipped ourselves a little better, by getting a log-line marked, and, having practised at counting seconds, several could do it with some degree of exactness.

At noon I observed, in latitude $18^{\circ} 10' S.$, and considered my course and distance from yesterday noon, N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., 94 miles; longitude, by account, from Tofoa $4^{\circ} 29' W.$

For dinner, I served some of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pith of water.

About six o'clock in the afternoon, we discovered two islands, one bearing W. by S. 6 leagues, and the other N.W. by N. 8 leagues; I kept to windward of the northernmost, and passing it by 10 o'clock, I resumed our course to the N.W. and W.N.W. for the night.

Wednesday, 6th.—The weather was fair and the

wind moderate all day from the E.N.E. At daylight, a number of other islands were in sight from S.S.E. to the W., and round to N.E. by E.; between those in the N.W. I determined to pass. At noon a small sandy island or key, two miles distant from me, bore from E. to S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. I had passed ten islands, the largest of which I judged to be 6 or 8 leagues in circuit. Much larger lands appeared in the S.W. and N.N.W., between which I directed my course. Latitude observed $17^{\circ} 17'$ S.; course since yesterday noon N. 50° W.; distance 84 miles; longitude made, by account, $5^{\circ} 37'$ W.

Our allowance for the day was a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and the meat, which did not exceed two ounces to each person; it was received very contentedly, but we suffered great drought. I durst not venture to land, as we had no arms, and were less capable of defending ourselves than we were at Tofoa.

To keep an account of the boat's run was rendered difficult, from being constantly wet with the sea breaking over us; but, as we advanced towards the land, the sea became smoother, and I was enabled to form a sketch of the islands. Those we were near, appeared fruitful and hilly, some very mountainous, and all of a good height.

To our great joy we hooked a fish, but we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.

We continued steering to the N.W., between the islands, which, by the evening, appeared of considerable extent, woody and mountainous. At sun-set, the southernmost bore from S. to S.W. by W. and the northernmost from N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. to N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. At six o'clock we were nearly mid-way between them, and about six leagues distant from each shore, when we fell in with a coral bank, on which we had only four feet water, without the least break on it, or ruffle of the sea to give us warning. I could see that it extended about a mile on each side of us.

I directed the course W. by N. for the night, and served to each person an ounce of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, for supper.

As our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room, I endeavoured to remedy the latter defect, by putting ourselves at watch and watch; so that one half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and we so constantly wet, that, after a few hours sleep, we could scarce move.

Thursday, 7th.—At dawn of day, we again discovered land from W.S.W. to W.N.W., and another island N.N.W., the latter a high round lump of but little extent: the southern land that we had passed in the night was still in sight. Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast.

The land in the west was distinguished by some extraordinary high rocks, which, as we approached them, assumed a variety of forms. The country appeared to be agreeably interspersed with high and low land, and in some places covered with wood. Off the N.E. part lay some small rocky islands, between which and an island 4 leagues to the N.E., I directed my course; but a lee current

very unexpectedly set us very near to the rocky isles, and we could only get clear of it by rowing, passing close to the reef that surrounded them. At this time we observed two large sailing canoes coming swiftly after us along shore, and, being apprehensive of their intentions, we rowed with some anxiety, fully sensible of our weak and defenceless state. At noon it was calm and the weather cloudy; my latitude is therefore doubtful to 3 or 4 miles. Our course since yesterday noon N.W. by W., distance 79 miles; latitude by account, $16^{\circ} 29'$ S., and longitude by account, from Tofoa, $6^{\circ} 46'$ W. Being constantly wet, it was with the utmost difficulty I could open a book to write, and I am sensible that what I have done can only serve to point out where these lands are to be found again, and give an idea of their extent.

All the afternoon, we had light winds at N.N.E.: the weather was very rainy, attended with thunder and lightning. Only one of the canoes gained upon us, which, by three o'clock in the afternoon was not more than two miles off, when she gave over chase.

If I may judge from the sail of these vessels, they are of a similar construction with those at the Friendly Islands, which, with the nearness of their situation, gives reason to believe that they are the same kind of people. Whether these canoes had any hostile intention against us must remain a doubt: perhaps we might have benefited by an intercourse with them; but in our defenceless situation, to have made the experiment would have been risking too much.

I imagine these to be the islands called Feejee, as their extent, direction, and distance from the Friendly Islands, answers to the description given of them by those islanders. Heavy rain came on at four o'clock, when every person did their utmost to catch some water, and we increased our stock to 34 gallons, besides quenching our thirst for the first time since we had been at sea; but an attendant consequence made us pass the night very miserably, for being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover us, we experienced cold shiverings scarce to be conceived. Most fortunately for us, the forenoon, Friday, 8th, turned out fair, and we stripped and dried our clothes. The allowance I issued to-day, was an ounce and a half of pork, and a tea-spoonful of rum, half-a-pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, was of the greatest service. A fishing-line was generally towing from the stern of the boat, but though we saw great numbers of fish, we could never catch one.

At noon, I observed, in latitude $16^{\circ} 4'$ S, and found we had made a course, from yesterday noon, N. 62° W., distance 62 miles; longitude, by account, from Tofoa, $7^{\circ} 42'$ W.

In the afternoon we cleaned out the boat, and it employed us till sun-set to get everything dry and in order. Hitherto I had issued the allowance by guess, but I now made a pair of scales, with two cocoa-nut shells; and, having accidentally some pistol-balls in the boat, 25 of which weighed one pound, or 16 ounces, I adopted one, as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands, with describing the situation of

* It weighed 372 grains.

New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that in case any accident happened to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of, more than the name, and some not even that. At night, I served a quarter of a pint of water, and half an ounce of bread, for supper.

Saturday, 9th.—In the morning, a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and some of the decayed bread, was served for breakfast; and for dinner, I divided the meat of four cocoa-nuts, with the remainder of the rotten bread, which was only eatable by such distressed people.

At noon, I observed the latitude to be $15^{\circ} 47'$ S.; course since yesterday N. 75° W., distance sixty-four miles; longitude made, by account, $8^{\circ} 45'$ W.

In the afternoon I fitted a pair of shrouds for each mast, and contrived a canvas weather cloth round the boat, and raised the quarters about nine inches, by nailing on the seats of the stern sheets, which proved of great benefit to us.

The wind had been moderate all day in the S. E. quarter, with fine weather; but, about nine o'clock in the evening, the clouds began to gather, and we had a prodigious fall of rain, with severe thunder and lightning. By midnight we caught about twenty gallons of water. Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a tea-spoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressed situation. The weather continued extremely bad and the wind increased; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain. The day brought no relief but its light. The sea broke over us so much that two men were constantly baling; and we had no choice how to steer, being obliged to keep before the waves for fear of the boat filling.

The allowance now regularly served to each person was one 25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sun-set. To-day I gave about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

The rain abated towards noon, and I observed the latitude to be $15^{\circ} 17'$ S.; course N. 67° W., distance seventy-eight miles; longitude made 10° W.

The wind continued strong from S. S. E. to S. E., with very squally weather and a high breaking sea, so that we were miserably wet, and suffered great cold in the night.

Monday, 11th.—In the morning at day-break, I served to every person a tea-spoonful of rum, our limbs being so cramped that we could scarce move them. Our situation was now extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept us baling with all our strength.

At noon the sun appeared, which gave us as much pleasure as in a winter's day in England. I issued the 25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water as yesterday. Latitude observed $14^{\circ} 50'$ S.; course 71° W., distance 102 miles; and longitude, by account, $11^{\circ} 39'$ W. from Tofoa.

In the evening it rained hard, and we again

experienced a dreadful night. At length the day (Tuesday the 12th) came, and showed to me a miserable set of beings, full of wants, without anything to relieve them. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and every one of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was no ways refreshing, as we were covered with sea and rain. I served a spoonful of rum at day-dawn, and the usual allowance of bread and water for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

At noon it was almost calm, no sun to be seen, and some of us shivering with cold. Course since yesterday, W. by N., distance eighty-nine miles; latitude, by account, $14^{\circ} 33'$ S.; longitude made $13^{\circ} 9'$ W. The direction of our course was to pass to the northward of the New Hebrides.

The wet weather continued, and in the afternoon the wind came from the southward, blowing fresh in squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, I recommended to every one to strip, and wring them through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have.

This afternoon we saw a kind of fruit on the water, which Nelson told me was the Barringtonia of Forster; and as I saw the same again in the morning, and some men-of-war birds, I was led to believe that we were not far from land.

We continued constantly shipping seas and baling, and were very wet and cold in the night; but I could not afford the allowance of rum at day-break.

Wednesday, 13th.—At noon I had a sight of the sun, latitude $14^{\circ} 17'$ S.; course W. by N. seventy-nine miles; longitude made $14^{\circ} 28'$ W. All this day we were constantly shipping water, and suffered much cold and shiverings in the night.

Thursday, 14th.—Fresh gales at S. E., and gloomy weather, with rain and a high sea. At six in the morning we saw land, from S. W. by S. eight leagues, to N. W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. six leagues, which soon after appeared to be four islands, one of them much larger than the others, and all of them high and remarkable. At noon, we discovered a small island and some rocks, bearing N. W. by N. four leagues, and another island W. eight leagues, so that the whole were six in number; the four I had first seen bearing from S. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. to S. W. by S.; our distance three leagues from the nearest island. My latitude observed was $13^{\circ} 29'$ S., and longitude by account, from Tofoa, $15^{\circ} 49'$ W.; course, since yesterday noon, N. 63° W., distance eighty-nine miles. At four in the afternoon we passed the westernmost island.

Friday, 15th.—At one in the morning another island was discovered, bearing W. N. W., five leagues distance, and at eight we saw it for the last time, bearing N. E. seven leagues. A number of gannets, boobies, and men-of-war birds were seen.

These islands lie between the latitude of $13^{\circ} 16'$ and $14^{\circ} 10'$ S.: their longitude, according to my reckoning, $15^{\circ} 51'$ to $17^{\circ} 6'$ W. from the island Tofoa*. The largest island I judged to be about

* By making a proportional allowance for the error afterwards found in the dead reckoning, I estimate the longitude of these islands to be from $16^{\circ} 1'$ E. to $16^{\circ} 34'$ E. from Greenwich.

twenty leagues in circuit, the others five or six. The easternmost is the smallest island, and most remarkable, having a high sugar-loaf hill.

The sight of these islands served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving, with plenty in view; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger, that prolonging of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships. For my own part, I consider the general run of cloudy and wet weather to be a blessing of Providence. Hot weather would have caused us to have died with thirst; and probably, being so constantly covered with rain or sea protected us from that dreadful calamity.

As I had nothing to assist my memory, I could not then determine whether these islands were a part of the New Hebrides or not: I believed them to be a new discovery, which I have since found true; but, though they were not seen either by Monsieur Bougainville or Captain Cook, they are so nearly in the neighbourhood of the New Hebrides, that they must be considered as part of the same group. They are fertile and inhabited, as I saw smoke in several places.

The wind was at S. E., with rainy weather all day. The night was very dark, not a star could be seen to steer by, and the sea broke continually over us. I found it necessary to counteract as much as possible the effect of the southerly winds, to prevent being driven too near New Guinea; for in general we were forced to keep so much before the sea, that if we had not at intervals of moderate weather, steered a more southerly course, we should inevitably, from a continuance of the gales, have been thrown in sight of that coast: in which case there would most probably have been an end to our voyage.

Saturday, the 16th.—In addition to our miserable allowance of one 25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, I issued for dinner about an ounce of salt pork to each person. I was often solicited for this pork, but I considered it more proper to issue it in small quantities than to suffer it to be all used at once or twice, which would have been done if I had allowed it.

At noon I observed, in $13^{\circ} 33' S.$; longitude made from Tofoa, $19^{\circ} 27' W.$; course, N. $82^{\circ} W.$, distance 101 miles. The sun breaking out through the clouds, gave us hopes of drying our wet clothes; but the sunshine was of short duration. We had strong breezes at S. E. by S., and dark gloomy weather, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The night was truly horrible, and not a star to be seen, so that our steerage was uncertain.

Sunday, the 17th.—At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was, perhaps, not to be reckoned an evil, as it gave us exercise.

The little rum we had was of great service: when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a tea-spoonful or two to each

person: and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions.

At noon a water-spout was very near on board of us. I issued an ounce of pork, in addition to the allowance of bread and water; but before we began to eat every person stripped, and having wrung their clothes through the sea-water, found much warmth and refreshment. Course since yesterday noon, W. S. W., distance 100 miles; latitude, by account, $14^{\circ} 11' S.$, and longitude made $21^{\circ} 3' W.$

The night was dark and dismal; the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make New Holland, to the southward of Endeavour Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments.

Monday, 18th.—In the morning the rain abated, when we stripped, and wrung our clothes through the sea-water as usual, which refreshed us greatly. Every person complained of violent pain in their bones; I was only surprised that no one was yet laid up. The customary allowance of one 25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, was served at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

At noon I deduced my situation by account, for we had no glimpse of the sun, to be latitude $14^{\circ} 52' S.$; course, since yesterday noon, W. S. W., 106 miles; longitude made from Tofoa $22^{\circ} 45' W.$ Saw many hobbies and noddies, a sign of being in the neighbourhood of land. In the night we had very severe lightning, with heavy rain; and were obliged to keep baling without intermission.

Tuesday, 19th.—Very bad weather and constant rain. At noon, latitude, by account, $13^{\circ} 37' S.$; course since yesterday, N. $81^{\circ} W.$, distance 100 miles; longitude made $24^{\circ} 33' W.$ With the allowance of bread and water, served half an ounce of pork to each person for dinner.

Wednesday, 20th.—Fresh breezes E. N. E., with constant rain; at times a deluge. Always baling.

At dawn of day, some of my people seemed half dead: our appearances were horrible; and I could look no way, but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident, but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink, that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones. This morning I served about two tea-spoonfuls of rum to each person, and the allowance of bread and water as usual. At noon the sun broke out, and revived every one. I found we were in latitude $14^{\circ} 49' S.$; longitude made $25^{\circ} 46' W.$; course S. $88^{\circ} W.$, distance, seventy-five miles.

All the afternoon we were so covered with rain and salt water, that we could scarcely see. We suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort: for my own part I almost

lived without it. About two o'clock in the morning (Tuesday 21st) we were overwhelmed with a deluge of rain. It fell so heavy that we were afraid it would fill the boat, and were obliged to bale with all our might. At dawn of day I served a larger allowance of rum. Towards noon the rain abated and the sun shone, but we were miserably cold and wet, the sea breaking constantly over us; so that, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we had not been able to add to our stock of fresh water. Latitude, by observation, $14^{\circ} 29' S.$, and longitude made, by account from Tofoa, $27^{\circ} 25' W.$; course, since yesterday noon, $N. 78^{\circ} W.$, ninety-nine miles. I now considered myself nearly on a meridian with the east part of New Guinea.

Friday, 22nd.—Strong gales from E.S.E. to S.S.E., a high sea, and dark dismal night.

Our situation this day was extremely calamitous. We were obliged to take the course of the sea, running right before it, and watching with the utmost care, as the least error in the helm would in a moment have been our destruction.

At noon it blew very hard, and the foam of the sea kept running over our stern and quarters; I however got propped up, and made an observation of the latitude, in $14^{\circ} 17' S.$; course $N. 85^{\circ} W.$, distance 130 miles; longitude made $29^{\circ} 38' W.$

The misery we suffered this night exceeded the preceding. The sea flew over us with great force, and kept us baling with horror and anxiety. At dawn of day (Saturday 23rd) I found every one in a most distressed condition, and I began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several, who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings. I served an allowance of two tea-spoonfuls of rum; after drinking which, having wrung our clothes, and taken our breakfast of bread and water, we became a little refreshed.

Towards noon the weather became fair, but with very little abatement of the gale, and the sea remained equally high. With some difficulty I observed the latitude to be $13^{\circ} 41' S.$; course since yesterday noon $N. 74^{\circ} W.$, distance 116 miles; longitude made $31^{\circ} 32' W.$ from Tofoa.

The wind moderated in the evening, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold.—Sunday, 24th. A fine morning, I had the pleasure to see, produce some cheerful countenances; and, the first time for fifteen days past, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped, and hung our clothes up to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare, that they would not keep out either wet or cold.

As soon I observed in latitude $13^{\circ} 33' S.$; longitude by account, from Tofoa $33^{\circ} 28' W.$; course $N. 84^{\circ} W.$, distance 114 miles. With the usual allowance of bread and water for dinner, I served an ounce of pork to each person. This afternoon we had many birds about us which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies.

As the sea began to run fair, and we shipped but little water, I took the opportunity to examine into the state of our bread, and found, that accord-

ing to the present mode of issuing, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance; by which time I hoped we should be able to reach Timor. But as this was very uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, we might be obliged to go to Java, I determined to proportion the allowance so as to make our stock hold out six weeks. I was apprehensive that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for, small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some, who were less patient than their companions, I expected would very ill brook it. However on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned in our voyage by contrary winds, or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal. It was accordingly settled, that every person should receive one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner; so that by omitting the proportion for supper, we had forty-three days' allowance.

Monday, 25th.—At noon some noddies came so near to us, that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of, *Who shall have this* *? it was distributed, with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eat up bones and all, with salt water for sauce. I observed the latitude $13^{\circ} 32' S.$; longitude made $35^{\circ} 19' W.$; course $N. 89^{\circ} W.$, distance 108 miles.

In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. This bird is as large as a duck: like the noddy, it has received its name from seamen, for suffering itself to be caught on the masts and yards of ships. They are the most presumptuous proofs of being in the neighbourhood of land of any sea-fowl we are acquainted with. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were the most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and with an allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper, compared with our usual fare.

Tuesday, 26th.—Fresh breezes from the S.E., with fine weather. In the morning we caught another booby, so that Providence appeared to be relieving our wants in an extraordinary manner. Towards noon, we passed a great many pieces of the branches of trees, some of which appeared to have been no long time in the water. I had a good observation for the latitude, and found our situation to be in $13^{\circ} 41' S.$; longitude, by account, from Tofoa, $37^{\circ} 13' W.$; course $S. 85^{\circ} W.$, 112 miles. The people were overjoyed at the addition to their dinner, which was distributed in the same manner as on the preceding evening; giving the blood to those who were the most in want of food.

* One person turns his back on the object that is to be divided: another then points separately to the portions, at each of them asking aloud, "Who shall have this?" to which the first answers by naming somebody. This impartial method of division gives every man an equal chance of the best share.

To make the bread a little savoury, most of the people frequently dipped it in salt water; but I generally broke mine into small pieces, and ate it in my allowance of water, out of a cocoa-nut shell, with a spoon; economically avoiding to take too large a piece at a time, so that I was as long at dinner as if it had been a much more plentiful meal.

The weather was now serene, which, nevertheless, was not without its inconveniences, for we began to feel distress of a different kind from that which we had lately been accustomed to suffer. The heat of the sun was so powerful, that several of the people were seized with languor and faintness, which made life indifferent. We were so fortunate as to catch two boobies in the evening; their stomachs contained several flying-fish and small cuttle-fish, all of which I saved to be divided for dinner the next day.

Wednesday, 27th.—A fresh breeze at E.S.E., with fair weather. We passed much drift-wood this forenoon, and saw many birds; I therefore did not hesitate to pronounce that we were near the reefs of New Holland. From my recollection of Captain Cook's survey of this coast, I considered the direction of it to be N.W., and I was therefore satisfied that, with the wind to the southward of E., I could always clear any dangers.

At noon, I observed in latitude $13^{\circ} 26' S.$; course since yesterday N. $82^{\circ} W.$, distance 109 miles; longitude made $39^{\circ} 4' W.$ After writing my account, I divided the two birds with their entrails, and the contents of their maws, into eighteen portions, and, as the prize was a very valuable one, it was divided as before, by calling out, *Who shall have this?* so that to-day, with the allowance of a twenty-fifth of a pound of bread at breakfast, and another at dinner, with the proportion of water, I was happy to see that every person thought he had feasted.

In the evening, we saw a gannet; and the clouds remained so fixed in the west, that I had little doubt of our being near the land. The people, after taking their allowance of water for supper, amused themselves with conversing on the probability of what we should find.

Thursday, 28th.—At one in the morning, the person at the helm heard the sound of breakers, and I no sooner lifted up my head, than I saw them close under our lee, not more than a quarter of a mile distant from us. I immediately hauled on a wind to the N.N.E., and in ten minutes' time we could neither see nor hear them.

I have already mentioned my reason for making New Holland so far to the southward; for I never doubted of numerous openings in the reef, through which I could have access to the shore; and, knowing the inclination of the coast to be to the N.W., and the wind mostly to the southward of E., I could with ease range such a barrier of reefs till I should find a passage, which now became absolutely necessary, without a moment's loss of time. The idea of getting into smooth water, and finding refreshments, kept my people's spirits up: their joy was very great after we had got clear of the breakers, to which we had approached much nearer than I thought was possible, without first discovering them.

In the morning, at day-light, we could see nothing of the land or of the reefs. We bore

away again, and at nine o'clock, saw the reefs. The sea broke furiously over every part, and we had no sooner got near to them, than the wind came at E., so that we could only lie along the line of the breakers; within which we saw the water so smooth, that every person already anticipated the heart-felt satisfaction he should receive, as soon as we could get within them. I now found we were embayed, for we could not lie clear with the sails, the wind having backed against us; and the sea set in so heavy towards the reef, that our situation was become unsafe. We could effect but little with the oars, having scarce strength to pull them; and I began to apprehend that we should be obliged to attempt pushing over the reef. Even this I did not despair of effecting with success, when happily we discovered a break in the reef, about one mile from us, and at the same time an island of a moderate height within it, nearly in the same direction, bearing W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. I entered the passage with a strong stream running to the westward, and found it about a quarter of a mile broad, with every appearance of deep water.

On the outside, the reef inclined to the N.E. for a few miles, and from thence to the N.W.: on the south side of the entrance, it inclined to the S.S.W. as far as I could see it; and I conjecture that a similar passage to this which we now entered, may be found near the breakers that I first discovered, which are twenty-three miles S. of this channel.

Being now happily within the reefs, and in smooth water, I endeavoured to keep near them to try for fish; but the tide set us to the N.W., I therefore bore away in that direction, and, having promised to land on the first convenient spot we could find, all our past hardships seemed already to be forgotten.

My longitude, made by dead reckoning, from the island Tofoa to our passage through the reef, is $40^{\circ} 40' W.$ Providential Channel, I imagine, must lie very nearly under the same meridian with our passage; by which it appears we had outrun our reckoning $1^{\circ} 9'$.

We now returned God thanks for his gracious protection, and with much content took our miserable allowance of a twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, for dinner.

CHAPTER XVI.

PROGRESS TO THE NORTHWARD, ALONG THE COAST OF NEW HOLLAND—LAND ON DIFFERENT ISLANDS, IN SEARCH OF SUPPLIES.

As we advanced within the reefs, the coast began to show itself very distinctly, in a variety of high and low land; some parts of which were covered with wood. In our way towards the shore, we fell in with a point of a reef which is connected with that towards the sea, and here we came to a grapnel, and tried to catch fish, but had no success. Two islands lay about four miles to the W. by N., and appeared eligible for a resting-place, if for nothing more; but on our approach to the nearest island, it proved to be only a heap of stones, and its size too inconsiderable to shelter the boat. We therefore proceeded to the next,

which was close to it and towards the main. On the N.W. side of this, I found a bay and a fine sandy point to land at. Our distance was about a quarter of a mile from a projecting part of the main, which bore from S.W. by S., to N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. We landed to examine if there were any signs of the natives being near us: we saw some old fire-places, but nothing to make me apprehend that this would be an unsafe situation for the night. Every one was anxious to find something to eat, and it was soon discovered that there were oysters on these rocks, for the tide was out; but it was nearly dark, and only a few could be gathered. I determined therefore to wait till the morning, when I should better know how to proceed, and I directed that one half of our company should sleep on shore, and the other half in the boat. We would gladly have made a fire, but, as we could not accomplish it, we took our rest for the night, which happily was calm and undisturbed.

Friday, 29th.—The dawn of day brought greater strength and spirits to us than I expected; for, notwithstanding every one was very weak, there appeared strength sufficient remaining to make me conceive the most favourable hopes of our being able to surmount the difficulties we might yet have to encounter.

As there were no appearances to make me imagine that any of the natives were near us, I sent out parties in search of supplies, while others of the people were putting the boat in order, that we might be ready to go to sea in case any unforeseen cause should make it necessary. One of the gudgeons of the rudder had come out in the course of the night, and was lost. This, if it had happened at sea, might have been attended with the most serious consequences, as the management of the boat could not have been so nicely preserved as these very heavy seas required. I had been apprehensive of this accident, and had in some measure prepared for it, by having grummetts fixed on each quarter of the boat for oars; but our utmost readiness in using them, would not probably have saved us. It appears, therefore, a providential circumstance, that it happened in a place of safety, and that it was in our power to remedy the defect; for by great good luck we found a large staple in the boat, which answered the purpose.

The parties returned, highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. I had also made a fire, by the help of a small magnifying glass; and, what was still more fortunate, we found among the few things which had been thrown into the boat and saved, a piece of brimstone and a tinder-box, so that I secured fire for the future.

One of the people had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship, a copper pot: by being in possession of this article we were enabled to make a proper use of the supply we now obtained; for, with a mixture of bread, and a little pork, we made a stew that might have been relished by people of far more delicate appetites, and of which each person received a full pint.

The general complaints of disease among us, were a dizziness in the head, great weakness of the joints, and violent tenesmus; most of us having had no evacuation by stool since we left the ship. I had constantly a severe pain at my stomach; but none of our complaints were alarming: on the

contrary, every one retained marks of strength, that, with a mind possessed of a tolerable share of fortitude, seemed able to bear more fatigue than I imagined we should have to undergo in our voyage to Timor.

As I would not allow the people to expose themselves to the heat of the sun, it being near noon, every one took his allotment of earth where it was shaded by the bushes, for a short sleep.

The oysters which we found, grew so fast to the rocks, that it was with difficulty they could be broken off; and at length we discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed. They were of a good size, and well tasted. To add to this happy circumstance, in the hollow of the land there grew some wire-grass, which indicated a moist situation. On forcing a stick, about three feet long, into the ground, we found water, and with little trouble dug a well, which produced as much as our occasions required. It was very good, but I could not determine if it was a spring or not. We were not obliged to make the well deep, for it flowed as fast as we emptied it; which, as the soil was apparently too loose to retain water from the rains, renders it probable to be a spring. On the south side of the island, likewise, we found a small run of good water.

Besides places where fires had been made, there were other signs of the natives sometimes resorting to this island. I saw two ill-constructed huts or wigwags, which had only one side loosely covered; and a pointed stick was found, about three feet long, with a slit in the end of it, to sling stones with; the same as the natives of Van Diemen's Land use.

The track of some animal was very discernible, and Nelson agreed with me that it was the kangaroo; but whether these animals swim over from the main-land, or are brought here by the natives to breed, it is impossible to determine. The latter is not improbable; as they may be taken with less difficulty in a confined spot like this, than on the continent.

The island is about a league in circuit: it is a high lump of rocks and stones covered with wood; but the trees are small, the soil, which is very indifferent and sandy, being barely sufficient to produce them. The trees that came within our knowledge were the manchineel and a species of purow: also some palm-trees, the tops of which we cut down, and the soft interior part or heart of them was so palatable that it made a good addition to our mess. Nelson discovered some fern roots, which I thought might be good roasted, as a substitute for bread, but in this I was mistaken: it however was very serviceable in its natural state to allay thirst, and on that account I directed a quantity to be collected to take into the boat. Many pieces of cocoa-nut shells and husk were found about the shore, but we could find no cocoa-nut trees, neither did I see any on the main.

I had cautioned the people not to touch any kind of berry or fruit that they might find; yet they were no sooner out of my sight than they began to make fire with three different kinds, that grew all over the island, eating without any reserve. The symptoms of having eaten too much began at last to frighten some of them; but on questioning others, who had taken a more moderate allowance, their minds were a little quieted.

The others, however, became equally alarmed in their turn, dreading that such symptoms would come on, and that they were all poisoned, so that they regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what would be the issue of their imprudence. Fortunately the fruit proved wholesome and good. One sort grew on a small delicate kind of vine; they were the size of a large gooseberry, and very like in substance, but had only a sweet taste: the skin was a pale red, streaked with yellow the long way of the fruit: it was pleasant and agreeable. Another kind grew on bushes, like that which is called the sea-side grape in the West Indies; but the fruit was very different, being more like elder-berries, and grew in clusters in the same manner. The third sort was a blackberry; this was not in such plenty as the others, and resembled a bullace, or large kind of sloe, both in size and taste. When I saw that these fruits were eaten by the birds, I no longer doubted of their being wholesome, and those who had already tried the experiment, not finding any bad effect, made it a certainty that we might eat of them without danger.

Wild pigeons, parrots, and other birds, were about the summit of the island, but, having no fire-arms, relief of that kind was not to be expected, unless we should find some unfrequented spot where the birds were so tame that we might take them with our hands.

The shore of this island is very rocky, except the place at which we landed, and here I picked up many pieces of pumice-stone. On the part of the main nearest to us, were several sandy bays, which at low-water became an extensive rocky flat. The country had rather a barren appearance, except in a few places where it was covered with wood. A remarkable range of rocks lay a few miles to the S.W., and a high peaked hill seemed to terminate the coast towards the sea, with islands to the southward. A high fair cape showed the direction of the coast to the N.W., about seven leagues distant; and two small isles lay three or four leagues to the northward of our present station.

I saw a few bees or wasps, and several lizards; and the blackberry bushes were full of ants' nests, webbed like a spider's, but so close and compact as not to admit the rain. A trunk of a tree, about 50 feet long, lay on the beach; from which I conclude that a heavy sea sets in here, with a northerly wind.

This day being the anniversary of the restoration of king Charles the Second, and the name not being inapplicable to our present situation (for we were restored to fresh life and strength), I named this Restoration Island; for I thought it probable that Captain Cook might not have taken notice of it. The other names which I have presumed to give the different parts of the coast, are meant only to show my route more distinctly.

At noon, I observed the latitude of the island to be $12^{\circ} 39' S.$; our course having been $N. 66^{\circ} W.$, distance 18 miles from yesterday noon. The wind was at E.S.E., with very fine weather.

In the afternoon, I sent parties out again to gather oysters, with which and some of the inner part of the palm top, we made another good stew for supper, each person receiving a full pint and a half; but I refused bread to this meal, for I con-

sidered that our wants might yet be very great, and was intent on saving our principal support, whenever it was in my power. After supper, we again divided, and those who were on shore slept by a good fire.

Saturday, 30th.—In the morning, I discovered a visible alteration in our company for the better, and I sent them away again to gather oysters. We had now only two pounds of pork left. This article, which I could not keep under lock and key as I did the bread, had been pilfered by some inconsiderate person, but every one denied having any knowledge of this act; I therefore resolved to put it out of their power for the future, by sharing what remained, for our dinner. While the party was out picking up oysters, I got the boat in readiness for sea, and filled all our water vessels, which amounted to nearly 60 gallons.

The party being returned, dinner was soon ready, which was as plentiful a meal as the supper on the preceding evening, and with the pork I gave an allowance of bread. As it was not yet noon, I sent the people once more to gather oysters for a sea store, recommending to them to be as diligent as possible, for that I was determined to sail in the afternoon.

At noon, I again observed the latitude $12^{\circ} 39' S.$; it was then high-water, the tide had risen three feet, but I could not be certain from whence the flood came. I deduce the time of high-water at full change to be ten minutes past seven in the morning.

Early in the afternoon, the people returned with the few tysters that they had collected, and every thing was put into the boat. I then examined the quantity of bread remaining, and found thirty-eight days' allowance, according to the last mode of issuing $\frac{1}{2}$ 25th of a pound at breakfast and at dinner.

Fair weather, and moderate breezes at E.S.E. and S.E.

Being ready for sea, I directed every person to attend prayers. At four o'clock we were preparing to embark; when about twenty of the natives appeared, running and hallooing to us, on the opposite shore. They were each armed with a spear or lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand: they made signs for us to come to them. On the top of the hills we saw the heads of many more: whether these were their wives and children, or others who waited for our landing, meaning not to show themselves, lest we might be intimidated, I cannot say; but, as I found we were discovered to be on the coast, I thought it prudent to make the best of our way, for fear of being pursued by canoes; though, from the accounts of Captain Cook, the chance was that there were very few if any of consequence on any part of the coast. I passed these people as near as I could with safety: they were naked, and apparently black, and their hair or wool bushy and short.

I directed my course within two small islands that lie to the north of Restoration Island, passing between them and the main land, towards Fair Cape, with a strong tide in my favour; so that I was abreast of it by eight o'clock. The coast we passed was high and woody. As I could see no land without Fair Cape, I concluded that the coast inclined to the N.W. and W.N.W.: I therefore

steered more towards the W.; but by eleven o'clock at night we met with low land, which inclined to the N.E.; and at three o'clock in the morning I found that we were embayed, which obliged us to stand back for a short time to the southward.

Sunday the 31st.—At day-break, I was exceedingly surprised to find the appearance of the country entirely changed, as if in the course of the night we had been transported to another part of the world; for we had now a low sandy coast in view, with very little verdure, or any thing to indicate that it was at all habitable to a human being, except a few patches of small trees or brushwood.

Many small islands were in sight to the N.E., about six miles distant. The E. part of the main bore N. four miles, and Fair Cape S.S.E. five or six leagues. I took the channel between the nearest island and the main-land, which were about one mile apart, leaving all the islands on the starboard side. Some of these were very pretty spots, covered with wood, and well situated for fishing: large shoals of fish were about us, but we could not catch any. In passing this strait we saw another party of Indians, seven in number, running towards us, shouting and making signs for us to land. Some of them waved green branches of the bushes which were near them, as a token of friendship; but some of their other motions were less friendly. A little farther off, we saw a larger party, who likewise came towards us. I therefore determined not to land, though I much wished to have had some intercourse with these people. Nevertheless I laid the boat close to the rocks, and beckoned to them to approach, but none of them would come within two hundred yards of us. They were armed in the same manner as the people we had seen from Restoration Island; they were stark naked, their colour black, with short bushy hair or wool, and in their appearance were similar to them in every respect. An island of a good height bore N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., four miles from us, at which I resolved to land, and from thence to take a look at the coast. At this isle we arrived about eight o'clock in the morning. The shore was rocky, but the water was smooth, and we landed without difficulty. I sent two parties out, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion, fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for me to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; therefore to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt: and, seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself; on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and every thing soon became quiet.

The parties continued collecting what they could

find, which were some fine oysters and clams, and a few small dog-fish that were caught in the holes of the rocks. We also found some rain-water in the hollow of the rocks, on the north part of the island, so that of this essential article we were again so fortunate as to obtain a full supply.

After regulating the mode of proceeding, I walked to the highest part of the island, to consider our route for the night. To my surprise, no more of the main-land could be seen here than from below, the northernmost part in sight, which was full of sand-hills, bearing W. by N., about three leagues. Except the isles to the E.S.E. and S., that we had passed, I could only discover a small key N.W. by N. As this was considerably farther from the main than the spot on which we were at present, I judged it would be a more secure resting-place for the night; for here we were liable to an attack, if the Indians had canoes, as they undoubtedly must have observed our landing. My mind being made up on this point, I returned, after taking a particular look at the island we were on, which I found only to produce a few bushes, and some coarse grass; the extent of the whole not being two miles in circuit. On the north side, in a sandy bay, I saw an old canoe, about thirty-three feet long, lying bottom upwards, and half buried in the beach. It was made of three pieces, the bottom entire, to which the sides were sewed in the common way. It had a sharp projecting prow rudely carved, in resemblance of the head of a fish; the extreme breadth was about three feet, and I imagine it was capable of carrying twenty men. The discovery of so large a canoe, confirmed me in the purpose of seeking a more retired place for our night's lodging.

At noon, the parties were all returned, but had found much difficulty in gathering the oysters, from their close adherence to the rocks, and the clams were scarce: I therefore saw, that it would be of little use to remain longer in this place, as we should not be able to collect more than we could eat. I named this Sunday Island: it lies N. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. from Restoration Island; the latitude, by a good observation, $11^{\circ} 58' S$.

We had a fresh breeze at S.E. by S., with fair weather. At two o'clock in the afternoon, we dined; each person having a full pint and a half of stewed oysters and clams, thickened with small beans, which Nelson informed me were a species of dolichos. Having eaten heartily, and completed our water, I waited to determine the time of high-water, which I found to be at three o'clock, and the rise of the tide about five feet. According to this, it is high-water on the full and change, at fifteen minutes past nine in the morning: I observed the flood to come from the southward, though, at Restoration Island, I thought it came from the northward. I think Captain Cook mentions that he found great irregularity in the set of the flood on this coast.

We steered for the key seen in the N.W. by N., where we arrived just at dark, but found it so surrounded by a reef of rocks, that I could not land without danger of staving the boat; and on that account we came to a grapple for the night.

Monday, June the 1st.—At dawn of day, we got on shore, and tracked the boat into shelter; for the wind blowing fresh without, and the ground

being rocky, it was not safe to trust her at a grapple, lest she should be blown to sea: I was, therefore, obliged to let her ground in the course of the ebb. From appearances, I expected that if we remained till night we should meet with turtle, as we discovered recent tracks of them. Innumerable birds of the noddy kind made this island their resting-place; so that we had reason to flatter ourselves with hopes of getting supplies in greater abundance than it had hitherto been in our power. Our situation was at least four leagues distant from the main. We were on the north-westernmost of four small keys, which were surrounded by a reef of rocks connected by sand-banks, except between the two northernmost; and there likewise it was dry at low water; the whole forming a lagoon island, into which the tide flowed: at this entrance I kept the boat.

As usual, I sent parties away in search of supplies, but to our great disappointment, we could only get a few clams and some dolichos: with these, and the oysters we had brought from Sunday Island, I made up a mess for dinner, with the addition of a small quantity of bread.

Towards noon, Nelson, and some others, who had been to the easternmost key, returned; but Nelson was in so weak a condition, that he was obliged to be supported by two men. His complaint was a violent heat in his bowels, a loss of sight, much drought, and an inability to walk. This I found was occasioned by his being unable to support the heat of the sun, and that, when he was fatigued and faint, instead of retiring into the shade to rest, he had continued to attempt more than his strength was equal to. I was glad to find that he had no fever; and it was now that the little wine, which I had so carefully saved, became of real use. I gave it in very small quantities, with some pieces of bread soaked in it; and he soon began to recover. The boatswain and carpenter also were ill, and complained of head-ach, and sickness of the stomach. Others, who had not had any evacuations by stool, became shockingly distressed with the tenesmus; so that there were but few without complaints. An idea prevailed, that the sickness of the boatswain and carpenter was occasioned by eating the dolichos. Myself, however, and some others, who had taken the same food, felt no inconvenience; but the truth was, that many of the people had eaten a large quantity of them raw, and Nelson informed me, that they were constantly teasing him, whenever a berry was found, to know if it was good to eat; so that it would not have been surprising if many of them had been really poisoned.

Our dinner was not so well relished as at Sunday Island, because we had mixed the dolichos with our stew. The oysters and soup, however, were eaten by every one, except Nelson, whom I fed with a few small pieces of bread soaked in half a glass of wine, and he continued to mend.

In my walk round the island, I found several cocoa-nut shells, the remains of an old wigwam, and the backs of two turtle, but no sign of any quadruped. One of the people found three sea-fowl's eggs.

As is common on such spots, the soil is little other than sand, yet it produced small toa-trees, and some others, that we were not acquainted with. There were fish in the lagoon, but we could not

catch any. Our wants, therefore, were not likely to be supplied here, not even with water for our daily expense: nevertheless, I determined to wait till the morning, that we might try our success in the night for turtle and birds. A quiet night's rest also, I conceived, would be of essential service to those who were unwell.

The wigwam and turtle shell, were proofs that the natives at times visited this place; and that they had canoes, the remains of the large canoe that we saw at Sunday Island, left no room to doubt: but I did not apprehend that we ran any risk by remaining here a short time. I directed our fire, however, to be made in the thicket, that we might not be discovered by its light.

At noon, I observed the latitude of this island to be $11^{\circ} 47' S$. The main-land extended towards the N. W., and was full of white sand-hills: another small island lay within us, bearing W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N., three leagues distant. Our situation being very low, we could see nothing of the reef towards the sea.

The afternoon was advantageously spent in sleep. There were, however, a few not disposed to it, and those were employed in dressing some clams to take with us for the next day's dinner: others we cut up in slices to dry, which I knew was the most valuable supply we could find here; but they were very scarce.

Towards evening, I cautioned every one against making too large a fire, or suffering it after dark to blaze up. Mr. Samuel and Mr. Peckover had the superintendance of this business, while I was strolling about the beach to observe if I thought it could be seen from the main. I was just satisfied that it could not, when on a sudden the island appeared all in a blaze, that might have been discerned at a much more considerable distance. I ran to learn the cause, and found that it was occasioned by the imprudence and obstinacy of one of the party, who, in my absence, had insisted on having a fire to himself; in making which the flames caught the neighbouring grass and rapidly spread. This misconduct might have produced very serious consequences, by discovering our situation to the natives; for, if they had attacked us, we had neither arms nor strength to oppose an enemy. Thus the relief which I expected from a little sleep was totally lost, and I anxiously waited for the flowing of the tide, that we might proceed to sea.

It was high-water at half past five this evening, whence I deduced the time, on the full and change of the moon, to be 58' past ten in the morning: the rise was nearly five feet. I could not observe the set of the flood; but imagined it to come from the southward, and that I was mistaken at Restoration Island, as I found the time of high-water gradually later the more we advanced to the northward.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| At Restoration Island, high-water, | |
| full and change | 7h 10' |
| Sunday Island | 9 19 |
| Here | 10 58 |

After eight o'clock, Mr. Samuel and Mr. Peckover went out to watch for turtle, and three men went to the east key to endeavour to catch birds. All the others complaining of being sick, took their rest, except Mr. Hayward and Mr. Elphinston, whom I directed to keep watch. About midnight the bird party returned, with only twelve noddies,

birds which I have already described to be about the size of pigeons : but if it had not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the other two, and disturbed the birds, they might have caught a great number. I was so much provoked at my plans being thus defeated, that I gave this offender* a good beating. I now went in search of the turtling party, who had taken great pains, but without success. This did not surprise me, as it was not to be expected that turtle would come near us, after the noise which had been made at the beginning of the evening in extinguishing the fire. I therefore desired them to come back, but they requested to stay a little longer, as they still hoped to find some before daylight : however, they returned by three o'clock, without any reward for their labour.

The birds we had dressed, that they might keep the better : and these, with a few clams, made the whole of the supply procured here. I tied a few gilt buttons and some pieces of iron to a tree, for any of the natives that might come after us ; and, finding my invalids much better for their night's rest, we embarked, and departed by dawn of day. Wind at S. E. ; course to the N. by W.

Tuesday, 2nd.—When we had run two leagues to the northward, the sea suddenly became rough, which not having before experienced since we were within the reefs, I concluded to be occasioned by an open channel to the ocean. Soon afterwards, we met with a large shoal, on which were two sandy keys ; between these and two others, four miles to the west, I passed on to the northward, the sea still continuing to be rough.

Towards noon, I fell in with six other keys, most of which produced some small trees and brush-wood. These formed a pleasing contrast with the main-land we had passed, which was full of sand-hills. The country continued hilly, and the northernmost land, the same we had seen from the lagoon island, appeared like downs, sloping towards the sea. Nearly abreast of us, was a flat-topped hill, which on account of its shape, I called Pudding-pan hill ; and a little to the northward were two other hills, which we called the Paps ; and here was a small tract of country without sand, the eastern part of which forms a cape, whence the coast inclines to the N. W. by N.

I divided six birds, and issued one 25th of a pound of bread, with half a pint of water, to each person for dinner, and I gave half a glass of wine to Nelson, who was now so far recovered as to require no other indulgence.

The gunner, when he left the ship, brought his watch with him, by which we had regulated our time till to-day, when unfortunately it stopped ; so that noon, sun-rise, and sun-set, are the only parts of the twenty-four hours of which from henceforward I can speak with certainty as to time.

The wind blew fresh from the S.S.E. and S.E. all the afternoon, with fair weather. As we stood to the N. by W., we found more sea, which I attributed to our receiving less shelter from the reefs to the eastward : it is probable they do not extend so far north as this ; at least it may be

* Robert Lamb.—This man, when he came to Java, acknowledged he had eaten nine birds raw, after he separated from his two companions.

concluded that there is not a continued barrier to prevent shipping having access to the shore. I observed that the stream set to the N. W., which I considered to be the flood. In some places along the coast we saw patches of wood. At five o'clock, steering to the N. W., we passed a large and fair inlet, into which, I imagine, there is a safe and commodious entrance ; it lies in latitude 11° S. About three leagues to the northward of this is an island at which we arrived about sunset, and took shelter for the night under a sandy point, which was the only part we could land at. This being rather a wild situation, I thought it best to sleep in the boat : nevertheless I sent a party away to see if any thing could be got, but they returned without success. They saw a great number of turtle bones and shells, where the natives had been feasting, and their last visit seemed to be of late date. The island was covered with wood, but in other respects it was a lump of rocks.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We lay at a grapnel till daylight, with a very fresh gale and cloudy weather. We continued steering to the N. W. Several islands and keys were in sight to the northward : the most northerly island was mountainous, having on it a very high round hill ; and a smaller was remarkable for a single peaked hill. I was now tolerably certain that we should be clear of New Holland in the afternoon.

As an addition to our dinner of bread and water, I served to each person six oysters.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, as we were steering to the S. W., towards the westernmost part of the land in sight, we fell in with some large sand-banks that run off from the coast : I therefore called this Shoal Cape. We were obliged to steer to the northward again, till we got round the shoals, when I directed the course to the W.

At four o'clock, the westernmost of the islands to the northward bore N. four leagues ; Wednesday Island E. by N. five leagues ; and Shoal Cape S. E. by E. two leagues. A small island was seen bearing W., at which we arrived before dark, and found that it was only a rock where boobies resort, for which reason I called it Booby Island. Here terminated the rocks and shoals of the N. part of New Holland, for, except Booby Island, no land was seen to the westward of S., after three o'clock this afternoon.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSAGE FROM NEW HOLLAND TO THE ISLAND TIMOR—ARRIVE AT COUPANG—RECEPTION THERE.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, at eight o'clock in the evening, we once more launched into the open ocean. Miserable as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself ; on the contrary, it seemed as if they had embarked on a voyage to Timor in a vessel sufficiently calculated for safety and convenience. So much confidence gave me great pleasure, and I may venture to assert, that to this cause our preservation is chiefly to be attributed.

I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety ; and, after praying to God for a continuance of

his most gracious protection, I served an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the W.S.W., to counteract the southerly winds, in case they should blow strong.

We had been just six days on the coast of New Holland, in the course of which we found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water. But perhaps a benefit nearly equal to this we received, by having been relieved from the fatigue of being constantly in the boat, and enjoying good rest at night. These advantages certainly preserved our lives; and small as the supply was, I am very sensible how much it alleviated our distresses. By this time nature must have sunk under the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Some would have ceased to struggle for a life that only promised wretchedness and misery; and others, though possessed of more bodily strength, must soon have followed their unfortunate companions. Even in our present situation, we were most deplorable objects; but the hopes of a speedy relief kept up our spirits. For my own part, incredible as it may appear, I felt neither extreme hunger nor thirst. My allowance contented me, knowing that I could have no more.

Thursday, 4th.—I served one 25th of a pound of bread, and an allowance of water for breakfast, and the same for dinner, with an addition of six oysters to each person. At noon, latitude observed $10^{\circ} 48' S.$; course since yesterday noon, $S. 81^{\circ} W.$, distance 111 miles; longitude, by account, from Shoal Cape, $1^{\circ} 45' W.$ A strong trade wind at E.S.E., with fair weather.

This day we saw a number of water-snakes, that were ringed yellow and black, and towards noon we passed a great deal of rock-weed. Though the weather was fair, we were constantly shipping water, which kept two men always employed to bale the boat.

Friday, 5th.—At noon I observed in latitude $10^{\circ} 45' S.$; our course since yesterday $W. \frac{1}{4} N.$, 108 miles; longitude made $3^{\circ} 35' W.$ Six oysters were as yesterday served to each man, in addition to the usual allowance of bread and water.

In the evening a few boobies came about us, one of which I caught with my hand. The blood was divided among three of the men who were weakest, but the bird I ordered to be kept for our dinner the next day. Served a quarter of a pint of water for supper, and to some, who were most in need, half a pint. In the course of the night, being constantly wet with the sea, we suffered much cold and shiverings.

Saturday, 6th.—At day-light I found that some of the clams, which had been hung up to dry for sea-store, were stolen; but every one solemnly denied having any knowledge of it. This forenoon we saw a gannet, a sand-lark, and some water-snakes, which in general were from two to three feet long.

The usual allowance of bread and water was served for breakfast, and the same for dinner, with the bird, which I distributed in the usual way, of *Who shall have this?* I proposed to make Timor about the latitude of $9^{\circ} 30' S.$, or $10^{\circ} S.$ At noon I observed the latitude to be $10^{\circ} 19' S.$; course $N. 77^{\circ} W.$, distance, 117 miles; longitude made from the Shoal Cape, the north part of New Holland, $5^{\circ} 31' W.$

In the afternoon I took an opportunity of

examining our store of bread, and found remaining nineteen days' allowance, at the former rate of serving one 25th of a pound three times a day; therefore, as I saw every prospect of a quick passage, I again ventured to grant an allowance for supper, agreeable to my promise at the time it was discontinued.

We passed the night miserably wet and cold, and in the morning I heard heavy complaints. The sea was high and breaking over us. I could only afford the allowance of bread and water for breakfast; but for dinner I gave out an ounce of dried clams to each person, which was all that remained.

At noon I altered the course to the W.N.W., to keep more from the sea, as the wind blew strong. Latitude observed $9^{\circ} 31' S.$; course $N. 57^{\circ} W.$, distance, eighty-eight miles; longitude made $6^{\circ} 46' W.$

The sea ran very high all this day, and we had frequent showers of rain, so that we were continually wet, and suffered much cold in the night. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, an old hardy seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. I could only assist them by a teaspoonful or two of wine, which I had carefully saved, expecting such a melancholy necessity.

Monday, 8th.—Wind at S.E. The weather was more moderate than it had been for some days past. A few gannets were seen. At noon I observed $8^{\circ} 45' S.$; course $W. N. W. \frac{1}{4} W.$, 106 miles; longitude made $8^{\circ} 23' W.$ The sea being smooth, I steered $W.$ by $S.$

At four in the afternoon we caught a small dolphin, which was the first relief of the kind that we obtained. I issued about two ounces to each person, including the offals, and saved the remainder for dinner the next day. Towards evening the wind freshened, and it blew strong all night, so that we shipped much water and suffered greatly from the wet and cold.

Tuesday, 9th.—At day-light as usual I heard much complaining, which my own feelings convinced me was too well founded. I gave the surgeon and Lebogue a little wine, but I could afford them no farther relief, except encouraging them with hopes that a very few days longer, at our present fine rate of sailing, would bring us to Timor.

Gannets, boobies, men of war and tropic birds, were constantly about us. Served the usual allowance of bread and water, and at noon we dined on the remains of the dolphin, which amounted to about an ounce per man. I observed the latitude to be $9^{\circ} 9' S.$; longitude made $10^{\circ} 8' W.$; course, since yesterday noon, $S. 76^{\circ} W.$; distance 107 miles.

This afternoon I suffered great sickness from the nature of part of the stomach of the fish, which had fallen to my share at dinner. At sunset I served an allowance of bread and water for supper.

Wednesday, 10th.—In the morning, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people; which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue in particular,

were most miserable objects. I occasionally gave them a few tea-spoonfuls of wine, out of the little that remained, which greatly assisted them. The hopes of being able to accomplish the voyage was our principal support. The boatswain very innocently told me, that he really thought I looked worse than any one in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion amused me, and I returned him a better compliment.

Our latitude at noon, was $9^{\circ} 16' S.$ Longitude from the north part of New Holland, $12^{\circ} 1' W.$ Course since yesterday noon, $W. \frac{1}{2} S.$, 111 miles. Birds and rock-weed showed that we were not far from land; but I expected such signs here, as there are many islands between the east part of Timor and New Guinea. The night was more moderate than the last.

Thursday, 11th. Every one received the customary allowance of bread and water, and an extra allowance of water was given to those who were most in need. At noon I observed in latitude $9^{\circ} 41' S.$; course $S. 77^{\circ} W.$, distance 109 miles; longitude made $13^{\circ} 49' W.$ I had little doubt of having now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, which is laid down in $128^{\circ} E.$ This diffused universal joy and satisfaction.

In the afternoon, we saw gannets, and many other birds, and at sunset we kept a very anxious look-out. In the evening we caught a booby, which I reserved for our dinner the next day.

Friday, 12th.—At three in the morning, with an excess of joy, we discovered Timor bearing from $W.S.W.$ to $W.N.W.$, and I hauled on a wind to the $N.N.E.$ till day-light, when the land bore from $S.W.$ by $S.$ to $N.E.$ by $N.$ Our distance from the shore, two leagues.

It is not possible for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarce credible to ourselves, that in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage.

I have already mentioned, that I knew not where the Dutch settlement was situated; but I had a faint idea that it was at the $S.W.$ part of the island. I therefore, after day-light, bore away along shore to the $S.S.W.$, which I was the more readily induced to do, as the wind would not suffer us to go towards the $N.E.$ without great loss of time.

The day gave us a most agreeable prospect of the land, which was interspersed with woods and laws; the interior part mountainous, but the shore low. Towards noon, the coast became higher, with some remarkable head-lands. We were greatly delighted with the general look of the country, which exhibited many cultivated spots and beautiful situations; but we could only see a few small huts, whence I concluded that no European resided in this part of the island. Much sea ran on the shore, which made landing impracticable. At noon, we were abreast of a high head-land; the extremes of the land bore $S.W. \frac{1}{2} W.$, and $N.N.E. \frac{1}{2} E.$; our distance off shore being three miles; latitude, by observation, $9^{\circ} 59' S.$; and my longitude, by dead reckoning from the north part of New Holland, $15^{\circ} 6' W.$

With the usual allowance of bread and water for dinner, I divided the bird we had caught the night before, and to the surgeon and Lebogue I gave a little wine.

The wind blew fresh at $E.$ and $E.S.E.$, with very hazy weather. During the afternoon, we continued our course along a low shore, covered with innumerable palm-trees, called the fan palm, from the leaf spreading like a fan; but here we saw no signs of cultivation, nor had the country so fine an appearance as to the eastward. This, however, was only a small tract, for by sunset it improved again, and I saw several great smokes where the inhabitants were clearing and cultivating their grounds. We had now run twenty-five miles to the $W.S.W.$ since noon, and were $W.$ five miles from a low point, which, in the afternoon, I imagined had been the southernmost land; and here the coast formed a deep bend, with low land in the bight that appeared like islands. The west shore was high; but from this part of the coast to the high cape which we were abreast of at noon, the shore is low, and I believe shoal. I particularly remark this situation, because here the very high ridge of mountains, that run from the east end of the island, terminate, and the appearance of the country changes for the worse.

That we might not run past any settlement in the night, I determined to preserve my station till the morning, and therefore brought to under a close-reefed foresail. We were here in shoal water, our distance from the shore being half a league, the westernmost land in sight bearing $W.S.W. \frac{1}{2} W.$ Served bread and water for supper, and the boat lying to very well, all but the officer of the watch endeavoured to get a little sleep.

Saturday, 13th.—At two in the morning, we wore, and stood in shore till day-light, when I found we had drifted, during the night, about three leagues to the $W.S.W.$, the southernmost land in sight bearing $W.$ On examining the coast, and not seeing any sign of a settlement, we bore away to the westward, having a strong gale, against a weather current, which occasioned much sea. The shore was high and covered with wood; but we did not run far, before low land again formed the coast, the points of which opening at west, I once more fancied we were on the south part of the island; but at ten o'clock we found the coast again inclining towards the south, part of it bearing $W.S.W. \frac{1}{2} W.$ At the same time, high land appeared in the $S.W.$; but the weather was so hazy, that it was doubtful whether the two lands were separated, the opening only extending one point of the compass. For this reason I stood towards the outer land, and found it to be the island Roti.

I returned to the shore we had left, and brought to a grapnel in a sandy bay, that I might more conveniently calculate my situation. In this place, we saw several smokes, where the natives were clearing their grounds. During the little time we remained here, the master and carpenter very much importuned me to let them go in search of supplies; to which, at length, I assented; but, not finding any other person willing to be of their party, they did not choose to quit the boat. I stopped here no longer than for the purpose just

mentioned, and we continued steering along shore. We had a view of a beautiful-looking country, as if formed by art into lawns and parks. The coast is low, and covered with woods, in which are innumerable fan palm-trees, that look like cocoa-nut walks. The interior part is high land, but very different from the more eastern parts of the island, where it is exceedingly mountainous, and, to appearance, the soil better. *

At noon, the island Roti bore S. W. by W. seven leagues. I had no observation for the latitude, but by account, we were in 10° 12' S.; our course since yesterday noon being S. 77° W., 54 miles. The usual allowance of bread and water was served for breakfast and dinner, and to the surgeon and Lebogue, I continued to give wine.

We had a strong breeze at E. S. E., with hazy weather, all the afternoon. At two o'clock, having run through a very dangerous breaking sea, the cause of which I attributed to be a strong tide setting to windward, and shoal water, we discovered a spacious bay or sound, with a fair entrance about two or three miles wide. I now conceived hopes that our voyage was nearly at an end, as no place could appear more eligible for shipping, or more likely to be chosen for an European settlement: I therefore came to a grapple near the east side of the entrance, in a small sandy bay, where we saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle; and I immediately sent the boatswain and gunner away to the hut, to discover the inhabitants.

I had just time to make some nautical observations, when I saw the boatswain and gunner returning with some of the natives: I therefore no longer doubted of our success, and that our expectations would be fully gratified. They brought five Indians, and informed me that they had found two families, where the women treated them with European politeness. From these people I learned, that the governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was some distance to the N. E. I made signs for one of them to go in the boat, and show us the way to Coupang, intimating that I would pay him for his trouble: the man readily complied, and came into the boat.

These people were of a dark tawny colour, had long black hair, and chewed a great deal of betel. Their dress was, a square piece of cloth round the hips, in the folds of which was stuck a large knife; a handkerchief wrapped round the head; and another hanging by the four corners from the shoulders, which served as a bag for their betel equipage. They brought us a few pieces of dried turtle, and some ears of Indian corn. This last was the most welcome; for the turtle was so hard, that it could not be eaten without being first soaked in hot water. They offered to bring us some other refreshments if I would wait; but, as the pilot was willing, I determined to push on. It was about half an hour past four when we sailed.

By direction of the pilot, we kept close to the east shore under all our sail; but as night came on, the wind died away, and we were obliged to try at the oars, which I was surprised to see we could use with some effect. At ten o'clock, finding we advanced but slowly, I came to a grapple, and for the first time, I issued double allowance of bread and a little wine to each person.

Sunday, 14th.—At one o'clock in the morning,

after the most happy and sweet sleep that ever men enjoyed, we weighed, and continued to keep the east shore on board, in very smooth water; when at last I found we were again upon the sea; the whole of the land to the westward, that we had passed, being an island, which the pilot called Pulo Samow. The northern entrance of this channel is about a mile and a half or two miles wide, and I had no ground at ten fathoms.

The report of two cannon that were fired, gave new life to every one; and soon after we discovered two square-rigged vessels and a cutter at anchor to the eastward. We endeavoured to work to windward, but were obliged to take to our oars again, having lost ground on each tack. We kept close to the shore, and continued rowing till four o'clock, when I brought to a grapple, and gave another allowance of bread and wine to all hands. As soon as we had rested a little, we weighed again, and rowed till near day-light, when we came to a grapple, off a small fort and town, which the pilot told me was Coupang.

Among the things which the boatswain had thrown into the boat before we left the ship, was a bundle of signal-flags that had been used by the boats to show the depth of water in sounding: with these we had, in the course of the passage, made a small jack, which I now hoisted in the main shrouds, as a signal of distress; for I did not think proper to land without leave.

Soon after day-break, a soldier hailed us to land, which I immediately did, among a crowd of Indians, and was agreeably surprised to meet with an English sailor, who belonged to one of the vessels in the road. His captain, he told me, was the second person in the town; I therefore desired to be conducted to him, as I was informed the governor was ill, and could not then be spoken with.

Captain Spikerman received me with great humanity. I informed him of our distressed situation; and requested that care might be taken of those who were with me, without delay. On which he gave directions for their immediate reception at his own house, and went himself to the governor, to know at what time I could be permitted to see him; which was fixed to be at eleven o'clock.

I now desired my people to come on shore, which was as much as some of them could do, being scarce able to walk; they, however, were helped to the house, and found tea with bread and butter provided for their breakfast.

The abilities of a painter, perhaps, could seldom have been displayed to more advantage, than in the delineation of the two groups of figures, which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire; the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

The governor, Mr. William Adrian Van Este

notwithstanding extreme ill-health, became so anxious about us, that I saw him before the appointed time. He received me with great affection, and gave me the fullest proofs that he was possessed of every feeling of a humane and good man. Sorry as he was, he said, that such a calamity could ever have happened to us, yet he considered it as the greatest blessing of his life that we had fallen under his protection; and, though his infirmity was so great that he could not do the office of a friend himself, he would give such orders as I might be certain would procure us every supply we wanted. A house should be immediately prepared for me, and, with respect to my people, he said, that I might have room for them either at the hospital or on board of Captain Spikerman's ship, which lay in the road; and he expressed much uneasiness that Coupang could not afford them better accommodations, the house assigned to me being the only one uninhabited, and the situation of the few families that lived at this place such, that they could not conveniently receive strangers. For the present, till matters could be properly regulated, he gave directions that victuals for my people should be dressed at his own house.

On returning to Captain Spikerman's house, I found that every kind relief had been given to my people. The surgeon had dressed their sores, and the cleaning of their persons had not been less attended to, several friendly gifts of apparel having been presented to them.

I desired to be shown to the house that was intended for me, which I found ready, with servants to attend. It consisted of a hall, with a room at each end, and a loft over-head, and was surrounded by a piazza, with an outer apartment in one corner, and a communication from the back part of the house to the street. I therefore determined, instead of separating from my people, to lodge them all with me; and I divided the house as follows: One room I took to myself, the other I allotted to the master, surgeon, Mr. Nelson, and the gunner; the loft to the other officers; and the outer apartment to the men. The hall was common to the officers, and the men had the back piazza. Of this disposition I informed the governor, and he sent down chairs, tables, and benches, with bedding and other necessaries, for the use of every one.

The governor, when I took my leave, had desired me to acquaint him with every thing of which I stood in need; but it was only at particular times that he had a few moments of ease, or could attend to any thing; being in a dying state, with an incurable disease. On this account I transacted whatever business I had, with Mr. Timotheus Wanjon, the second of this place, who was the governor's son-in-law; and who also contributed every thing in his power to make our situation comfortable. I had been, therefore, misinformed by the seaman, who told me that Captain Spikerman was the next person in command to the governor.

At noon, a dinner was brought to the house, sufficiently good to make persons, more accustomed to plenty, eat too much. Yet I believe, few in such a situation would have observed more moderation than my people did. My greatest apprehension was, that they would eat too much

fruit, of which there was great variety in season at this time.

Having seen every one enjoy this meal of plenty, I dined myself with Mr. Wanjon; but I felt no extraordinary inclination to eat or drink. Rest and quiet, I considered as more necessary to the re-establishment of my health, and therefore retired soon to my room, which I found furnished with every convenience. But instead of rest, my mind was disposed to reflect on our late sufferings, and on the failure of the expedition; but above all, on the thanks due to Almighty God, who had given us power to support and bear such heavy calamities, and had enabled me, at last, to be the means of saving eighteen lives.

In times of difficulty, there will generally arise circumstances, that bear particularly hard on a commander. In our late situation, it was not the least of my distresses, to be constantly assailed with the melancholy demands of my people for an increase of allowance, which it grieved me to refuse. The necessity of observing the most rigid economy in the distribution of our provisions, was so evident, that I resisted their solicitations, and never deviated from the agreement we made at setting out. The consequence of this care was, that at our arrival we had still remaining sufficient for eleven days, at our scanty allowance: and if we had been so unfortunate as to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, we could have proceeded to Java, where I was certain that every supply we wanted could be procured.

Another disagreeable circumstance to which my situation exposed me, was the caprice of ignorant people. Had I been incapable of acting, they would have carried the boat on shore, as soon as we made the island of Timor, without considering that landing among the natives, at a distance from the European settlement, might have been as dangerous as among any other Indians.

The quantity of provisions with which we left the ship, was not more than we should have consumed in five days, had there been no necessity for husbanding our stock. The mutineers must naturally have concluded, that we could have no other place of refuge than the Friendly Islands; for it was not likely they should imagine that, so poorly equipped as we were in every respect, there could have been a possibility of our attempting to return homewards; much less can they suspect that the account of their villany has already reached their native country.

When I reflect how providentially our lives were saved at Tofoa, by the Indians delaying their attack; and that, with scarce any thing to support life, we crossed a sea of more than 1200 leagues, without shelter from the inclemency of the weather; when I reflect that in an open boat, with so much stormy weather, we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last happily to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses; I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear, with resignation and cheerfulness, the failure of an expedition, the success of which I had so much at heart, and which was frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the

fairest prospect of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of his Majesty, and the humane promoters of so benevolent a plan.

With respect to the preservation of our health, during a course of sixteen days of heavy and almost continual rain, I would recommend to every one in a similar situation, the method we practised, which is, to dip their clothes in the salt water, and wring them out, as often as they become filled with rain: * it was the only resource we had, and I believe was of the greatest service to us, for it felt more like a change of dry clothes than could well be imagined. We had occasion to do this so often, that at length all our clothes were wrung to pieces: for except the few days we passed on the coast of New Holland, we were continually wet either with rain or sea.

Thus, through the assistance of Divine Providence, we surmounted the difficulties and distresses of a most perilous voyage, and arrived safe in an hospitable port, where every necessary and comfort were administered to us with a most liberal hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT COUPANG.

July.—FROM the great humanity and attention of the governor, and the gentlemen at Coupang, we received every kind of assistance, and were not long without evident signs of returning health. Shortly after our arrival, I presented to the governor, a formal account of the loss of the *Bounty*, and a requisition, in his Majesty's name, that instructions might be sent to all the Dutch settlements, to stop the ship if she made her appearance. With this a complete descriptive list of the mutineers was given.

I likewise requested, in one of my first visits to the governor, that Nelson might have permission to walk about the country in search of plants, which was readily granted, with an offer of whatever assistance I should think necessary: and the governor assured me that the country was well worth examination, as it abounded with many curious and medicinal plants. From this indulgence I derived no benefit; for Nelson, who since we left New Holland, had been but in a weak condition, about this time was taken ill, in consequence of a cold caused by imprudently leaving off warm clothing.

To secure our arrival at *Batavia*, before the October fleet sailed for Europe, I gave public notice of my intention to hire a vessel to carry us to *Batavia*. In consequence of this notice, several offers were made, but none that I thought reasonable; which determined me to purchase a small schooner in the road, that was thirty-four feet long; for which I gave 1000 rix-dollars, and fitted

* The surgeon of the *Pandora* (the vessel sent to take the mutineers, and which was wrecked on the homeward voyage), makes this observation on the practice here recommended by Captain Bligh: "This is not advisable, if protracted beyond three or four days, as after that time the great absorption from the skin that takes place taints the fluids with the bitter parts of salt water, so that the saliva becomes intolerable in the mouth." The great rains that fell nearly all the time of Captain Bligh's exposure, probably prevented the effects experienced by the crew of the *Pandora*.

her for sea, under the name of His Majesty's schooner *Resource*. As the coast of *Java* is frequently infested with small piratical vessels, it was necessary that we should be provided with the proper means of defence. In this I was assisted by the friendship of Mr. Wanjon, who supplied me with four brass swivels, fourteen stand of small arms and ammunition, which he obligingly let me have as a loan, to be returned at *Batavia*.

On the 20th of July, I had the misfortune to lose Mr. David Nelson; he died of an inflammatory fever. The loss of this honest man I very much lamented; he had, with great care and diligence, attended to the object for which he was sent, and had always been ready to forward every plan that was proposed, for the good of the service in which we were engaged. He was not less useful in our voyage hither, in the course of which he gave me great satisfaction, by the patience and fortitude with which he conducted himself.

July 21st.—This day, I was employed attending the funeral of Mr. Nelson. The corpse was carried by twelve soldiers dressed in black, preceded by the minister; next followed myself and the second governor; then ten gentlemen of the town and the officers of the ships in the harbour; and after them my own officers and people.

After reading our burial-service, the body was interred behind the chapel, in the burying-ground appropriated for the Europeans of the town. I was sorry I could get no tombstone to place over his remains.

This was the second voyage Mr. Nelson had undertaken to the South Seas, having been sent out by Sir Joseph Banks, to collect plants, seeds, &c. in Captain Cook's last voyage. And now, after surmounting so many difficulties, and in the midst of thankfulness for his deliverance, he was called upon to pay the debt of nature, at a time least expected.

Our schooner being victualled and ready for sea, on the 20th of August, I took an affectionate leave of the hospitable and friendly inhabitants of Coupang and embarked. In the afternoon we sailed, having the launch, which had so much contributed to our preservation, in tow. We exchanged salutes with the fort and shipping as we ran out of the harbour.

This settlement was formed in the year 1630, and is the only one the Dutch have on the island Timor. They have residents in different parts of the country. On the north side of Timor, there is a Portuguese settlement. The produce of the island is chiefly sandal-wood and bees-wax; the former article is now scarce. Wax they have in great plenty. The bees build their nests in bushes and in the boughs of trees, to which the natives cannot approach but with fire. The honey is put into jars, and the wax is run into blocks of three feet in length, and from twelve to fifteen inches square. The natives, at least those who live in the neighbourhood of Coupang, are of a very indolent disposition, of which the Chinese have taken advantage; for though the Malays are very fond of traffic, most of their trade is carried on in small Chinese vessels, of from ten to thirty tons burthen. There is a market at Coupang for the country people, in which, however, there is little business done. I have seen a man from the country, come to market with two potatoes; and this

is not unusual. These being sold for two doits (equal to a halfpenny English) serve to supply him with betel to chew; and the remainder of the day is passed in lounging about the town. The inland people, who live at a distance from the Europeans, are strong and active; but their want of cleanliness, subjects them to filthy diseases. *

The chief of the natives, or king of the island, is by the Dutch styled Keyser (emperor). This prince lives at a place called Backennassy, about four miles distant from Coupang. His authority over the natives is not wholly undisputed; which is by the Dutch attributed to the intrigues of the Portuguese, who are on the north part of Timor. The island has lately suffered much by a competition between the present king and one of his nephews, which caused a civil war, that lasted from the beginning of the year 1786 to 1788, when their differences were settled by a treaty chiefly in favour of the king. The ravages committed in these disputes, have occasioned a scarcity of provisions, that probably, from the want of industry in the natives, will not soon be remedied. I had an opportunity of making a visit to the king. His dwelling was a large house, which was divided into only three apartments, and surrounded by a piazza; agreeably situated, but very dirty, as was all the furniture. The king who is an elderly man, received me with much civility, and ordered refreshments to be set before me, which were, tea, rice, cakes, roasted Indian corn, and dried buffalo flesh, with about a pint of arrack, which I believe was all he had. His dress was a cheque wrapper girded round his waist with a silk and gold belt, a loose linen jacket, and a coarse handkerchief about his head. A few of his chiefs were with him, who partook of our repast; after which the king retired with three of them for a short time, and when he returned, presented me with a round plate of metal about four inches diameter, on which was stamped the figure of a star. As I had been informed that arrack would be an acceptable present, I was prepared to make a return, which was well received. They never dilute their liquor, and, from habit, are able to drink a large quantity of spirits at a time, without being intoxicated.

When a king dies, a large feast is made, to which all the inhabitants are invited. The body, after a few days, is put into a coffin, which is closed up and kept three years before it is interred.

The Dutch have been at some pains to establish Christianity among the natives: but it has not gained much ground, except in the neighbourhood of Coupang. The present king was christened by the name of Barnardus. His Indian name is *Bacchee Bannock*. The Scriptures are translated into the Malay language, and prayers are performed, in the church at Coupang, by a Malay clergyman, in that language.

I met, at Timor, with most of the fruits that are described in Captain Cook's first voyage as natives of Batavia, except the mangostan. The bread-fruit tree, called by the Malays *socoom*, likewise grows here with great luxuriance, and appears to be as much a native of this island as it is of Otaheite. The fruit is exactly of the same kind, but not so good. A bread-fruit of Timor, weighs half as much more as one of equal size at Otaheite. It is not used here as bread, but generally eaten with milk and sugar. At Backennassy I saw

about twenty of the trees, larger than any I have seen at Otaheite. Here is also a sort of bread-fruit tree, that produces seeds, not unlike Windsor beans, and equally palatable, either boiled or roasted. No other part of the fruit is eatable; and though the tree, I am told, is to all appearance the same as the other, the fruits have but little resemblance; the fruit of this being covered with projecting points, nearly half an inch in length.

I received a present of some fine plants, from the governor, which I was afterwards unfortunately obliged to leave at Batavia, for want of proper room to take care of them, in the packet by which I returned to Europe. Mr. Wanjon likewise favoured me with some seeds for his Majesty's garden at Kew, which I had the good fortune to deliver safe, on my return: and some of the mountain rice, cultivated at Timor, on the dry land, which was forwarded to his Majesty's botanic garden at St. Vincent, and to other parts in the West Indies.

A resemblance of language between the people of the South Sea islands, and the inhabitants of many of the islands in the East Indies, has been remarked in Captain Cook's first voyage. Here, the resemblance appeared stronger than has yet been noticed; particularly in their numerals. But besides the language, I observed some customs among the people of Timor, still more striking for their similarity. They practise the *Tooge-tooge** of the Friendly Islands, which they call *Toombock*: and the *Roomee* of Otaheite, which they call *Ramas*. I likewise saw, placed on their graves, offerings of baskets with tobacco and betel.

I left the governor, Mr. Van Este, at the point of death. To this gentleman our most grateful thanks are due, for the humane and friendly treatment that we received from him. His ill state of health only prevented him from showing us more particular marks of attention. Unhappily, it is to his memory only that I now pay this tribute. It was a fortunate circumstance for us, that Mr. Wanjon, the next in place to the governor, was equally humane and ready to relieve us. His attention was unremitting, and, when there was a doubt about supplying me with money, to enable me to purchase a vessel, he cheerfully took it upon himself; without which, it was evident, I should have been too late at Batavia to have sailed for Europe with the October fleet. I can only return such services by ever retaining a grateful remembrance of them. Mr. Max, the town surgeon, likewise behaved to us with the most disinterested humanity: he attended every one with the utmost care; for which I could not prevail on him to receive any payment, or to render me any account, or other answer than that it was his duty.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM TIMOR TO BATAVIA.

Thursday, August 20th.—From Coupang we steered N.W. by W., having a moderate breeze at S.E. with fair weather.

Saturday, 22d.—At daylight we saw the island Flores to the northward. We steered along the south side of Flores, mostly with light winds and

* The *Tooge-tooge* and the *Roomee* are described in Captain Cook's last voyage.

hazy weather, so that we did not constantly keep sight of the coast.

Tuesday, 25th.—At noon we were off Toorns island, which bore N.W. by N., three or four leagues distant. There is a curious high peak on the S.W. part: the land near the shore is low and woody.

On the 27th, at noon, we were near the entrance of the Straits of Mangaryn, which not appearing so open and clear as represented in the map, I steered for the Straits of Sapi, intending to pass through; but was obliged to give up this plan, by strong currents setting to the S.E., which there was not sufficient wind to enable us to stem. I therefore again stood for the Straits of Mangaryn, which we ran through in the afternoon of the 29th, being favoured with a fresh breeze from the S.S.E. On the Flores side, there are many good harbours and bays, where vessels may anchor; but the country hereabouts appears burnt up and desolate.

When we had passed the straits, we kept to the westward, running along the north side of the island Sumbawa, where there is a very high mountain near the coast; at the foot of which, I am informed, are many runs of good water, conveniently situated for ships to supply themselves.

In the night of the 31st, several prows were rowing about us, on which account we kept all night under arms.

Thursday, Sept. 3d.—This and the two following days we were sailing along the north side of the island Lombok, on which is a high mountain. Most of the islands in this route are distinguished by high mountains. Lombok appears to be well clothed with wood. In the nights we saw fires placed on the high lands, at a distance from the coast.

Sunday, 6th.—In the afternoon we saw the high land of Cape Sandana, which is the N.E. part of Java. The next day we were off Cape Sandana, which is a low cape projecting from the high land already mentioned.

We steered to the westward, along the coast of Java; and on the 10th, at noon, we anchored off Passourwang, a Dutch settlement on the coast of Java, in two fathoms; distant from the shore half a league; the entrance of the river bearing S.W. The coast hereabouts is so shoal, that large ships are obliged to anchor three or four miles from the land. As soon as we were at anchor, I got in my boat and went on shore. The banks of the river, near the entrance, were mud, on which grow a few mangrove bushes. Among them we saw hogs running, and many were lying dead in the mud, which caused a most intolerable stench, and made me heartily repent having come here, but after proceeding about a mile up the river, the course of which was serpentine, we found a very pleasant country, and landed at a small and well-constructed fort; where I was received in a friendly and polite manner by M. Adrian Van Rye, the commandant. By the return of the boat, I sent on board a small bullock, and other provisions. I likewise took a pilot to conduct us to Sourabaya.

The houses at Passourwang are neatly built, and the country appears to be well cultivated. The produce of this settlement is rice, of which they export large quantities. There are but few Dutch here: the Javanese are numerous, and their chief lives with considerable splendour. They have good roads, and posts are established along

the coast; and it appears to be a busy and well-regulated settlement.

The next day, about noon, we sailed; and on the 12th, in the evening, anchored in Sourabaya road, in seven fathoms: distance from the shore one mile. We found riding here, seven square-rigged and several smaller vessels.

It was too late when we anchored to send a boat on shore. The next morning, before daylight, three guard-boats stationed themselves near us, and I was informed that I must not land or send a boat on shore. This restriction, I learnt from the officer of the guard boats, was in conformity to general orders concerning all strange vessels on their first arrival. At nine in the forenoon, leave came off for us to land, and soon after the guard-boats quitted us.

I was received on shore with great civility and friendship by the governor, or Opperhoofd, M. Ant. Barkay, and the commandant of the troops, M. de Bose. By these gentlemen I was hospitably entertained, and advised to remain till the 16th, when some vessels were to sail, with whom I might keep company, which they recommended on account of pirates.

Sourabaya is one of the most pleasant places I ever saw. It is situated on the banks of a river, and is a mile and a half distant from the sea shore, so that only the flag-staff can be seen from the road. The river is navigable up to the town for vessels of 100 tons burthen, and the bank on one side is made convenient for tracking. The Chinese carry on a considerable trade here, and have a town or camp on the side of the river opposite to Sourabaya. The country near the town is flat, and the soil light, so that they plough with a single bullock or buffalo (*karrabou*). The interior parts of the country, near the mountains, are infested with a breed of fierce tigers, which makes travelling inland very dangerous. They have here a breed of horses, which are small, but they are handsome and strong.

The Javanese in this neighbourhood are numerous. M. Barkay and M. de Bose took me with them to pay a visit to two of the principal natives, whom we found attended by a number of men armed with pikes, in great military order. We were entertained with a concert of music; the instruments were gongs, drums, and a fiddle with two strings. I hired a pilot here to carry us to Batavia.

On the 17th, we sailed from Sourabaya, in company with three prows. At noon, we anchored at Crissey, which is a town with a small fort belonging to the Dutch. We remained here about two days and then weighed.

The navigation, through the Straits of Madura is so intricate, that, with the little opportunity I had, I am unable to undertake a description of it. The next day (September 18th) having passed the straits, we bore away to the westward, along the coast of Java, in company with the prows before mentioned. We had regular soundings all the way to Samarang, off which place we anchored on the 22d in the afternoon. The shoalness of the coast here, makes the road of Samarang very inconvenient, both on account of the great distance that large ships (of which there were several in the road) are obliged to lie from the shore, and of the landing, which is in a river that cannot be entered before half-flood. This river resembles the one at Passourwang, the shores being low, with offen-

sive dead animals lying about. I was met at the landing-place by the equipage-master, and he furnished me with a carriage to carry me to the governor, whose residence is about two miles from the town of Samarang. I requested, and obtained leave, to have our wants supplied, which were, to recruit our provisions, and to get a new main-mast, having sprung ours in the passage from Sourabaya.

Samarang is a fortified town, surrounded by a wall and ditch; and is the most considerable settlement, next to Batavia, that the Dutch have in Java. Here is a very good hospital, and a public school, chiefly for teaching the mathematics. They have likewise a theatre. Provisions are remarkably cheap here, beef being at ten doits per pound, and the price of a fowl twelve doits.

I experienced great civility from some of the gentlemen at Samarang, particularly from M. le Baron de Bose, a merchant, brother to the M. de Bose, commandant of the troops at Sourabaya; and from M. Abegg, the surgeon of the hospital, to whom we were indebted for advice and medicines, for which he would not consent to receive payment.

On the 26th, we sailed from Samarang; and with us, a galley mounting six swivels, which the governor had directed to accompany us to Batavia.

On the first of October we anchored in Batavia road, where we found riding, a Dutch ship of war, and twenty sail of Dutch East India ships, besides many smaller vessels.

CHAPTER XX.

OCCURRENCES AT BATAVIA, AND PASSAGE THENCE TO ENGLAND.

In the afternoon, at four o'clock, I went on shore, and landed at a house by the river, where strangers first stop and give an account who they are, whence they come, &c. From this place, a Malay gentleman took me in a carriage to the Sabandar, Mr. Englehard, whose house was in the environs of the city, on the side nearest the shipping. The Sabandar is the officer with whom all strangers are obliged to transact their business: at least, the whole must go through his hands. With him, I went to pay my respects to the governor-general, who received me with great civility. I acquainted his excellency with my situation, and requested my people might be taken care of, and that we should be allowed to take a passage to Europe in the first ship that sailed. I likewise desired permission to sell the schooner and launch. All this his excellency told me should be granted. I then took leave, and returned with the Sabandar, who wrote down the particulars of my wants, in order to form from them a regular petition, to be presented to the council the next day. I had brought from the governor of Coupang, directed for the governor-general at Batavia, the account of my voyage and misfortune, translated into Dutch, from an account that I had given to Mr. Van Este. So attentive had they been at Timor to every thing that related to us.

There is a large hotel at Batavia, fitted up purposely for the accommodation of strangers, who are not allowed to reside at any other place. It is situated near the great river, in a part of the city that is reckoned the most airy and healthy. Nevertheless, I found the air hot and suffocating, and

was taken ill in the night with a violent pain in my head. The next morning, at nine, the council sat, and I attended, accompanied by the Sabandar; and was informed that the council had complied with all I had requested.

When I returned to the hotel, my head-ach increased, and a violent fever came on. I sent to acquaint the Sabandar of my situation, and was soon after attended by the head surgeon of the town hospital, Mr. Aansorp; by whose care and skill, in less than 24 hours, the fever considerably abated, but a severe head-ach continued. I had an invitation from the governor-general to dine with him; which, of course, I was obliged to decline.

I hired a carriage, which cost three dollars per day, for the benefit of taking an airing. My lodgings at the hotel were so close and hot, that I desired the Sabandar to apply to the governor-general, for leave to hire a house in the country; which request his excellency not only immediately complied with, but gave directions for my being accommodated at the house of the physician or surgeon-general, Mr. Sparling.

One of my people, Thomas Hall, being ill with a flux, I obtained leave for him to be sent to the country hospital, which is a convenient airy building.

Tuesday, 6th.—This morning, at sunrise, I left the hotel, and was carried to Mr. Sparling's house, about four miles distant from the city, and near the convalescent hospital, which at this time had also sick men in it, the whole number of patients amounting to 800. I found every thing prepared for my comfort and convenience. Mr. Sparling would suffer me to take no medicine, though I had still considerable fever with head-ach: but I found so much relief from the difference of the air, that in the evening I was able to accompany Mr. Sparling on a visit to the governor-general, at one of his country seats; where we found many ladies, all dressed in the Malay fashion, some of them richly ornamented with jewels. I had invitations from several gentlemen, and some very kindly pressed me to make their country houses my abode, till my health should be re-established.

My indisposition increasing, Mr. Sparling advised me to quit Batavia as speedily as possible, and represented the necessity of it to the governor-general. I was informed from his excellency, that the homeward bound ships were so much crowded, that there would be no possibility of all my people going in one ship, and that they could be accommodated no other way than by dividing them into different ships. Seeing, therefore, that a separation was unavoidable, I determined to follow the advice of the physician, and, as a packet was appointed to sail for Europe on the 16th instant, I sent to request of the governor that I might be allowed to take a passage in her for myself, and as many of my people as they were able to receive. In answer to this, I was acquainted that myself and two more could be accommodated in the packet, she being too small to admit a greater number; but that I might rest assured of passages being provided for those that remained, by the earliest opportunities.

Friday, 9th.—This day, anchored in the road, the General Elliot, an English ship, commanded by Captain Lloyd. In the Straits of Banca, he had met with some boats belonging to the East India Company's ship Vansittart, that was lost in the Straits of Billaton, by having struck on a rock

that went through her bottom. Captain Wilson, who commanded the *Vansittart*, I was informed, had just finished a survey of those straits, and was hoisting his boat in, when the ship struck. Immediately on receiving the intelligence, Captain Lloyd, in the *General Elliot*, and another ship in company, called the *Nonsuch*, sailed for the wreck. They found the ship had been burnt down to the water's edge by the Malays. They, however, saved 40 chests of treasure, out of 55, which were said to have been on board. Most of the ship's company were saved: one man only was lost in the ship, and five others in a small boat were missing, who were supposed to have taken some of the treasure.—The greater part of the people went with Captain Wilson to China, and some were with Captain Lloyd.

Saturday, 10th.—This morning, the *Resource* was sold by public auction: the custom at Batavia, is to begin high, and to lower the price, till some person bids; and the first bidder is the buyer. She was accordingly put up at 2000 rix-dollars, but, to my great disappointment, no one offered to purchase before the auctioneer had lowered the demand to 295 rix-dollars, for which price she was sold; the purchaser being an Englishman, Captain John Eddie, who commanded an English ship from Bengal. If no strangers had been present at the sale, I imagine they would have let her run down to 200 dollars, in which case I should have had no alternative.

The launch likewise was sold. The services she had rendered us, made me feel great reluctance at parting with her; which I would not have done, if I could have found a convenient opportunity of getting her conveyed to Europe.

Little as the schooner had sold for, I found I was in danger of having the sun lessened; for the Sabandar informed me, that, by an order of the council, there was a duty on the sale of all vessels. With this demand I would by no means comply; for I thought I had sufficiently suffered, in sustaining a loss of 705 rix-dollars out of 1000, by the purchase and sale of the vessel, she having cost 1000 rix-dollars.

This day, Thomas Hall, whom I had sent to be taken care of at the hospital, died. He had been ill of a flux from the time of our arrival at Timor.

Monday, 12th.—I agreed with the captain of the packet for a passage to Europe, for myself, my clerk, and a servant. The Sabandar informed me, it was necessary that my officers and people should be examined before a notary, respecting the loss of the *Bounty*, as otherwise the governor and council were not legally authorized to detain her, if she should be found in any of the Dutch settlements. They were therefore, at my desire, examined; and afterwards made affidavit before the governor and council at the Stadt-house.

My officers complaining to me of the unreasonableness of some tradesmen's bills, I spoke to the Sabandar. A bill of 51 dollars for five hats, he reduced to 30 dollars, and in other articles made proportionable deductions.

Paper money is the currency of Batavia, and is so understood in all bargains. At this time, paper was at 28 per cent. discount: there is likewise a difference in the value of the ducatoon; which at Batavia is 80 stivers, and in Holland only 63 stivers: this occasions a loss of 21½ per cent. on

remittance of money. It therefore follows, that if any person at Batavia remits money by bills of exchange to Europe, they lose by the discount and the exchange 49½ per cent.

Those who have accounts to pay, and can give unexceptionable bills on Europe, will find a considerable saving by negotiating their bills with private people; who are glad to give for them a premium of 20 per cent. at the least. This discovery, I made somewhat too late to profit by.

One of the greatest difficulties that strangers have to encounter, is, their being obliged to live at the hotel. This hotel was formerly two houses, which by doors of communication have been made one. It is in the middle of a range of buildings, more calculated for a cold country than for such a climate as Batavia. There is no free circulation of air, and what is equally bad, it is always very dirty; and there is great want of attendance. What they call cleaning the house, is another nuisance; for they never use any water to coal it or to lay the dust, but sweep daily with brooms, in such a manner, that those in the house are almost suffocated by a cloud of dust.

The months of December and January are reckoned the most unhealthy of the year, the heavy rains being then set in.—The account of the seasons, as given to me here, I believe may be relied on.

The middle of November, the west monsoon begins, and rain.

December and January.—Continual rain with strong westerly wind.

February.—Westerly Wind. Towards the end of this month the rain begins to abate.

March.—Intervals of fine weather. Wind westerly.

April.—In this month the east monsoon begins. Weather generally fine, with showers of rain.

May. East monsoon fixed. Showery.

June and July. Clear weather. Strong east wind.

August and September. Wind more moderate.

October. In this month, the wind begins to be variable, with showers of rain.

The current is said always to run with the wind. Nevertheless I found the reverse in sailing from Timor to Java. Between the end of October and the beginning of the ensuing year, no Dutch ship bound for Europe is allowed to sail from Batavia, for fear of being near the Mauritius, at the time of the hurricanes, which are frequent there in December and January.

My illness prevented me from gaining much knowledge of Batavia. Of their public buildings, I saw nothing that gave me so much satisfaction as their country hospital for seamen. It is a large commodious and airy building, about four miles from the town, close to the side of the river, or rather in the river: for the ground on which it stands has, by labour, been made an island of, and the sick are carried there in a boat: each ward is a separate dwelling, and the different diseases are properly classed. They have sometimes 1400 patients in it: at this time there were 800, but more than half of these were recovered and fit for service, of whom 300 were destined for the fleet that was to sail for Europe. I went through most of the wards, and there appeared great care and attention. The sheets, bedding, and linen, of the sick were perfectly neat and clean. The

house of the physician, Mr. Sparling, who has the management of the hospital, is at one extremity of the building: and here it was that I resided. To the attention and care of this gentleman, for which he would receive no payment, I am probably indebted for my life.

The hospital in the town is well attended, but the situation is so ill chosen, that it certainly would be the saving of many lives to build one in its stead up the river; which might be done with great advantage, as water carriage is so easy and convenient. A great neglect in some of the commanders of the shipping here, was suffering their people to go dirty, and frequently without frock, shirt, or any thing to cover their bodies; which, besides being a public nuisance, must probably be productive of ill health in the most robust constitution.

The governor-general gave me leave to lodge all my people at the country hospital, which I thought a great advantage, and with which they were perfectly satisfied. The officers, however, at their own request, remained in the town.

The time fixed for the sailing of the packet approaching, I settled my accounts with the Sabandar, leaving open the victualling account, to be closed by Mr. Fryer, the master, previous to his departure; whom I likewise authorised to supply the men and officers left under his command, with one month's pay, to enable them to purchase clothing for their passage to England.

I had been at great pains to bring living plants from Timor, in six tubs; which contained jacks, nancas, karambolas, nannams, jambos, and three thriving bread-fruit plants. These I thought might be serviceable at the Cape of Good Hope, if brought no farther: but I had the mortification of being obliged to leave them all at Batavia. I took these plants on board at Coupang, on the 20th of August: they had experienced a passage of forty-two days to my arrival here. The bread-fruit plants died to the root, and sprouted afresh from thence. The karambolas, jacks, nancas, and nannams, I had raised from the seed, and they were in fine order. No judgment can hence be formed of the success of transporting plants, as in the present trial they had many disadvantages.

This morning, Friday 16th, before sun-rise, I embarked on board the Vlydte packet, commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, bound for Middleburgh. With me likewise embarked Mr. John Samuel, clerk, and John Smith, seaman. Those of our company who staid behind, the governor promised me should follow in the first ships, and be as little divided as possible.—At seven o'clock the packet weighed, and sailed out of the road.

On the 18th we spoke the Rambler, an American brig, belonging to Boston, bound to Batavia. After passing the Straits of Sunda, we steered to the north of the Cocos Isles. These islands, Captain Couvret informed me, are full of cocoa-nut trees: there is no anchorage near them, but good landing for boats.

In the passage to the Cape of Good Hope there occurred nothing worth remark. I cannot, however, forbear noticing the Dutch manner of navigating. They steer by true compass, or rather endeavour so to do, by means of a small moveable central card, which they set to the meridian: and whenever they discover the variation has altered

2½ degrees since the last adjustment, they again correct the central card. This is steering within a quarter of a point, without aiming at greater exactness. The officer of the watch likewise corrects the course for lee-way, by his own judgment, before it is marked down in the log board. They have no log: I was told that the Company do not allow it. Their manner of computing their run, is by means of a measured distance of forty feet along the ship's side: they take notice of any remarkable patch of froth, when it is abreast the foremost end of the measured distance, and count half seconds till the mark of froth is abreast the after end. With the number of half seconds thus obtained, they divide the number forty-eight, taking the product for the rate of sailing in geographical miles in one hour, or the number of Dutch miles in four hours.

It is not usual to make any allowance to the sun's declination, on account of being on a different meridian from that for which the tables are calculated: they in general compute with the numbers just as they are found in the table. From all this it is not difficult to conceive the reason why the Dutch are frequently above ten degrees out in their reckoning. Their passages likewise are considerably lengthened by not carrying a sufficient quantity of sail.

December 16th, in the afternoon we anchored in Table Bay. The next morning I went on shore, and waited on his Excellency M. Vander Graaf, who received me in the most polite and friendly manner. The Guardian, commanded by Lieut. Riou, had left the Cape about eight days before, with cattle and stores for Port Jackson. This day anchored in Table Bay, the Astrée, a French frigate, commanded by the Count de St. Rivel, from the Isle of France, on board of which ship was the late governor, the Chevalier d'Entrecasteaux. Other ships that arrived during my stay at the Cape, were, a French forty gun frigate, an East India ship, and a brig of the same nation: likewise two other French ships, with slaves from the coast of Mosambique, bound to the West Indies: a Dutch packet from Europe, after a four months' passage: and the Harpy, a South Sea whaler, with 500 barrels of spermaceti, and 400 of seal and other oils. There is a standing order from the Dutch East India Company, that no person who takes a passage from Batavia for Europe, in any of their ships, shall be allowed to leave the ship before she arrives at her intended port; according to which regulation, I must have gone to Holland in the packet. Of this I was not informed till I was taking leave of the governor-general, at Batavia, when it was too late for him to give the captain an order to permit me to land in the channel. He however desired I would make use of his name to Governor Vander Graaf, who readily complied with my request, and gave the necessary orders to the captain of the packet, a copy of which his Excellency gave to me; and at the same time, recommendatory letters to people of consequence in Holland, in case I should be obliged to proceed so far.

I left a letter at the Cape of Good Hope, to be forwarded to Governor Phillips, at Port Jackson, by the first opportunity; containing a short account of my voyage, with a descriptive list of the pirates: and from Batavia I had written to Lord

Cornwallis ; so that every part of India will be prepared to receive them.

We sailed from the Cape, on Saturday, 2nd January, 1790, in company with the *Astrée* French frigate. The next morning neither ship nor land was in sight. On the 15th, we passed in sight of the island St. Helena. The 21st, we saw the Island Ascension. On the 10th of February, the wind being at N. E., blowing fresh, our sails were covered with a fine orange-coloured dust. Fuego, the westernmost of the Cape de Verd islands, and the nearest land to us, on that day at noon bore N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., distance 140 leagues. On the 13th of March, we saw the Bill of Portland, and on the evening of the next day, Sunday March the 14th, I left the packet, and was landed at Portsmouth, by an Isle of Wight boat.

Those of my officers and people whom I left at

Batavia, were provided with passages in the earliest ships ; and at the time we parted, were apparently in good health. Nevertheless they did not all live to quit Batavia. Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, and Peter Linkletter, seaman, died within a fortnight after my departure ; the hardships they had experienced having rendered them unequal to cope with so unhealthily a climate as that of Batavia. The remainder embarked on board the Dutch fleet for Europe, and arrived safe at this country, except Robert Lamb, who died on the passage, and Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, who has not yet been heard of. Thus of nineteen who were forced by the mutineers into the launch, it has pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, and live to revisit their native country.

APPENDIX ;

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MUTINY ON BOARD THE BOUNTY, AND A RELATION OF THE FATE OF THE MUTINEERS, AND OF THE SETTLEMENT IN PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.*

CAPTAIN BLIGH'S account of his voyage has been given precisely as he published it, in 1792, without any alteration, saving the suppression of those parts where he records his observations of the latitude, longitude, bearings, and soundings of particular places, of no interest to any but the mariner, and even to him now rendered almost, if not quite useless, by subsequent and more accurate surveys.

The superiority of the pleasure derived from reading a journal of facts, recorded day by day while the *immediate* impression remains, over a formal narrative, is so great, as to render it very desirable that the original should be presented to the public, rather than a vamped and tinselled substitute. In many cases however, the original is not adapted for that purpose ; but the present is far otherwise, and we trace the daily progress of the skilful mariner, on whose life the existence of his fellow sufferers depended, with earnest hope and eager expectation. His narrative is like a moving picture ; full of horrors, it is true, but of horrors that fix our gaze upon them.

Captain Bligh's character stood deservedly high in his profession, in which he afterwards rose to the rank of a flag officer, but his temper was infirm, and when under its influence he suffered himself to use language both to his crew and officers, which it is now surprising to believe was not *quite uncommon* at that period, even from gentlemen holding the rank he did, at the time of the mutiny.

Disputes began early between him and his officers and crew, and appear to have originated from the circumstance of the commander combining in his

own person, as was usual in small vessels, the offices of captain and purser. Many irritating altercations occurred, which were met by Captain Bligh with much heat of temper, but when passed, though forgotten by him, were remembered by others. His conduct in the voyage out, when his judicious regulations preserved the health of his ship's company in a very trying season, and the remarkable steadiness of his management of his men, when exposed in the boat, and tried to the utmost by their behaviour, even then unruly, prove him to have been not only fully equal, but worthy to command. Six months' relaxation from the strict reins of discipline on the fascinating shores of Otaheite, were not calculated to make the renewed curb sit easy. Disputes again began, and the captain's temper again got the better of him. Christian, who had received kindness from the captain with one hand and insults with the other, took a sudden resolution which he afterwards repented bitterly ; he found ready help-mates, but none rallied round the captain. All save the captain's clerk on the one side, and those whom Christian had, in the first instance, called on, on the other, were for a time paralysed, and slowly took their determination biassed by fear or hatred in all their actions, but none by love, if we except the compassionate sailor who fed the captain with shaddock.

Captain Bligh considered the mutiny as the result of a conspiracy, but no evidence to support that opinion was ever produced ; on the contrary, in a journal kept by Morrison the boatswain's mate, an account of its origin is given, professedly from Christian's own relation, and this is the only distinct narrative of it that has ever been made public. It appears that Christian, feeling himself much aggrieved at the captain's treatment, had formed the resolution of quitting the ship on the evening

* The authorities chiefly relied on are the papers of Capt. Heywood, first made public in 1833 ; the narrative of the voyage of the *Pandora*, by Mr. Hamilton ; the voyage of the *Briton*, by Mr. Shillibeer ; and the narrative of Capt. Beechey's voyage in the *Blossom*.

preceding the mutiny, and for that purpose had provided himself with a stout plank, to which he had fixed several staves. On this frail raft he determined to trust himself, hoping to reach the island of Tofoa; and with this view had, with the assistance of two midshipmen, Stewart and Hayward, who were privy to his design, filled a bag with provision. The ship making very little way, prevented him from executing his design. About half past three he lay down to sleep, and at four was roused to take the watch. On going on deck he found his mate, Mr. Hayward, asleep, and the other officer, Mr. Hallett, did not appear. He instantly determined to seize the ship, went forward, spoke to some of the crew he thought he could trust, put arms in their hands, and proceeded as Captain Bligh relates.

This appears from all the various accounts of the evidence on the Court Martial, afterwards held on the mutineers, to have been the true state of the case; but the moral obligation of obedience to discipline in a ship, must have been totally forgotten by both officers and crew, when such a sudden determination was thought capable of execution, and not one soul stepped forward to oppose it.

When the boat containing Captain Bligh and his companions was cast off, there remained on board the *Bounty*—

FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, Master's Mate, and acting Lieutenant, afterwards murdered at Pitcairn's Island.

PETER HEYWOOD, Midshipman, surrendered himself to Captain Edwards of the *Pandora*; was tried, condemned, pardoned, and afterwards attained the rank of captain in the service.

EDWARD YOUNG, Midshipman, died at Pitcairn's Island.

GEORGE STEWART, do., drowned on board the *Pandora*.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, Master-at-Arms, murdered by Thompson, at Otaheite.

JOHN MILLS, Gunner's Mate, murdered at Pitcairn's Island.

JAMES MORRISON, Boatswain's Mate, tried, condemned, and pardoned.

THOMAS BURKETT, Seaman, tried, condemned, and executed.

MATTHEW QUINLAN, do., put to death by Adams and Young at Pitcairn's Island.

JOHN SUMNER, do., drowned on board the *Pandora*.

JOHN MILLWAIG, do., tried, condemned, and executed.

WILLIAM M'KAY, do., committed suicide at Pitcairn's Island.

HENRY HILLBRANT, do., drowned on board the *Pandora*.

MICHAEL BYRNE, do., tried and acquitted.

WILLIAM MUSPRAT, do., tried, condemned, and pardoned.

ALEXANDER SMITH (alias JOHN ADAMS), do., died at Pitcairn's Island in 1829.

JOHN WILLIAMS, do., murdered at Pitcairn's Island.

THOMAS ELLISON, do., tried, condemned, and executed.

ISAAC MARTIN, do., murdered at Pitcairn's Island.

RICHARD SKINNER, do., drowned on board the *Pandora*.

MATTHEW THOMPSON, do., put to death by the natives at Otaheite, for the murder of Churchill.

WILLIAM BROWN, Gardener, murdered at Pitcairn's Island.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, Armourer, tried and acquitted.

CHARLES NORMAN, Carpenter's Mate, do. do.

THOMAS M'INTOSH, Carpenter's Crew, do. do.

When Captain Bligh's boat was cast off, Christian assumed the command of the *Bounty*; he steered for Toobouai, an island situated in latitude 20° 13' S., and longitude 149° 35' W., where they anchored on the 25th May, 1789. All the bread-fruit plants were thrown overboard, and the property of the officers and men sent adrift was divided among the mutineers. Here they intended

to form a settlement; but, in consequence of quarrels among themselves, and with the natives, and the want of many things which could be procured at Otaheite, but which could not be obtained at Toobouai, they determined to go to Otaheite, but with no intention of remaining there. On their arrival (on the 6th of June) they told the Otaheiteans that Captain Bligh had fallen in with their old friend Captain Cook, who was engaged in forming a settlement on an island called Whytootakee, and that Captain Bligh and the rest of the crew had stopped with him; that the command of the vessel had been transferred to Christian, who had been sent to obtain a fresh supply of stores. This story was readily believed by the Otaheiteans, who immediately set about collecting provisions, and in a few days sent on board 312 hogs, 38 goats, 6 dozen of fowls, a bull, and a cow, and a large quantity of bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, and other fruits. Christian peremptorily forbade any person to remain at Otaheite, and his partisans kept so close a watch on those who were suspected of any inclination to leave them, that none could contrive to escape; and as soon as the stores were all on board, they again set sail and returned to Toobouai, where they again went to work to build a fort, but finding it impossible to agree together, it was at last determined to abandon Toobouai, take the ship back to Otaheite, and land all who chose to quit her there. They arrived in Matavai Bay on the 20th of September, when sixteen men were put on shore; the small arms, powder, and stores, were equally divided between the two parties; and on the night of the 21st September, Christian and his companions again set sail, carrying with them seven Otaheitean men, and twelve women. Where they intended to go was not known, but Christian had been heard to say, that he should seek for an uninhabited island, where there was no harbour, and should there run the ship ashore and break her up.

The natives treated their guests with the greatest hospitality, and several of the Englishmen married Otaheitean women, and when they were seized in 1789, many of them had children. Mr. Stewart, in particular, had married the daughter of a chief, who possessed a very large tract of country; and when the *Pandora* arrived was living with her as a man of property and consequence*. Morrison, Heywood, and Stewart, when at Toobouai, had formed a plan of seizing the ship's boat, and escaping to Otaheite, but abandoned the design, finding that the condition of the boat was too bad to give them a chance of success. Morrison now undertook to build a schooner, which, with the assistance of the carpenter, the cooper, and some others, he completed. His object was to reach Batavia in time to join the next fleet bound to Holland, and he and six of his companions actually set sail, but found themselves obliged to return, as their stores proved too small for so long an expedition, and the natives, who did not wish to part with them, refused to give them more. This schooner ac-

* The parting of poor Stewart and his wife and child is described in the first missionary voyage of the ship *Duff* as having been heart-rending. His wife died of a broken heart two months after his departure.

accompanied the Pandora when she left Otaheite, parted company with her near the Palmerston Islands, but arrived safely at Samarang, in Java, after a voyage in which the crew suffered dreadfully from want of water and provisions. She was an admirable sailer, and was afterwards employed in the sea-otter trade, and subsequently bought at Canton by the late Captain Broughton, to assist in the survey of the coast of Tartary.

Stewart and Heywood did not join Morrison in this expedition, considering it much better to remain at Otaheite, where it was certain that some European vessel would touch before a long time elapsed.

When Captain Bligh arrived in England and the account of the mutiny was given to the world, a universal feeling of sympathy for the sufferers, and of indignation against the mutineers, took possession of the public mind. It was felt, and justly, that any breach of that discipline which is the main stay of the navy, the bulwark of Britain, is deserving of severe punishment; and that the perpetrators of so flagrant a violation of the first of a man's duties should be pursued even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and brought back to answer for their crime to their injured country. The Admiralty were fully possessed of these sentiments, and determined to make every effort to secure the offenders: with this view the Pandora frigate, Capt. Edward Edwards, mounting twenty-four guns and manned by a crew of 124 men, was commissioned, and so well victualled that, to use the expression of Mr. Hamilton the surgeon, who has written an amusing, though rather coarse account, of a most disastrous voyage, "they were obliged to eat a hole in their bread before they had room to lie down." They sailed in August, 1790, with orders to proceed in the first instance to Otaheite, and, not finding the mutineers there, to visit the different groups of the Society and Friendly Islands, and the others in the neighbouring parts of the Pacific; using their best endeavours to seize and bring home in confinement the whole or such part of the delinquents as they might be able to discover.

On the voyage the crew suffered much from an infectious fever, and at one time thirty-five men were laid up sick in their hammocks. An alarm of a Spanish frigate bearing down, put them to much inconvenience from the lumbered state of the vessel; but when the bulk-heads were all down and the ship cleared for action, the supposed enemy turned out to be a good friend, his Majesty's ship the Shark.

They touched at Rio Janeiro, where Captain Edwards was entertained by the viceroy. His palace was handsome, and its interior decorations were very beautiful and singularly appropriate. In various apartments, paintings on the ceilings displayed all the objects of natural history peculiar to the country. In one apartment appeared the quadrupeds, in another the fishes, in a third the birds and shells were displayed in groups and borderings. This elegant mode of adorning rooms is well worthy of imitation.

The voyage from Rio was prosperous, and the vessel arrived in Matawai Bay on the 23rd of March, 1791. Immediately on her arrival, Coleman, the armourer of the Bounty, put off in a canoe, and went on board; he was quickly followed

by Stewart and Heywood, who voluntarily surrendered themselves; they, however, met with a very ungracious reception from Captain Edwards, who ordered them to be put in irons immediately. A party was sent after the rest of the mutineers, who were soon secured; and the whole were lodged together in a small prison erected for the purpose on the quarter-deck, the only entrance to which was by a scuttle in the roof, about eighteen inches square, and confined with both legs and feet in irons. "The prisoners' wives," says Mr. Hamilton, in his account of the Pandora's voyage, "visited the ship daily, and brought their children, who were permitted to be carried to their unhappy fathers. To see the poor captives in irons weeping over their tender offspring, was too moving a scene for any feeling heart. Their wives brought them ample supplies of every delicacy that the country afforded while we lay there, and behaved with the greatest fidelity and affection to them."

Sixteen men had left the Bounty at Otaheite; fourteen were now on board the Pandora; the remaining two had both died violent deaths. One of these, Churchill, was murdered by his companion Thompson, for some insult he had received; and Thompson was in return stoned to death by the natives, the friends of the murdered man, who had attained the rank of a chief.

The Pandora set sail on the 8th May, and proceeded to make a search, prolonged for three months, among the various groups of islands, but without meeting with any trace of Christian and his companions, except on one of the Palmerston Islands, where a mast and some spars belonging to the Bounty were found. On the 29th of August they arrived off New Holland, and ran along the barrier reef, a boat being sent out to look for an opening, but in the night the ship struck, and she immediately began to fill with water; all hands were employed at the pumps and baling from the hatchways, but to no effect: the leak increased, and the ship beat over the reef into the deep water on the other side. It was evident that she was sinking, and the people took to the boats. Three only of the prisoners had been liberated to work at the pumps, but the prayers of the others to be allowed to assist were totally disregarded; the guard over them had been doubled, and all would have been drowned if the armourer, either by accident or from design, had not dropped his keys into the prison, and with them they set themselves free; one of the sailors, at the risk of his life, held on by the coombings, and drew out the long shackle bolts, and thus all but four, who miserably perished, saved themselves at the moment that the ship went down, and when the whole deck was under water. Stewart was one of those who were thus unfortunately lost.

All who had contrived to escape made for a sandy key about three miles from the wreck, and on mustering the hands it was found that 89 of the ship's company and ten of the mutineers, were saved; but thirty-one of the ship's company, and four of the mutineers, had gone down with the wreck.

The survivors were now distributed in the boats, and after a miserable voyage arrived at Coupang on the 15th of August, where they remained three weeks. Here the prisoners were again confined in irons in the castle, and were treated in the same way

at Batavia, whither they were transported in a Dutch ship. From thence they set sail in a Dutch Indiaman, but falling in with the Gorgon man-of-war at the Cape, they were transferred to that vessel, and arrived at Spithead on the 19th June, 1792.

The Court-Martial met on the 12th of September, and after an investigation which lasted six days, gave their judgment that the charges had been proved against Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Thomas Ellison, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, and William Musprat; but recommended Heywood and Morrison to mercy. Norman, Coleman, McIntosh, and Byrne, all of whom had expressed their desire to go into the boat, were acquitted. Eventually, a free pardon was granted to Heywood, Morrison, and Musprat; but the other three suffered the penalty of their crime, and were hung on board the Brunswick, on the 29th of October.

The case of Heywood was particularly hard, and was generally so considered. He had done no act which could be construed into assisting in the mutiny; but his case is an instance which should never be forgotten by the seaman, of that salutary rule, which determines that he who does not oppose a mutiny, makes himself a party to it. There were, however, so many extenuating circumstances in Heywood's case, as almost to take it out of the reach of even this strict interpretation. He was only fifteen years of age, and this was his first voyage; waked from his sleep by the news of a mutiny, he came on deck, found the captain a prisoner, heard two of the officers (Hayward and Fryer, who were afterwards forced into the boat) terrified at the idea of being turned adrift, entreat to be left in the ship, and saw that no effort was made by his superiors or any other to oppose the mutineers. He at first very naturally determined rather to risk himself in the ship than in the boat, of whose safety he despaired; but he changed this determination, and had with Stewart gone to his berth to get some things together, when, by order of the mutineers, the two young men were confined below, and not permitted to come upon deck till the boat with Captain Bligh had put off. All these circumstances were duly appreciated; Mr. Heywood was permitted, against the usual practice in such cases, to resume his profession,* in which his career was prosperous and honourable. He saw much hard service, and attained the rank of captain. He died in the year 1825.

It is now time to return to Christian, and pursue his unfortunate career. All the accounts of his proceedings and of the fate of his companions, are derived from Alexander Smith, or as he afterwards called himself, though from what cause is not known, John Adams. His varying statements to the different persons who saw him at Pitcairn's Island regarding Christian, though apparently not very consistent, may perhaps be both true, especially as no motive for falsehood is apparent. To Captains Staines and Pison, who first visited him, he stated that Christian was never happy, that he appeared full of shame and misery, after the desperate act he had performed; and that on the voyage to Pitcairn's Island, he shut himself up in his cabin, scarcely ever appeared, and when he did,

* Lord Hood, who sat as President on his trial, received him as a midshipman on board the Victory.

seemed sunk in the deepest melancholy: yet he told Captain Beechey that Christian was always cheerful; that his example was of the greatest service in exciting his companions to labour; that he was naturally of a happy ingenious disposition, and won the good opinion and respect of all who served under him. It does not seem improbable that before he had effected his object, and whilst he was in continual dread of seizure by some British vessel, doubts and fear might cloud his mind, and deaden his spirit, yet that when he found himself as he believed free from all danger and in the full command of those from whom he exacted and received obedience, he should become all that Adams stated him to be to Captain Beechey.

It has generally been supposed that he was a prey to remorse, and that this feeling continually weighing upon and irritating his mind, rendered him morose and savage, and that the indulgence of such feelings cost him his life. This idea was grounded upon Captain Bligh's statement in his narration, "that when he reproached Christian with his ingratitude, he replied, 'That is what it is, Mr. Bligh; I am in hell, I am in hell!'" and upon Adams's statement of his conduct on the voyage to Pitcairn's Island. The evidence on the Court Martial shows that Captain Bligh was quite mistaken in the words of Christian and their import. The master, Mr. Fryer, in his evidence stated that on coming on deck he said to Christian, "Consider what you are about," to which he replied, "Hold your tongue, sir! I have been in hell for weeks past: Captain Bligh has brought all this on himself;" alluding to the frequent quarrels that they had had, and the abuse he had received from Captain Bligh. With respect to Christian's seclusion and apparent melancholy on the subsequent voyage, that has already been noticed and an explanation attempted.

Again, it has been stated that Christian's own act, in forcibly taking away the wife of one of the Otaheitan, was the occasion of his death; that he was shot by the injured husband. It will be seen in the subsequent narration, that this was not the case; that Williams and not Christian was the offending party, and that his crime was the immediate, though not the only cause, of a general insurrection of the black men against the whites, in which Christian fell; not a single victim, but with others. It is also worthy of remark, that on the visit of the English to Pitcairn's Island the young natives on being questioned concerning religion, said it had been first taught by Christian's order. The mid-day prayer which they said he appointed is remarkable: "I will arise and go to my father and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." This prayer, or rather confession, they said Christian had appointed to be said every day at noon, and that the practice was never neglected.

All this tends to prove that Christian's feelings were more those of healthy repentance than morbid remorse.

From this digression we will now return to our narrative.

When Christian left Otaheite, there were on board, besides himself, eight of the most desperate of the mutineers, and six men and twelve

women, natives of Otaheite and Toobouai. His object was to seek out an uninhabited island, out of the track of voyagers, where he intended to break up his vessel, and live with his companions secluded from the world. He fell in with an island first discovered by Captain Carteret, and named by him Piteairn's Island. It was by him laid down 3 degrees of longitude out of its true position, which is 25° 4' S. lat., and 130° 25' W. long.

Here Christian and his companions ran the ship on the rocks, and after getting out every thing useful, set her on fire. The English divided the whole island among them, reserving nothing for the Otaheiteans, whom they treated as servants. They, however, lived together peaceably for two years, built houses for themselves, and cultivated the ground; but a quarrel now broke out between the white and the black men. Williams, one of the Englishmen, had lost his wife, who fell from the rocks while gathering birds' eggs; and he now insisted on having another wife, or leaving the island in one of the ship's boats which had been preserved. As he was a useful man, the English wished to keep him, and made one of the black men give up his wife. The blacks determined on revenge, and laid a plot to murder all the English. Their plan was discovered by the women, who were more attached to the whites than to their own countrymen, and the affair ended in the death of two of the natives, who were treacherously killed in the woods by their companions on a promise of pardon for themselves.

Another interval of quiet now took place, but the tyranny of their masters again drove the Otaheiteans to rebellion. Christian, Williams, and Mills, fell victims to this attack; Quintal and M'Koy fled to the mountains; Young was saved by the women; and Smith, or as he now called himself, Adams, after being wounded, made his peace with the natives. After this execution, the Otaheiteans proceeded to choose wives for themselves, from the widows of the murdered men; but violent disputes arose, and in the end, all the native men fell by the hands of the women, except one who was shot by Young. The men who had fled to the mountains, now returned, and the four, Adams, Young, M'Koy, and Quintal, lived peaceably for some years.

M'Koy, who was a Scotelman, and could not forget his beloved whiskey, was continually trying experiments on the *tee* root, and at last succeeded in manufacturing a spirituous liquor; the consequence of this was, that he and Quintal were constantly intoxicated, and in his own case this proceeded so far as to produce delirium, and in one of the fits he threw himself from a cliff, and was killed on the spot. This was about 1798.

In the course of next year Quintal's wife was killed from a fall from the rocks, and nothing would satisfy him but the wife of one of his companions, although there were several unmarried women to choose from; Young and Adams would not give up their wives, and in revenge Quintal attempted to murder them. His design was prevented, but he swore he would carry it into execution. Young and Adams now considered themselves justified in putting Quintal to death, to secure their own lives; and accordingly they executed their purpose by cutting him down with a hatchet.

Two men alone were now left of all who had landed on the island; their situation, and the dreadful scenes they had witnessed—scenes of guilt which entailed their own punishment, appeared to have had their due effect. Young, who was of a respectable family, was tolerably educated, and Adams, who was a man of considerable abilities both applied themselves in earnest to manage their little settlement with regularity and order. They studied the bible, and from its pages learnt and taught the good lessons of correct life in this world and the steadfast hope of a happier future. They read the church prayers every Sunday, and instructed the children. Young died about a year after Quintal, and Adams was now left the solitary survivor. He steadily pursued the good course he had begun, and was looked up to by all as their chief; he was their friend, adviser, comforter, instructor, and governor. He regulated every thing, and under his rule they prospered.

Thus they lived on, unknown to the world, but happy in their own society, and pure from the follies and wickedness which disturb the tranquility of others, till the year 1808 (eighteen years from the foundation of the settlement), when an American vessel, the *Topaz*, Capt. Folger, touched at the island. Capt. Folger was astonished at discovering the descendants of the mutinous crew of the *Bounty*, in a race of young people rapidly springing up to manhood, and speaking both English and Otaheitean fluently. He found the little settlement in great order and harmony; their number was about thirty-five, who all looked upon Adams as their father and commander. Captain Folger did not publish any account of his discovery, which was first noticed in the newspapers, and afterwards authenticated by a communication made by him to Lieutenant Fitzmaurice at Valparaiso.

No more was heard of Piteairn's Island or its inhabitants, till 1814, when two frigates, the *Briton** and *Tagus*, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines, and Captain Pipoh, cruising in the Pacific, came to Piteairn's Island, which, from the error in the charts before alluded to, they were surprised at meeting with in that position. Their astonishment was increased when they were hailed by the crew of a canoe which had put off to them, with "Won't you heave us a rope now?" After some difficulty, for the rope could not be made fast to the canoe, the crew came on board; they were fine young men, about five feet ten inches high, with manly features, possessing somewhat of the Otaheitean cast of countenance, and with long black hair. Their dress was a mantle tied round the waist by a girdle; one end being thrown over the shoulders, and the other hanging to the knees, very much in the fashion of the belted plaid of the ancient Highlanders. They wore straw hats ornamented with feathers. The young women have invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and an open expression of countenance, with an engaging air of simple innocence and sweet sensibility; and their manners, far from displaying the licentiousness common to the inhabitants of other South Sea islands, were simple and unsophisticated, but perfectly modest.

* An account of the voyage of the *Briton* was published by Mr. Shillibeer, one of her Lieutenants.

A few questions put and answered on both sides explained every thing, and one of the visitors proved to be son of Christian, who was the first born on the island, and christened Thursday October, and another was the son of Young. They were naturally delighted and astonished at all they saw in the ship, but were greatly puzzled with the cow, and could not determine whether it was a huge goat or a horned pig, those being the only two quadrupeds they were acquainted with.

They were asked into the cabin to breakfast, but before partaking of the meal, both stood up, and one of them, putting his hands in a posture of devotion, asked a blessing; and they were surprised to observe that this practice, which they said was taught them by Adams, was not attended to by their new acquaintance.

Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon determined to go on shore, which they effected through a considerable surf, which thoroughly wetted them; and when Adams found that there was no intention of seizing him, and that the two captains had come ashore unarmed, he came down to the beach. He was a fine looking old man, between fifty and sixty. He took the captains to his own house, which stood at one end of the square, round which the houses, which all exhibit traces of European construction, are placed; the centre is a green, fenced in for the poultry, of which they have a large stock.

Sir Thomas Staines made a proposal to Adams to go home with him, which he appeared anxious to do; but when he spoke of his desire to his family, a touching scene of sorrow was immediately displayed, and his daughter flinging her arms round his neck, asked him "who would then take care of all his little children?" He could not resist such entreaties, and although it was perhaps the strict duty of the captains to take him, yet they felt themselves justified in waiving its execution in this peculiar case.

They found every thing regulated with the most exact order; every family possessed its separate property, which was well cultivated, John Adams leading the young men and women to work every day. He did not encourage marriage before some property was got together for the support of a family; a rule that was willingly submitted to, and in no case had the slightest tendency to libertinism been observed.

Adams was accustomed to perform the ceremonies of baptism and marriage, but had not ventured to administer the sacrament.

After a stay of two days only, the Briton and Tagus departed, and the next account of the island is that of Captain Beechey, who visited it in 1825; he gives an equally pleasing account of the people or as it may not improperly be described, the family of Pitcairn's Island, and of the patriarch Adams. He found a new-comer among them, a man named Buffett, who had belonged to a whaler, but was so much delighted with the society of this little settlement, that he begged to remain. He was a man of a religious turn of mind, and being possessed of some information made himself very useful both as schoolmaster and clergyman. Captain Beechey attended church, where John Adams read the prayers of the Church of England and Buffett preached, but for fear any of his sermon might be forgotten he repeated it three times over.

All the inhabitants were particular in their religious observances, never omitting their morning and evening prayer and hymn.

The furniture of their houses was very good; they manufactured bedsteads, chests, tables, and stools. The cloth for their sheets and dresses is manufactured from the paper mulberry tree. Their houses were large and strongly built of wood, thatched with the leaves of the palm-tree; they build them with two stories, the upper one being the sleeping room, and the lower the eating room.

The peculiar and unprecedented condition of these happy islanders, has always excited the most lively interest in all who have visited their hospitable village; uniting all the simplicity of the untaught savage, with the regular industry and religious feelings of cultivated society, they presented an anomaly in the human race which had never before been presented to the eye of the philosopher.

All their feelings and habits were moulded upon the patriarchal model; Adams was looked on as their chief and father, from a natural feeling of reverence for him, the oldest of the community, whose wisdom taught them how to supply those wants which they felt, and how to secure the happiness they experienced by pursuing a life of peace and concord. Being himself taught by example, his pupils profited by his experience without being exposed to the snares and temptations of corrupt society.

What would have been the result, had this society been permitted to remain unmolested on their sea-girt and rock-embattled fortress for two or three generations, it is impossible to determine; the enemy have surprised the fort, the wolf has found his way into the sheepfold!

When John Adams was dying, he called his children, as the islanders may not improperly be termed, around him, and after exhorting them to remember the good counsels he had given them, and never to fail in their religious and moral duties, he recommended them, when he was gone, to choose one from among them who should be their chief.

They did not follow this advice of the venerable patriarch, and the reason is obvious. At this time three other Englishmen, besides Adams, were residing on the island, each of whom, from his presumed superior knowledge, was by the unsophisticated simplicity of the islanders considered better fitted to command than one of themselves, and who would probably have refused to obey one of those whom they considered as their pupils. Had a choice been made among the Englishmen, there was (from their character and various pretensions) every probability of a contest for power. One of them, by marriage with Adams's daughter, was possessed of property in the island, and as such might perhaps have claimed the succession as the legitimate representative of the last chief; Buffett had long lived among them, exercising the honoured offices of their schoolmaster and spiritual teacher; whilst George Nunn Hobbs, who appears to have been an ignorant fanatic, was already disputing the latter function with Buffett.

They feared that discord and contention would result from any choice under these circumstances, and as ambition had not yet lighted her unhal-

lowed flame on the pure altar of their innocent hearts, none among themselves attempted to claim superiority, and from the death of Adams they continued without a chief, of any authorised check upon disorder. The natural results have succeeded, and the once happy family is scattered and divided.

The island is from six to seven miles in circumference, and contains an area of about 2500 acres, one-twelfth of which only was cultivated at the time of Captain Waldegrave's visit in 1830. The population was then only 79, and Captain Waldegrave computed that the soil, if fully cultivated, would support one thousand souls, which is perhaps an excessive estimate. The soil naturally produces the cocoa-nut, plantains, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, taro-root, the cloth-tree, the banyan (*Ficus Indicus*), and the mulberry; the bread-fruit (brought by Christian), water-melons, pumpkins, potatoes, tobacco, the lemon, and orange, had been cultivated with success.

From remains of ancient morais, or burying-places, and some rudely carved images, and hatchets found on the island, it appears to have been formerly inhabited, but abandoned, either from the population exceeding the means of supply, or, which is quite as likely, from the death of all the inhabitants.

The dread of over-peopling their islands seems quite a disease among the inhabitants of the Polynesian islands; and to this may be attributed the institution of the detestable society of Arrecoys, whose professed object is to lessen the population, which it does very effectually. Their wars are also a constant drain, and their indolent and intemperate life induces maladies which also serve to thin the population. All these causes have operated so efficiently, that there is every reason to believe that the population of the various islands was as great, if not larger, two or three hundred years ago, as it is at present; yet the dread of over-population still continues.

How different was it with the natives of Pitcairn! bred up in temperance and virtue (for the fate of Quintal and M'Koy produced its due effect), they were as remarkable for vigorous health and extraordinary muscular power, as for the rectitude of their moral conduct. It was an easy feat for the men to swim round their island; and the women, whose beauty and engaging man-

ners have been already noticed, were scarcely inferior to the men. George Young and Edward Quintal, two of the islanders, have each carried, at one time, a kedge-anchor, two sledge-hammers, and an armourer's anvil, weighing together upwards of six hundred pounds; and Quintal once carried a boat twenty-eight feet in length. They had begun to build regular keeled boats, instead of canoes, and if left to themselves would have found means of emigration when the time came, and a surplus population made such a proceeding necessary; but by their more recent visitors they appear to have been inoculated with this foolish fear of exhausting their resources, and if any are now left they are but a remnant.

In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey, a supply of various articles of dress and agricultural tools were sent out from Valparaiso in the *Seringapatam*, Capt. the Hon. W. Waldegrave, who arrived in March 1830. He found that two new visitors had come among them, John Evans, the son of a coach-maker in Long Acre, and George Nunn Hobbs; this latter had assumed the office of clergyman and schoolmaster, before exercised by Buffett, and had in fact created a sort of schism in the once peaceful society, whilst the religious doctrines he taught appeared to savour more of cant than true piety. Captain Waldegrave found that Adams had died in the preceding year, 1829. The population at the time of Captain Waldegrave's visit was estimated at 79, and already the people had begun to speculate on removing to a larger island. This idea has since been encouraged by the missionaries engaged in the South Sea Islands; and it is understood that, about three years ago, the design was carried into execution, and the inhabitants transported to Otaheite and other neighbouring islands. The destruction of such a society, so pure and so happy, cannot be contemplated without a sigh. Never perhaps was there an instance of such good seed springing from so evil a stock; and the example of Adams, who from a man of violence and blood became the venerated patriarch of a thriving colony, who owed all they knew to his care and instruction, may serve to teach a useful lesson, proving as it does that man, having the will, still has the power to retrace his steps in the path of evil, and to turn them, though tardily yet surely, to the path of good.

THE END.

NATURE :

An Essay.

AND

ORATIONS.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NATURE.

"Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know."
PLUTARCH.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in Nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, Nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition, that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is Nature?

All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of Nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approximation to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road to truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, dreams, beasts, sex.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which Philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both Nature and Art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of Nature, and casting

up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses;—in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little clipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.

CHAPTER I.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awake a certain reverence, because though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as such as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of Nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up

of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has, but whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun; at least, they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of Nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says,—he is my creature; and, maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorises a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmost midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow-puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign; a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which Nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this

delight does not reside in Nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance, for Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire; but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume, and glittered as for the frolic of the Nymphs, is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

CHAPTER II.

COMMODITY.

WHOEVER considers the final cause of the world, will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into that result. They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes: Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline.

Under the general name of Commodity, I rank all those advantages which our senses owe to Nature. This, of course, is a benefit which is temporary and mediate, not ultimate, like its service to the soul. Yet, although low, it is perfect in its kind, and is the only use of Nature which all men apprehend. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments! these rich conveniences? this ocean of air above? this ocean of water beneath! this firmament of earth between? this zodiac of lights? this tent of dropping clouds? this striped coat of climates? this fourfold year? Beasts, fire, water, stones, and corn, serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

“More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.”

Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapour to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are but reproductions, or new combinations, by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favouring gales; but, by means of steam, he realises the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two-and-thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and, mounting a coach with a ship-load of men, animals, and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to

the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens, for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning, and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.

But there is no need of specifying particulars in this class of uses. The catalogue is endless, and the examples so obvious, that I shall leave them to the reader's reflection, with the general remark, that this mercenary benefit is one which has respect to a farther good. A man is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work.

CHAPTER III. BEAUTY.

A NOBLER want of man is served by Nature, namely, the love of Beauty.

The ancient Greeks called the world, *κοσμος*, beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves; a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure, and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which integrates every mass of objects, of what character soever, into a well coloured and shaded globe, so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they compose is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul, that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. Even the corpse hath its own beauty. But beside this general grace, diffused over Nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them; as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of Beauty in a threefold manner.

1. First, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in Nature, is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, Nature is medicinal, and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning, from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which

an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening, of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within-doors. What was it that Nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not reform for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their back ground, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with observing the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty; and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and road-sides, which make the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis more tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 'tis only a mirage as you look from the windows of diligence.

2. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey Virtue;" said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylae; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a spear of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side." In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phœnix, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the whole geography and climate of Greece. The variable heavens and earth sympathise with Jesus. And in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—

the persons, the opinions, and the day, and Nature became ancillary to a man.

3. There is still another aspect under which the beauty of the world may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colours of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other in man, and the exclusive activity of the one generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and certainly will be followed by the other. Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions, as we have seen, comes unsought, and comes because it is unsought, remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then again, in its turn, of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of Nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world. Some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of Nature, in miniature. For although the works of Nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sun-beam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. Therefore the standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty "il piu nelli uno." Nothing is quite beautiful alone: nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art, does Nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. Extend this element to the uttermost, and I call it an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must therefore stand as a part and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

CHAPTER IV.

LANGUAGE.

A THIRD use which Nature subserves to man is that of Language. Nature is the vehicle of thought, and in a simple, double, and threefold degree.

1. Words are signs of natural facts.

2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular facts.

3. Nature is the symbol of spirits.

1. Words are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history. The use of the outer creation is to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* originally means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*. *Spirit* primarily means *wind*; *transgression*, the crossing of a *line*; *supercilious*, the raising of the *eye-brow*. We say the *heart* to express emotion, the *head* to denote thought; and *thought* and *emotion* are, in their turn, words borrowed from sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made, is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns or names of things, which they continually convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

2. But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import—so conspicuous a fact in the history of language—is our least debt to Nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. A lamb is innocence, a snake is subtle spite. Flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expression for knowledge and ignorance; and heat for love. Visible distance behind and before us is respectively our image of memory and hope.

Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of all things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason; it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men; and the blue sky in which the private earth is buried—the sky, with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call reason, considered in relation to nature, we call Spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself; and man, in all ages and countries, embodies it in his language as the FATHER.

It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or

capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets, here and there, but man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him; and neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. All the facts in natural history, taken by themselves, have no value, but are barren, like a single sex; but, marry it to human history, and it is full of life. Whole Floras, all Linnaeus's and Buffon's volumes, are but dry catalogues of facts; but the most trivial of these facts, the habit of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect, applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant, to what affecting analogies in the nature of man is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse, up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed,—“It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body!” The motion of the earth round its axis, and round the sun, makes the day, and the year. These are certain amounts of brute light and heat; but, is there no intent of an analogy between man's life and the seasons? and do the seasons gain no grandeur or pathos from that analogy? The instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits—even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps—become sublime.

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or, all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has moreover been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power; and, as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependence of language upon Nature—this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or back-woodsman, which all men relish.

This is Nature an interpreter, by whose means man converses with his fellow-men. A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth, and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character, and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, the desire of pleasure, the desire of power, the desire of praise,—and duplicity and falsehood take place of simplicity and truth, the power over Nature, as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is

no bullion in the vaults. In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long-civilised nation, who for a short time believe, and make others believe, that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously upon the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on Nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction, and fasten words again to visible things; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate, that he who employs it is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that always a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous; it is the blending of experience with the present action of the mind; it is proper creation; it is the working of the Original Cause through the instruments he has already made.

These facts may suggest the advantage which the country life possesses for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities. We know more from Nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design and without heed,—shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amidst agitation and terror in national councils,—in the hour of revolution,—these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, are put into his hands.

3. We are thus assisted by natural objects in the expression of particular meanings. But how great a language to convey such pepper-corn informations! Did it need such noble races of creatures, this profusion of forms—this host of orbs in heaven—to furnish man with the dictionary and grammar of his municipal speech? Whilst we use this grand cipher to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs. Whilst we see that it always stands ready to clothe what we would say, we cannot avoid the question, whether the characters are not significant of themselves. Have mountains, and waves, and skies, no significance but what we consciously give them, when we employ them as emblems of our thoughts? The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors because

the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass. "The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial-plate of the invisible." The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics. Thus—"the whole is greater than its part;" "reaction is equal to action;" "the smallest weight may be made to lift the greatest, the difference of weight being compensated by time;" and many the like propositions, which have an ethical as well as physical sense. These propositions have a much more extensive and universal sense when applied to human life, than when confined to technical use.

In like manner, the memorable words of history, and the proverbs of nations, consist usually of a natural fact, selected as a picture or parable of a moral truth. Thus: A rolling stone gathers no moss; A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; A cripple in the right way, will beat a racer in the wrong; Make hay whilst the sun shines; 'Tis hard to carry a full cup even; Vinegar is the son of wine; The last ounce broke the camel's back; Long-lived trees make roots first;—and the like. In their primary sense, these are trivial facts; but we repeat them for the value of their analogical import. What is true of proverbs, is true of all fables, parables, and allegories.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God; and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

— "Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own, shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began; from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the Sphinx at the roadside, and from age to age, as each prophet comes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit. A Fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scoria* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

This doctrine is abstruse, and though the images of "garment," "scoria," "mirror," &c., may stimulate the fancy, we must summon the aid of subtler and more vital expositors to make it plain. "Every scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth,"—is the fundamental law of criticism. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will

purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature; so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause.

A new interest surprises us, whilst, under the view now suggested, we contemplate the fearful extent and multitude of objects; since "every object rightly seen, unlocks a new faculty of the soul." That which was unconscious truth, becomes, when interpreted and defined in an object, a part of the domain of knowledge—a new amount to the magazine of power.

CHAPTER V.

DISCIPLINE.

IN view of this significance of Nature, we arrive at once at a new fact, that Nature is a discipline. This use of the world includes the preceding uses, as parts of itself.

Space, time, society, labour, climate, food, locomotion, the animals, the mechanical forces, give us sincerest lessons, day by day, whose meaning is unlimited. They educate both the understanding and the reason. Every property of matter is a school for the understanding,—its solidity or resistance, its inertia, its extension, its figure, its divisibility. The understanding adds, divides, combines, measures, and finds everlasting nutriment and room for its activity in this worthy scene. Meantime, Reason transfers all these lessons into its own world of thought, by perceiving the analogy that marries Matter and Mind.

1. Nature is a discipline of the understanding in intellectual truths. Our dealing with sensible objects is a constant exercise in the necessary lessons of difference, of likeness, of order, of being and seeming, of progressive arrangement; of ascent from particular to general; of combination to one end of manifold forces. Proportioned to the importance of the organ to be formed, is the extreme care with which its tuition is provided,—a care pretermitted in no single case. What tedious training, day after day, year after year, never ending, to form the common sense; what continual reproduction of annoyances, inconveniences, dilemmas; what rejoicing over us of little men; what disputing of prices, what reckonings of interest,—and all to form the Hand of the mind;—to instruct us that "good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed!"

The same good office is performed by Property and its filial systems of Debt and Credit. Debt, grinding Debt, whose iron fage the widow, the orphan, and the sons of genius fear and hate;—Debt, which consumes so much time, which so cripples and disheartens a great spirit with cares that seem so base, is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be foregone, and is needed most by those who suffer from it most. Moreover, property, which has been well compared to snow,—“if it fall level to-day, it will be blown into drifts to-morrow,”—is merely the surface action of internal machinery, like the index on the face of a clock. Whilst now it is the gymnastics of the understanding, it is living in the foresight of the spirit, experience in profounder laws.

The whole character and fortune of the individual is affected by the least inequalities in the culture of the understanding; for example, in the perception of differences. Therefore is Space, and therefore Time, that man may know that things are not huddled and lumped, but sundered and individual. A bell and a plough have each their use, and neither can do the office of the other. Water is good to drink, coal to burn, wool to wear; but wool cannot be drunk, nor water spun, nor coal eaten. The wise man shows his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and of merits, is as wide as Nature. The foolish have no range in their scale, but suppose every man is as every other man. What is not good they call the worst, and what is not hateful, they call the best.

In like manner, what good heed, Nature forms in us! She pardons no mistakes. Her yea is yea, and her nay, nay.

The first steps in Agriculture, Astronomy, Zoology, (those first steps which the farmer, the hunter, and the sailor take,) teach that Nature's dice are always loaded; that in her heaps and rubbish are concealed sure and useful results.

How calmly and genially the mind apprehends, one after another, the laws of physics! What noble emotions dilate the mortal as he enters into the counsels of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to Be! His insight refines him. The beauty of Nature, shines in his own breast. Man is greater that he can see this, and the universe less, because Time and Space relations vanish as laws are known.

Here again we are impressed and even daunted by the immense Universe to be explored. "What we know, is a point to what we do not know." Open any recent journal of science, and weigh the problems suggested concerning Light, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Physiology, Geology, and judge whether the interest of natural science is likely to be soon exhausted.

Passing by many particulars of the discipline of Nature, we must not omit to specify two.

The exercise of the Will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses up to the hour when he saith, "Thy will be done!" he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes, nay, the whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. It receives the dominion of man, as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode. It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful. Man is never weary of working it up. He forges the subtle and delicate fir into wise and melodious words, and gives them wing, as angels of persuasion and command. More and more, with every thought, does his kingdom stretch over things, until the world becomes, at last, only a realised will,—the double of the man.

2. Sensible objects conform to the premonitions of Reason and reflect the conscience. All things are moral; and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is Nature glorious with form, colour, and motion, that every globe in the remotest heaven;

every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf, to the tropical forest and antediluvian coalmine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments. Therefore is Nature always the ally of Religion: lends all her pomp and riches to the religious sentiment. Prophet and priest, David, Isaiah, Jesus, have drawn deeply from this source.

This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of Nature, as to seem the end for which it was made. Whatever private purpose is answered by any member or part, this is its public and universal function, and is never omitted. Nothing in nature is exhausted in its first use. When a thing has served an end to the uttermost, it is wholly new for an ulterior service. In God, every end is converted into a new means. Thus the use of Commodity, regarded by itself, is mean and squalid. But it is to the mind an education in the great doctrine of Use, namely, that a thing is good only so far as it serves; that a conspiring of parts and efforts to the production of an end, is essential to any being. The first and gross manifestation of this truth, is our inevitable and hated training in values and wants, in corn and meat.

It has already been illustrated, in treating of the significance of material things, that every natural process is but a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation, and every process. All things with which we deal, preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, ruin, insects, sun,—it is a sacred emblem, from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields. But the sailor, the shepherd, the miner, the merchant, in their several resorts, have each an experience precisely parallel and leading to the same conclusions. Because all organisations are radically alike. Nor can it be doubted that this moral sentiment which thus scents the air, and grows in the grain, and impregnates the waters of the world, is caught by man and sinks into his soul. The moral influence of Nature upon every individual is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this? Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds forevermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? how much industry, and providence, and affection, we have caught from the pantomime of brutes? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of Health!

Herein is especially apprehended the Unity of Nature,—the Unity in Variety,—which meets us everywhere. All the endless variety of things make a unique, an identical impression. Xenophanes complained, in his old age, that, look where he would, all things hastened back to Unity. He was weary of seeing the same entity in the tedious variety of forms. The fable of Proteus has a cordial truth. Every particular in Nature, a leaf,

a drop, a crystal, a moment of time, is related to the whole, and partakes of the perfection of the whole. Each particle is a microcosm, and faithfully renders the likeness of the world.

Not only resemblances exist in things whose analogy is obvious, as when we detect the type of the human hand in the flipper of the fossil saurus, but also in objects wherein there is great superficial unlikeness. Thus architecture is called "frozen music," by De Staël and Goethe. "A Gothic church," said Coleridge, "is a petrified religion." Michael Angelo maintained, that, to an architect, a knowledge of anatomy is essential. In Haydn's oratorios, the notes present to the imagination not only motions, as of the snake, the stag, and the elephant, but colours also; as the green grass. The granite is differenced in its laws only by the more or less of heat, from the river that wears it away. The river, as it flows, resembles the air that flows over it; the air resembles the light which traverses it with more subtle currents; the light resembles the heat which rides with it through Space. Each creature is only a modification of the other; the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same. Hence it is, that a rule of one art, or a law of one organisation, holds true throughout nature. So intimate is this Unity, that, it is easily seen, it lies under the undermost garment of Nature, and betrays its source in universal Spirit. For, it pervades Thought also. Every universal truth which we express in words, implies or supposes every other truth. *Omne verum vero consonat.* It is like a great circle on a sphere, comprising all possible circles; which, however, may be drawn, and comprise it, in like manner. Every such truth is the absolute Ens seen from one side. But it has innumerable sides.

The same central Unity is still more conspicuous in actions. Words are finite organs of the infinite mind. They cannot cover the dimensions of what is in truth. They break, chop, and impoverish it. An action is the perfection and publication of thought. A right action seems to fill the eye, and to be related to all nature. "The wise man, in doing one thing, does all; or, in the one thing he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all which is done rightly."

Words and actions are not the attributes of mute and brute nature. They introduce us to that singular form which predominates over all other forms. This is the human. All other organisations appear to be degradations of the human form. When this organisation appears among so many that surround it, the spirit prefers it to all others. It says, "From such as this have I drawn joy and knowledge. In such as this have I found and beheld myself. I will speak to it. It can speak again. It can yield me thought already formed and alive." In fact, the eye—the mind—is always accompanied by these forms, male and female; and these are incomparably the richest informations of the power and order that lie at the heart of things. Unfortunately, every one of them bears the marks as of some injury—is marred, and superficially defective. Nevertheless, far different from the deaf and dumb nature around them, these all rest like fountain-pipes on the unfathomed sea of thought and virtue,

whereto they alone, of all organisations, are the entrances.

It were a pleasant inquiry to follow into detail their ministry to our education; but where would it stop? We are associated in adolescent and adult life with some friends, who, like skies and waters, are co-extensive with our idea; who, answering each to a certain affection of the soul, satisfy our desire on that side; whom we lack power to put at such focal distance from us, that we can mend or even analyse them. We cannot choose but love them. When much intercourse with a friend has supplied us with a standard of excellence, and has increased our respect for the resources of God, who thus sends a real person to outgo our ideal—when he has, moreover, become an object of thought, and, whilst his character retains all its unconscious effect, is converted in the mind into solid and sweet wisdom,—it is a sign to us that his office is closing, and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time.

CHAPTER VI.

IDEALISM.

THIS is the unspeakable but intelligible and practicable meaning of the world conveyed to man, the immortal pupil, in every object of sense. To this one end of Discipline, all parts of Nature conspire.

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself, whether this end be not the Final Cause of the Universe; and whether Nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make, whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the difference, whether land and sea interfact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end!—deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space, or whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man. Whether Nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me, so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses.

The frivolous make themselves merry with the Ideal theory, as if its consequences were burlesque—as if it affected the stability of Nature. It surely does not. God never jests with us, and will not compromise the end of Nature, by permitting any inconsequence in its procession. Any distrust of the permanence of laws would paralyse the faculties of man. Their permanence is sacredly respected, and his faith therein is perfect. The wheels and springs of man are all set to the hypothesis of the permanence of Nature.

We are not built like a ship to be tossed, but like a house to stand. It is a natural consequence of this structure, that, so long as the active powers predominate over the reflective, we resist with indignation any hint that Nature is more short-lived or mutable than spirit. The broker, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the tollman, are much displeas'd at the intimation.

But whilst we acquiesce entirely in the permanence of natural laws, the question of the absolute existence of Nature still remains open. It is the uniform effect of culture on the human mind, not to shake our faith in the stability of particular phenomena, as of heat, water, azote, but to lead us to regard Nature as a phenomenon, not a substance; to attribute necessary existence to spirit—to esteem Nature as an accident and an effect.

To the senses and the unrenewed understanding belongs a sort of instinctive belief in the absolute existence of Nature. In their view, man and Nature are indissolubly joined. Things are ultimates, and they never look beyond their sphere. The presence of Reason mars this faith. The first effort of thought tends to relax this despotism of the senses, which binds us to Nature as if we were a part of it, and shows us Nature aloof, and, as it were, afloat. Until this higher agency intervened, the animal eye sees, with wonderful accuracy, sharp outlines and coloured surfaces. When the eye of Reason opens, to outline and surface are at once added grace and expression. These proceed from imagination and affection, and abate somewhat of the angular distinctness of objects. If the Reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirits are seen through them. The best, the happiest moments of life, are these delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the reverential withdrawing of Nature before its God.

Let us proceed to indicate the effects of culture. 1. Our first institution in the Ideal philosophy is a hind from Nature herself.

Nature is made to conspire with spirit to emancipate us. Certain mechanical changes, a small alteration in our local position, apprises us of a dualism. We are strangely affected by seeing the shore from a moving ship, from a balloon, or through the tints of an unusual sky. The least change in our point of view, gives the whole world a pictorial air. A man who seldom rides, needs only to get into a coach, and traverse his own town, to turn the street into a puppet-show. The men, the women,—talking, running, bartering, fighting,—the earnest mechanic, the loungee, the beggar, the boys, the dogs, are unrealised at once, or, at least, wholly detached from all relation to the observer, and seen as apparent, not substantial beings. What new thoughts are suggested by seeing a face of country quite familiar in the rapid movement of the railroad-car! Nay, the most wonted objects, (make a very slight change in the point of vision,) please us most. In a camera-obscura, the butcher's cart, and the figure of one of our own family, amuse us. So, a portrait of a well-known face gratifies us. Turn the eyes upside down, by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!

In these cases, by mechanical means, is suggested the difference between the observer and the spectacle,—between man and Nature. Hence arises a pleasure mixed with awe; I may say, a low degree of the sublime is felt from the fact, probably, that man is hereby apprised that, whilst the world is a spectacle, something in himself is stable.

2. In a higher manner, the poet communicates the same pleasure. By a few strokes he delineates, as on air, the sun, the mountain, the camp, the city, the hero, the maiden,—not different from what we know them, but only lifted from the ground, and afloat before the eye. He unfixes the land and the sea, makes them revolve around the axis of his primary thought, and disposes them anew. Possessed himself by an heroic passion, he uses matter as symbols of it. The sensual man conforms thoughts to things; the poet conforms things to his thoughts. The one esteems Nature as rooted and fast; the other, as fluid, and impresses his being thereon. To him, the refractory world is ductile and flexible; he invests dust and stones with humanity, and makes them the words of the Reason. The imagination may be defined to be, the use which the Reason makes of the material world. Shakspeare possesses the power of subordinating Nature for the purposes of expression, beyond all poets. His imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, to embody any capricious shade of thought that is uppermost in his mind. The remotest spaces of Nature are visited, and the farthest sundered things are brought together by a subtle spiritual connection. We are made aware that magnitude of material things is merely relative, and all objects shrink and expand to serve the passion of the poet. Thus, in his Sonnets, the lays of birds, the scents and dyes of flowers, he finds to be the shadow of his beloved; time, which keeps her from him, is his *chest*; the suspicion she has awakened, is her *ornament*;

The ornament of beauty is Suspence,
A crow which flies in heaven's sweetest air.

His passion is not the fruit of chance; it swells, as he speaks, to a city, or a state.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the brow of thralling discontent;
It fears not policy, that heretico,
That works on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic.

In the strength of his constancy, the Pyramids seem to him recent and transitory; and the freshness of youth and love dazzles him with its resemblance to morning.

Take those lips away
Which so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes,—the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

The wild beauty of this hyperbole, I may say, in passing, it would not be easy to match in literature.

This transfiguration which all material objects undergo through the passion of the poet,—this power which he exerts, at any moment, to magnify the small, to identify the great,—might be illustrated by a thousand examples from his

Plays. I have before me the "Tempest," and will cite only these few lines:—

ARIEL. The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar.

Prospero calls for music to soothe the frantic Alonso and his companions:—

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull.

Again:—

The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy.

The perception of real affinities between events (that is to say, of *ideal* affinities, for those only are real), enables the poet thus to make free with the most imposing forms and phenomena of the world, and to assert the predominance of the soul.

3. Whilst thus the poet delights us by animating Nature like a creator, with his own thoughts, he differs from the philosopher only herein,—that the one proposes Beauty as his main end; the other, Truth. But the philosopher, not less than the poet, postpones the apparent order and relations of things to the empire of thought. "The problem of philosophy," according to Plato, "is, for all that exists conditionally, to find a ground unconditioned and absolute." It proceeds on the faith that a law determines all phenomena, which, being known, the phenomena can be predicted. That law, when in the mind, is an idea. Its beauty is infinite. The true philosopher and the true poet are one; and a beauty, which is truth, and a truth, which is beauty, is the aim of both. Is not the charm of one of Plato's or Aristotle's definitions strictly like that of the Antigone of Sophocles? It is, in both cases, that a spiritual life has been imparted to Nature; that the solid seeming block of matter has been pervaded and dissolved by a thought; that this feeble human being has penetrated the vast masses of Nature with an informing soul, and recognised itself in their harmony, that is, seized their law. In physics, when this is attained, the memory disturbs itself of its cumbersome catalogues of particulars, and carries centuries of observation in a single formula.

Thus, even in physics, the material is ever degraded before the spiritual. The astronomer, the geometer, rely on their irrefragable analysis, and disdain the results of observation. The sublime, remark of Euler, on his law of arches—"This will be found contrary to all experience, yet is true," had already transferred Nature into the mind, and left matter like an outcast corpse.

4. Intellectual matter has been observed to beget invariably a doubt of the existence of matter. Turgot said, "He that has never doubted the existence of matter may be assured he has no aptitude for metaphysical inquiries." It fastens the attention upon immortal necessary uncreated natures, that is, upon Ideas; and in their beauti-

ful and majestic presence, we feel that our outward being is a dream and a shade. Whilst we wait in this Olympus of gods, we think of Nature as an appendix to the soul. We ascend into their region, and know that these are the thoughts of the Supreme Being. "These are they who were set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When He prepared the heavens, they were there; when He established the clouds above, when He strengthened the fountains of the deep, then they were by Him, as one brought up with Him. Of them took He counsel."

Their influence is proportionate. As objects of science, they are accessible to few men; yet all men are capable of being raised by piety or by passion into their region; and no man touches these divine natures without becoming, in some degree, himself divine. Like a new soul, they renew the body. We become physically nimble and lightsome; we tread on air; life is no longer irksome, and we think it will never be so. No man fears age, or misfortune, or death, in their serene company, for he is transported out of the district of change. Whilst we behold unveiled the nature of Justice and Truth, we learn the difference between the absolute and the conditional or relative. We apprehend the absolute. As it were, for the first time, *we exist*. We become immortal, for we learn that time and space are relations of matter; that, with a perception of truth, or a virtuous will, they have no affinity.

5. Finally, religion and ethics,—which may be fitly called the practice of ideas, or the introduction of ideas into life,—have an analogous effect with all lower culture, in degrading Nature and suggesting its dependence on spirit. Ethics and religion differ herein, that the one is the system of human duties commencing from man; the other, from God. Religion includes the personality of God; Ethics does not. They are one to our present design. They both put Nature under foot. The first and last lesson of religion is, "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." It puts an affront upon Nature. It does that for the unschooled which philosophy does for Berkeley and Vissà. The uniform language that may be heard in the churches of the most ignorant sects is:—"Contemn the unsubstantial shows of the world; they are vanities, dreams, shadows, unrealities; seek the realities of religion." The devotee flouts Nature. Some theosophists have arrived at a certain hostility and indignation towards matter, as the Manichean and Plotinus. They distrust in themselves any looking back to these flesh-pots of Egypt. Plotinus was ashamed of his body. In short, they might all better say of matter what Michael Angelo said of external beauty, "It is the frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time."

It appears that motion, poetry, physical and intellectual science, and religion, all tend to affect our convictions of the reality of the external world. But I own there is something ungrateful in expanding too curiously the particulars of the general proposition, that all culture tends to imbue us with idealism. I have no hostility to Nature, but a child's love to it. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. Let

us speak her fair. I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest. I only wish to indicate the true position of Nature in regard to man, wherein to establish man all right education tends; as the ground which, to attain, is the object of human life, that is, of man's connection with Nature. Culture inverts the vulgar views of Nature, and brings the mind to call that apparent which it uses to call real, and that real which it uses to call visionary. Children, it is true, believe in the external world. The belief that it appears only, is an after-thought; but, with culture, this faith will as surely arise on the mind as did the first.

The advantage of the ideal theory over the popular faith is this, that it presents the world in precisely that view which is most desirable to the mind. It is, in fact, the view which Reason, both speculative and practical—that is, philosophy and virtue—take; for, seen in the light of thought, the world always is phenomenal, and virtue subordinates it to the mind. Idealism sees the world in God. It beholds the whole circle of persons and things, of actions and events, of country and religion, not as painfully accumulated, atom after atom, act after act, in an aged creeping Past, but as one vast picture, which God paints on the instant eternity, for the contemplation of the soul. Therefore the soul holds itself off from a too trivial and microscopic study of the universal tablet. It respects the end too much to immerse itself in the means. It sees something more important in Christianity than the scandals of ecclesiastical history, or the niceties of criticism; and, very incurious concerning persons or miracles, and not at all disturbed by chasms of historical evidence, it accepts from God the phenomenon as it finds it, as the pure and awful form of religion in the world. It is not hot and passionate at the appearance of what it calls its own good or bad fortune, at the union or opposition of other persons. No man is its enemy. It accepts whatsoever befalls, as part of its lesson. It is a watcher more than a doer; and it is a doer, only that it may the better watch.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIRIT.

It is essential to a true theory of Nature and of man, that it should contain somewhat progressive. Uses that are exhausted, or that may be, and facts that end in the statement, cannot be all that is true of this brave lodging, wherein man is harboured, and wherein all his faculties find appropriate and endless exercise; and all the uses of Nature admit of being summed in one, which yields the activity of man an infinite scope. Through all its kingdoms, to the suburbs and outskirts of things, it is faithful to the cause whence it had its origin. It always speaks of Spirit. It suggests the absolute. It is a perpetual effect. It is a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us.

The aspect of Nature is devout. Like the figure of Jesus, she stands with bended head, and hands folded upon the breast. The happiest man, as he who learns from Nature the lesson of worship.

Of that ineffable essence which we call Spirit,

he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse and, as it were, distant phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe himself, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages. That essence refuses to be recorded in propositions; but when man has worshipped him intellectually, the noblest ministry of Nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the great organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to lead back the individual to it.

When we consider Spirit, we see that the views already presented do not include the whole circumference of man. We must add some related thoughts.

Three problems are put by Nature to the mind: What is matter? Whence is it, and whereto? The first of these questions only the ideal theory answers. Idealism saith: matter is a phenomenon, not a substance. Idealism acquaints us with the total disparity between the evidence of our own being, and the evidence of the world's being. The one is perfect; the other, incapable of any assurance. The mind is a part of the nature of things; the world is a divine dream, from which we may presently awake to the glories and certainties of day. Idealism is an hypothesis to account for Nature by other principles than those of carpentry and chemistry. Yet, if it only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the spirit. It leaves God out of me. It leaves me in the splendid labyrinth of my perceptions to wander without end. Then the heart resists it, because it balks the affections in denying substantive being to men and women. Nature is so pervaded with human life, that there is something of humanity in all and in every particular. But this theory makes Nature foreign to me, and does not account for that consanguinity which we acknowledge to it.

Let it stand, then, in the present state of our knowledge, merely as a useful introductory hypothesis, serving to apprise us of the eternal distinction between the soul and the world.

But when, following the invisible steps of thought, we come to inquire, Whence is matter, and whereto? many truths arise to us out of the recesses of consciousness. We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man, that the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that, behind Nature, throughout Nature, spirit is present: that spirit is one, and not compound; that spirit does not act upon us from without,—that is, in space and time,—but spiritually, or through ourselves. Therefore, that spirit—that is, the Supreme Being—does not build up Nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power. Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man? Once inspire the infinite, by being admitted to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the

Creator—is himself the creator in the finite. This view, which admonishes me where the sources of wisdom and power lie, and points to virtue as to

“The golden key

Which opens the palace of eternity,”

carries upon its face the highest certificate of truth, because it animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul.

The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God,—a projection of God in the unconscious. But it differs from the body in one important respect. It is not, like that, now subjected to the human will. Its serene order is inviolable by us. It is, therefore, to us, the present expostor of the Divine mind. It is a fixed point whereby we may measure our departure. As we degenerate, the contrast between us and our house is more evident. We are as much strangers in nature as we are aliens from God. We do not understand the notes of birds. The fox and the deer run away from us; the bear and tiger rend us. We do not know the uses of more than a few plants, as corn and the apple, the potato and the vine. Is not the landscape, every glimpse of which hath a grandeur, a face of him? Yet this may show us what discord is between man and nature, for you cannot freely admire a noble landscape if labourers are digging in the field hard by. The poet finds something ridiculous in his delight, until he is out of the sight of men.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROSPECTS.

In inquiries respecting the laws of the world and the frame of things, the highest reason is always the truest. That which seems faintly possible—it is so refined—is often faint and dim because it is deepest seated in the mind among the eternal verities. Empirical science is apt to cloud the sight, and, by the very knowledge of functions and processes, to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The *savant* becomes unpoetic. But the best read naturalist who lends an entire and devout attention to truth, will see that there remains much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by any addition or subtraction, or other comparison of known quantities, but is arrived at by untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and by entire humility. He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility; that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of Nature than a hundred concerted experiments.

For, the problems to be solved are precisely those which the physiologist and the naturalist omit to state. It is not so pertinent to man to know all the individuals of the animal kingdom as it is to know whence and whereto is this tyrannising unity in his constitution, which evermore separates and classifies things, endeavouring to reduce the most diverse to one form. When I behold a rich landscape, it is less my purpose to recite correctly the order and superposition of

the strata, than to know why all thought of multitude is lost in a tranquil sense of unity. I cannot greatly honour minuteness in details, so long as there is no hint to explain the relation between things and thoughts; no ray upon the *metaphysics* of conchology, of botany, of the arts, to show the relation of the forms of flowers, shells, animals, architecture, to the mind, and build science upon ideas. In a cabinet of natural history, we become sensible of a certain occult recognition and sympathy in regard to the most bizarre forms, of beast, fish, and insect. The American, who has been confined, in his own country, to the sight of buildings designed after foreign models, is surprised, on entering York Minster or St. Peter's at Rome, by the feeling that these structures are imitations also,—faint copies of an invisible archetype. Nor has science sufficient humanity, so long as the naturalist overlooks that wonderful congruity which subsists between man and the world, of which he is lord, not because he is the most subtle inhabitant, but because he is its head and heart, and finds something of himself in every great and small thing, in every mountain stratum, in every new law of colour, fact of astronomy, or atmospheric influence which observation or analysis lay open. A perception of this mystery inspires the muse of George Herbert, the beautiful psalmist of the seventeenth century. The following lines are part of his little poem on Man:—

“Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest, brother; •
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.
•
“Nothing hath got so far •
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey; •
His eyes dismount the highest star; •
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.
•
“For us, the winds do blow, •
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow; •
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure; •
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.
•
“The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cease.
•
“More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path,
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.” • •

The perception of this class of truths makes the eternal attraction which draws men to science, but the end is lost sight of in attention to the means. In view of this half-sight of science, we accept the sentence of Plato, that “poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.” Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect; and we learn to prefer imperfect theories and sentences which contain glimpses of

truth, to digested systems which have no one valuable suggestion. A wise writer will feel that the ends of study and composition are best answered by announcing undiscovered regions of thought, and so communicating, through hope, new activity to the torpid spirit.

I shall therefore conclude this essay with some traditions of man and Nature, which a certain poet sang to me; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps re-appear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy:—

“The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit; but the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies, are young and recent. In the cycle of the universal man, from whom the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation.

“We distrust and deny inwardly our sympathy with Nature. We own and disown our relation to it by turns. We are, like Nebuchadnezzar, dethroned—bereft of reason, and eating grass like an ox. But who can set limits to the remedial force of spirit!

“A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal, as gently as we awake from dreams. Now, the world would be insane and rabid, if these disorganisations should last for hundreds of years. It is kept in check by death and infancy. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise.

• “Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents. Out from him sprang the sun and moon: from man, the sun; from woman, the moon. The laws of his mind, the periods of his actions externalised themselves into day and night, into the year and the seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired; he no longer fills the veins and veinlets; he is shrunk to a drop. He sees that the structure still fits him, but fits him colossally; say, rather, once it fitted him,—now it corresponds to him from far, and on high. He adores timidly his own work. Now is man the follower of the sun, and woman the follower of the moon. Yet, sometimes he starts in his slumber, and wonders at himself and his house, and muses strangely at the resemblance betwixt him and it. He perceives, that if his law is still paramount,—if still he have elemental power,—if his word is sterling yet in nature, it is not conscious power; it is not inferior, but superior, to his will. It is Instinct.” Thus my Orphic poet sang.

At present, man applies to Nature but half his force. He works on the world with his understanding alone. He lives in it, and masters it by a penny-wisdom; and he that works most in it, is but a half-man; and, whilst his arms are strong, and his digestion good, his mind is imbruted, and he is a selfish savage. His relation to Nature, his power over it, is through the understanding; as by manure; the economic use of fire, wind, water, and the mariner's needle; steam, coal, chemical agriculture; and the repairs of the human body by the dentist and the surgeon. This is such a resumption of power, as if a banished king should buy his territories inch by inch, instead of vault-

ing at once into his throne. Meantime, in the thick darkness, there are not wanting gleams of a better light,—occasional examples of the action of man upon Nature with his entire force,—with reason, as well as understanding. Such examples are: the traditions of miracles in the earliest antiquity of all nations; the history of Jesus Christ; the achievements of a principle, as in religious and political revolutions, and in the abolition of the Slave-trade; the miracles of enthusiasm, as those reported of Swedenborg, Hohenlohe, and the Shakers; many obscure and yet contested facts, now arranged under the name of Animal Magnetism; prayer, eloquence, self-healing, and the wisdom of children. These are examples of Reason's momentary grasp of the sceptre; the exertions of a power which exists not in time or space, but an instantaneous instreaming causing power. The difference between the actual and the ideal force of man is happily figured by the schoolmen, in saying, that the knowledge of man is an evening knowledge, *vespertina cognitio*: but that of God is a morning knowledge, *matutina cognitio*.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin, or the blank that we see when we look at Nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque. The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself. He cannot be a naturalist, until he satisfies all the demands of the spirit. Love is as much its demand as perception; indeed, neither can be perfect without the other. In the uttermost meaning of the words, thought is devout, and devotion is thought. Deep calls unto deep; but, in actual life, the marriage is not celebrated. There are innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but their sense of duty has not yet extended to the use of all their faculties. And there are patient naturalists, but they freeze their subject under the wintry light of the understanding. Is not prayer also a study of truth,—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something; but when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

It will not need, when the mind is prepared for study, to search for objects. The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common. What is a day? What is a year? What is summer? What is woman? What is a child? What is sleep? To our blindness, these things seem unaffacting. We make fables to hide the baldness of the fact, and conform it, as we

say, to the higher law of the mind. But, when the fact is seen under the light of an idea, the gaudy fable fades and shrivels. We behold the real higher law. To the wise, therefore, a fact is true poetry, and the most beautiful of fables. These wonders are brought to our own door. You also are a man. Man and woman, and their social life, poverty, labour, sleep, fear, fortune, are known to you. Learn that none of these things is superficial, but that each phenomenon hath its roots in the faculties and affections of the mind. Whilst the abstract question occupies your intellect, Nature brings it in the concrete to be solved by your hands. It were a wise inquiry for the closet to compare, point by point, especially at remarkable crises in life, our daily history, with the rise and progress of ideas in the mind.

So shall we come to look at the world with new eyes. It shall answer the endless inquiry of the intellect—What is truth? and of the affections—What is good? by yielding itself passively to the educated Will. Then shall come to pass what my poet said:—"Nature is not fixed, but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house; and, beyond its house, a world; and beyond its world, a heaven. Know, then, that the world exists for you; for you is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house, heaven and earth: Cæsar called his house, Rome; you perhaps call yours, a cobler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet, line for line, and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, madhouses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary, and shall be no more seen. The sordid and filth of nature the sun shall dry up, and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts, around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over Nature, which cometh not with observation,—a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight."

ORATIONS, &c.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY,

AT CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST 31, 1837.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I greet you on the re-commencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labour. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our cotemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such, it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come, when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids, and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt, that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In the light of this hope, I accept the topic which not only usage, but the nature of our association, seem to prescribe to this day,—the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year, we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what new lights, new events and more days have thrown on his character, his duties, and his hopes.

It is one of those fables, which, out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and

sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state, these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies, that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labour to embrace all the other labourers. But unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship.

In this distribution of functions, the scholar is left delegated intellect. In the right state, he is, *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as *Man Thinking*, the whole theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures. Him the past instructs. Him the future invites. Is not, indeed, every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true

master! But, as the old oracle said, "All things have two handles. Beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of Nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholder. The scholar must needs stand wistful and admiring before this great spectacle. He must settle its value in his mind. What is Nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendours shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference,—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind, everything is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things, and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannised over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground, whereby contrary and remote things cohere, and flower out from one stem. It presently learns, that, since the dawn of history, there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another, reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on for ever to animate the last fibre of organisation, the outskirts of Nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested, that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that Root? Is not that the soul of his soul?—A thought too bold,—a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,—when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that Nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seat, and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of Nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own

mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study Nature," become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar, is, the mind of the Past,—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; and uttered it again. It came into him,—life; it went out from him,—truth. It came to him,—short-lived actions; it went out from him,—immortal thoughts. It came to him,—business; it went from him,—poetry. It was,—dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to cotemporaries, or rather, to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or, rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet, hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation,—the act of thought,—is instantly transferred to the record. The poet, chanting, was felt to be a divine man; henceforth, the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforward it is settled, the book is perfect, as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly, the book becomes noxious. The guide is a tyrant. We sought a brother, and lo! a governor. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, always slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry, if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon, were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to Nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence

the restorers, readings, the emendators, the bibliomanics of all degrees.

This is bad; this is worse than it seems. Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul,—the soul, free, sovereign, active. This, every man is entitled to; this, every man contains within him; although, in almost all men, obstructed, and, as yet, unborn. The soul active, sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favourite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward, and not forward; but genius always looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,—to create,—is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his. Cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words—that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive always from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearised now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come,—as come they must,—when the soul seeth not, when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining, we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us ever with the conviction, that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets,—of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all time from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul,—that which I

also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the act observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know that, as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed, who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say, that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is, then, creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labour and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that, as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakspeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle; and all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakspeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim, not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns, and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion, that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labour, as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or see, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mining and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and, indeed, there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man. Without it, thought can

never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I launch eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct, that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished, and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry-leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it, than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour, it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly, it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Always now it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighbourhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine—it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfolds beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions, has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like

those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labours; in town—in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendour of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is, that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of polarity—these “fits of easy transmission and reflection,” as Newton called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks; now acts; and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended, and books are a weariness—he has always the resource *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truths? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those “far from fame,” who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him, that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhand-sold savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labour to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spadé for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labour is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limi-

tation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonoured, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results being splendid and useful, honour is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such—watching days and months, sometimes, for a few facts; correcting still his old records;—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation, he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able, who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept—how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and taagling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decozum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended of this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honourable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproof; and bide his own time,—happy enough, if he can satisfy

himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that, which men in "cities vast" find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions,—his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses,—until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; and the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust, all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing, which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption, that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it, and pass on superior. The world is his, who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by suffrance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him diving, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the colour of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do, is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe,

and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman. Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his, who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light, that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so that may attain to its full stature. What a testimony,—full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief! The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendour, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strown along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy,—more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying, that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of that one scribe? we have been that man,

and have passed on. First, one; then, another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person, who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily; and, now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say, of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts. We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness—

"Sickled o'er with the pale easter of thought."

Is it so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee Nature, and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class, as a mere announcement of the fact, that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in,—is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side, and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old, can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with joy some of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact, that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful; the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetised. That, which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far

countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign,—is it not? of new vigour, when the extremities are made active—when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common—I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar—the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of Nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger, referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle; there is no puzzle; but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed, and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown, us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius, who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated;—I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavoured to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt, of course, must have difficulty, which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connexion between Nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of Nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that

tends to insulate the individual,—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state;—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be a university of knowledges. If there be one less son more than another, which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globe of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the deprecous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in union with these,—but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust,—some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career, do not yet see, that, if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience—patience;—with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace, the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work, the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be a unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. Then shall man be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SENIOR CLASS IN DIVINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

SUNDAY EVENING, 15TH JULY, 1838.

IN this refulgent summer, it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead, and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness pour the stars their almost spiritual rays. Man under them seems a young child, and his huge globe a toy. The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for the crimson dawn. The mystery of nature was never displayed more happily. The corn and the wine have been freely dealt to all creatures, and the never-broken silence with which the old bounty goes forward, has not yielded yet one word of explanation. One is constrained to respect the perfection of this world, in which our senses converse. How wide! How rich! What invitation from every property it gives to every faculty of man! In its fruitful soils—in its navigable sea—in its mountains of metal and stone—in its forests of all woods—in its animals—in its chemical ingredients—in the powers and path of light, heat, attraction, and life, is it well worth the pith and heart of great men to subdue and enjoy it. The planters, the mechanics, the inventors, the astronomers, the builders of cities, and the captains, history delights to honour.

But the moment the mind opens, and reveals the laws which traverse the universe, and make things what they are, then shrinks the great world at once into a mere illustration and fable of this mind. What am I? and What is? asks the human spirit, with a curiosity new-kindled, but never to be quenched. Behold these outrunning laws, which our imperfect apprehension can see tend this way and that, but not come full circle. Behold these infinite relations,—so like, so unlike; many, yet one. I would study, I would know, I would admire for ever. These works of thought have been the entertainments of the human spirit in all ages.

A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue; then, instantly, he is instructed in what is above him. He learns that his being is without bound; that, to the good, to the perfect, he is born, low as he now lies in evil and weakness. That which he venerates is still his own, though he has not realised it yet. *He ought.* He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails entirely to render account of it. When in innocence, or when by intellectual perception, he attains to say,—“I love the Right; Truth is beautiful within and without for ever-

more. Virtue, I am thine: save me; use me; thee will I serve day and night, in great, in small, that I may be—not virtuous, but virtue:” then is the end of the creation answered, and God is well pleased.

The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of certain divine laws. It perceives that this homely game of life we play, covers, under what seem foolish details, principles that astonish. The child amidst his baubles is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force; and in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man, and God, interact. These laws refuse to be adequately stated. They will not by us or for us be written out on paper, or spoken by the tongue. They elude, evade our persevering thought, and yet we read them hourly in each other's faces, in each other's actions, in our own remorse. The moral traits which are all globed into every virtuous act and thought,—in speech, we must sever, and describe or suggest by painful enumeration of many particulars. Yet, as this sentiment is the essence of all religion, let me guide your eye to the precise objects of the sentiment, by an enumeration of some of those classes of facts in which this element is conspicuous.

The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus, in the soul of man, there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed, is instantly ennobled himself. He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then, in so far, is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man in the view of absolute goodness, adores with total humility. Every step so downward is a step upward. The man who renounces himself, comes to himself by so doing.

See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere! righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is, at last, as sure as in the soul. By it, a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin. Character is always known. Thiefs never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie,—for example, the smallest mixture of vanity, the least

attempt to make a good impression, a favourable appearance,—will instantly produce the effect; but speak the truth, and all men and all spirits help you with unexpected force. Speak the truth, and all things alive are your vouchers; and the very roots of the grass underground there do seem to stir and move to bear you witness. See again the perfection of the Law as it applies itself to the affections, and becomes the law of society. As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus of their own volition, souls proceed into heaven,—into hell.

These facts have always suggested to man the sublime creed, that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere,—in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool, active; and whatever opposes that will is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so, and not otherwise. Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute. It is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity. Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he; for all things proceed out of this same spirit, which is differently named love, justice, temperance, in its different applications, just as the ocean receives different names on the several shores which it washes. All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature. As so far as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power—of auxiliaries; his being shrinks out of all remote channels; he becomes less and less,—a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death.

The perception of this law of laws always awakens in the mind a sentiment which we call the religious sentiment, and which makes our highest happiness. Wonderful is its power to charm and to command. It is a mountain air. It is the embalmers of the world. It is myrrh and storax, and chlorine and rosemary. It makes the sky and the hills sublime; and the silent song of the stars is it. By it is the universe made safe and habitable,—not by science or power. Thought may work cold and intransitive in things, and find no end or unity; but the dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart, gives and is the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures; and the worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy.

This sentiment is divine and deifying. It is the beatitude of man. It makes him illimitable. Through it, the soul first knows itself. It corrects the capital mistake of the infant man, who seeks to be great by following the great, and hopes to derive advantages from another,—by showing the fountain of all good to be in himself, and that he is equally with every man, is a door into the deeps of Reason. When he says, "I ought,"—when love warms him—when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed,—then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom; then he can worship, and be enlarged by his worship, for he can never go behind this sentiment. In the sublimest fights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown.

This sentiment lies at the foundation of society, and successively creates all forms of worship. The principle of veneration never dies out. Man fallen into superstition, into sensuality, is never wholly without the visions of the moral sentiment. In like manner, all the expressions of this sentiment are sacred and permanent in proportion to their purity. The expressions of this sentiment affect us deeper, greater, than all other compositions. The sentences of the oldest time, which ejaculate this piety, are still fresh and fragrant. This thought dwelled always deepest in the minds of men in the devout and contemplative East; not alone in Palestine, where it reached its purest expression, but in Egypt, in Persia, in India, in China. Europe has always owed to oriental genius, its divine impulses. What these holy bards said, all sane men found agreeable and true. And the unique impression of Jesus upon mankind, whose name is not so much written as ploughed into the history of this world, is proof of the subtle virtue of this infusion.

Meantime, whilst the doors of the temple stand open, night and day, before every man, and the oracles of this truth cease never, it is guarded by one stern condition; this, namely, it is an intuition. It cannot be received at second-hand. Truly speaking, it is not instruction, but provocation, that I can receive from another soul. What he announces, I must find true in me, or wholly reject; and on his word, or as his second, be he who he may, I can accept nothing. On the contrary, the absence of this primary faith is the presence of degradation. As is the flood so is the ebb. Let this faith depart, and the very words it spake, and the things it made, become false and hurtful. Then falls the church, the state, art, letters, life. The doctrine of the divine nature being forgotten, a sickness infects and dwarfs the constitution. Once man was all; now he is an appendage, a nuisance. And because the indwelling Supreme Spirit cannot wholly be got rid of, the doctrine of it suffers this perversion, that the divine nature is attributed to one or two persons, and denied to all the rest, and denied with fury. The doctrine of inspiration is lost; the base doctrine of the majority of voices, usurps the place of the doctrine of the soul. Miracles, prophecy, poetry, the ideal life, the holy life, exist as ancient history merely; they are not in the belief, nor in the aspiration of society; but, when suggested, seem ridiculous. Life is comic or pitiful, as soon as the high ends of being fade out of sight, and man becomes near-sighted, and can only attend to what addresses the senses.

These general views, which, whilst they are general, none will contest, find abundant illustration in the history of religion, and especially in the history of the Christian church. In that, all of us have had our birth and nurture. The truth contained in that, you, my young friends, are now setting forth to teach. As the Cultus, or established worship of the civilized world, it has great historical interest for us. Of its blessed words, which have been the consolation of humanity, you need not that I should speak. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty to you, on this occasion, by pointing out two errors in its administration, which daily appear more gross from the point of view we have just now taken.

Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, "I am divine. Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think." But what a distortion did his doctrine and memory suffer in the same, in the next, and the following ages! There is no doctrine of the Reason which will bear to be taught by the Understanding. The understanding caught this high chant from the poet's lips, and said, in the next age, "This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you, if you say he was a man." The idioms of his language, and the figures of his rhetoric, have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes. Christianity became a Mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt, before. He spoke of miracles; for he felt that man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth, and he knew that this daily miracle shines, as the man is diviner. But the very word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is Monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain.

He felt respect for Moses and the prophets; but no unfit tenderness at postponing their initial revelations, to the hour and the man that now is; to the eternal revelation in the heart. Thus was he a true man. Having seen that life law in us is commanding, he would not suffer it to be commanded. Boldly, with hand, and heart, and life, he declared it was God. Thus was he a true man. Thus is he, as I think, the only soul in history who has appreciated the worth of a man.

1. In thus contemplating Jesus, we become very sensible of the first defect of historical Christianity. Historical Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. As it appears to us, and as it has appeared for ages, it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the *person* of Jesus. The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love. But by this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man. The manner in which his name is surrounded with expressions, which were once sallies of admiration and love, but are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous sympathy and liking. All who hear me, feel, that the language that describes Christ, to Europe and America, is not the style of friendship and enthusiasm to a good and noble heart, but is appropriated and formal,—paints a demigod, as the Orientals or the Greeks would describe Osiris or Apollo. Accept the injurious impositions of our early, catechetical instruction, and even honesty and self-denial were but splendid sins, if they

did not wear the Christian name. One would rather be

"A pagan in a creed outworn,"

than to be defrauded of his manly right in coming into nature, and finding not names and places, not land and professions, but even virtue and truth foreclosed and monopolised. You shall not be a man even. You shall not own the world; you shall not dare, and live after the infinite Iaw that is in you, and in company with the infinite Beauty which heaven and earth reflect to you in all lovely forms; but you must subordinate your nature to Christ's nature; you must accept our interpretations; and take his portrait as the vulgar draw it.

That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being. Already the long shadows of untimely oblivion creep over me, and I shall decrease for ever.

The divine bards are the friends of my virtue, of my intellect, of my strength. They admonish me, that the gleams which flash across my mind, are not mine, but God's; that they had the like, and were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. So I love them. Noble provocations go out from them, inviting me also to emancipate myself; to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to Be. And thus by his holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only. To aim to convert a man by miracles, is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made, by the reception of beautiful sentiments. It is true that a great and rich soul, like his, falling among the simple, does so preponderate, that, as his did, it names the world. The world seems to them to exist for him, and they have not yet drunk so deeply of his sense, as to see that only by coming again to themselves, or to God in themselves, can they grow forevermore. It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself. The time is coming when all men will see, that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness, a goodness like thine and mine, and that so invites thine and mine to be and to grow.

The injustice of the vulgar tone of preaching is not less flagrant to Jesus, than it is to the souls which it profanes. The preachers do not see that they make his gospel not glad, and shear him of the locks of beauty and the attributes of heaven. When I see a majestic Epaminondas or Washington; when I see among my contemporaries, a true orator, an upright judge, a dear friend; when I vibrate to the melody and fancy of a poem; I see beauty that is to be desired. And so lovely, and with yet more entire consent of my human being, sounds in my ear the severe music of the bards that have sung of the true God in all ages. Now do not degrade the life and dialogues of Christ out of the circle of this charm, by insulation and peculiarity. Let them lie as they befall, alive and warm, part of human life, and of the landscape, and of the cheerful day.

2. The second defect of the traditionary and

limited way of using the mind of Christ is a consequence of the first ; this, namely ; that the Moral Nature, that Law of laws, whose revelations introduce greatness—yea, God himself, into the open soul, is not explored as the fountain of the established teaching in society. Men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead. The injury to faith throttles the preacher ; and the goodliest of institutions becomes an uncertain and inarticulate voice.

It is very certain that it is the effect of conversation with the beauty of the soul, to beget a desire and need to impart to others the same knowledge and love. If utterance is denied, the thought lies like a burden on the man. Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told. Somehow he publishes it with solemn joy. Sometimes with pencil on canvas ; sometimes with chisel on stone ; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded ; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music ; but clearest and most permanent in words.

The man enamoured of this excellency becomes its priest or poet. The office is coeval with the world. But observe the condition, the spiritual limitation of the office. The spirit only can teach. Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he can give, who has ; he only can create, who is. The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach ; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. • But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush.

To this holy office, you propose to devote yourselves. I wish you may feel your call in throbs of desire and hope. The office is the first in the world. It is of that reality, that it cannot suffer the deduction of any falsehood. And it is my duty to say to you, that the need was never greater of new revelation than now. From the views I have already expressed, you will infer the sad conviction, which I share, I believe with numbers, of the universal decay and now almost death of faith in society. The soul is not preached. The Church seems to totter to its fall, almost all life extinct. On this occasion, any complaisance would be criminal, which told you whose hope and commission it is to preach the faith of Christ, that the faith of Christ is preached.

It is time that this ill-suppressed murmur of all thoughtful men against the famine of our churches ; this moaning of the heart because it is bereaved of the consolation, the hope, the grandeur, that come alone out of the culture of the moral nature ; should be heard through the sleep of indolence, and over the din of routine. This great and perpetual office of the preacher is not discharged. Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul ; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind ; that he is drinking for ever the soul of God ? Where now sounds the persuasion, that by its very melody imparadises

my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven ? Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow—father and mother, house and land, wife and child ? Where shall I hear these august laws of moral being so pronounced, as to fill my ear, and I feel ennobled by the offer of my uttermost action and passion ? The test of the true faith, certainly, should be its power to charm and command the soul, as the laws of nature control the activity of the hands—so commanding that we find pleasure and honour in obeying. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendour of nature ; it is unlovely ; we are glad when it is done ; we can make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter, for ourselves.

Whenever the pulpit is usurped by a formalist, then is the worshipper defrauded and disconsolate. We shrink as soon as the prayers begin, which do not uplift, but smite and offend us. We are fain to wrap our cloaks about us, and secure, as best we can, a solitude that hears not. I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say, I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snowstorm was falling around us. The snowstorm was real ; the preacher merely spectral ; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed, and planted, and talked and bought, and sold ; he had read books ; he had eaten and drunken ; his head aches ; his heart throbs ; he smiles and suffers ; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all. Not a line did he draw out of real history. The true preacher can always be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought. But of the bad preacher, it could not be told from his sermon, what age of the world he fell in ; whether he had a father or a child ; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper ; whether he was a citizen or a countryman ; or any other fact of his biography.

It seemed strange that the people should come to church. It seemed as if their houses were very unentertaining, that they should prefer this thoughtless clamour. It shows that there is a commanding attraction in the moral sentiment, that can lend a faint tint of light to dulness and ignorance coming in its name and place. The good hearer is sure he has been touched sometimes ; is sure there is somewhat to be reached and some word that can reach it. When he listens to these vain words, he comforts himself by their relation to his remembrance of better hours, and so they clatter and echo unchallenged.

I am not ignorant that when we preach un-

worthily, it is not always quite in vain. There is a good ear in some men, that draws supplies to virtue out of very indifferent nutriment. There is poetic truth concealed in all the common-places of prayer and of sermons, and though foolishly spoken, they may be wisely heard; for, each is some select expression that broke out in a moment of piety from some stricken or jubilant soul, and its excellency made it remembered. The prayers and even the dogmas of our church, are like the zodiac of Denderah, and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose. But this docility is a check upon the mischief from the good and devout. In a large portion of the community, the religious service gives rise to quite other thoughts and emotions. We need not chide the negligent servant. We are struck with pity, rather, at the swift retribution of his sloth. Alas for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and *not* give bread of life! Everything that befalls, accuses him. Would he ask contributions for the missions foreign or domestic? Instantly his face is suffused with shame, to propose to his parish, that they should send money a hundred or a thousand miles to furnish such poor fare as they have at home, and would do well to go the hundred or the thousand miles to escape. Would he urge people to a godly way of living;—and can he ask a fellow creature to come to Sabbath meetings, when he and they all know what is the poor uttermost they can hope for therein? Will he invite them privately to the Lord's Supper? He dares not. If no heart warm this rite, the hollow, dry, creaking formality is too plain than that he can face a man of wit and exergy, and put the invitation without terror. In the street, what has he to say to the bold village blasphemer? The village blasphemer sees fear in the face, form, and gait of the minister.

Let me not taint the sincerity of this plea by any oversight of the claims of good men. I know and honour the purity and strict conscience of numbers of the clergy. What life the public worship retains, it owes to the scattered company of pious men, who minister here and there in the churches, and who, sometimes accepting with too great tenderness the tone of the elders, have not accepted from others, but from their own heart, the genuine impulses of virtue, and so still command our love and awe, to the sanctity of character. Moreover, the exceptions are not so much to be found in a few eminent preachers, as in the better hours, the truer inspirations of all,—nay, in the sincere moments of every man. But with whatever exception, it is still true, that tradition characterises the preaching of this country; that it comes out of the memory and not out of the soul; that it aims at what is usual, and not at what is necessary and eternal; that thus, historical Christianity destroys the power of preaching, by withdrawing it from the exploration of the moral nature of man, where the sublime is, where are the resources of astonishment and power. What a cruel injustice it is to that Law, the joy of the whole earth, which alone can make thought dear and rich; that Law whose fatal sureness the astronomical orbits poorly emulate,

that it is travestied and depreciated, that it is he-hooted and behowled, and not a trait, not a word of it articulated. The pulpit, in losing sight of this Law, loses all its inspiration, and gropes after it knows not what. And for want of this culture, the soul of the community is sick and faithless. It wants nothing so much as a stern, high, stoical, Christian discipline, to make it know itself and the divinity that speaks through it. Now man is ashamed of himself; he skulks and sneaks through the world, to be tolerated, to be pitied; and scarcely in a thousand years does any man dare to be wise and good, and so draw after him the tears and blessings of his kind.

Certainly there have been periods when, from the inactivity of the intellect on certain truths, a greater faith was possible in names and persons. The Puritans in England and America, found in the Christ of the Catholic Church, and in the dogmas inherited from Rome, scope for their austere piety, and their longings for civil freedom. But their creed is passing away, and none arises in its room. I think no man can go with his thoughts about him, into one of our churches, without feeling that what hold the public worship had on men, is gone or going. It has lost its grasp on the affection of the good, and the fear of the bad. In the country,—neighbourhoods, half parishes are *signing off*,—to use the local term. It is already beginning to indicate character and religion to withdraw from the religious meetings. I have heard a devout person, who prized the Sabbath, say in bitterness of heart, "On Sundays it seems wicked to go to church." And the motive, that holds the best there, is now only a hope and a waiting. What was once a mere circumstance, that the best and the worst men in the parish, the poor and the rich, the learned and the ignorant, young and old, should meet one day as fellows in the house, in sign of an equal right in the soul,—has come to be a paramount motive for going thither.

My friends, in these two errors, I think, I find the causes of that calamity of a decaying church and a wasting unbelief, which are casting malignant influences around us, and making the hearts of good men sad. And what greater calamity can fall upon a nation, than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple, to haunt the senate, or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honour. Society lives to trifles, and when men die, we do not mention them.

And now, my brothers, you will ask, What in these desponding days can be done by us? The remedy is already declared in the ground of our complaint of the Church. We have contrasted the Church with the Soul. In the soul, then, let the redemption be sought. "In one soul, in your soul, there are resources for the world. Wherever a man comes, there comes revolution. The old is for slaves. When a man comes, all books are legible, all things are transparent, all religions are forms. He is religious. Man is the wonder-worker. He is seen amid miracles. All men bless and curse. He saith yea and nay, only. The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the

Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man; indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology. It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity,—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man,—is lost. None believeth in the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed. Ah me! no man goeth alone. All men go in flocks to this saint or that poet, avoiding the God who seeth in secret. They cannot see in secret; they love to be blind in public. They think society wiser than their soul, and know not that one soul, and their soul, is wiser than the whole world. See how nations and races flit by on the sea of time, and leave no ripple to tell where they floated or sunk, and one good soul shall make the name of Moses, or of Zeno, or of Zoroaster, reverend for ever. None assayeth the stern ambition to be the Self of the nation, and of Nature, but each would be an easy secondary to some Christian scheme, or sectarian connexion, or some eminent man. Once leave your own knowledge of God, your own sentiment, and take secondary knowledge, as St. Paul's, or George Fox's, or Swedenborg's, and you get wide from God with every year this secondary form lasts, and if, as now, for centuries—the chasm yawns to that breadth, that men can scarcely be convinced there is in them anything divine.

Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you shall find who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, Saints and Prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, "I also am a man." Imitation cannot go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it, because it was natural to him; and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he beherits himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's.

Yourself a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost,—cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Be to them a man. Look to it first and only, that you are such; that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money are nothing to you,—are not bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see,—but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind. Not too anxious to visit periodically all families and each family in your parish connexion,—when you meet one of these men or women, be to them a divine man; be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered. By trusting your own soul, you shall gain a greater confidence in other men. For all our penny-wisdom, for all our soul-destroying slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts,—that all men do value the few real hours of life; they love to be heard; they love to be caught up into the vision of principles. We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser—that spoke

what we thought—that told us what we knew—that gave us leave to be what we inly were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and, present or absent, you shall be followed with their love as by an angel.

And, to this end, let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of conversing with God will be, to put them away. There are sublime merits; persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences; persons too great for fame, for display; who disdain eloquence; to whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends, to the exaggeration of the finite and selfish and loss of the universal. The orators, the poets, the commanders, encroach on us only, as fair women do, by our allowance and homage. Slight them by pre-occupation of mind,—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right; for they with you are open to the influx of the all-knowing Spirit, which annihilates before its broad noon the little shades and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude: a bold benevolence, an independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance; and,—what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element,—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted, that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause. Such souls, when they appear, are the Imperial Guard of Virtue, the perpetual reserve, the dictators of fortune. One needs not praise their courage,—they are the heart and soul of nature. O, my friends, there are resources in us on which we have not drawn. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat; men, to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyses the majority—demanding, not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice,—comes graceful and beloved as a bride. Napoleon said of Massena, that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, awoke his powers of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe. So it is in rugged crises, in unwearable endurance, and in aims which put sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown. But these are heights that we can scarce remember and look up to without contrition and shame. Let us thank God that such things exist.

And now let us do what we can to rekindle the smouldering, nigh-quenched fire on the altar. The evils of that church that now is, are manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess, all attempts to project and establish a Cultus with new rites and forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the goddess of Reason,—to-day, paste-board and flagree; and ending, to-morrow, in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing; for, if once you are alive, you shall find they shall become plastic and new. The remedy to their deformity is—first, soul; and second, soul; and evermore, soul. A whole popedom of forms, one pulsation of virtue can uplift and vivify. Two inestimable advantages Christianity has given us: first, the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells; and everywhere suggests, even to the vile, a thought of the dignity of spiritual being. Let it stand for evermore a temple, which new love, new faith, new sight, shall restore to more than its first

splendour to mankind. And secondly, the institution of preaching,—the speech of man to men, essentially the most flexible of all organs, of all forms. What hinders that now, everywhere, in pulpits, in lecture-rooms, in houses, in fields, wherever the invitation of men or your own occasions lead you, you speak the very truth, as your life and conscience teach it, and cheer the waiting, fainting hearts of men with new hope and new revelation?

I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions; but they have no epical integrity,—are fragmentary,—are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws, that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

JULY 24, 1838.

GENTLEMEN,

The invitation to address you this day, with which you have honoured me, was a call so welcome, that I made haste to obey it. A summons to celebrate with scholars a literary festival, is so alluring to me, as to overcome the doubts I might well entertain of my ability to bring you any thought worthy of your attention. I have reached the middle age of man; yet I believe I am not less glad nor sanguine at the meeting of scholars, than when, a boy, I first saw the graduates of my own College assembled at their anniversaries. Neither years nor books have yet availed, to eradicate a prejudice then rooted in me, that a scholar is the favourite of Heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground where other men's aspirations only point. His successes are occasions of the purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind; feet is he to the lame. His failures, if he is worthy, are inlets to higher advantages. And because the scholar, by every thought he thinks, extends his dominion into the general mind of men, he is not one, but many. The few scholars in each country, whose genius I know, seem to me not individuals, but societies; and, when events occur of great import,

I count over these representatives of opinion, whom they will affect, as if I were counting nations. And, even if his results were incommunicable; if they abode in his own spirit; the intellect hath somewhat so sacred in its possessions, that the fact of his existence and pursuits would not be without joy.

Meantime I know that a very different estimate of the scholar's profession prevails in this country, and the impertunity, with which society presses its claim upon young men, tends always to pervert the views of the youth in respect to the culture of the intellect. Somewhat mediocre and sordid has polluted the image of this great duty. It is not sought with enthusiasm. Its higher courts,—of philosophy, of poetry,—are thinly peopled, and the intellect still wants the voice that shall say to it, "Sleep no more."

Hence the historical failure on which Europe and America have so freely commented. This country has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that Nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, should reimburse itself by a brood of Titans, who should launch and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the West with the errand of genius and of love. But the mark of

American merit in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, in eloquence, seems to be a certain grace without grandeur, and itself not new but derivative; a vase of fair outline, but empty,—which whoso sees, may fill with what wit and character is in him, but which does not, like the charged cloud, overflow with terrible beauty and emit lightnings on all beholders; a muse, which does not lay the grasp of despotic genius on us, and chain an age to its thought and emotion.

I will not lose myself in the desultory questions, what are the limitations, and what the causes of the fact. It suffices me to say, in general, that all particular reasons merge themselves in this, that the diffidence of mankind in the soul has crept over the American mind; that men here, as elsewhere, are indisposed to innovation, and prefer any antiquity, any usage, any livery productive of ease or profit, to the unproductive service of thought.

Yet, in every sane hour, the service of thought appears reasonable, the despotism of the senses insane. The scholar may, and does, lose himself, in schools; in words; becomes a pedant; yet, when he comprehends his duties, he above all men is a realist, and converses with things. For, the scholar is the student of the world, and of what worth the world is, and with what emphasis it accosts the soul of man, such is the worth, such the call of the scholar.

The want of the times, and the propriety of this anniversary, concur to draw attention to the doctrine of Literary Ethics. On that doctrine I wish to offer you a few thoughts. What I have to say, distributes itself under the topics of the resources, the subject, and the discipline of the scholar.

1. The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect. The resources of the scholar are coextensive with nature and truth, yet can never be his, unless claimed by him with an equal greatness of mind. He cannot know them until he has beheld with awe the infinitude and impersonality of the intellectual power, and worshipped that great light. When he has seen, that it is not his, nor any man's, but that it is the soul which made the world, and that it is all accessible to him, he will then see, that he, as its minister, may rightfully hold all things subordinate and answerable to it. When he stands in the world, he feels himself its native king. A divine pilgrim in nature, all things attend his steps. Over him stream the flying constellations; over him streams Time, as they, scarcely divided into months and years. He inhales the year as a vapour: its fragrant midsummer breath, its sparkling January heaven. And so pass into his mind, in bright transfiguration, the grand events of history, to take a new order and scale from him. He is the world; and the epochs and heroes of chronology are pictorial images, in which his thoughts are told. There is no event but sprung somewhere from the soul of man; and therefore there is none but the soul of man can interpret. Every presentiment of the mind is executed somewhere in some gigantic fact. What else is Greece, Rome, England, France, St. Helena? What else are churches, and literatures, and empires?

But the soul, so feeling its right, must exercise

the same, or it surrenders itself to the usurpation of facts. Essential to our riches is the unsleeping assertion of spiritual independence, as all the history of literature may teach. The new man must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt. The sense of spiritual independence is like the lovely varnish of the dew, whereby the old, hard, peaked earth, and its old self-same productions, are made new every morning, and shining with the last touch of the artist's hand. A false humility, a complaisance to reigning schools, or to the wisdom of antiquity, must not defraud me of supreme possession of this hour. If any person have less love of liberty, and less jealousy to guard his integrity, shall he therefore dictate to you and me? Say to such doctors, We are thankful to you, as we are to history, to the pyramids, and the authors; but now our day is come; we have been born out of the eternal silence; and now will we live,—live for ourselves,—and not as the pall-bearers of a funeral, but as the upholders and creators of our age; and neither Greece nor Rome, nor the three Unities of Aristotle, nor the three Kings of Cologne, nor the College of the Sorbonne, nor the Edinburgh Review, is to command any longer. Now we are come, and will put our own interpretation on things, and, moreover, our own things for interpretation. Please himself with complaisance who will,—for me, things must take my scale, not I theirs. I will say with the warlike king, "God gave me this crown, and the whole world shall not take it away."

The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self-trust, by demonstrating what man can be and do. This is the moral of the Plutarchs, the Tennemanns, the Cudworths, who give us the story of men or of opinions. Any history of philosophy fortifies my faith in the treasures of the soul, by showing me, that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte,—were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers; of Parmenides, Heraclitus, and Xenophanes. In view of these students, the soul seems to whisper, "There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Leave me alone; do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling, and I shall find it all out myself."

Still more do we owe to biography the fortification of our hope. If you would know the power of character, see how much you would impoverish the world, if you could take clean out of history the life of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Plato,—these three, and cause them not to be. See you not, instantly, how much less the power of man would be? I console myself in the poverty of my present thoughts, in the scarcity of great men, in the malignity and dulness of the nations, by falling back on these sublime recollections, and seeing what the prolific soul could beget on actual nature;—seeing that Plato was, and Shakspeare, and Milton,—three irrefragable facts. Then I dare; I also will essay to be. The humblest, the most hopeless, in view of these radiant facts, may now theorise and hope. In spite of all the rueful abortions that squeak and gibber in the street, in spite of slumber and guilt, in spite of the army, the

bar-room, and the jail, *have been* these glorious manifestations of the mind; and I will thank my great brothers so truly for the admission of their being, as to endeavour also to be just and bold, to aspire and, to speak. Plotinus too, and Spinoza, and the immortal bards of philosophy,—that which they have written out with patient courage, makes me bold. No more will I dismiss, with haste, the visions which flash and sparkle across my sky; but observe them, approach them, domesticate them, brood on them, and thus draw out of the past, genuine life for the present hour.

To feel the full value of these facts, of these lives, as occasions of hope and provocation, one must rightly ponder the mystery of our common soul. You must come to know, that each admirable genius is but a successful diver in that sea whose floor of pearls is all your own. The impoverishing philosophy of ages has laid stress on the distinctions of the individual, and not on the universal attributes of man. The youth, intoxicated with his admiration of a hero, fails to see that it is only a projection of his own soul which he admires. In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns. With inflamed eye, in this sleeping wilderness, he has read the story of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, until his fancy has brought home to the surrounding woods the faint roar of cannonades in the Milanese, and marches in Germany. He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it?—the crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? The soul answers,—Behold his day here! In the sighing of these woods, in the quiet of these gray fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens, you meet,—in the hopes of the morning, the *ennui* of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons, in the regrets at want of vigour, in the great idea, and the puny execution,—behold Charles the Fifth's day: another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day,—day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. I am tasting the selfsame life,—its sweetness, its greatness, its pain, which I so admire in other men. Do not foolishly ask of the inscrutable, obliterated past, what it cannot tell,—the details of that nature, of that day, called Byron, or Burke; but ask it of the enveloping Now! The more quaintly you inspect its evanescent beauties, its wonderful details, its spiritual causes, its astounding whole,—so much the more you master the biography of this hero, and that, and every hero. Be lord of a day, through wisdom and justice, and you can put up your history-books.

An intimation of these broad rights is familiar in the sense of injury which men feel in the assumption of any man to limit their possible progress. We resent all criticism which denies us anything that lies in our line of advance. Say to the man of letters that he cannot paint a Transfiguration, or build a steam-boat, or be a grand-marshal, and he will not seem to himself depreciated; but deny to him any quality of literary or metaphysical power, and he is piqued. Concede to him genius, which is a sort of Stoical *plenum* annulling the comparative, and he is content;

but concede him talents never so rare, denying him genius, and he is aggrieved. What does this mean? Why, simply that the soul has assurance, by instincts and presentiments, of *all* power in the direction of its ray, as well as of the special skills it has already acquired.

In order to a knowledge of the resources of the scholar, we must not rest in the use of slender accomplishments,—of faculties to do this and that other feat with words; but we must pay our vows, to the highest power, and pass, if it be possible, by assiduous love and watching, into the visions of absolute truth. The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals. It is larger reception of a common soul. Able men, in general, have good dispositions, and a respect for justice; because an able man is nothing else than a good, free, vascular organisation, wherewith the universal spirit freely flows; so that his fund of justice is not only vast, but infinite. All men, in the abstract, are just and good; what hinders them in the particular is, the momentary predominance of the finite and individual over the general truth. The condition of our incarnation in a private self seems to be a perpetual tendency to prefer the private law, to obey the private impulse, to the exclusion of the law of universal being. The great man is great by means of the predominance of the universal nature; he has only to open his mouth, and it speaks; he has only to be forced to act, and it acts. All men catch the word, or embrace the deed, with the heart, for it is verily theirs as much as his; but, in them, this disease of an excess of organisation cheats them of equal issues. Nothing is more simple than greatness: indeed, to be simple, is to be great. All vision, all genius, comes by renouncing the too officious activity of the understanding, and giving leave and amplest privilege to the spontaneous sentiment. Out of this must all that is alive and genial in thought go. Men grind and grind in the mill of a truism, and nothing comes out but what was put in; but the moment they desert the tradition, and speak a spontaneous thought, instantly poetry, wit, hope, virtue, learning, anecdote,—all flock to their aid. Observe the phenomenon of extempore debate. A man of cultivated mind, but reserved habits, sitting silent, admires the miracle of free, impassioned, picturesque speech, in the man addressing an assembly;—a state of being and power how unlike his own! Presently his own emotion rises to his lips, and overflows in speech. He must also rise and say somewhat. Once embarked, once having overcome the novelty of the situation, he finds it just as easy and natural to speak,—to speak with thoughts, with pictures, with rhythmical balance of sentences,—as it was to sit silent; for, it needs not to do, but to suffer; he only adjusts himself to the free spirit which gladly utters itself through him, and motion is as easy as rest.

II. I pass now to consider the subject offered to the intellect of this country. The view I have taken of the resources of the scholar presupposes a subject as broad. We do not seem to have imagined its riches. We have not heeded the invitation it holds out. To be as good a scholar as Englishmen are,—to have as much learning as our contemporaries,—to have written a book that

is read,—satisfies us. We assume, that all thought is already long ago adequately set down in books,—all imaginations in poems; and what we say, we only throw in as confirmatory of this supposed complete body of literature: a very shallow assumption. A true man will think rather, all literature is yet to be written. Poetry has scarce chanted its first song. The perpetual admonition of Nature to us is, “The world is new, untried. Do not believe the past. I give you the universe a virgin to-day.”

By Latin and English poetry, we were born and bred in an oratorio of praises of nature,—flowers, birds, mountains, sun, and moon; yet the naturalist of this hour finds that he knows nothing, by all his poems, of any of these fine things; that he has conversed with the merest surface and show of them all; and of their essence, or of their history, knows nothing. Further inquiry will discover that nobody,—that not these chanting poets themselves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended; that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird that they saw one or two mornings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song. But, go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed. The screaming of the wild geese, flying by night; the thin note of the companionable titmouse, in the winter day; the fall of swarms of flies in autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of the wood-birds; the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century; the turpentine exuding from the tree,—and, indeed, any vegetation—any animation, any and all are alike unattempted. The man who stands on the seashore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange. Whilst I read the poets, I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening; but when I see the daybreak, I am not reminded of these Homeric, or Shakspearian, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No; but I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world,—a world not yet subdued by the thought; or, I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. That is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as nature.

The noontide darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millennium; where, from year to year, the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapour with the stillness of subterranean crystallisation; and where the traveller, amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty,—haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger. All men are poets at heart. They serve Nature

for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Mllis? Men believe in the adaptations of utility, always. In the mountains, they may believe in the adaptations of the eye. Undoubtedly, the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung.

Is it otherwise with civil history? Is it not the lesson of our experience that every man, were life long enough, would write history for himself? What else do these volumes of extracts and manuscript commentaries, that every scholar writes, indicate? Greek history is one thing to me; another to you. Since the birth of Niebuhr and Wolf, Roman and Greek History have been written anew. Since Carlyle wrote French History, we see that no history, that we have, is safe, but a new classifier shall give it new and more philosophical arrangement. Thucydides, Livy, have only provided materials. The moment a man of genius pronounces the name of the Pelasgi, of Athens, of the Etrurian, of the Roman people, instantly we see their state under a new aspect. As in poetry and history, so in the other departments. There are few masters or none. Religion is yet to be settled on its fast foundations in the breast of man; and politics, and philosophy, and letters, and art. As yet we have nothing but tendency and indication.

This starting, this warping of the best literary works from the adamant of nature, is especially observable in philosophy. Let it take what tone of pretension it will, to this complexion must it come, at last. Take, for example, the French Eclecticism, which Cousin esteems so conclusive; there is an optical illusion in it. It avows great pretensions. It looks as if they had got all truth, in taking all the systems, and had nothing to do, but to sift and wash and strain, and the gold and diamonds would remain in the last colander. But, in fact, this is not so; for truth is such a fly-away, such a slyboot, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light. Shut the shutters never so quick, to keep all the light in, it is all in vain; it is gone before you can cry, Hold. And so it happens with our philosophy. Translate, collate, distil all the systems, it steals you nothing; for truth will not be compelled, in any mechanical manner. But the first observation you make, in the sincere act of your nature, though on the veriest trifle, may open a new view of nature and of man, that, like a menstruum, shall dissolve all theories in it; shall take up Greece, Rome, Stoicism, Eclecticism, and what not, as mere data and food for analysis, and dispose of your world-containing system, as a very little unit. A profound thought, anywhere, classifies all things. A profound thought will lift Olympus. The book of philosophy is only a fact, and no more inspiring fact than another, and no less; but a wise man will never esteem it any thing final and transcending. Go and talk with a man of genius, and the first word he utters, sets all your so-called knowledge afloat and at large.

Then Plato, Bacon, Cousin, condescend instantly to be men and mere facts.

I by no means aim, in these remarks, to disparage the merit of these or of any existing compositions : I only say that such is the dread statute of Nature, which they all underlie, that any particular portraiture does not in any manner exclude or forestall a new attempt, but, when considered by the soul, warps and shrinks away. The inundation of the spirit sweeps away before it all our little architecture of wit and memory, as straws and straw-huts before the torrent. Works of the intellect are great only by comparison with each other ; Ivanhoe and Waverley compared with *Castle Radcliffe* and the *Porter* novels ; but nothing is great,—not mighty *Homer* and *Milton*,—beside the infinite Reason. It carries them away as a flood. They are as a sleep.

Thus is justice done to each generation and individual,—wisdom teaching man that he shall not hate, or fear, or mimic his ancestors ; that he shall not bewail himself, as if the world was old, and thought was spent, and he was born into the dotage of things ; for, by virtue of the Deity, thought renews itself inexhaustibly every day, and the thing whereon it shines, though it were dust and sand, is a new subject with countless relations.

III. Having thus spoken of the resources and the subject of the scholar, out of the same faith proceeds also the rule of his ambition and life. Let him know that the world is his, but he must possess it by putting himself into harmony with the constitution of things. He must be a solitary, laborious, modest, and charitable soul.

He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him. And why must the student be solitary and silent ? That he may become acquainted with his thoughts. If he pines in a lonely place, hankering for the crowd, for display, he is not in the lonely place ; his heart is in the market ; he does not see ; he does not hear ; he does not think. But go cherish your soul ; expel companions ; set your habits to a life of solitude ; then will the faculties rise fair and full within, like forest trees and field flowers ; you will have results, which, when you meet your fellow men, you can communicate, and they will gladly receive. Do not go into solitude only that you may presently come into public. Such solitude denies itself ; is public and stale. The public can get public experience, but they wish the scholar to replace to them those private, sincere, divine experiences, of which they have been defrauded by dwelling in the street. It is the noble, manlike, just thought, which is the superiority demanded of you, and not crowds but solitude confers this elevation. See distinctly, that it is not insulation of place, but independence of spirit that is essential, and it is only as the garden, the cottage, the pasture, and the rock are a sort of mechanical aids to this, that they are of value. Think alone, and all places are friendly and sacred. The poets who have lived in cities have been hermits still. Inspiration makes solitude anywhere. *Pindar*, *Raphael*, *Angelo*, *Dryden*, *De Staël*, dwell in crowds, it may be, but the instant thought comes, the crowd grows dim to their eye ; their eye fixes on the horizon,—on

vacant space : they forget the bystanders ; they spurn personal relations ; they deal with abstractions, with verities, with ideas. They are alone with the mind.

Of course, I would not have any superstition about solitude. Let the youth study the uses of solitude and of society. Let him use both, not grieve either. The reason why an ingenious soul shuns society, is to the end of finding society. It repudiates the false, out of love of the true. You can very soon learn all that society can teach you for one while. Its foolish routine, an indefinite multiplication of balls, concerts, rides, theatres, can teach you no more than a few can. Then accept the hint of shame, of spiritual emptiness and waste, which true Nature gives you, and retire, and hide ; lock the door ; shut the shutters ; then welcome falls the imprisoning rain,—dear hermitage of nature. Re-collect the spirits. Have solitary prayer and praise. Digest and correct the past experience. Blend it with the new and divine life, and grow with God.

You will pardon me, Gentlemen, if I say, I think that we have need of a more rigorous scholastic rule ; such an asceticism, I mean, as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar himself can enforce. We live in the sun and on the surface,—a thin, plausible, superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life, how can greatness ever grow ? Come now, let us go and be dumb. Let us sit with our hands on our mouths, a long, austere, Pythagorean lustrum. Let us live in corners, and do chares, and suffer, and weep, and drudge, with eyes and hearts that love the Lord. Silence, seclusion, austerity, may pierce deep into the grandeur and secret of our being, and so diving, bring up out of secular darkness, the glimmerings of the moral constitution. How mean to go blazing, a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable or political saloons, the fool of society, the fool of notoriety, a topic for newspapers, a piece of the street, and forfeiting the real prerogative of the russet coat, the privacy, and the true and warm heart of the citizen !

Fatal to the man of letters, fatal to man is the lust of display, the seeming that unmakes our being. A mistake of the main end to which they labour, is incident to literary men, who, dealing with the organ of language,—the subtlest, strongest, and longest-lived of man's creations, and only fitly used as the weapon of thought and of justice,—learn to enjoy the pride of playing with this splendid engine, but rob it of its almightiness by failing to work with it. Extricating themselves from all the tasks of the world, the world revenges itself by exposing, at every turn, the folly of these incomplete, pedantic, useless, ghostly creatures. The true scholar will feel that the richest romance,—the noblest fiction that was ever woven,—the heart and soul of beauty,—lies inclosed in human life. Itself of surpassing value, it is also the richest material for his creations. How shall he know its secrets of tenderness, of terror, of will, and of fate ? How can he catch and keep the strain of upper music that peals from it ? Its laws are concealed under the details of daily action. All action is an experiment upon them. He must bear his share of the common load. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books.

His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know, in his own beating bosom, its sweet and smart! Out of love and hatred, out of earnings, and borrowings and lendings, and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of travelling and voting, and watching and caring; out of disgrace and contempt; comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavour exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him; and this, by punctual action, and not by promises or dreams. Believing, as in God, in the presence and favour of the grandest influences, let him deserve that favour, and learn how to receive and use it, by fidelity also to the lower observances.

This lesson is taught with emphasis in the life of the great actor of this age, and affords the explanation of his success. Bonaparte represents truly a great recent revolution, which we in this country, please God, shall carry to its farthest consummation. Not the least instructive passage in modern history, seems to me a trait of Napoleon, exhibited to the English when he became their prisoner. On coming on board the *Bellerophon*, a file of English soldiers, drawn up on deck, gave him a military salute. Napoleon observed that their manner of handling their arms differed from the French exercise, and, putting aside the guns of those nearest him, walked up to a soldier, took his gun, and himself went through the motion in the French mode. The English officers and men looked on with astonishment, and inquired if such familiarity was usual with the Emperor.

In this instance, as always, that man, with whatever defects or vices, represented performance in lieu of pretension. Feudalism and Orientalism had long enough thought it majestic to do nothing; the modern majesty consists in work. He belonged to a class fast growing in the world, who think that what a man can do is his greatest ornament, and that he always consults his dignity by doing it. He was not a believer in luck; he had a faith, like sight, in the application of means to ends. Means to ends is the motto of all his behaviour. He believed that all the great captains of antiquity performed their exploits only by correct combinations, and by justly comparing the relation between means and consequences; efforts and obstacles. The vulgar call good fortune that which really is produced by the calculations of genius. But Napoleon, thus faithful to facts, had also this crowning merit; that, whilst he believed in number and weight, and omitted no part of prudence, he believed also in the freedom and quite incalculable force of the soul. A man of infinite caution, he neglected never the least particular of preparation, of patient adaptation; yet nevertheless he had a sublime confidence, as in his all, in the sallies of the courage, and the faith in his destiny, which, at the right moment, repaired all losses, and demolished cavalry, infantry, king, and kaiser, as with irresistible thunderbolts. As they say the bough of the tree has the character of the leaf, and the whole tree of the bough, so, it is curious to remark, Bonaparte's army partook of this double strength of the captain, for, whilst strictly sup-

plied in all its appointments, and everything expected from the valour and discipline of every platoon, in flank and centre, yet always remained his total trust in the prodigious revolutions of fortune, which his reserved Imperial Guard were capable of working, if, in all else, the day was lost. Here he was sublime. He no longer calculated the chance of the cannon-ball. He was faithful to tactics to the uttermost; and when all tactics had come to an end, then he dilated, and availed himself of the mighty saltations of the most formidable soldiers in nature.

Let the scholar appreciate this combination of gifts, which, applied to better purpose, make true wisdom. He is a revealer of things. Let him first learn the things. Let him not, too eager to grasp some badge of reward, omit the work to be done. Let him know, that, though the success of the market is in the reward, true success is the doing; that in the private obedience to his mind; in the sedulous inquiry, day after day, year after year, to know how the thing stands; in the use of all means, and most in the reverence of the humble commerce and humble needs of life,—to hearken what they say, and so, by mutual reaction of thought and life, to make thought solid, and life wise; and in a contempt for the gabble of to-day's opinions, the secret of the world is to be learned, and the skill truly to unfold it is acquired. Or, rather, is it not, that, by this discipline, the refractoriness of the usurping senses and of the perverted will is overcome, and the lower faculties of man are subdued to docility; through which, as an unobstructed channel, the soul now easily and gladly flows?

The good scholar will not refuse to bear the yoke in his youth; to know, if he can, the uttermost secret of toil and endurance; to make his own hands acquainted with the soil by which he is fed, and the sweat that goes before comfort and luxury. Let him pay his tithes, and serve the world as a true and noble man; never forgetting to worship the immortal divinities, who whisper to the poet, and make him the utterer of melodies that pierce the ear of eternal time. If he have this twofold goodness—the drill and the inspiration—then he has health; then he is a whole, and not a fragment; and the perfection of his endowment will appear in his compositions. Indeed, this twofold merit characterises ever the productions of great masters. The man of genius should occupy the whole space between God or pure mind, and the multitude of uneducated men. He must draw from the infinite Reason, on one side; and he must penetrate into the heart and sense of the crowd, on the other.* From one, he must draw his strength; to the other, he must owe his aim. The one yokes him to the real; the other, to the apparent. At one pole, is Reason; at the other, Common Sense. If he be defective at either extreme of the scale, his philosophy will seem low and utilitarian; or it will appear too vague and indefinite for the uses of life.

The student, as we all along insist, is great only by being passive to the superincumbent spirit. Let this faith, then, dictate all his action. Snares and bribes abound to mislead him; let him be true nevertheless. His success has its perils too. There is somewhat inconvenient and injurious in his position. They whom his thoughts have entertained or inflamed, seek him before yet they have learned

the hard conditions of thought. They seek him, that he may turn his lamp upon the dark riddles whose solution they think is inscribed on the walls of their being. They find that he is a poor, ignorant man, in a white-seamed, rusty coat, like themselves, nowise emitting a continuous stream of light, but now and then a jet of luminous thought, followed by total darkness; moreover, that he cannot make of his infrequent illumination a portable taper to carry whither he would, and explain now this dark riddle, now that. Sorrow ensues. The scholar regrets to damp the hope of ingenuous boys; and the youth has lost a star out of his few flaming firmament. Hence the temptation to the scholar to mystify; to hear the question; to sit upon it; to make an answer of words, in lack of the oracle of things. Not the less let him be cold and true, and wait in patience, knowing that truth can make even silence eloquent and memorable. Always truth is policy enough for him. Let him open his breast to all honest inquiry, and be an artist superior to tricks of art. Show frankly as a saint would do, all your experience, your methods, tools, and means. Welcome all comers to the freest use of the same. And out of this superior frankness and charity, you shall learn higher secrets of your nature, which gods will bend and aid you to communicate.

If, with a high trust, he can thus submit himself to the supreme soul, he will find that ample returns are poured into his bosom, out of what seemed hours of obstruction and loss. Let him not grieve too much on account of unfit associates. When he sees how much thought he owes to the disagreeable antagonism of various persons who pass and cross him, he can easily think that in a society of perfect sympathy, no word, no act, no record, would be. He will learn, that it is not much matter what he reads, what he does. Be a scholar, and he shall have the scholar's part of everything. As, in the counting-room, the merchant cares little whether the cargo be hides or barilla; the transaction, a letter of credit or a transfer of stocks; be it what it may, his commission comes gently out of it; so you shall get your lesson out of the hour, and the object, whether it be a concentrated or a wasteful employment, even in reading a dull book, or working off a stint of mechanical day labour, which your necessities or the necessities of others impose.

Gentlemen, I have ventured to offer you these considerations upon the scholar's place, and hope, because I thought, that, standing, as many of you now do, on the threshold of this College, girt and ready to go and assume tasks, public and private, in your country, you would not be sorry to be admonished of those primary duties of the intellect,

whereof you will seldom hear from the lips of your new companions. You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear, that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. "What is this Truth you seek? What is this Beauty?" men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, "As others do, so will I. I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season;"—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect. Feel that it is this domineering temper of the sensual world, that creates the extreme need of the priests of science; and that it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate. Bend to the persuasion which is flowing to you from every object in Nature, to be its tongue to the heart of man, and to show the besotted world how passing fair is wisdom. Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade, and find wisdom in neglect. Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore, and explore, and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatise yourself, nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you renounce your right to traverse the star-lit deserts of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed, and board. Make yourself necessary to the world, and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in all men's affections, in art, in nature, and in hope.

You will not fear, that I am enjoining too stern an asceticism. Ask not, Of what use is a scholarship that systematically retreats? or, Who is the better for the philosopher who conceals his accomplishments, and hides his thoughts from the waiting world? Hides his thoughts! Hide the sun and moon. Thought is all light, and publishes itself to the universe. It will speak, though you were dumb, by its own miraculous organ. It will flow out of your actions, your manners, and your face. It will bring you friendships. It will impledge you to truth by the love and expectation of generous minds. By virtue of the laws of that Nature, which is one and perfect, it shall yield every sincere good that is in the soul, to the scholar beloved of earth and heaven.

THE METHOD OF NATURE.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ADELPHI, IN WATERVILLE COLLEGE, IN MAINE.

August 11, 1841.

GENTLEMEN,

LET us exchange congratulations on the enjoyments and the promises of this day and this hour. A literary anniversary is a celebration of the intellect, and so the inlet of a great force into the assembly of the learned, and through them into the world. The land we live in has no interest so dear, if it knew its want, as the fit consecration of days of reason and thought. Where there is no vision, the people perish. The scholars are the priests of that thought which establishes the foundations of the earth. No matter what is their special work or profession, they stand for the spiritual interest of the world, and it is a common calamity if they neglect their post in a country where the material interest is so predominant as it is in America. We hear something too much of the results of machinery, commerce, and the useful arts. We are a puny and a fickle folk. Avarice, hesitation, and following, are our diseases. The rapid wealth which hundreds in the community acquire in trade, or by the incessant expansions of our population and arts, enchants the eyes of all the rest; the luck of one is the hope of thousands, and the proximity of the bribe acts like the neighbourhood of a gold mine to impoverish the farm, the school, the church, the house, and the very body and feature of man.

I do not wish to look with sour aspect at the industrious manufacturing village, or the mart of commerce. I love the music of the water-wheel; I value the railway; I feel the pride which the sight of a ship inspires; I look on trade and every mechanical craft as education also. But let me discriminate what is precious herein. There is in each of these works one act of invention, one intellectual step, or short series of steps taken; that act or step is the spiritual act: all the rest is mere repetition of the same a thousand times. And I will not be deceived into admiring the routine of handicrafts and mechanics, how splendid soever the result, any more than I admire the routine of the scholars or clerical class. The splendid results ensue from the labours of stupid men, is the fruit of higher laws than their will, and the routine is not to be praised for it. I would not have the labourer sacrificed to the splendid result,—I would not have the labourer sacrificed to my convenience and pride, nor to that of a great class of such as me. Let there be worse cotton and better men. The weaver should not be bereaved of that nobility which comes from the superiority to his work, and the knowledge

that the product or the skill is a momentary end of no value, except so far as it embodies his spiritual prerogatives. If I see nothing to admire in the unit, shall I admire a million units? Men stand in awe of the city, but do not honour any individual citizen; and are continually yielding to this dazzling result of numbers, that which they would never yield to the solitary example of any one.

Whilst, therefore, the multitude of men live to degrade each other, and give currency to desponding doctrines, the scholar must be a bringer of hope, and must reinforce man against himself. I sometimes believe that our literary anniversaries will presently assume a greater importance, as the eyes of men open to their capabilities. Here, a new set of distinctions, a new order of ideas, prevail. Here, we set a bound to the respectability of wealth, and a bound to the pretensions of the law and the church. The bigot must cease to be a bigot to-day. Into our charmed circle, power cannot enter; and the sturdiest defender of existing institutions feels the terrific inflammability of this air which condenses heat in every corner that may restore to the elements the fabrics of ages. Nothing solid is secure; everything tilts and rocks. Even the scholar is not safe; he too is searched and revised. Is his learning dead? Is he living in his memory? The power of mind is not mortification, but life. But come forth, thou curious child! hither, thou loving, all-pining poet! hither, thou tender, doubting heart, who hast not yet found any place in the world's market fit for thee; any wares which thou couldst buy or sell,—so large is thy love and ambition,—thine and not theirs is the hour. Smooth thy brow, and hope and love on, for the kind heaven justifies thee, and the whole world feels that thou only art in the right.

We ought to celebrate this hour by expressions of manly joy. Not thanks, nor prayer seem quite the highest or truest name for our communication with the infinite,—but glad and conspiring reception,—reception that becomes giving in its turn, as the receiver is only the All-Giver in part and in infancy. I cannot,—nor can any man,—speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument becomes our lips, but pæans of joy and praise. But not of adulation: we are too nearly related in the deep

of the mind to that we honour. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart, it is said, "I am, and by me, O child! this fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am: all things are mine: and all mine are thine."

The festival of the intellect, and the return to its source, cast a strong light on the always interesting topics of Man and Nature. We are forcibly reminded of the old want. There is no man; there hath never been. The Intellect still asks that a man may be born. The flame of life flickers feebly in human breasts. We demand of men a richness and universality we do not find. Great men do not content us. It is their solitude, not their force, that makes them conspicuous. There is somewhat indigent and tedious about them. They are poorly tied to one thought. If they are prophets, they are egotists; if polite and various, they are shallow. How tardily men arrive at any thought! how tardily they pass from it to another thought! The crystal sphere of thought is as concentrical as the geological structure of the globe. As all our soils and rocks lie in strata, concentric strata, so do all men's thinkings run laterally, never vertically. Here comes by a great inquisitor with auger and plumb-line, and will bore an Artesian well through all our conventions and theories, and pierce to the core of things. But as soon as he probes one crust, behold gimblet, plumb-line, and philosopher, all take a lateral direction, in spite of all resistance, as if some strong wind took everything off its feet, and if you come month after month to see what progress our reformer has made, not an inch has he pierced,—you still find him with new words in the old place, floating about in new parts of the same old vein or crust. The new book says, "I will give you the key to Nature," and we expect to go like a thunderbolt to the centre. But the thunder is a surface phenomenon, makes a skin-deep cut, and so does the sage. The wedge turns out to be a rocket. Thus a man lasts but a very little while, for his monomania becomes insupportably tedious in a few months. It is so with every book and person: and yet—and yet—we do not take up a new book, or meet a new man, without a pulse-beat of expectation. And this discontent with the poor and pinched result, this invincible hope of a more adequate interpreter, is the sure prediction of his advent.

In the absence of man we turn to nature, which stands next. In the divine order, intellect is primary: nature, secondary: it is the memory of the mind. That which once existed in intellect as pure law, has now taken body as Nature. It existed already in the mind in solution: now, it has been precipitated, and the bright sediment is the world. We can never be quite strangers or inferiors in nature. We are parties to its existence; it is flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. But we no longer hold it by the hand: we have lost our miraculous power: our arm is no more as strong as the frost; nor our will equivalent to gravity and the elective attractions. Yet we can use Nature as a convenient standard, and the meter of our rise and fall. It has this advantage as a witness—it will not lie, it cannot be debauched. When man curses, Nature still testi-

fies to truth and love. We may, therefore, safely study the mind in Nature, because we cannot steadily gaze on it in mind; as we explore the face of the sun in a pool, when our eyes cannot brook his direct splendours.

It seems to me, therefore, that it were some suitable pain, if we should piously celebrate this hour by exploring the *method of Nature*. Let us see *that*, as nearly as we can, and try how far it is transferable to the literary life. Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from a holy impulse, and is really songs of praise. What difference can it make whether it take the shape of exhortation, or of passionate exclamation, or of scientific statement? These are forms merely. Through them we express, at last, the fact, that God has done thus or thus.

In treating a subject so large, in which we must necessarily appeal to the intuition, and aim much more to suggest, than to describe, I know it is not easy to speak with the precision attainable on topics of less scope. I have no taste for partial statements: they disgust me also. I do not wish in attempting to paint a man, to describe an air-fied, unimpassioned, impossible ghost. My eyes and ears are revolted by any neglect of the physical facts, the limitations of man. And yet one who conceives the true order of Nature, and beholds the visible as proceeding from the invisible, cannot state his thought, without seeming to those who study the physical laws, to do them some injustice. There is an intrinsic defect in the organ. Language overstates. Statements of the infinite are usually felt to be unjust to the finite, and blasphemous. Empedocles undoubtedly spoke a truth of thought, when he said, "I am God;" but the moment it was out of his mouth, it became a lie to the ear; and the world revenged itself for the seeming arrogance, by the good story about his shoe. How can I hope for better hap in my attempts to enunciate spiritual facts? Thus only; as far as I share the influx of truth, so far shall I be felt by every true person to say what is just.

The method of Nature: who could ever analyse it? That rushing stream will not stop to be observed. We can never surprise Nature in a corner; never find the end of a thread; never tell where to set the first stone. The bird hastes to lay her egg: the egg hastens to be a bird. The wholeness we admire in the order of the world, is the result of infinite distribution. Its smoothness is the smoothness of the pitch of the cataract. Its permanence is a perpetual inchoation. Every natural fact is an emanation, and that from which it emanates is an emanation also, and from every emanation is a new emanation. If anything could stand still, it would be crushed and dissipated by the torrent it resisted, and if it were a mind, would be crazed; as insane persons are those who hold fast to one thought, and do not flow with the course of Nature. Not the cause, but an ever novel effect, Nature descends always from above. It is unbroken obedience. The beauty of these fair objects is imported into them from a metaphysical and eternal spring. In all animal and vegetable forms, the physiologist concedes that no chemistry, no mechanics can account for the facts, but a mysterious principle of

life must be assumed, which not only inhabits the organ, but makes the organ.

How silent, how spacious, what room for all, yet without place to insert an atom,—in graceful succession, in equal fulness, in balanced beauty, the dance of the hours goes forward still. Like an odour of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless. It will not be dissected, nor unravelled, nor shown. Away, profane philosopher! seekest thou in Nature the cause? This refers to that, and that to the next, and the next to the third, and everything refers. Thou must ask in another mood, thou must feel it and love it, thou must behold it in a spirit as grand as that by which it exists, ere thou canst know the law. Known it will not be, but gladly beloved and enjoyed.

The simultaneous life throughout the whole body, the equal serving of innumerable ends without the least emphasis or preference to any, but the steady degradation of each to the success of all, allows the understanding no place to work. Nature can only be conceived as existing to a universal and not to a particular end, to a universe of ends, and not to one,—a work of *ecstasy*, to be represented by a circular movement, as intention might be signified by a straight line of definite length. Each effect strengthens every other. There is no revolt in all the kingdoms from the commonweal: no detachment of an individual. Hence the catholic character which makes every leaf an exponent of the world. When we behold the landscape in a poetic spirit, we do not reckon individuals. Nature knows neither palm nor oak, but only vegetable life, which sprouts into forests, and festoons the globe with a garland of grass and vines.

That no single end may be selected and Nature judged thereby, appears from this, that if man himself be considered as the end, and it be assumed that the final cause of the world is to make holy or wise or beautiful men, we see that it has not succeeded. Read alternately in natural and in civil history, a treatise of astronomy, for example, with a volume of French *Mémoires pour servir*. When we have spent our wonder in computing this wasteful hospitality with which boon Nature turns off new firmaments without end into her wide common, as fast as the madrepores make coral,—suns and planets hospitable to souls,—and then shorten the sight to look into this court of Louis Quatorze, and see the game that is played there,—duke and marshal, abbé and madame,—a gambling-table where each is laying traps for the other, where the end is ever by some lie or fetch to outwit your rival and ruin him with this solemn fop in wig and stars—the king; one can hardly help asking if this planet is a fair specimen of the so generous astronomy, and if so, whether the experiment have not failed, and whether it be quite worth while to make more, and glut the innocent space with so poor an article.

I think we feel not much otherwise, if, instead of beholding foolish nations, we take the great and wise men, the eminent souls, and narrowly inspect their biography. None of them seen by himself—and his performance compared with his promise or idea, will justify the cost of that enormous apparatus of means by which this spotted and defective person was at last procured.

To questions of this sort, Nature replies, "I grow,

I grow." All is nascent, infant. When we are dizzied with the arithmetic of the savant toiling to compute the length of her line, the return of her curve, we are steadied by the perception that a great deal is doing; that all seems just begun; and remote aims are in active accomplishment. We can point nowhere to anything final; but tendency appears on all hands: planet, system, constellation, total Nature is growing like a field of maize in July; is becoming somewhat else; is in rapid metamorphosis. The embryo does not more strive to be man than yonder *Burr* of light we call a nebula tends to be a ring, a comet, a globe, and parent of new stars. Why should not, then, these messieurs of Versailles strut and plot for tabourets and ribbons, for a season, without prejudice to their faculty to run on better errands bye-and-bye?

But Nature seems further to reply, "I have ventured so great a stake as my success in no single creature. I have not yet arrived at any end. The gardener aims to produce a fine peach or pear, but my aim is the health of the whole tree,—root, stem, leaf, flower, and seed,—and by no means the pampering of a monstrous pericarp at the expense of all the other functions."

In short, the spirit and peculiarity of that impression Nature makes on us is this, that it does not exist to any one or to any number of particular ends, but to numberless and endless benefit; that there is in it no private will, no rebel leaf or limb, but the whole is oppressed by one superincumbent tendency, obeys that redundancy or excess of life which in conscious beings we call *ecstasy*.

With this conception of the genius or method of Nature, let us go back to man. It is true he pretends to give account of himself to himself, but, at the last, what has he to recite but the fact that there is a Life not to be described or known otherwise than by possession? What account can he give of his essence, more than *so it seems to be*? The royal reason, the Grace of God seems the only description of our multiform but ever identical fact. There is virtue, there is genius, there is success, or there is not. There is the incoming or the receding of God: that is all we can affirm; and we can show neither how nor why. Self-accusation, remorse, and the didactic morals of self-denial and strife with sin, is a view we are constrained by our constitution to take of the fact seen from the platform of action; but seen from the platform of intellection, there is nothing for us but praise and wonder.

The fact of facts is the termination of the world in a man. This appears to be the last victory of intelligence. The universal does not attract us until housed in an individual. Who heeds the waste abyss of possibility? The ocean is everywhere the same, but it has no character until seen with the shore or the ship. Who would value any number of miles of Atlantic brine bounded by lines of latitude and longitude? Confine it by granite rocks, let it wash a shore where wise men dwell, and it is filled with expression; and the point of greatest interest is where the land and water meet. So must we admire in man, the form of the formless, the concentration of the vast, the house of reason, the cave of memory. See the play of thoughts! what nimble gigantic creatures are these! what saurians, what palæotheria shall be named with these agile movers? The great Pan of old, who was

clothed in a leopard skin to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament, his coat of stars,—was but the representative of thee, O rich and various Man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart, the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. He is strong, not to do, but to live; not in his arms, but in his heart; not as an agent, but as a fact. The history of the genesis, or the old mythology, repeats itself in the experience of every child. He too is a demon or god thrown into a particular chaos, where he strives ever to lead things from disorder into order. Each individual soul is such, in virtue of its being a power to translate the world into some particular language of its own; if not into a picture, a statue, or a dance,—why, then, into a trade, an art, a science, a mode of living, a conversation, a character, an influence. You admire pictures; but, it is as impossible for you to paint a right picture, as for grass to bear apples. But when the genius comes, it makes fingers: it is pliancy, and the power of transferring the affair in the street into oils and colours. Raphael must be born, and Salvator must be born.

There is no attractiveness like that of a new man. The sleepy nations are occupied with their political routine. England, France, and America read Parliamentary debates, which no high genius now enjoys; and nobody will read them who trusts his own eye: only they who are deceived by the popular repetition of distinguished names. But when Napoleon untwists his map, the eye is commanded by original power. When Chatham leads the debate, men may well listen, because they must listen. A man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great phenomenon. When Nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it. Follow the great man, and you shall see what the world has at heart in these ages. There is no omen like that.

But what strikes us in the fine genius is that which belongs of right to every one. Let us speak plainly and with no false humility. The humility which is the ornament of man in the presence of the ideal good and fair, is not to cloud his perception of that energy which he is. A man should know himself for a necessary actor. A link was wanting between two craving parts of Nature, and he was hurled into being as the bridge over that yawning need, the mediator betwixt two else unmarriageable facts. His two parents held each of one of the wants, and the union of foreign constitutions in him enables him to do gladly and gracefully what the assembled human race could not have sufficed to do. He knows his own materials; everywhere he applies himself to his work; he cannot read, he cannot think, he cannot look, but he unites the hitherto separated strands into a perfect cord. What are the thoughts we utter but the reason of our incarnation? To utter these thoughts we took flesh, missionaries of the everlasting word which will be spoken. Should not a man be sacred to himself and to thee? Is it for him to account himself cheap and superfluous, or to linger by the way-side for opportunities? Did

he not come into being because something must be done which he and no other is and does? If only he sees, the world will be visible enough. He need not study where to stand, nor to put things in favourable lights; in him is the light,—from him all things are to their centre illuminated. What patron shall he ask for employment and reward? Hereto was he born, to deliver the thought of his heart from the universe to the universe, to do an office which Nature could not forego, nor he be discharged from rendering, and then immerge again into the holy silence and eternity out of which as a man he arose. God is rich, and many more men than one he harbours in his bosom, biding their time and the needs and the beauty of all. Is not this the theory of every man's genius or faculty? Why then goest thou as some Boswell or listening worshipper to this saint or to that? That is the only *lèse-majesty*. Here art thou with whom so long the universe travailed in labour; darest thou think meanly of thyself whom the stalwart Fate brought forth to unite his ragged sides, to shoot the gulf,—to reconcile the irreconcilable?

Whilst a necessity so great caused the man to exist, his health and greatness consist in the fidelity with which he transmits influences from the vast and universal to the point on which his genius can act. The ends are momentary; they are vents for the current of inward life which increases as it is spent. A man's wisdom is to know that all ends are momentary, that the best end must instantly be superseded by a better. But there is a mischievous tendency in him to transfer his thought from the life to the ends, to quit his agency, and rest in his acts: the tool runs away with the workman, the human with the divine. I conceive a man as always spoken to from behind, and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. In all the millions who have heard the voice, none ever saw the face. As children in their play run behind each other, and seize one by the ears and make him walk before them, so is the spirit our unseen pilot. That well-known voice speaks in all languages, governs all men, and none ever caught a glimpse of its form. If the man will exactly obey it, it will adopt him, so that he shall not any longer separate it from himself in his thought; he shall seem to be it—he shall be it. If he listen with insatiable ears, richer and greater wisdom is taught him, the sound swells to a ravishing music, he is borne away as with a flood, he becomes careless of his food and of his house, he is the fool of ideas, and leads a heavenly life. But if his eye is set on the things to be done, and not on the truth that is still taught, and for the sake of which the things are to be done, then the voice grows faint, and at last is but a humming in his ears. His health and greatness consist in his being the channel through which heaven flows to earth, in short, in the fulness in which an ecstasical state takes place in him. It is pitiful to be an artist, when, by forbearing to be artists, we might be vessels filled with the Divine overflowing, enriched by the circulation of omniscience and omnipresence. Are these not moments in the history of heaven when the human race was not counted by individuals, but was only the influenced, was God in distribution, God rushing into

multiform benefit! It is sublime to receive, sublime to love; but this lust of imparting as from us,—this desire to be loved, the wish to be recognised as individuals, is finite—comes of a lower strain.

Shall I say, then, that, as far as we can trace the natural history of the soul, its health consists in the fullness of its reception,—call it piety, call it veneration,—in the fact that enthusiasm is organised therein. What is best in any work of art, but that part which the work itself seems to require and do; that which the man cannot do again, that which flows from the hour and the occasion, like the eloquence of men in a tumultuous debate? It was always the theory of literature, that the word of a poet was authoritative and final. He was supposed to be the mouth of a Divine wisdom. We rather envied his circumstance than his talent. We too could have gladly prophesied standing in that place. We so quote our Scriptures; and the Greeks so quoted Homer, Theognis, Pindar, and the rest. If the theory has receded out of modern criticism, it is because we have not had poets. Whenever they appear, they will redeem their own credit.

This ecstasial state seems to cause a regard to the whole, and not to the parts; to the cause, and not to the ends; to the tendency, and not to the act. It respects genius, and not talent; hope, and not possession; and the anticipation of all things by the intellect, and not the history itself; art, and not works of art; poetry, and not experiment; virtue, and not duties.

There is no office or function of man but is rightly discharged by this divine method, and nothing that is not noxious to him if detached from its universal relations. Is it his work in the world to study Nature, or the laws of the world? Let him beware of proposing to himself any end. Is it for use? Nature is debased, as if one looking at the ocean can remember only the price of fish. Or is it for pleasure? he is mocked: there is a certain infatuating air in woods and mountains which draws on the idler to want and misery. There is something social and intrusive in the nature of all things; they seek to penetrate and overpower each the nature of every other creature, and itself alone in all modes and throughout space and spirit to prevail and possess. Every star in heaven is discontented and insatiable. Gravitation and chemistry cannot content them. Ever they woo and court the eye of every beholder. Every man who comes into the world they seek to fascinate and possess, to pass into his mind; for they desire to republish themselves, in a more delicate world than that they occupy. It is not enough that they are Jove, Mars, Orion, and the North Star, in the gravitating firmament; they would have such poets as Newton, Herschel and Laplace, that they may re-exist and re-appear in the finer world of rational souls, and fill that realm with their fame. So is it with all immaterial objects. These beautiful basilisks set their brute glorious eyes on the eye of every child; and, if they can, cause their nature to pass through his wondering eyes into him; and so all things are mixed.

Therefore man must be on his guard against this cup of enchantments, and must look at Nature with a supernatural eye. By piety alone—by

conversing with the cause of Nature—is he safe and commands it. And because all knowledge is assimilation to the object of knowledge, as the power or genius of Nature is ecstasial, so must its science or the description of it be. The poet must be a rhapsodist: his inspiration a sort of bright casualty: his will in it only the surrender of will to the Universal Power, which will not be seen face to face, but must be received and sympathetically known. It is remarkable that we have out of the deep of antiquity in the oracles ascribed to the half-credulous Zoroaster, a statement of this fact, which every lover and seeker of truth will recognise. "It is not proper," said Zoroaster, "to understand the Intelligible with vehemence, but if you incline your mind, you will apprehend it: not too earnestly, but bringing a pure and inquiring eye. You will not understand it as when understanding some particular thing, but with the flower of the mind. Things divine are not attainable by mortals who understand sensual things, but only the light-armed arrive at the summit."

And because ecstasy is the law and cause of Nature, therefore you cannot interpret it in too high and deep a sense. Nature represents the best meaning of the wisest man. Does the sunset landscape seem to you the palace of Friendship,—those purple skies and lovely waters the amphitheatre dressed and garnished only for the exchange of thought and love of the purest souls? It is that. All the other meanings which base men have put on it are conjectural and false. You cannot bathe twice in the same river, said Heraclitus; and I add, a man never sees the same object twice: with his own enlargement the object acquires new aspects.

Does not the same law hold for virtue? It is vitiated by too much will. He who aims at progress, should aim at an infinite, not at a special benefit. The reforms whose fame now fills the land with Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance, No Government, Equal Labour; fair and generous as each appears, are poor bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end. To every reform, in proportion to its energy, early disgusts are incident; so that the disciple is surprised at the very hour of his first triumphs, with chagrins and sickness, and a general distrust: so that he shuns his associates, hates the enterprise which lately seemed so fair, and meditates to cast himself into the arms of that society and manner of life which he had newly abandoned with so much pride and hope. Is it that he attached the value of virtue to some particular practices, as the denial of certain appetites in certain specified indulgences, and, afterward, allowing the soul to depart, found himself still as wicked and as far from happiness in that abstinence, as he had been in the abuse? But the soul can be appeased not by a deed, but by a tendency. It is in a hope that she feels her wings. You shall love rectitude, and not the misuse of money or the avoidance of trade: an unimpeded mind, and not a monkish diet; sympathy and usefulness, and not hoing or cooperating. Tell me not how great your project is, or how pure,—the civil liberation of the world, its conversion into a Christian church, the establishment of public education, cleaner diet, a new division of labour and of land, laws of love for

laws of property ;—I say to you plainly there is no end to which your practical faculty can aim, so sacred or so large, that, if pursued for itself, will not at last become carrior and an offence to the nostril. The imaginative faculty of the soul must be fed with objects immense and eternal. Your end should be one inapprehensible to the senses : then will it be a god always approached—never touched ; always giving health. A man adorns himself with prayer and love as an aim adorns an action. What is long but goodness, and what is energetic but the presence of a brave man ? The doctrine in vegetable physiology of the presence, or the general influence of any substance over and above its chemical influence, as of an alkali or a living plant, is more predicable of man. You need not speak to me, I need not go where you are, that you should exert magnetism on me. Be you only whole and sufficient, and I shall feel you in every part of my life and fortune, and I can as easily dodge the gravitation of the globe as escape your influence.

But there are other examples of this total and supreme influence, besides Nature and the conscience. "From the poisonous tree, the world," say the Brahmins, "two species of fruit are produced, sweet as the waters of life, Love or the society of beautiful souls, and Poetry, whose taste is like the immortal juice of Vishnu." What is Love, and why is it the chief good, but because it is an overpowering enthusiasm ? Never self-possessed or prudent, it is all abandonment. Is it not a certain admirable wisdom, preferable to all other advantages, and whereof all others are only secondaries and indemnities, because this is that in which the individual is no longer his own foolish master, but inhales an odorous and celestial air, is wrapt round with awe of the object, blending for the time that object with the real and only good, and consults every omen in Nature with tremulous interest. When we speak truly,—is not he only unhappy who is not in love ? his fancied freedom and self-rule—is it not so much death ? He who is in love is wise, and is becoming wiser ; soeth newly every time he looks at the object beloved, drawing from it with his eyes and his mind those virtues which it possesses. Therefore if the object be not itself a living and expanding soul, he presently exhausts it. But the love remains in his mind, and the wisdom it brought him ; and it craves a new and higher object. And the reason why all men honour love, is because it looks up and not down ; aspires and not despairs.

And what is Genius but finer love, a love impersonal, a love of the flower and perfection of things, and a desire to draw a new picture or copy of the same ? It looks to the cause and life : it proceeds from within outward, whilst Talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models and methods and ends in society, exists for exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means ; and the style of its architecture, from within going abroad only for audience and spectator, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words. Here about us

coils for ever the ancient enigma, so old and so unutterable. Behold ! there is the sun, and the rain, and the rocks : the old sun, the old stones. How easy were it to describe all this fitly : yet no word can pass. Nature is a mute, and man, her articulate speaking brother, lo ! he also is a mute. Yet when Genius arrives, its speech is like a river, it has no straining to describe, more than there is straining in Nature to exist. When thought is best, there is most of it. Genius sheds wisdom like perfume, and advertises us that it flows out of a deeper source than the foregoing silence, that it knows so deeply and speaks so musically because it is itself a mutation of the thing it describes. It is sun, and moon, and wave, and fire, in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses of matter.

What is all history but the work of ideas ; a record of the incomputable energy which his infinite aspirations infuse into man ? Has anything grand and lasting been done ? Who did it ? Plainly not any man, but all men : it was the prevalence and inundation of an idea. What brought the Pilgrims here ? One man says, civil liberty ; and another, the desire of founding a church ; and a third discovers that the motive force was plantation and trade. But if the Puritans could rise from the dust, they could not answer. It is to be seen in what they were, and not in what they designed : it was the growth, the budding and expansion of the human race, and resembled herein the sequent Revolution, which was not begun in Concord, or Lexington, or Virginia, but was the overflowing of the sense of natural right in every clear and active spirit of the period. Is a man boastful and knowing, and his own master ?—we turn from him without hope ; but let him be filled with awe and dread before the Vast and the Divine, which uses him, glad to be used, and our eye is riveted to the chain of events. What a debt is ours to that old religion which, in the childhood of most of us, still dwelt like a sabbath morning in the country of New England, teaching privation, self-denial, and sorrow ! A man was born, not for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock-maple which, all around our villages, bleeds for the service of man. Not praise, not men's acceptance of our doing, but the spirit's holy errand through us absorbed the thought. How dignified was this ! How all that is called talents and success in our noisy capitals becomes buzz and din before this man-worthiness. How our friendships, and the complaisances we use, shame us now ! Shall we not quit our companions, as if they were thieves and pot-companions, and betake ourselves to some desert cliff of Mount Katahdin, some unvisited recess in Mooshead Lake, to bewail our innocence, and to recover it, and with it the power to communicate again with these sharers of a more sacred idea ?

And what is to replace for us the piety of that race ? We cannot have theirs ; it glides away from us day by day, but we also can bask in the great morning which rises for ever out of the eastern sea, and be ourselves the children of the light. I stand here to-day, Let us worship the mighty and transcendent Soul. It is the office, I doubt not, of this age, to annul that adulterous divorce which the superstition of many ages has

effected between the intellect and holiness. The lovers of goodness have been one class, the students of wisdom another; as if either could exist in any purity without the other. Truth is always holy, holiness always wise. I will that we keep terms with sin and a sinful literature and society no longer, but live a life of discovery and performance. Accept the intellect, and it will accept us. Be the lowly ministers of that pure omniscience, and deny it not before men. It will burn up all profane literature, all base current opinions, all the false powers of the world as in a moment of time. I draw from Nature the lesson of an intimate divinity. Our health and reason as men needs our respect to this fact against the heedlessness and against the contradiction of society. The sanity of man needs the poise of this immanent force. His nobility needs the assurance of this inexhaustible reserved power. How great soever have been its bounties, they are a drop to the sea whence they flow. If you say, "The acceptance of the vision is also the act of God," I shall not seek to penetrate the mystery; I admit the force of what you say. If you ask, "How can any rules be given for the attainment of gifts so sublime?" I shall only remark, that the solicitations of this spirit, as long as there is life, are never forborne. Tenderly, tenderly, they woo and court us from every object in Nature, from every fact in life, from every thought in the mind. The one condition coupled with the gift of truth is its use. That man shall be learned who reduceth his learning to practice. Emanuel Swedenborg affirmed that it was open to him "that the spirits who knew truth in this life, but did it not, at death shall lose their knowledge." "If knowledge," said Ali, the Caliph, "calleth unto practice, well; if not, it goeth away." The only way into Nature is to enact our best insight. Instantly we are higher poets, and can speak a deeper law. Do what you know, and perception is converted into character, as islands and conti-

nents were built by invisible infusories, or as these forest leaves absorb light, electricity, and volatile gases, and the gnarled oak to live a thousand years is the arrest and fixation of the most volatile and ethereal currents. The doctrine of this Supreme Presence is a cry of joy and exultation. Who shall dare think he has come late into Nature, or has missed anything excellent in the past, who seeth the admirable stars of Possibility, and the yet untouched continent of Hope glittering with all its mountains in the vast West? I praise with wonder this great reality which seems to drown all things in the deluge of its light. What man, seeing this, can lose it from his thoughts, or entertain a meaner subject? The entrance of this into his mind seems to be the birth of man. We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe—before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in; but they penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal Nature. I draw from this faith, courage and hope. All things are known to the soul. It is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than it. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power.

MAN THE REFORMER :

A LECTURE ON SOME OF THE PROMINENT FEATURES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Read before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, at the Masonic Temple, Boston, U. S.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN,

I WISH to offer to your consideration some thoughts on the particular and general relations of man as a reformer. I shall assume that the aim of each young man in this association is the very highest that belongs to a rational mind. Let it be granted, that our life, as we lead it, is common and mean; that some of those offices and functions for which we were mainly created are grown so rare in society, that the memory of them is only kept alive in old books, and in dim traditions; that prophets and poets, that beautiful and perfect men, we are not now—no, nor have even seen such; that some sources of human instruction are almost unnamed and unknown among us; that the community in which we live will hardly bear to be told that every man should be open to ecstacy, or a divine illumination, and his daily walk elevated by intercourse with the spiritual world. Grant all this, as we must, yet I suppose none of my auditors—no honest and intelligent soul—will deny that we ought to seek to establish ourselves in such disciplines and courses as will deserve that guidance and clearer communication with the spiritual nature. And further, I will not dissemble my hope, that each person whom I address has felt his own call to cast aside all evil customs, timidities, and limitations, and to be in his place a free and helpful man, a reformer, a benefactor, not content to slip along through the world like a footman or a spy, escaping by his nimbleness and apologies as many knocks as he can, but a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent in the earth, and not only go honourably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him to go in honour, and with benefit.

In the history of the world, the doctrine of Reform had never such scope as at the present hour. Lutherans, Hershutters, Jesuits, Monks, Quakers, Knox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Bentham, in their accusations of society, all respected something,—church or state, literature or history, domestic usages, the market town, the dinner-table, coined money. But now all these, and all things else, hear the trumpet, and must rush to judgment,—Christianity, the laws, commerce, schools, the farm, the laboratory; and not a kingdom, town, estate, right, calling, man, or woman, but is threatened by the new spirit.

What if some of the objections and objectors when by our institutions are assailed are extreme and speculative, and the reformers tend to ideal-

ism! that only shows the extravagance of the abuses which have driven the mind into the opposite extreme. It is when your facts and persons grow unreal and fantastic by too much falsehood, that the scholar flies for refuge to the world of ideas, and aims to recruit and replenish Nature from that source. Let ideas establish their legitimate sway again in society,—let life be fair and poetic, and the scholars will gladly be lovers, citizens, and philanthropists.

It will afford no security from the new ideas, that the old nations, the laws of centuries, the property and institutions of a hundred cities, are all built on other foundations. The demon of reform has a secret door into the heart of every law-maker, of every inhabitant of every city. The fact that a new thought and hope have dawned in your breast, should apprise you that, in the same hour, a new light broke in upon a thousand private hearts. That secret which you would fain keep,—as soon as you go abroad, lo! there is one standing on the door-step to tell you the same. There is not the most bronzed and sharpened money-catcher who does not, to your consternation almost, quail and shake the moment he hears a question prompted by the new ideas. We thought he had some semblance of ground to stand upon, that such as he at least would die hard; but he trembles and flees. Then the scholar says, "Cities and coaches shall never impose on me again; for, behold every solitary dream of mine is rushing to fulfilment. That fancy I had, and hesitated to utter, because you would laugh, the broker, the attorney, the market-man, are saying the same thing. Had I waited a day longer to speak, I had been too late. Behold, State-street thinks! and Wall-street doubts, and begins to prophesy!"

It cannot be wondered at that this general inquest into abuses should arise in the bosom of society, when one considers the practical impediments that stand in the way of virtuous young men. The young man, on entering life, finds the way to lucrative employments blocked with abuses. The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties; but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses, at which all cavnie, that it requires more vigour and resources than can be expected of every young man to right himself in them; he is lost in them; he cannot move hand or foot in

them. Has he genius and virtue? the less does he find them fit for him to grow in; and if he would thrive in them, he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood, and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness. If not so minded, nothing is left him but to begin the world anew, as he does who puts the spade into the ground for food. We are all implicated, of course, in this charge; it is only necessary to ask a few questions as to the progress of the articles of commerce from the fields where they grew, to our houses, to become aware that we eat and drink, and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities. How many articles of daily consumption are furnished us from the West Indies; yet it is said that, in the Spanish islands, the venality of the officers of the Government has passed into usage, and that no article passes into our ships which has not been fraudulently cheapened. In the Spanish islands, every agent or factor of the Americans, unless he be a consul, has taken oath that he is a Catholic, or has caused a priest to make that declaration for him. The abolitionist has shown us our dreadful debt to the southern negro. In the Island of Cuba, in addition to the ordinary abominations of slavery, it appears, only men are bought for the plantations, and one dies in ten every year of these miserable bachelors, to yield us sugar. I leave for those who have the knowledge the part of sifting the oaths of our custom-houses; I will not inquire into the oppression of the sailors; I will not pry into the usages of our retail trade. I content myself with the fact, that the general system of our trade, (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions denounced and unshared by all reputable men,) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism: but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend; which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather that which he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring, by the manner of expending it. I do not charge the merchant or the manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Everybody partakes, everybody confesses,—with cap and knee volunteers his confession, yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it; what, is he? an obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice, that no one feels himself called to act for man, but only as a fraction of man. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenious souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim; who, by the law of their nature, must act for man; find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year.

But by coming out of trade you have not cleared yourself. The trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of man. Each has its own wrongs. Each finds a tender

and very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success. Each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, a certain dapperness and complaisance, an acceptance of customs, a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and love, a compromise of private opinion and lofty integrity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property, until our laws, which establish and protect it, seem not to be the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness. Suppose a man is so unhappy as to be born a saint, with keen perceptions, but with the conscience and love of an angel, and he is to get his living in the world, he finds himself excluded from all lucrative works; he has no farm, and he cannot get one; for, to earn money enough to buy one, requires a sort of concentration toward money, which is the selling himself for a number of years, and to him the present hour is as sacred and inviolable as any future hour. Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated. Inextricable seem to be the twinings and tendrils of this evil, and we all involve ourselves in it the deeper by forming connexions, by wives and children, by benefits and debts.

It is considerations of this kind which have turned the attention of many philanthropic and intelligent persons to the claims of manual labour as a part of the education of every young man. If the accumulated wealth of the past generations is thus tainted,—no matter how much of it is offered to us,—we must begin to consider if it were not the nobler part to renounce it, and to put ourselves into primary relations with the soil and nature, and abstaining from whatever is dishonest and unclean, to take each of us bravely his part, with his own hands, in the manual labour of the world.

But it is said, "What! will you give up the immense advantages reaped from the division of labour, and set every man to make his own shoes, bureau, knife, waggon, sails, and needle? This would be to put men back into barbarism by their own act." I see no instant prospect of a virtuous revolution; yet I confess, I should not be pained at a change which threatened a loss of some of the luxuries or conveniences of society, if it proceeded from a preference of the agricultural life, out of the belief that our primary duties as men could be better discharged in that calling. Who could regret to see a high conscience, and a purer taste, exercising a sensible effect on young men in their choice of occupation, and thinning the ranks of competition in the labours of commerce, of law, and of state? It is easy to see that the inconvenience would last but a short time. This would be great action, which always opens the eyes of men. When many persons shall have done this, when the majority shall admit the necessity of reform in all these institutions, their abuses will be redressed, and the way will be open again to the advantages which arise from the division of labour, and a man may select the fittest employment for his peculiar talent again, without compromise.

But quite apart from the emphasis which the times give to the doctrine, that the manual labour of society ought to be shared among all the members, there are reasons proper to every individual, why he should not be deprived of it. The use of manual labour is one which never grows obsolete,

and which is inapplicable to no person. A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. We must have an antagonism in the tough world for all the variety of our spiritual faculties, or they will not be born. Manual labour is the study of the external world. The advantage of riches remains with him who procured them, not with the heir. When I go into my garden with a spade, and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health, that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands. But not only health but education is in the work. Is it possible that I who get indefinite quantities of sugar, hominy, cotton, bykets, crockery-ware, and letter-paper, by simply signing my name once in three months to a cheque in favour of John Smith & Co., traders, get the fair share of exercise to my faculties by that act, which Nature intended for me in making all these far-fetched matters important to my comfort? It is Smith himself, and his carriers, and dealers, and manufacturers; it is the sailor, and the hide-drogher, the butcher, the negro, the hunter and the planter, who have intercepted the sugar of the sugar, and the cotton of the cotton. They have got the education, I only the commodity. This were all very well if I were necessarily absent, being detained by work of my own, like theirs—work of the same faculties; then should I be sure of my hands and feet, but now I feel some shame before my wood-chopper, my ploughman, and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency; they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet.

Consider further the difference between the first and second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust, timber by rot, cloth by moths, provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin, money by thieves, an orchard by insects, a planted field by weeds or the inroad of cattle, a stock of cattle by hunger, a road by rain and frost, a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a-fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected in one estate to his son, house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hard-ware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money, and cannot give him the skill and experience which made and collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full—not to use these things, but to look after them and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman, or watch-dog, to this magazine of old

and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good humour, and sense of power, and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom Nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, beast and fish, seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down beds, coaches, and men-servants and women-servants from the earth and the sky, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends—to the prosecution of his love; to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the enlargement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment, and he is now what is called a rich man—the menial and runner of his riches.

Hence it happens that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor. Knowledge, Virtue, Power, are the victories of man over his necessities—his march to the dominion of the world. Every man ought to have this opportunity to conquer the world for himself. Only such persons interest us—Spartans, Romans, Saracens, English, Americans—who have stood in the jaws of need, and have by their own wit and might extricated themselves, and made man victorious.

I do not wish to overstate this doctrine of labour, or insist that every man should be a farmer, any more than that every man should be a lexicographer. In general, one may say, that the husbandman's is the oldest and most universal profession, and that where a man does not yet discover in himself any fitness for one work more than another, this may be preferred. But the doctrine of the Farm is merely this, that every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world; ought to do it himself, and not to suffer the accident of his having a purse in his pocket, or his having been bred to some dishonourable and injurious craft, to sever him from those duties; and for this reason, that labour is God's education; that he only is a sincere learner, he only can become a master, who learns the secrets of labour, and who, by real cunning, extorts from Nature its sceptre.

Neither would I shut my ears to the plea of the learned professions—of the poet, the priest, the lawgiver, and men of study generally; namely, that in the experience of all men of that class, that degree of manual labour which is necessary to the maintenance of a family, indisposes and disqualifies for intellectual exertion. I know it often, perhaps usually, happens, that where there is a fine organization, apt for poetry and philosophy, that individual finds himself compelled to wait on his thoughts, to waste several days that he may enhance and glorify one; and is better taught by a moderate and dainty exercise, such as rambling in the fields, rowing, skating, hunting, than by the downright drudgery of the farmer and the smith. I would not quite forget the venerable counsel of the ancient Egyptian mysteries, which declared that "There were two pair of eyes in man, and it is requisite that the pair which are beneath should

be closed, when the pair that are above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed, those which are beneath should be opened.' Yet I will suggest, that no separation from labour can be without some loss of power and of truth to the seer himself; that, I doubt not, the faults and vices of our literature and philosophy, their too great fineness, effeminacy, and melancholy, are attributable to the emaciated and sickly habits of the literary class. Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the bookmaker abler and better, and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written.

But granting that for ends so sacred and dear, some relaxation must be had, I think, that if a man find in himself any strong bias to poetry, to art, to the contemplative life, drawing him to these things with a devotion incompatible with good husbandry, that man ought to reckon early with himself, and, respecting the compensations of the Universe, ought to ransom himself from the duties of economy, by a certain rigour and privation in his habits. For privileges so rare and grand, let him not stint to pay a great tax. Let him be a cenobite, a pauper, and, if need be, celibate also. Let him learn to eat his meals standing, and to relish the taste of fair water and black bread. He may leave to others the costly conveniences of housekeeping, and large hospitality, and the possession of works of art. Let him feel that genius is a hospitality, and that he who can create works of art needs not collect them. He must live in a chamber, and postpone his self-indulgence, forewarned and forearmed against that frequent misfortune of men of genius—the taste for luxury. This is the tragedy of genius—attempting to drive along the ecliptic with one horse of the heavens and one horse of the earth, there is only discord, and ruin, and downfall, to chariot and charioteer.

The duty that every man should assume his own vows, should call the institutions of society to account, and examine their fitness to him, gains in emphasis, if we look now at our modes of living. Is our housekeeping sacred and honourable? Does it raise and inspire us, or does it cripple us instead? I ought to be armed by every part and function of my household, by all my social function, by my economy, by my feasting, by my voting, by my traffic. Yet now I am almost no party to any of these things. Custom does it for me, gives me no power therefrom, and runs me in debt to boot. We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, and fine garments, and handsome apartments, and access to public houses, and places of amusement? Only for want of thought. Once waken in him a divine thought, and he flees, into a solitary garden or garret to enjoy it, and is richer with that dream than the fee of a county could make him. But we are first thoughtless, and then find we are moneyless. We are first sensual and then must be rich. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths

out of his mind whilst he stays in the house, and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be a temple of the Furies of Lacedæmon, formidable and holy to all, which none but a Spartan may enter or so much as behold. As soon as there is faith, as soon as there is society, comforts and cushions will be left to slaves. Expense will be inventive and heroic. We shall eat hard and lie hard, we shall dwell like the ancient Romans in narrow tenements, whilst our public edifices, like theirs, will be worthy for their proportion of the landscape in which we set them, for conversation, for art, for music, for worship. We shall be rich to great purposes; poor only for selfish ones. Now what help for these evils? How can the man who has learned but one art procure all the conveniences of life honestly? Shall we say all we think?—Perhaps with his own hands. Suppose he collects or makes them ill; yet he has got their lesson. If he cannot do that—Then perhaps he can go without. Immense wisdom and riches are in that. It is better to go without, than to have them at too great a cost. Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office, a sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day that I may have roast fowl to my dinner on Sunday is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations of mind, that I may be serene and docile to what the God shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes.

Can we not learn the lesson of self-help? Society is full of infirm people, who incessantly summon others to serve them. They contrive everywhere to exhaust for their single comfort the entire means and appliances of that luxury to which our invention has yet attained. Sofas, ottomans, stoves, wine, game-fowl, spices, perfumes, rides, the theatre, entertainments,—all these they want, they need, and whatever can be suggested more than these, they crave also, as if it was the bread which should keep them from starving; and if they miss any one, they represent themselves as the most wronged and most wretched persons on earth. One must have been born and bred with them to know how to prepare a meal for their learned stomach. Meantime, they never bestir themselves to serve another person; not they! they have a great deal more to do for themselves than they can possibly perform, nor do they once perceive the cruel joke of their lives, but the more odious they grow, the sharper is the tone of their complaining and craving. Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and to serve them one's self, so as to have somewhat left to give, instead of being always prompt to grab? It is more elegant to answer one's own needs, than to be richly served; inelegant perhaps it may look to-day, and to a few, but it is an elegance for ever and to all.

I do not wish to be absurd and pedantic in reform. I do not wish to push my criticism on the state of things around me to that extravagant mark, that shall compel me to suicide, or to an absolute isolation from the advantages of civil society.

If we suddenly plant our foot, and say,—I will neither eat nor drink, nor wear nor touch any food or fabric which I do not know to be innocent, or deal with any person whose whole manner of life is not clear and rational, we shall stand still. Whose is *ad*? Not mine; not thine; not his. But I think we must clear ourselves each one by the interrogation, whether we have earned our bread to-day by the hearty contribution of our energies to the common benefit; and we must not cease to *tend* to the correction of these flagrant wrongs by laying one stone *apight* every day.

But the idea which now begins to agitate society has a wider scope than our daily employments, our households, and the institutions of property. We are to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind. What is a man born for but to be a Re-former, a Re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies, a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power, which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is faith in Man, the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in him which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honoured in us? I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought,—neither by comfort, neither by pride,—and though I be utterly perflous, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. And if, at the same time, a woman or a child discovers a sentiment of piety, or a juster way of thinking than mine, I ought to confess it by my respect and obedience, though it go to alter my whole way of life.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as *Selah* and *Amen*. And yet they have the broadest meaning and the most cogent application to Boston in 1842. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now if I talk with a sincere wise man and my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of

society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are, and I see what one brave man, what one great thought executed might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory, is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenters' or engineers' tools, with chemist's laboratory and smith's forge to boot,—so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist,—but not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible that transcends all the power of expedients.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia, and Africa, and Spain on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking-stick struck more terror into those who saw it, than another man's sword. His diet was barley-bread; his sauce was salt; and oftentimes, by way of abstinence, he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water. His palace was built of mud; and when he left Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley, and the other dried fruits.

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of Nature. We must be lovers, and instantly the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust, the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service. See this wide society of labouring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them; we live apart from them; and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world. See, this tree always bears one

fruit. In every household the peace of a pair is poisoned by the malice, slyness, indolence, and alienation of domestics. Let any two matrons meet, and observe how soon their conversation turns on the troubles from their "help," as our phrase is. In every knot of labourers, the rich man does not feel himself among his friends; and at the polls he finds them arrayed in a mass in distinct opposition to him. We complain that the politics of masses of the people are so often controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity. To use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time "to raise the nails of wild beasts, and to depress the heads of the sacred birds." Let our affection flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the ameliorations in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich—not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the

equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell its pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods,—being its own lever, fulcrum, and power,—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive, at least, the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.

THE END.

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(HOME DEPARTMENT.)

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Minute

BY THE

MOST NOBLE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA ;

Dated 28th February 1856.

1. THE time has nearly come when my administration of the Government of India, prolonged through more than eight years, will reach its final close. It would seem that some few hours may be profitably devoted to a short review of those eventful years, not for the purpose of justifying disputed measures, or of setting forth a retrospective defence of the policy which may, on every several occasion, have been adopted, but for the purpose of recalling the political events that have occurred, the measures that have been taken, and the progress that has been made, during the course of the administration which is about to close. I enter on that review with the single hope that the Hon'ble Court of Directors may derive from the retrospect some degree of satisfaction with the past, and a still larger measure of encouragement for the future.

2. When I sailed from England in the winter of 1847 to assume the Government of India, there prevailed universal conviction among public men at home that permanent peace had at length been secured in the East. Before the summer came we were already involved in the second Sikh War.

That we were so, was due to no precipitation or fault of ours. The murder of the British Officers at Mooltan, and the open rebellion of the Dewan Moolraj, were not made pretext for quarrel with the Government of Lahore. On the contrary, the offence of the Dewan Moolraj was sedulously distinguished from national wrong. The Sikhs themselves were called upon to punish Moolraj as a rebel against their own Sovereign, and to exact reparation for the British Government, whose protection they had previously invoked.

But when it was seen that the spirit of the whole Sikh people was inflamed by the bitterest animosity against us—when Chief after Chief deserted our cause, until nearly their whole Army, led by Sirdars who had signed the treaties, and by Members of the Council of Regency itself, was openly arrayed against us—when, above all, it was seen that the Sikhs, in their eagerness for our destruction, had even combined in unnatural alliance with Dost Mahomed Khan and his Mahomedan tribes—it became manifest that there was no alternative left. The question for us was no longer one of policy or of expediency, but one of national safety.

Accordingly, the Government put forth its power. After a prolonged campaign, and a struggle severe and anxious, the Sikhs were utterly defeated and subdued, the Affghans were driven with ignominy through the mountains, and the Punjab became a British Province.

3. When little more than two years had passed, the Government of India again was suddenly engaged in hostilities with Burmah.

Certain British traders in the Port of Rangoon had been subjected to gross outrage by the Officers of the King of Ava, in direct violation of the Treaty of Yandaboo.

Holding to the wisdom of Lord Wellesley's maxim, that an insult offered to the British Flag at the mouth of the Ganges should be resented as promptly and as fully as an insult offered at the mouth of the Thames, I should under any circumstances have regarded it as sound policy to exact reparation for wrong done to British subjects from any Native State. But our relations with the Burmese Court, and the policy it had long pursued towards us, imposed upon the Government of India, at the time to which I refer, the absolute necessity of exacting from it reparation for the systematic violation of treaty of which British traders had now made formal complaint.

Of all the Eastern nations with which the Government of India has had to do, the Burmese were the most arrogant and overbearing.

During the years since the treaty with them had been concluded, they had treated it with disregard, and had been allowed to disregard it with impunity. They had been permitted to worry away our Envoys by petty annoyances from their Court, and their insolence had even been tolerated when at last they vexed our commercial Agent at Rangoon into silent departure from their port. Inflated by such indirect concessions as these, the Burmans had assumed again the tone they used before the War of 1825. On more than one occasion they had threatened

re-commencement of hostilities against us, and always at the most untoward time.

However contemptible the Burman race may seem to critics in Europe, they have ever been regarded in the East as formidable in the extreme. Only five-and-twenty years before, the news of their march towards Chittagong had raised a panic in the bazars of Calcutta itself; and even in the late War, a rumour of their supposed approach spread consternation in the British Districts of Assam and Arracan.

If deliberate and gross wrong should be tamely borne from such a people as this, without vindication of our rights or exaction of reparation for the wrong, whether the motive of our inaction were desire of peace or contempt for the Burman power, it was felt that the policy would be full of danger; for the Government of India could never, consistently with its own safety, permit itself to stand for a single day in an attitude of inferiority towards a Native power, and least of all towards the Court of Ava.

Every effort was made to obtain reparation by friendly means. The reparation required was no more than compensation for the actual loss incurred. But every effort was vain. Our demands were evaded; our Officers were insulted. The warnings which we gave were treated with disregard, and the period of grace which we allowed was employed by the Burmese in strengthening their fortifications, and in making every preparation for resistance.

Thereupon the Government of India despatched a powerful expedition to Pegu, and within a few weeks the whole of the Coast of Burmah, with all its defences, was in our possession.

Even then the Government of India abstained from further operations for several months, in the hope that, profiting by experience, the King of Ava would yet accede to our just demands.

But our forbearance was fruitless. Accordingly, in the end of 1852, the British Troops took possession of the Kingdom of Pegu, and the Territory was retained, in order that the Government of India might hold from the Burman State both adequate compensation for past injury and the best security against future danger.

4. Since hostilities with Burmah ceased, the Indian Empire has been at peace.

No prudent man, who has any knowledge of Eastern affairs, would ever venture to predict the maintenance of continued peace within our

Eastern possessions. Experience—frequent, hard and recent experience—has taught us, that War from without or rebellion from within may at any time be raised against us, in quarters where they were the least to be expected, and by the most feeble and unlikely instruments. No man, therefore, can ever prudently hold forth assurance of continued peace in India.

• But having regard to the relation in which the Government of India stands towards each of the several Foreign powers around it, I think it may be safely said that there seems to be no quarter from which formidable War can reasonably be apprehended at present.

5. Although the mission which lately proceeded to the Court of Ava, with the primary object of reciprocating the friendly feeling which the King of Ava had previously shown by voluntarily despatching an Embassy to the Governor General of India, has brought back with it no treaty of alliance or of commerce, I nevertheless regard the continuance of peace between the States as being not less secure than the most formal instrument could have made it. When the Hon'ble Court recalls to mind that from the very first, in 1852, I deprecated the reconstruction of any Treaty relations with the Court of Ava at all, it will not be surprised to find me add, that I still consider peace with Ava as even more likely to be maintained in the absence of all commercial or friendly treaties, than if those conventions had been renewed as before.

It is admitted on all sides that the desire of the King of Ava for lasting peace is genuine and sincere. It is admitted that his will is supreme, and his authority without dispute, among his Chiefs and people. A sense of inferiority has penetrated at last to the convictions of the nation. The Burman Court and the Burman people alike have shown that they now dread our power; and in that dread is the only real security we can ever have, or ever could have had, for stable peace with the Burman State.

6. For nearly forty years Nepal has faithfully observed the peace she bought so dearly. Her minister, sagacious and able, has himself been witness of the vast resources of our power, during his recent visit to Europe. He has been for some time engaged in a War with Thibet, which has been productive of heavy charge, while it has brought neither power nor profit to Nepal, and must have given umbrage to China, whose tributary she is. From Nepal, therefore, there is even less probability of hostility now, than in any one of the forty years during

which she has in good faith observed the peace, which she solemnly bound herself to maintain, and which her obvious interests recommend.

7. Maharaja Golab Sing of Jummoo and Cashmere, so long as he lives, will never depart from the submissive policy he announced, with unmistakable sincerity in his air, when in Durbar at Wuzeerabad he caught my dress in his hands, and cried aloud,—“ Thus I grasp the skirts of the British Government, and I will never let go my hold !”

And when, as must soon be, the Maharaja shall pass away, his son, Meean Runbeer Sing, will have enough to do to maintain his ground against rivals of his own blood, without giving any cause of offence to a powerful neighbour, which he well knows can crush him at its will.

8. On the Western border a Treaty has been made with the Khan of Kelat, whereby he becomes the friend of our friends and the enemy of our enemies, and engages to give us temporary possession of such positions within his Territory as we may at any time require for purposes of defence.

9. Lastly, a Treaty was concluded, during the past year, with the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabool. It bound him to be the friend of our friends and the enemy of our enemies, while it imposed no corresponding obligation upon us from which inconvenience or embarrassment could arise. The Ameer himself sought our friendship, and he has already shown that he regards it as a tower of strength.

Thus the enmity which existed through many years, and which was aggravated by the Affghan policy of 1849, has happily been removed without any sacrifice on our part and to our manifest advantage. An alliance has been timely formed with the leading Affghan State upon the solid basis of common interest against a common enemy. Already the consequences of the treaty have developed themselves in the conquest of Candahar by the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, an event which has largely increased the Ameer's power, while it has brought to pass for us, that every portion of our Western Frontier, from the Himalayas even to the Sea, is now covered against hostile attack by the barrier of a treaty with a friendly power.

I venture to think that the Court of Directors will see in this brief summary ample reason to be content with the condition in which I leave the relations of the Hon'ble East India Company with every Foreign State around its border.

10. As regards the internal tranquillity of the Empire, I have already observed that no man can presume to warrant its continuance, with

certainty, for a day. In Territories and among a population so vast, occasional disturbance must needs prevail. Raids and forays are, and will still be, reported from the Western Frontier. From time to time marauding expeditions will descend into the plains, and again expeditions to punish the marauders will penetrate the Hills. Nor can it be expected but that, among races so various and multitudes so innumerable, local outbreaks will from time to time occur, as little looked for as that of the Sonthal tribe in the Damun-i-koh.

But the rising of the Sonthal tribe has been repressed, and measures of precaution have been taken, such as may be expected to prevent all risk of its recurrence.

With respect to the Frontier raids, they are, and must for the present be viewed as, events inseparable from the state of society which for centuries past has existed among these mountain tribes. They are no more to be regarded as interruptions of the general peace in India than the street-brawls which appear among the every-day proceedings of a Police Court in London are regarded as indications of the existence of Civil War in England.

I trust, therefore, that I am guilty of no presumption in saying that I shall leave the Indian Empire in peace, without and within.

12. During the eight years over which we now look back, the British Territories in the East have been largely increased : within that time four Kingdoms have passed under the sceptre of the Queen of England, and various Chiefships and separate tracts have been brought under her sway.

13. The Kingdom of the Punjab and the Kingdom of Pegu were the fruits of conquest, which followed upon the Wars, whose origin and issue have been already stated.

14. The Kingdom of Nagpore became British Territory by simple lapse, in the absence of all legal heirs. The Kingdom, which had been granted to the reigning Raja by the British Government when it had become forfeited by the treachery of Appa Sahib, was left without a claimant when the Raja died. No son had been born to His Highness ; none had been adopted by him ; none, as they have themselves admitted, was adopted at the Raja's death by the Ranees, his widows. There remained no one male of the line who descended from the stock and bore the name of Bhonsla.

The British Government, therefore, refused to bestow the Territory in free gift upon a stranger, and wisely incorporated it with its own Dominions.

15. Lastly, the Kingdom of Oude has been assumed in perpetual government for the Hon'ble East India Company, in pursuance of a policy which has so recently been under the consideration of the Hon'ble Court that I deem it unnecessary to refer to it more particularly here.

16. The Principality of Sattara was included in the British Territories in 1849 by right of lapse, the Raja having died without male heir.

17. In like manner the Chiefship of Jhansie has reverted to the possession of the Indian Government.

18. Lastly, by a treaty concluded in 1853, His Highness the Nizam has assigned in perpetual Government to the Hon'ble East India Company the Province of Berar and other Districts of his State, for the permanent maintenance of the Hyderabad Contingent, for the payment of certain debts which he had incurred, and for the termination of those transactions which for many years had been the fruitful source of dispute, and had even endangered the continuance of friendly relations between the States.

19. By the several territorial acquisitions which have just been enumerated, a revenue of not less than

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| Punjab | £1,500,000 |
| Pegu (1856) | 270,000 |
| Nagpore (less tribute) | 410,000 |
| Oude, | 1,450,000 |
| Sattara | 150,000 |
| Jhansie | 50,000 |
| Hyderabad, | 500,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £4,330,000 |

From Returns and from Parliamentary Papers.

(£4,000,000) four millions Sterling has been added to the annual income of the Indian Empire.

20. Stated in general terms, the revenue of India has increased from £26,000,000 in 1847-48 to £30,000,000 in 1854-55; and the income of the present year, exclusive of Oude, has been estimated at the same amount of £30,000,000 Sterling.

Without entering into any close detail, it may be stated that the main sources of revenue are not less productive than before; while the revenue derived from Opium has increased from £2,730,000 in 1847-48 to £4,700,000 in 1854-55, and is estimated at upwards of £5,000,000 for the present year.

21. The increase which has gradually and rapidly taken place in the external trade of India may be fairly estimated by the shipping returns of its principal port, Calcutta.

In 1847-48 there arrived in the Hooghly 625 vessels (exclusive of Native craft) amounting to 274,000 tons. In 1854-55 the number of vessels had increased to 866, and the tonnage to 481,000 tons ; while in the first ten months of the present year, there have already arrived 1,010 vessels of 556,000 tons. Thus, in these eight years, the tonnage which sought the Port of Calcutta has more than doubled in amount.

22. The facts which have been briefly stated above would seem to promise well for the financial prosperity of the country.

A measure which was carried into effect in 1853-54 was calculated to contribute further to that end. During those years the Five per cent. debt of India was entirely extinguished. Excepting the payment of a comparatively small sum in cash, the whole of the five per cent. debt was either converted into a Four per cent. debt, or re-placed in the open Four per cent. loan. The saving of interest which was effected by this operation amounted to upwards of £300,000 per annum.

At a later period, by a combination of many unfavorable circumstances which could not have been anticipated, and which were not foreseen in England any more than by us in India, the Government has again been obliged to borrow at the high rate of five per cent. But the operation of 1853-54 was not less politic or less successful in itself, while the financial relief afforded was timely and effectual.

23. During the years 1847-48 and 1848-49 the annual deficiency which had long existed still continued to appear in the accounts ; but in each of the four following years the deficiency was converted into a surplus, varying from £360,000 to nearly £580,000.

During the years 1853-54 and 1854-55 there has again been a heavy deficiency, and the deficiency of the present year is estimated at not less than £1,850,000.

But these apparent deficiencies are caused by the enormous expenditure which the Government is now annually making upon Public Works designed for the general improvement of the several Provinces of the Indian Empire. Therefore, a large annual deficiency must and will continue to appear, unless the Government shall unhappily change its present policy, and abandon the duty which I humbly conceive it owes to the territories entrusted to its charge. The ordinary revenues of the Indian Empire are amply sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet all its ordinary charges ; but they are not sufficient to provide for the innumerable, and gigantic works which are necessary to its

due improvement. It is impracticable to effect, and absurd to attempt, the material improvement of a great Empire by an expenditure which shall not exceed the limits of its ordinary annual income.

24. It is impossible, within the narrow bounds of a single Minute, to describe all the various changes that have been made, and the improvements that have been introduced, in the system of Indian administration, and its several subordinate departments, during the long period which is now being passed under review. A few leading facts can alone be recalled and marshalled in their order.

25. The several new Provinces whose Government we have assumed have been administered in tranquillity and with success.

The remarkable results which have attended the labors of the able and eminent men, to whom was committed the charge of the Province of the Punjab, are now familiar to Parliament and to the country. I feel it to be unnecessary to add even a single word to the Punjab Reports already submitted to the Hon'ble Court, which explain how "internal peace has been guarded—how the various establishments of the State have been organized—how violent crime has been repressed, the penal law executed, and prison discipline enforced—how Civil Justice has been administered—how the taxation has been fixed and the revenue collected—how commerce has been set free, agriculture fostered, and the national resources developed—how plans for future improvement have been projected—and lastly, how the finances have been managed."

26. In the Province of Pegu the results of our administration have been satisfactory in a high degree, though they have neither the brilliancy nor the interest which attaches to the labors of the local Officers in the Punjab.

But in Pegu also we have the satisfaction of knowing that, in spite of the peculiar discouragements and heavy difficulties with which our Officers have had to contend, complete tranquillity has long since been established. The people, lightly taxed and well to do, are highly contented with our rule: order and quiet prevail throughout the Districts: even in Tharrawaddy, which under the Burman rule was the permanent refuge of rebellion and crime, all outrage has ceased. The rivers, the great highways of the country, watched by an effective police, are tra-

versed in safety by all. Trade is rapidly increasing: a new port has been founded for the new European trade which has at once sprung up: and, light as taxation is, the revenue has already exceeded the amount at which I estimated its probable measure, for it is expected that twenty-seven lakhs will be collected this year.

Population alone is wanting. When that deficiency shall have been supplied, the Province of Pegu will equal Bengal in fertility of production, and will surpass it in every other respect.

27. The anticipations of those who believed that the renewal of British authority in Nagpore would be hailed with lively satisfaction by the whole population of the Province, have been more than fulfilled by the event.

The Raj was transferred by a simple order to the possession of the British Crown. Not one additional soldier was moved into the Province. Our Civil administration has been introduced into every District. Such portion of the Army as was required has been embodied and disciplined in our pay, while the rest have been pensioned, or discharged with a handsome gratuity. Perfect contentment and quiet prevail. Beyond the palace walls not a murmur has been heard, and in no single instance throughout the districts has the public peace been disturbed.

28. Equally happy results have attended the assignment which the Nizam was persuaded to make of the districts belonging to the State of Hyderabad.

On the possession of Berar and the neighbouring districts of Nagpore, the British Government, it deserves to be remembered, has secured the finest cotton tracts which are known to exist in all the continent of India; and thus has opened up a great additional channel of supply, through which to make good a felt deficiency in the staple of one great branch of its manufacturing industry.

Since the assignment was made all disputes with the Nizam have ceased.

Though the Districts assigned were covered with places of defence—the famous fortress of Gawilghur among the rest—and although they were garrisoned by Arabs or Rohillahs, yet all were delivered over submissively and at once, and not a single shot was fired in anger.

There also the Civil administration has been introduced. Crime, especially the violent crime of dacoity, has already much diminished. The Revenue is already rapidly increasing. The public tranquillity has not been disturbed by even a single popular tumult; and the admirable

little Army which was formerly the Nizam's Contingent, but which is now a British force, is available for any service for which it may be required.

29. The assumption of the Government of Oude is an event too recent to admit of any record being given of the progress that has been made towards the organization of its future administration. The Government of the Province was assumed on the 7th of this month. Up to the present time, no resistance has been attempted, no disturbance of the public peace has occurred. The troops of the King are contentedly taking service in our pay; and, thus far, at least, no Zemindar or Chief has refused submission to our authority.

A complete Civil administration had been prepared, and the military force which it was intended to retain had been fully organized, before negotiations were opened with the King. Officers had been named to every appointment. The best men that could be found available were selected from the Civil and Military Services for the new Offices in Oude, and the Government has every reason to anticipate that they will achieve an equal degree of success with those to whom similar tasks have previously been committed.

30. It is not, however, in the new Provinces alone that great changes have been brought to pass. When the Statute of 1833 expired, material and important changes were made by the House of Parliament upon the frame of the administration itself. Of these, two principal measures are worthy of note.

31. Until that time the local Government of Bengal had been placed in the hands of the Governor General of India. But in the year 1853, the system, by which the Officer charged with the responsibility of controlling the Government of all India was further burdened with local duties of vast extent and importance, was happily abandoned. The Governor General was finally liberated from the obligation of performing an impossible task, and a Lieutenant Governor was appointed to the charge of Bengal alone.

The importance of this measure cannot be over-rated.

32. At the same time another great change was introduced, equally novel in its character, and not less important.

A Council was appointed as the Legislature of India, which was no longer identical with the Supreme Council, but included divers other members, and exercised its functions by separate and distinct proceedings of its own

The organization of the Legislative Council proved to be a work which involved great labor, and was attended with many difficulties.

The proceedings of the Council, however, were speedily reduced to form. The duties of the Council have subsequently been laboriously and faithfully performed. The public has long since had access to its deliberations. Its debates and papers are printed and published, and I trust and believe that Parliament and the public will each year see reason to be more and more content with the manner in which the Legislative Council of India will fulfil the purposes for which it was established.

33. Before proceeding to enumerate the measures that have been named and carried into effect in connexion with the internal administration of the country, I am desirous of referring to some political incidents, which are not unworthy of note, although they did not seem to be of sufficient importance to find a place in the paragraphs allotted to the foreign relations of the Hon'ble Company.

34. Early in 1848, the Raja of Ungool, a petty Chieftain in the Jungle Mehals, resisted the authority of the Government. His Raj was taken from him, and he has since died in exile.

35. The Rajah of Sikkim, a Hill Chieftain on the borders of Nepal, in order to enforce certain claims which he alleged against the Government of India, had the audacity to seize the person of the Political Officer at Darjeeling, when travelling under the Raja's safeguard within his Dominions. Military preparations were made; the Agent was released; and all the Territories which the Raja possessed within the plains were confiscated and have been retained.

36. In Sindh, Meer Ali Moorad of Khyrpoor was accused of having forged a clause in a treaty whereby he had wrongfully obtained possession of lands which of right belonged to the British Government. A full and fair investigation was made. The Amcer had every opportunity afforded to him of defending himself, but his guilt was proved beyond a doubt. The lands were taken from him, and his power and influence were reduced to insignificance.

37. Upon the death of the Nawab of Bhawalpore, who had faithfully supported us in the contest with Moolraj, and to whom a pension of a lakh of rupees was granted as a reward, his second son was acknowledged as his successor, in accordance with the Nawab's request. Before very long, rebellion was raised against the new Nawab, and appeal was made to the British Government.

Nothing would have been easier for that Government than to have made terms by which direct and prospective advantage would have been gained for itself. The Government, however, refrained from all endeavour to aggrandise itself. It left to the Daoodpootras themselves to determine who should be their ruler, and when they had decided in favour of the eldest brother, the natural heir, the Government at once recognized him as Nawab, stipulating only for the safety of the deposed ruler, and accepting the custody of his person.

38. In like manner, when Jung Bahadoor had begged from the Nepalese Durbar the lives of his own brother and of the brother of the Raja of Nepal, who had conspired for the assassination of the minister, and when he obtained their lives only on condition that the British Government would undertake for their safe custody, the Government acting in the interests of humanity accepted the trust, though it was a dubious and responsible one.

39. When, not long since, Raja Jowahir Sing was engaged in open resistance to his uncle, Maharaja Golab Sing, the Government of India maintained a rigid neutrality.

Nothing would have been more easy than that the Government of India, while acting strictly within the obligations of Treaty, should have so framed its policy on this occasion as to place itself in a favorable position for drawing its own advantages from the contest which one day or other will probably arise between the members of the Jummoo family, and for perhaps recovering the fertile and unhappy Province of Cashmere, which in 1846 we unwittingly handed over to a Chief who has proved himself a veritable tyrant, and who already appears to be the founder of a race of tyrants.

But the Government of India was loyal both to the spirit and to the letter of its obligations, and stood wholly aloof from both contending parties.

40. Very lately the Nawab of Mumdot, who derived his independent powers from our gift, was accused of the grossest tyranny and of many personal atrocities. Full investigation was made, and the Nawab has been removed from power, and his Territory will be administered in trust for his family.

41. Seven years ago the heir apparent to the King of Delhi died. He was the last of the royal race who had been born in the purple. The Court of Directors was accordingly advised to decline to recognise

any other heir-apparent, and to permit the kingly title to fall into abeyance upon the death of the present King, who even then was a very aged man. The Hon'ble Court accordingly conveyed to the Government of India authority to terminate the Dynasty of Timoor whenever the reigning king should die.

But as it was found that, although the Hon'ble Court had consented to the measure, it had given its consent with great reluctance, I abstained from making use of the authority which had been given to me. The grandson of the King was recognised as heir-apparent, but only on condition that he should quit the Palace in Delhi, in order to reside in the Palace at the Kootub, and that he should as King receive the Governor General of India at all times on terms of perfect equality.

42. The Nawab Nazim of Bengal having permitted a cruel murder, by the infliction of bastinado, to be committed within his jurisdiction, and almost at the door of his own tent, His Highness' peculiar jurisdiction and legal exemption were taken away from him; and he was subjected to the disgrace of losing a large portion of the salute of honor which he had previously received.

43. During the last autumn the Nawab of the Carnatic very suddenly died.

As the Treaty by which the Musnud of the Carnatic was conferred on His Highness' predecessor was exclusively a personal one, as the Nawab had left no male heir, and as both he and his family had disreputably abused the dignity of their position and the large share of public revenue which had been allotted to them, the Court of Directors has been advised to place the title of Nawab in abeyance, granting fitting pensions to the several members of the Carnatic family.

44. Very shortly after the death of the Nawab of the Carnatic, the Raja of Tanjore deceased. He left no son, and no male heir, direct or indirect, who bore his name. The Hon'ble Court was therefore advised to resume the large stipend, which the Raja had enjoyed, as a lapse to the Government; pensions being granted to the members of the family, as in all similar cases.

45. In consequence of the proved existence of Khutput (that is of bribery and other undue influence) in connexion with the political affairs of Baroda at Bombay, the direction of the relations of His Highness the Guicoyar with the British Government was transferred to the Governor General in Council. Since that time His Highness' affairs have ceased to give trouble or anxiety, and, so far as can be known,

no attempt to exercise Khutput has ever been made by His Highness' agents, or by Goozerattee intriguers, at Calcutta.

All the States in Central India have been placed under the 'control of a Governor General's Agent for Central India, with the same advantage which attended a similar measure within Rajpootana.

46. There are two incidents connected with the families of Native Princes, which remarkably signalise the period we are now reviewing, though they may not be regarded as of political moment.

47. The first is the adoption of the Christian faith by Maharaja Duleep Sing, the last of the rulers of the Punjab. The act was voluntary on the part of the boy, and, under the guidance of GOD's hands, was the result of his own uninfluenced convictions.

It is gratifying to be able to state, that his life hitherto has been strictly consistent with the injunctions of the faith he professes.

48. The other incident is of a similar character. I refer to the Christian baptism of the daughter of the Ex-Raja of Coorg, under the special protection of Her Majesty the Queen. The desire for the baptism of the young Princess proceeded from the Raja himself, and was intimated to me so early as in 1848.

49. The catalogue of the changes and improvements which have been effected, and of the measures that have been taken, under various heads in the several branches of the Civil administration, during the last eight years, is happily a long one.

It commences with the re-organization of the Civil Service itself.

50. By the statute which was passed in 1853 to provide for the Government of India, admission to the Indian Civil Service was thrown open to all who, being natural-born subjects of the Queen, should offer themselves as candidates for examination and admission.

This change of system, comprehensive in its principle and momentous in its consequences for good or for ill, is still an experiment, whose result remains to be seen.

51. Before this large step was taken by the Imperial Parliament, new and stringent rules had been introduced by the Government of India for increasing the efficiency of the Officers of the Civil Service.

The unnecessarily protracted period which was allowed for study to every young Civilian, before he presented himself for the examination which was to test his fitness for entering on active duties, was much

curtailed. Instead of allowing for that purpose twenty-two months, during which the young gentlemen had usually idled and loitered at the Presidency, the Government now requires that every Civilian shall pass an examination in two languages within six months after his arrival. If he should fail to do so, he is not allowed to remain at the Presidency, but is sent into the Mofussil to continue his studies there.

. These rules have been extended to all the several Governments.

52. Periodical examinations of the Covenanted Assistants in the several branches of the administration have been established. Every Assistant is required to pass each of these successive examinations before he receives promotion to a higher grade in the Civil Service.

A similar system of examinations has been established for the Uncovenanted Officers whom the Government employs.

It is believed that the regulations just described have been productive of the best effect.

53. Simultaneously with those measures, the College of Fort William, which was established by the wisdom of Lord Wellesley, but which seemed no longer adapted to the purposes it was intended to serve, and which had indeed become a mere name, was abolished.

A Board of Examiners for conducting examinations, and for superintending the studies of young Civilians, has been created in its stead.

54. All Officers of the Government have been prohibited from engaging or taking any part whatever in the management of Banking and Trading Companies.

54 A. It has been ordered by the Hon'ble Court, that in the event of any of their servants, Civil or Military, resorting for relief to the Insolvent Court, they shall be suspended until the pleasure of the Court shall be made known.

54 B. After several references and modifications, a complete set of Civil Absentee Rules has been substituted for those which were published in 1843. It is hoped that they will be found advantageous at once to the members of the Civil Service and to the interests of the Hon'ble Company.

55. The following are improvements that have been introduced into the frame of the administrative departments.

56. In the Non-Regulation Provinces a principle has been established, whereby the whole body of Civil Officers is distributed into classes of varying size and numbers. The promotion from class to class is

regulated by merit, not by seniority. Undoubted benefit has arisen from this change.

57. Effect has been given to this principle in the Uncovenanted Service of Government.

The system of promotion from grade to grade was formerly regulated by length of service. It gave to each Officer promotion, as a matter of course, after he had served a certain number of years. Promotion by merit is now the rule.

In Bengal and in the North-Western Provinces the Uncovenanted Officers in the Opium Department, the Deputy Collectors, the Deputy Magistrates, and Abkaree Superintendents, have been arranged in classes, on different rising salaries. Merit alone will now raise an Officer from a lower to a higher among these classes.

The superiority of the new system must be obvious at a glance.

58. In addition to these improvements in the terms of service under which the large and valuable body of Uncovenanted Officers is employed in India, there are others which remain to be noticed.

The benefits of the Pension Rules have been conceded to the Officers of the Education Department. This boon has been extended to the Uncovenanted Officers of the Public Works Department, and to those of the Bengal Steam Service.

Furthermore, a set of Absentee Rules for the Uncovenanted Service has been prepared, and has been submitted for the confirmation of the Hon'ble Court.

59. Formerly in the Lower Provinces two separate Boards, each consisting of two Members, had the management, one of the Revenue of Customs Salt and Opium, the other of the general Revenue. The effect of their peculiar constitution was to impose upon the Government the necessity and the labor of deciding in every one of the numerous cases in which the two Members of each Board might chance to differ in opinion.

The separate Boards were abolished; and one Revenue Board of three Members was created in their room.

60. A scheme of reform of the Secretariat and of the Administrative Departments at Bombay, which was submitted by the Government of that Presidency, has been sanctioned, with some temporary reservations.

61. An Accountant General has been appointed in immediate connexion with the Supreme Government.

62. For some time past very earnest endeavours have been made to expedite the preparation and despatch of the Reports on the Sketch and regular Estimates, and of the Statements of actual Receipts and Disbursements in each year.

It is believed that in future years the wishes of the Home Authorities will be completely met. The Sketch Estimate of 1855-56 was sent on 22nd October 1855. It is expected that the regular Estimate of 1855-56 will be sent in May 1856; and that the actual Statement of 1855-56 will be made up in December 1856.

63. It has however been long felt by the Supreme Government that the information which was given, as to the condition of the Indian finances in each year, by the Reports which accompanied the Estimates of the year, was cumbrous, obscure and insufficient. Wherefore, in order to enable the Government of India to take a formal and clear review of its financial position, at regular intervals, it was lately directed that, in addition to the Reports which are annually prepared by the Financial Secretary to accompany the Sketch and regular Estimates and the Accounts of actual Receipts and Disbursements, the Secretary should in future, once in each year, at the time of the submission of the regular Estimate, prepare a separate Report, pointing the attention of the Government in this country and at home to any notable changes in the income from material sources of Revenue, and affording such explanation of the cause as is to be given, noticing where and how any material increase or reduction of expenditure has been made, and submitting generally an exposition of the prospects of the coming year founded upon an intelligible analysis of the results of the year under review.

64. In the year 1854, it was represented to the Hon'ble Court of Directors that in the circumstances of the present day it was unnecessary to maintain any longer the Office of Government Agent. The business of the Government Agent, (the whole of the property in whose hands was private property, not liable to the jurisdiction of the Government, and in cases of dispute tangible by law only,) consisted in buying and selling Government Securities for whoever thought proper to employ him. These and similar functions seemed no part of the duty of a Government Officer; nor was there any reason why the Government of the country should continue to act any longer as a private Agent.

Accordingly, the consent of the Hon'ble Court was given to the abolition of the Government Agency at the end of the present year.

65. By the Statute of 1853, the salary of each Member of the Supreme Council was fixed at Rupees 80,000 per annum. The salary of each Member of the Legislative Council was fixed at Rupees 50,000 per annum. Guided by this standard the Government has ruled, that no salary in India, shall exceed 50,000 Rupees a year, with some few and specified exceptions.

66. Under the orders of the Hon'ble Court a Special Commissioner has recently been appointed, for the purpose of executing the revision, which the Hon'ble Court had required the Government to make, of all Civil Salaries throughout the Indian Territories.

67. Two great subjects, which command the deepest interest and attention in England, have received, during these years in India, a large measure of consideration and practical development—I mean Prison Discipline and Education.

It was in the North-west Provinces, under the administration of Mr. Thomason, that the first effectual effort was made for the improvement of Prisons and Prison Discipline.

The appointment of an Inspector of Prisons within that jurisdiction was found to be so beneficial in all respects, that a similar Office was created in Bengal. The Governments of Madras and Bombay have since been authorised to establish the Office within their respective Presidencies. It has long since been found necessary to employ an Officer in that capacity for the Non-Regulation Province of the Punjab, and the advantage which would have been derived from possessing the control of such an Officer there from its first annexation having been made apparent, the Government has profited by experience, and has included an Inspector of Prisons among the necessary administrative Officers of the Province of Oude.

In connection with this subject it may be added that the punishment of transportation to the Colonies having been abolished in respect of all civil European prisoners, measures have been taken for preparing a general Prison for persons of that class convicted in India.

68. Until of late years the progress of Education in India, under the auspices of the several Local Governments, must be admitted to have been languid and inconsiderable.

It received its first great impulse, as a general system, from the hand of the late Mr. Thomason, who obtained permission to establish a Government School in every Tehsildaree within eight Districts in Hindoostan. The measure was declaredly experimental ; but it was attended with such signal success, that in 1853, the Government of India very earnestly recommended that the system of Vernacular Education, which had proved so effectual, should be extended to the whole of the North-Western Provinces. Not only was this large measure recommended for immediate adoption, but similar measures were advised for the Lower Provinces of Bengal and for the Punjab, with such modifications as their various circumstances might be found to require.

The Supreme Government did not fail to give its attention to the subject of Vernacular Education in Bombay and Madras, in the former of which some progress has been made.

About the same period the Hindoo College and the Mudrissa in Calcutta were revised and improved.

In connection with them the Honorable Court was requested to sanction the establishment of a Presidency College at Calcutta, which should be open to all classes of the community, and which should furnish a higher scale of Education, especially of English Education, to the youth of Bengal, than was supplied by any existing Institutions.

The establishment of the College has since been sanctioned.

While the proposals for that Institution, and for the extension of Vernacular Education, were still before the Home Authorities, the Honorable Court addressed to the Government of India their great Education Despatch dated 19th July 1854. It contained a Scheme of Education for all India, far wider and more comprehensive than the Local or the Supreme Government could ever have ventured to suggest. It left nothing to be desired, if indeed it did not authorise and direct that more should be done than is within our present grasp.

Vernacular Schools throughout the Districts, Government Colleges of a higher grade, and a University in each of the three Presidencies of India, were the main features of this great plan.

The bestowal of Grants-in-Aid on all Educational Institutions was also sanctioned, subject to certain rules, and on the condition of Government inspection being at all times and fully admitted.

Immediate steps were taken in India for giving effect to the orders of the Honorable Court.

A distinct department for the superintendence of Education was constituted. A Director of Public Instruction has been appointed by each Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and in the Punjab ; and suitable aid by Inspectors and others has been allotted to each of them.

Provisional Rules for regulating Grants-in-Aid have been sanctioned for the guidance of the several Local Governments.

Lastly, a Committee has been appointed for the purpose of framing a Scheme for the establishment of Universities at the Presidency Towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It is still engaged in its difficult task.

69. In its general Educational projects the Government has not lost sight of a collateral object, full of peculiar interest, namely, the Education of the Females of India.

In 1850, at the suggestion of the late Mr. Bethune, then the President of the Council of Education, that body was instructed by the Government of Bengal to consider their functions as henceforth extending to the Superintendence of Native Female Education, and that, whenever any disposition was shown by the Natives to establish Female Schools, it would be their duty to give them all possible encouragement.

The Court of Directors, in their Despatch already referred to, observed that the importance of Female Education cannot be over-rated ; and they expressed their cordial sympathy with the efforts which had been made for its encouragement and extension.

It is well known that, among the many difficulties which have stood in the way of educating the females of India, none has been more obstructive than the reluctance which has always been shown by the higher classes of Natives to consent to permit the attendance of their daughters in schools. The late Mr. Bethune endeavoured to meet this difficulty at the Capital, by founding a school for the especial instruction of the female children of Natives of wealth and rank. It began with very small beginnings, but the influence, the liberality, and the perseverance of its founder enabled him to achieve and to witness a certain success in his labors.

His unexpected and lamented death, in 1851, seemed likely to be fatal to the benevolent and novel undertaking in which he had engaged. Unwilling that any chance of success in so desirable an object should be lost, I adopted and have myself supported the School from the time of Mr. Bethune's death until now.

Though it has struggled on but slowly, its progress has been steady and still continues. The attendance has gone on increasing, until there are now more than fifty scholars attached to the School.

By means of funds which were left by Mr. Bethune, an excellent School-house and all requisite buildings have been constructed in Cornwallis Square. Every thing, as I leave it, promises well; and as the Hon'ble Court has been pleased to throw upon itself the pecuniary maintenance of the School in future, I trust that such special interest will be shown in the undertaking, by those of rank and influence on the spot, that its future progress will be insured, until it shall have acquired an extent and stability which will enable it to fulfil the high purposes for which its founder, Mr. Bethune, designed it.

70. While it is gratifying to me to be thus able to state that the moral and social questions which are engaging attention in Europe have not been neglected in India during the last eight years, it is doubly gratifying to record, that those years have also witnessed the first introduction into the Indian Empire of three great engines of social improvement, which the sagacity and science of recent times had previously given to the Western Nations—I mean Railways, Uniform Postage, and the Electric Telegraph.

I propose to advert to each of them, briefly, in their order.

71. The subject of Railway communication in India was first laid before the Supreme Government by Mr. Macdonald Stephenson, in 1843.

In 1849 the Hon'ble Company engaged in a Contract with the East Indian Railway Company, for the construction of an experimental line at a cost not exceeding one million Sterling. The line was to be selected with a view to its forming a portion of a future trunk line to the North-Western Provinces.

On that ground the section from Howrah towards Rajmahal was chosen, with a branch to the Coalfield at Raneegunge.

In the cold weather of 1851, a line was surveyed between Burdwan and Rajmahal. In the following season that survey was continued to Allahabad.

In the Spring of 1853 the Government of India submitted to the Court of Directors its views upon the general question of Railways for the Indian Empire.

The Hon'ble Court was respectfully advised to encourage the formation of Railways in India to the utmost. It was urged not to hesitate to engage in the enterprise upon a scale commensurate to the vast extent of the Territories which had been placed under its Government, and to the great political and commercial interests which were involved.

It was specifically recommended that, in the first instance, a system of trunk lines should be formed, connecting the interior of each Presidency with its principal port, and connecting the several Presidencies with each other.

The trunk lines which were proposed, and of which the general direction could alone be given, were,—

1st,—A line from Calcutta to Lahore.

2nd,—A line from Agra, or some point in Hindostan, to Bombay, or alternatively a line from Bombay by the Nerbudda Valley to meet at some point the line from Calcutta to Lahore.

3rd,—A line uniting Bombay and Madras.

4th,—A line from Madras to the Malabar Coast.

The Hon'ble Court was pleased to give its approval to the general plan which the Supreme Government had sketched.

Some progress has already been made in the construction of most of these lines; and measures have been taken for the construction of them all in due course of time.

In the Bengal Presidency, the line from Calcutta to Raneeunge, a distance of 120 miles, was opened on the 3rd February 1855.

The Court of Directors has sanctioned the construction of a line from Burdwan to Delhi, on a capital of £10,000,000 Sterling.

The direction of the line from Burdwan to Allahabad having been previously approved, that from Allahabad to Cawnpore was sanctioned in June 1854, from Cawnpore to near Agra in December 1854, and thence *via* Agra and Muttra to Delhi in November 1855.

Surveys of two alternative lines from Delhi or Agra to Lahore were executed in 1854-55: additional surveys have been authorized from Mirzapore to Jubbulpore, and from Cawnpore to Bhilsa.

It has been stated above that the trunk line from Calcutta to Burdwan, with a branch to Raneeunge, has already been opened.

It is expected that the section of this trunk line which lies between Mirzapore and Agra (except the bridge over the Jumna at Allahabad)

will be completed by the end of 1857; and arrangements are in progress for opening this portion of the line separately.

It is further expected that the section between Burdwan and Rajmahal will be completed in 1858, and the remainder probably not till 1859.

In the Bombay Presidency the Hon'ble East India Company has recognized and made engagements with two Railway Companies for executing the several lines proposed; the first, the Great India Peninsula Railway Company; the second, the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Company.

In 1849 a contract was entered into with the former, for constructing an experimental line from Bombay towards the Ghâts.

The first section of the Bombay line, which was the first line of Railway employed for public traffic in India, was opened on 16th April 1853.

A length of fifty-one miles on this line, from Bombay to Wasindra, has been open since October 1855.

After much discussion, and many surveys, in regard to the competing lines for the traffic between Candeish and Bombay, (the one proposed by the Great India Peninsula Railway Company, direct, by the Thull Ghât in the Syhâdree Range—the other proposed by the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Company, circuitous, by way of the Taptee Valley,) the Government of India was enabled to form a well-founded conclusion in the autumn of 1855. The Supreme Government recommended that the line from Bombay to Candeish by way of the Thull Ghât should be sanctioned by the Hon'ble Court as a highly important local line.

At the end of the year the Supreme Government recommended further, that an extension of this line from Candeish to Nagpore should receive the sanction of the Hon'ble Court.

Thus direct and easy and cheap conveyance will be afforded to the magnificent port of Bombay, not only for the produce of the rich province of Candeish, but for all the raw cotton of the famous districts of Berar and Nagpore, to whose value allusion has already been made in a previous paragraph of this Minute.

Surveys have also been executed for this Company from Candeish to the Iron and Coal Districts on the Nerbudda, and as far as Jubbulpore, where they will meet the survey already mentioned from Mirzapore.

In December 1854, the Supreme Government recommended to the Hon'ble Court to give its sanction to the line from Bombay by the Bhoré Ghât to Poona, as the first section of the trunk line from Bombay to Madras.

In the autumn of 1855, the Hon'ble Court was advised to sanction the prolongation of this line from Poona as far as the River Kistna, where it is intended to meet the trunk line from Madras.

In November 1854, the Government of India resolved to recommend to the Court of Directors to give its sanction to the line which had been surveyed by the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Company from Bombay to Baroda and Ahmedabad, and which was intended to form the first section of a trunk line from the Western Coast of India to Hindostan.

The Hon'ble Court was pleased to approve of the section from Surat to Ahmedabad, but it withheld, for the time, its sanction to the section between Surat and Bombay.

The line of junction which should be selected between the Presidency of Bombay and Hindostan has been found beset with difficulties. But in the very last hours of my administration, I have had the satisfaction of receiving plans and sections, which appear to show that a very practicable and eligible line may be found from Baroache over the Ghâts to Indore, and thence by Bhilsa and Gwalior to Agra. I trust that this line, forming an excellent junction between Bombay and Hindostan, and giving easy access to the rich products and important trade of Central India may ultimately be adopted.

In the Madras Presidency all the Railway engagements of the Hon'ble East India Company have been formed with the Madras Railway Company.

A line from Madras by Vaniembaddy, Salem, and Coimbatore, to Poonany on the Malabar Coast, was sanctioned by the Hon'ble Court.

No portion of this line has been opened as yet for public traffic; but I had the satisfaction of travelling upon it for about fifty miles in November last, and I saw every reason to approve of the execution of the line, and of the vigour with which the works were being carried on.

Sanction has also been given by the Hon'ble Court to a branch line from Vaniembaddy to Bangalore.

Two plans have been proposed for the trunk line which is to unite the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay.

The one line would proceed by Cuddapah and Bellary to the River Kistna the other would form a continuation of the line first mentioned, and would be carried from Bangalore to Bellary, and thence to the River Kistna.

The Supreme Government has given the preference to the trunk line by way of Cuddapah, and has referred the question for the final decision of the Hon'ble Court.

It seems to me that the 'Hon'ble Court have every reason to be satisfied with the progress that has been made in the construction of Indian Railways since 1849, and with the prospect of future return.

72. The inferiority of the Postal system in India, and the unsatisfactory manner in which the Post Office Department had been found to work in every Presidency, induced the Supreme Government, in the year 1850, to appoint a Commission, consisting of one member from each Presidency, to examine into the Post Office system and to report on some scheme for its improvement.

The Report prepared by the Commission was submitted for the consideration of the Hon'ble Court of Directors. It resulted ultimately in the adoption of the following principal changes and improvements in the Indian Postal system :—

1st,—The institution of the Post Office throughout India as a distinct department, superintended by the " Director General," under the immediate control of the Government of India.

2nd,—The establishment of an uniform single rate of Postage, of half-an-anna ($\frac{3}{4}d.$) for letters, and of an anna ($1\frac{1}{2}d.$) for newspapers, few irrespective of distance.

3rd,—The substitution of Postage Stamps for cash payments.

4th,—The restriction of the privilege of official franking to as Officers as possible.

Very recently Her Majesty's Government have consented to the adoption of an uniform rate of Postage, payable in one sum, on letters between England and India. The rate has been fixed at six pence per half ounce.

As yet, it is too soon to form any correct estimate of the actual effect of these changes upon the amount of general correspondence and upon the public revenue. So far as we may venture to form a conjecture, the increase in correspondence has already been at the rate of 25 per cent., while the loss of revenue has been less considerable than was expected.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to form any conception at all of the real magnitude of these changes and of their social effects, unless by illustration and contrast. Two simple facts may perhaps enable a

bystander to estimate in some degree the extent of our Postal reform and its value.

In England a single letter is conveyed to any part of the British Isles for a penny : in India a single letter is now conveyed over distances immeasurably greater, from Peshawur on the borders of Affghanistan to the southernmost village by Cape Comorin, or from Debrooghur in Upper Assam to Kurrachee at the mouth of the Indus, for no more than three farthings. The postage chargeable on the same letter three years ago in India would not have been less than a shilling, or sixteen times the present charge.

Again, since uniform rates of Postage between England and India have been established, the Scotch recruit, who joins his regiment on our furthest frontier at Peshawur, may write to his mother at John O'Groat's House and may send his letter to her free for a sixpence. Three years ago the same sum would not have carried his letter beyond Lahore.

It has rarely happened that a departmental revolution so complete, having consequences so wide-spread and so generally beneficial, could be recorded in so few lines as have now sufficed to exhibit the reform of our Indian Post Office and its excellent results.

73. It was in the beginning of April 1852, that the Report of Dr. W. O'Shaughnessy, on the full completion, and the successful working, of the experimental line of Electric Telegraph, which had previously been authorised by the Hon'ble Court, was laid before the Government of Bengal. On the 14th of that month the Governor of Bengal strongly urged the Governor General in Council to obtain the sanction of the Hon'ble Court to the immediate construction of lines of Electric Telegraph from Calcutta to Agra, to Bombay, to Peshawur, and to Madras. He also advised that Dr. O'Shaughnessy should be forthwith sent to England for the furtherance of the measure. On the 23rd of the same month, the Governor General in Council recommended these measures to the Court of Directors, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy proceeded to England.

The Hon'ble Court entered into the proposal with the utmost cordiality and promptitude, and on 23rd June it signified its assent to the whole proposal of the Government of India.

During the rest of that year, and through the greater part of the next year, Dr. O'Shaughnessy was employed in procuring and dispatching from

England the immense mass of materials which was required for the vast work which had been projected.

In November 1853, the construction of the Telegraph line from Calcutta to Agra was commenced. On the 24th March 1854, a message was sent over the line from Agra to Calcutta, a distance of 800 miles, which had been completed in less than five months.

The vigour which was thus apparent at the commencement of the work was fully maintained throughout all its subsequent progress. On the 1st February 1855, fifteen months after the commencement of the work, the Superintendent was able to notify the opening of all the lines from Calcutta to Agra, and thence to Attock on the Indus, and again from Agra to Bombay and thence to Madras. These lines included forty-one Offices, and were extended over 3,050 miles of space.

Nor is this all. Since the commencement of the past year the line of Electric Telegraph has been completed to Peshawur. It has been extended from Bangalore to Ootacamund; and is nearly finished from Rangoon to Meeaday upon the Burmese Frontier.

To sum up in a single sentence. The Superintendent has stated in his last Report that 4,000 miles of Electric Telegraph have been laid down, and placed in working order, since the month of November 1853.

9th February 1856.

The difficulties which have been encountered in the construction of the Indian Telegraph lines were such as have no existence in the civilized and cultivated countries of Europe.

Throughout Central India, for instance, Dr. O'Shaughnessy states,—
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; para. 27. “The country crossed opposes enormous difficulties to the maintenance of any line. There is no metalled road; there are few bridges; the jungles also in many places are deadly for at least half the year; there is no police for the protection of the lines. From the loose black cotton soil of Malwa to the rocky wastes of Gwalior, and the precipices of the Sindwa Ghâts, every variety of obstacles has to be encountered.”

On the lines that have been mentioned, about seventy principal rivers have been crossed, some by cables, others by wires extended between masts.

Some of these river-crossings have been of great extent. The cable across the Soane measures 15,840 feet; and the crossing of the Toombudra River is stated to be not less than two miles in length.

The cost of constructing the Electric Telegraph in India cannot yet
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; be accurately calculated. The Superintendent in
 para. 66. his last Report has stated it as his belief, that the
 "total cost of everything, construction of 4,000 miles as they at present
 stand, working of all the offices for two years, spare stores in hand,
 instruments, houses, &c." will not exceed twenty-one lakhs of rupees, or
 little more than 500 Rupees a mile.

It is to be observed that the construction of the line, though rapid, is
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; for the most part already substantial. The Super-
 para. 81. intendent states, that the line "for three-fourths
 of the distance from Madras to Calcutta is superior in solidity to any
 ever erected elsewhere."

On some portions of its length, it stands without a rival in
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; the world. For instance, in the Madras Presi-
 para. 32. dency, the line for 174 miles is borne on stone
 masonry pillars capped with granite; while for 332 miles it is
 sustained "on superb *granite, 16 feet high above ground, in single
 slabs.*"

It is satisfactory to be able to add, that the Superintendent has offici-
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; ally stated that the Tariff of charges on the Indian
 para. 68. lines "is now as cheap as that in use in any other
 country having lines of such length as permit a fair comparison with ours."

Thus it is stated that in England a message of 20 words, sent 400
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; miles, would be charged five shillings. The charge
 para. 70. in India for 24 words to Benares, 420 miles, is
 three shillings.

Again, in the lines on the Continent of Europe, a message of 24 words
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; sent from London to Trieste, would cost 22 shil-
 para. 74. lings. A similar message of 24 words sent from
 Calcutta to Bombay (about the same distance, 1,600 miles, as from Lon-
 don to Trieste) would be 12 shillings.

For a comparison of the charges for greater distances than these, we
 must look to the United States of America.

The Superintendent states, that a message of 16 words, sent from
 Report 9th Feb. 1856; New York to New Orleans, 2,000 miles, would cost
 para. 76. 13 shillings and 6 pence. A similar message of
 16 words, sent from Calcutta to Bangalore, which is more than 2,000
 miles, costs only ten shillings.

Allusion has been made to the physical difficulties which obstructed the formation of the Telegraph lines in India. But these were by no means the most serious difficulty with which the Superintendent has had to contend. An entire establishment for the working of the lines was to be formed from the commencement, and the materials from which to form it were scanty, and by no means of the best description.

Hence the Superintendent states, even in his last Report, that his Report 9th Feb. 1856; "Chief and almost insurmountable difficulty" has
para. 100. lain in the sudden and simultaneous training of some 300 persons, employed in sixty different offices. And while the Superintendent affirms that the signallers generally are expert and capable of accurate manipulation, yet in respect of steadiness and other requisite qualities he records that there is both room and need for great improvement.

I could myself bear testimony to the accuracy and rapidity with which the Telegraph is worked, but I prefer to quote the recorded statements of the Superintendent.

Referring to allegations of inaccuracy in the Telegraph Department, the Superintendent observes—"I can further establish by facts and official records beyond dispute, that the Indian lines have already accomplished performances of rapidity in the transmission of intelligence, which equal that achieved on the American lines.

"We have repeatedly sent the first bulletin of overland news in 40 minutes from Bombay to Calcutta, 1,600 miles. Report 9th Feb. 1856; para. 78. "We have delivered despatches from Calcutta to the Governor General at Ootacamund, during the rainy season, in three hours, the distance being 200 miles greater than from London to Sebastopol. We have never failed for a whole year in delivering the mail news from England *via* Bombay within twelve hours."

The Superintendent has been permitted by the Hon'ble Court to proceed a second time to England and to America, to obtain the means of improving our present system and of extending it still further.

Several new lines are in contemplation within India itself.

The Supreme Government has further expressed its readiness to cooperate with the Government of Ceylon in extending the Indian lines from the Presidency of Madras to Point de Galle.

And, as the Hon'ble Court has indicated its willingness to join in any practicable scheme for laying down a Submarine Telegraph across the

Mediterranean and the Indian Seas, it may be hoped that the system of Electric Telegraphs in India may yet one day be united with those which envelope Europe, and which already seek to stretch across the Atlantic Ocean.

It is not the object of the Government of India to derive any surplus revenue from its Telegraph establishment. If, Report 9th Feb. 1856; para. 7. therefore, mention is here made of the financial results of the year, it is only for the purpose of showing the important fact, that increasing resort is made to the Telegraph for the transaction of private business throughout the country. The Superintendent states, that the "monthly cash receipts have, even in the first year, very largely exceeded the sum anticipated (namely 10,000 Rupees), and that they "exhibit a steady and constant increase from month to month."

The Political and the Military advantages which the Government of the country derives from the possession of such an engine of power are too obvious to call for notice. But two remarkable instances of its efficacy, which have fallen within my own immediate knowledge, will afford an illustration of its political value, which will not be without interest.

When H. M.'s 10th Hussars were ordered with all speed from Poona to the Crimea, a message requesting instructions regarding their despatch was one day received by me at Calcutta, from the Government of Bombay, about nine o'clock in the morning; instructions were forthwith sent off by the Telegraph in reply, and an answer to that reply was again received at Calcutta from Bombay in the evening of the same day. A year before, the same communications, for the despatch of speedy reinforcements to the seat of war, which occupied by the Telegraph no more than twelve hours, could not have been made in less than thirty days.

The other instance is of a similar character:—

When it was resolved to send Her Majesty's 12th Lanciers from Bangalore to the Crimea, instead of Her Majesty's 14th Dragoons from Meerut, orders were forthwith despatched by Telegraph direct to the Regiment at Bangalore.

The Corps was immediately got ready for service. It marched 200 miles to Mangalore, and was there before the transports were ready to receive it.

In both cases the effect was the same. The Electric Telegraph enabled the Authorities in India to give to Her Majesty's Government,

in its hour of need, two magnificent Cavalry Corps of not less than 1,300 sabres; and to despatch them to the Crimea with a promptitude and timely alacrity which exceeded all expectations, and which in the circumstances of the previous year would have been utterly impracticable.

NOTE.—I venture to add another and a recent instance of the political value of the Electric Telegraph, which has occurred since this Minute was signed.

On the 7th February, as soon as the administration of Oude was assumed by the British Government, a branch Electric Telegraph from Cawnpore to Lucknow was forthwith commenced. In eighteen working days it was completed, including the laying of a Cable, 6,000 feet in length, across the River Ganges.

On the morning on which I resigned the Government of India, General Outram was asked by Telegraph, "Is all well in Oude?"—The answer, "All is well in Oude," was received soon after noon, and greeted Lord Canning on his first arrival.

(Signed) D.

I have now given a brief history of the construction of the working and of the results of the Electric Telegraph in India.

In the Minute in which, as Governor of Bengal, I first proposed the construction

of a general system of Telegraphs to the Governor General in Council, it was observed, "Everything, all the world over, moves faster now-a-days than it used to do, except the transaction of Indian business."

Whoever shall peruse the paragraphs that have just been written Minute, 14th April will be ready to admit, that, so far as the Electric 1852, p. 9. Telegraph is concerned, the reproach of tardiness has been removed.

Furthermore, I make bold to say that, whether regard be had to promptitude of executive action, to speed and solidity of construction, to rapidity of organization, to liberality of change, or to the early realization and vast magnitude of increased political influence in the East, the achievement of the Hon'ble Company in the establishment of the Electric Telegraph in India may challenge comparison with any public enterprise which has been carried into execution in recent times, among the Nations of Europe or in America itself.

74. Although conspicuous place has been given to those great measures of public improvement, on which I have dwelt in the preceding paragraphs at a length which only their great importance and value will justify, many measures remain to be told which are well worthy of note, in connexion with the commerce, the resources, the products, the communications, and the general improvement of the country.

75. In connexion with Commerce and Navigation, it may be mentioned, that, within the last eight years, differential duties on foreign bottoms have been abolished.

The Coasting trade of India has been set entirely free.

An Act has been passed for the discouragement of Crimps and for the Registry of British Seamen.

The duties levied in the Ports of India were already so light, that there has been little inducement to touch the Tariff, unless it had been for the purpose of enhancing the rates in justice to the general revenue of India.

The Tariff, however, has been in some degree simplified; and its operation has been extended to the ports in the Provinces of Tenasserim, Arracan and Pegu.

Restriction on the Salt trade of the North-Western Provinces has been removed.

76. Early in 1854, a Commissioner was appointed to investigate and report upon the whole question of the manufacture and sale of Salt in India.

The appointment of the Commissioner was made with especial reference to the question of the practicability of controlling the manufacture of Salt in Bengal by means of a system of Excise.

It has been a cause of just dissatisfaction to the Supreme Government, that the submission of the Report on this subject has been so long delayed, and that it has only just been transmitted to the Home Authorities by the Commissioner, Mr. Plowden, and even now in an imperfect state.

In the mean time the sanction of the Supreme Government has been given to an experiment being made under the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, for the manufacture of Salt, in one District within his jurisdiction, under a system of Excise. The experiment is still in progress:

77. A duty on the import of raw cotton into the North-Western Provinces has been abolished.

The Frontier customs duties in the Punjab having been found to be a cause of vexatious oppression to the population, while the sum they gave to the Treasury was comparatively inconsiderable in amount, they were wholly abolished; and their place was supplied principally by a Tax on Salt from the Mines.

At the same time the duty on the Salt taken from the Trans-Indus mines was made exceedingly light: the object there being, not the realization of Revenue, but the maintenance of tranquillity and of an effectual control over the interests and the conduct of the Hill tribes.

In like manner, and for similar reasons, all Customs and all Export duties upon the River Indus were abandoned; and ultimately the Land Frontier Customs were abolished in Sindh, as they had previously been in the Punjab. • •

Upon the same principle the Land Frontier Customs between the Territories of His Highness the Nizam and the British Provinces which surround it have been wholly given up, and are no longer levied upon any part of the Frontier.

78. While efforts have thus been made, in various provinces of the Empire, to give full freedom to the course of trade, the Government of India has been sedulous in originating and encouraging endeavours to discover and bring to use the hidden resources of the Indian Territories.

79. The great acquisition which has been made by the possession of the Cotton districts of Berar and Nagpore has already been noticed.

Attention has also been given to the cotton which is produced in the Upper Districts of Pegu. A gentleman, having practical knowledge of the subject, was deputed to examine the Districts beyond Prome and Thayet Myo. His report, although meagre, was encouraging in a certain degree.

80. The cultivation of Tea in Assam has prospered in a remarkable degree.

The plant has also been largely introduced into the Upper Districts of the North-West Provinces. Some years ago plantations were established in the Deyrah Dhoon and in Kumaon and Gurhwal.

More recently Mr. Fortune has been employed to bring plants and seeds in large quantities from China, and to engage Chinese workmen for the manufacture of the tea.

The cultivation has extended along the Himalayas. Extensive plantations are now growing up on the heights towards Kangra, and an experimental plantation has been formed on the Murree Hills above Rawul Pindiee. Further to the Eastward, in Kumaon and

Gurhwal, the Zemindars have adopted the cultivation of the plant themselves.

Very large quantities of tea are now manufactured every year. It sells readily, at a high price.

There is every reason to believe that the cultivation of the tea plant will be very widely spread in future years, and that the trade in tea produced in India will become considerable in extent.

81. An Agricultural and Horticultural Society having been established in the Punjab, the Government has given to it a liberal annual contribution, and constant support and aid.

Different kinds of seeds have been procured from Europe for the improvement of agriculture in that Province.

The growth of Flax has been largely encouraged, and the cultivation of it at once extended to very considerable dimensions.

An experiment for the growth of Silk having been undertaken, workmen skilled in the business, mulberry plants, and every other requisite were provided abundantly by the Government.

Measures have also been taken for preserving the breed of horses which was formerly much prized in the Punjab.

And, to aid the exertions of the Society for introducing a better breed of sheep into the country, Merino rams were procured by the Government, and application was made for the importation of a further supply from the Australian Colonies.

An experiment has been made of the practicability of introducing a breed of sheep into Pegu. The practicability had always previously been denied ; but the success which has already attended the establishment of large flocks in Upper Pegu gives the strongest reason to believe that the animal will speedily be naturalised in those districts, and multiply. The Natives show a strong desire to possess them. They thrive perfectly, and are singularly fruitful.

The object is one of great importance ; for the absence of sheep leads to a privation in respect of food, which is severely felt not only by the European Soldiers in the Province, but also by all of every class who are employed therein.

Corresponding measures for the encouragement of agriculture have not been wanting in the elder Provinces ; and a large pecuniary grant was recently sanctioned by the Supreme Government, on the application of the Government of Madras, for the establishment of periodical Agricultural Shows within that Presidency.

82. The preservation and renewal of Forests in different parts of India is an object of the highest public importance, which until lately had not received the attention it deserved. Rules have now been laid down, and appointments have been made, which it is hoped will for the future have the effect of preventing all unthrifty management of the forests, on which we must mainly depend for the supply of necessary timber ; while the renewal of the trees, as well as their preservation, will be provided for.

With that view a Conservator of Forests was appointed in Pegu, as soon as we obtained possession of the Province.

A similar Officer has been appointed for Tenasserim and Martaban.

The principal forests from which our supply of timber for public purposes in Hindostan was derived belonged to the Government of Oude. They have heretofore been beyond our control, but they will now be carefully regulated and preserved.

A transit duty was until lately levied on the export of timber grown on grants of land made to private persons in the Deyrah Dhoon. This transit duty has been relinquished. But for the proper conservancy of forests in the Dhoon, it has been deemed necessary to prevent the felling of timber without the sanction of a Superintendent of Forests, who is appointed by the Government to ensure due precaution being taken against the waste and injury to the forests which had hitherto gone on unchecked.

Similar endeavours have been made for the preservation of the forests within the Hill States. But as most of these belong to Hill Chiefs, the attainment of the object at which the Government aims is beset with difficulties.

Regulations, however, have been laid down for the management and for the renewal of those forests over which the Government can exercise control.

A complete examination of all the forests upon the Sutlej and Beas has been made by an Officer appointed by the Government of India, and every precaution has been taken for their future preservation and thrifty management, by leasing tracts of forests for our own use, by the prohibition of burning the hill sides, and by the exercise of such influence as can be used with the improvident and ignorant petty potentates to whom the forests for the most part belong.

Throughout the whole Punjab, the Government, as well as private persons, is almost wholly dependent for a supply of timber upon the forests

in Chumba and in the Territories of Maharaja Gholab Sing. To facilitate the supply, and to prevent extortion, a Government Agency has been established with wholesome effect.

The plains of the Punjab are wholly destitute of forest trees. Shortly after our occupation of the Province instructions were issued by the Government, with a view to the gradual removal of this great want. It is hoped that the measures which were enjoined, and which have been vigorously carried into effect, may in due time produce the results which the Government has had in view. But the process must needs be slow, and if success shall ultimately be attained, it must be the work of time.

83. During the last eight years, persevering efforts have been made to render available the mineral wealth which this country is believed to possess.

At the present time two principal necessities which press upon the Government, and are felt to be essential to the interests of the community, are Iron and Coal. Every possible effort has been made, and is still making, to supply those great necessities.

84. Immediately after the annexation of the Punjab, an examination of the Salt Range was made, with a view to determine the extent of the Coal within it, of which seams had been found at Kalabagh.

The result of the examination unfortunately established that the coal discovered at Kalabagh was a mere lignite, inconsiderable in quantity, and almost worthless in quality; and that the Salt Range contained no beds of real coal.

More recently the hopes of the Government were raised by the announcement of the discovery of coal in Pegu. But here also the seam unfortunately proved to be of inconsiderable extent. There is, however, good reason to hope that workable seams of coal may yet be found in Pegu, where, as well as in the Tenasserim Provinces, the mineral has been discovered at various points.

Mr. Oldham, a gentleman possessing scientific and practical knowledge of the subject, was appointed by the Court of Directors to make full examination of the Districts in which Coal might be present. Mr. Oldham has already examined the principal Districts of Bengal, Sylhet, and Tenasserim, and he is now carrying on his investigations in the Nerbudda Valley.

There is no doubt of the existence in India of coal in abundance; but the great difficulty of access to it, and distance, are formidable

impediments in the way of rendering it available for the purposes for which it is required.

85. Enquiries regarding the capacity of the Indian Territories as an iron-producing country were actively set on foot by the deputation of M. Marcadieu, in 1853, as a Geological Surveyor, to examine and report upon the iron mines which were said to exist in the hills to the North of Simla.

Reports were submitted by him on mines at various points. They proved the existence of rich iron ores at certain points; but, from the situation of the mines, and the general scarcity of fuel and of water in the neighbourhood of them, it did not seem to the Court of Directors that the minerals in the Simla Hills held out sufficient inducement to the Government to undertake the working of them.

M. Marcadieu was also employed to enquire into and report upon the supply of Borax, which was said to be found in the Inner Himalayas. The enquiry was urgently pressed by the English manufacturers of porcelain and pottery.

The Borax exists in great abundance in a very wild and remote country belonging to Maharaja Gholab Sing, beyond Spiti and Kooloo. The difficulties of access are very great. The Maharaja has given assurance that he will not raise his duty on the article. The Government of India has promised its best aid. But the Chamber of Commerce in the potteries seems now disinclined to pursue the trade in Borax at so remote a point.

The Hon'ble Court deputed Mr. Henwood, a gentleman possessing practical experience as well as scientific knowledge of the subject, to survey the Districts of Kumaon and Gurhwal, where iron deposits were said to abound.

During the last year the researches of Colonel Drummond and those of Mr. Henwood appeared to the Government of India to have established the practicability and the expediency of commencing mining operations in the Districts above-mentioned. Accordingly an experimental mining and smelting establishment at the foot of the Kumaon Hills has been sanctioned by the Government; and it is already in progress under the direct control of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces.

Other investigations carried on simultaneously by different persons in various quarters, have been equally successful in the discovery of iron ores.

In the Nerbudda Valley, the existence of rich mines of iron have been ascertained by local examinations, conducted by the surveyors of the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Company, under the direction of Colonel Kennedy ; and proposals for working the mineral at Ponassa have, some time since, been laid before the Hon'ble Court.

Iron has been found, and has been actually manufactured, very recently, in districts near Beerbhoom.

Lastly, proposals have during the last few weeks been submitted to the Government of India by Mr. Hunt, one of the Contractors on the East Indian Railway, for leasing and working mines of iron and coal which he has succeeded in finding in the districts not far from Jubbul-pore.

On these encouraging facts, fair hopes may be built, that the present most urgent want of India in connection with her material improvement, namely, an ample supply of good iron within her own bounds, may at no distant date be abundantly supplied.

86. Before proceeding to describe the various classes of Public Works, which during the last eight years have been undertaken by the Government for the material improvement of the country, it should be stated that steps have been taken for the execution of a Topographical Survey of all our recent territorial acquisitions, as a measure which is a necessary preliminary to all systematic improvement.

Thus in the Punjab, surveys were very early established, in different portions of the Province, and on a large scale.

The Northern boundary of Pegu has been very accurately laid down by Major Allan. It was a work of great difficulty and delicacy, and has been executed with much ability and with complete success.

A topographical survey of Pegu is already in progress, and a similar measure has been directed in the adjoining Province of Martaban.

Measures have also been taken for obtaining, as soon as may be practicable, topographical surveys of Nagpore and Sinde, as well as of the Assigned Districts of Hyderabad.

In connection with this part of the subject, it may be mentioned, that in Central India, the consent of all the Native States has been obtained to the making of a topographical survey, and to a demarcation of all the boundaries between the several Native States, and between the British Territories and those of Native States.

This measure is of great importance and value, not only with reference to the possible future improvement of those Territories, but for the preservation of public tranquillity, which has heretofore been so frequently disturbed by feuds arising from disputed boundaries.

87. Of all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian Province, works of Irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. And foremost among all the works of irrigation that the world, as yet, has ever seen, stands the Ganges Canal, whose main stream was for the first time opened on the 8th April 1854.

When the opening of the Canal was reported to the Hon'ble Court, the work was thus briefly described :—

“ Within eight years the main lines of the Ganges Canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, have been designed, executed, and opened.

Minute Governor General; dated 5th May 1854.

“ Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth ten feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation line of the Ganges Canal is justly described, ‘as a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilized nations.’—(Letter of Lieutenant Governor, April 1854, *para.* 8.)

“ Its length is five-fold greater than that of all the main lines of Lombardy united, and more than twice the length of the aggregate irrigation lines of Lombardy and Egypt together—the only countries in the world whose works of irrigation rise above insignificance.

“ As a single work of navigation for purposes of commerce, the Ganges Canal has no competitor throughout the world. No single Canal in Europe has attained to half the magnitude of this Indian work. It nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest Canals in France; it greatly exceeds all the first class Canals of Holland put together, and it is greater, by nearly one-third, than the greatest Navigation Canal in the United States of America.

“ I have spoken here of the main line alone. When the branches in progress shall have been completed, the extent and influence of the work will be vastly increased throughout all its gigantic proportions.

“ Wonderful and admirable in all respects as the Ganges Canal is felt to be, it has been well said, in the words which the Lieutenant-Governor

“ has quoted, ‘ that there is no more striking fact in connexion with it than that such a truly gigantic undertaking should have been, in its designs, the work of a single intellect, and, in its execution, the work of a third part of one man’s professional life.’ ”

All the plans for the prosecution of the works upon the Canal had been formed before the Government of India was placed in my hands. But of the sum of £1,400,000 which had been expended upon the Canal at the time of its opening in 1854, all excepting £170,000 has been granted since my administration commenced. No financial pressure—no exigencies of war—were suffered to interrupt the progress of that great work. Its main lines have now been opened for nearly two years. The water has been admitted over their whole length. The works have stood the test, during the last monsoon, of some of the severest floods that have ever been known ; and as yet the success has been, in all respects, complete.

When the branches shall be finished, the Canal will extend to about 900 miles in length. It is estimated that the area which may be irrigated by its waters will not be less than 1,470,000 acres. But none can estimate, in their full extent, the blessings which its fertilizing influence will confer upon millions, whom it will place henceforth beyond the reach of those periodical calamities of season, which from time to time, as in 1837, have brought upon the plains of Hindostan the wide spread desolation of famine and death.

I trust I shall not be thought vain-glorious if I say, that the successful execution and completion of such a work as the Ganges Canal would, even if it stood alone, suffice to signalise an Indian administration.

I rejoice to know that the gracious favor of the Sovereign was promptly shown to the man, whose genius designed, and whose energy so rapidly completed, this noble work ; and that Sir Proby Cautley has been worthily decorated with high honors from the Crown. • •

88. Although the gigantic proportions of the Ganges Canal might appear at first sight to dwarf all other similar works into insignificance, the Government during these years has undertaken other irrigation projects, which must also be regarded as of great magnitude and importance

Soon after the annexation of the Punjab the sanction of the Government was given to the construction of a large Canal with various branches, which should be fed by the waters of the River Ravee, and which should be applied to the irrigation of the Manjha, (the tract

which was chiefly inhabited by the Scikhs,) and of the rest of the Baree Doab.

The work has been carried on with vigour and success. The main line with its branches will extend over not less than 465 miles. Its stream will be at its head 120 feet in breadth, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in depth, diminishing at its lower end to 16 feet in breadth and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in depth. Its course is intended to be navigable; and even during the dry season of the year the Canal head will roll down a body of water amounting to not less than 3,000 cubic feet in each second.

The Report on the Punjab did not exaggerate the magnitude or the importance of the works in the Baree Doab, when
 Second Punjab Report; para. 424. it stated that the new canal would be "second in India only to the great Ganges Canal, and equal, if not superior, to the finest irrigation canals in Europe."

89. In the Mooltan District we found a vast number of smaller canals, fed by the periodical inundations from the rivers of the Punjab. They had been originally dug by the Pathan Governors, and had more recently been repaired by Sawun Mull, the father of Dewan Moolraj.

An Officer was appointed to supervise the clearance of the canals and the distribution of the waters. "The canals,"
 Second Punjab Report; para. 429. it is stated, "have been both enlarged and improved; and as regards conservancy and subsidiary management they are in more efficient order than ever they were, even in the palmy days of Sawun Mull."

The aggregate length of the inundation Canals in the District of Mooltan is upwards of 600 miles.

90. The Inundation Canals in the Derajat are of local importance; but the streams are troublesome, and the people have not been successful in their management of them.

A survey of all these canals was made, and the improvement of them is still in progress.

In the Cis-Sutlej Province, where surveys for great irrigation works were completed several years ago, no commencement has yet been made, or could have been made, while the expensive works already mentioned more urgently demanded the attention of the Government.

Some amendment, however, has been wrought in those arid regions by a proper distribution of the waters of the Gugger and Sursootce Rivers, which was effected some years ago by the exercise of the

influence of the Government among the Chiefs of the Seikh protected States.

92. Even the Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency, where the usual abundance of the annual rains diminishes the necessity and the call for works of irrigation, have received their due share of improvement under this head ; a comprehensive project for the irrigation of the Districts of Shahabad and Behar, by a canal from the River Soane, and by large reservoirs which are to be formed by 'bundings' up the streams where they issue from the hills, has been strongly recommended to the Hon'ble Court.

93. Among many works which have been constructed in the Presidency of Madras during these years, for the supply of tanks and for other modes of irrigation, I think it necessary to enumerate only a few.

A magnificent work has been designed and executed by Colonel Cotton and his successors, in the construction of the great Anicut across the River Godavery, whereby the means of irrigation will be given to very large tracts of country, to which such security against the constant risk of famine will be beyond all value.

94. For similar purposes of irrigation, sanction was given to the construction of a Regulating Dam across the rivers Cauvery and Venaar.

In order to render the water of the Kistna available for purposes of irrigation, the formation of a great Anicut across that river has been sanctioned.

A similar Anicut was sanctioned on the river Pennair, which, while it answered the purposes of a bridge, has secured and extended the cultivation of a large tract of Country besides.

When the Anicut across the River Palar shall be finished, it will ensure a supply of water to the tanks on both sides of the river in the Districts of North Arcot and Chingleput, and will confer substantial benefit on the whole country within its scope.

95. In the Presidency of Bombay proposals have been made by a Joint Stock Company to undertake the execution of great works of irrigation throughout the various Districts of the Presidency, on terms which are set forth in its proposals. The project has been submitted to the Hon'ble Court by the Government of India, and acceptance of the proposals of the Company has been recommended, with certain large modifications which it is not necessary to specify.

96. In Sindh the construction of a canal connecting the river Indus with the Narra Stream has been approved. By this work the channel

of the Narra will be annually and regularly supplied with water, which hitherto it has only received by extraordinary inundations once in twenty or twenty-five years.

The certain result will be immense benefit to the people of the Province, and consequent increase to its revenue.

In Lower Sindh the channels of the Foolalie Canal have been cleared and improved; and in Upper Sindh similar and extensive measures of improvement have been executed on the channel of the Begarie Canal.

97. Next in order, to works of irrigation, stand works for improving the general communications of the country. Of these, works of internal navigation shall first be noticed.

98. Already, before 1848, the Ganges had been covered with a flotilla of river steamers, provided as well by Government as by the enterprise of private Companies, for conveying the great trade which sought passage upon its waters.

99. When the conquest of the Punjab gave the upper stream of the River Indus into our possession, the Government was in hopes that private enterprise would place river steamers upon its streams even more abundantly than upon the Ganges. That hope was disappointed. The Government therefore endeavoured, by its own flotilla, to establish a regular communication by steam between the sea and the rivers of the Punjab.

Accordingly, river steamers have for several years periodically made the passage from Kurrachee to Mooltan, and there seems no reason to doubt that if the steamers were more numerous, more certainly accessible to the public, and better adapted to the shallow waters on which they ply, their services would be of infinite benefit to the frontier trade.

In the mean time the channel of the Indus is becoming the great highway between Europe and the North-Western Provinces of our possessions. Troops arrive and depart from England by that route. Recruits are sent out and invalids are sent home each year by its stream, thus avoiding the long and weary march which must otherwise be made by Calcutta. Great quantities of heavy stores follow the same course. And passengers in large numbers now by preference seek by it a point of departure at Bombay.

A proposal has been made by the Government of Bombay for despatching two steamers on experimental trips from Kurrachee direct to

Suez. The result of it, should it prove successful, will add importance and value to steam communication upon the Indus.

100. Surveys have been made of the principal rivers of the Punjab, with a view to the extension of river navigation still further into the interior of the Province.

The Indus may certainly be navigated nearly as far as Kalabagh ; and, at no great expense, it might be made navigable to Attock.

Occasional trips have been made by steamers in the rains as far as the Military Depôt at Jhelum ; and although the results of the surveys of the other streams cannot be said to be encouraging, there is no doubt that internal navigation may be extended much further within the Punjab than has yet been attempted.

101. Immediately after the occupation of the Province of Pegu, half of the steam flotilla upon the Ganges was transferred to the Irrawaddy, and it forms now the great vehicle for trade, and for the conveyance of supplies between the Frontier and the sea.

This Province is peculiarly adapted for the services of river steamers, and it is to be hoped that the flotilla will be largely increased.

Already a project has been laid before the Hon'ble Court for removing the obstacles which impede a free navigation between the Bassein River and the Irrawaddy.

Surveys have been made in the hopes of finding the means of opening a similarly free channel between the Pegu River and the River Sitang.

During last year, there was discovered an excellent channel through the creeks, which gives a passage, perfectly safe and open at all times, between Bassein and Rangoon.

A creek already exists between the River Sitang and the River Salween, in the neighbourhood of Beling, which, it is stated, might at small expense be made navigable throughout the year.

If, therefore, the channel which has been surveyed between the Sitang and the Pegu Rivers should be formed, a continuous line of internal navigation, open at all seasons of the year, will be available for river steamers throughout the whole breadth of the Eastern Provinces, from the port at the mouth of the Bassein River to the anchorage at Moulmein.

102. The necessity for the employment of regular means of communication throughout the Province of Assam upon the stream of the River Burrumpootra, has long been increasingly felt. It has lately been resolved to place upon that river such portion of the Government

flotilla upon the Ganges as can from time to time be spared from more urgent duties, and application has been made to the Hon'ble Court for additional steamers to be employed upon the Burrumpootra.

103. Examination has been made of the stream of the River Nerbudda.

The Report which has been published of the result of the examination affords little hope that the Nerbudda will ever be rendered a navigable river for purposes of trade.

104. A survey of the River Godavery, upon the opposite coast, has given a result of much more hopeful aspect.

Although I do not concur with those who hold that, if the streams of the Godavery and of its tributary the Wyngunga should be made navigable at all seasons, the cotton trade of Berar and Nagpore would be transported by this channel to the Sea, notwithstanding the construction of a Railway between those Districts and Bombay, yet I am fully alive to the importance of opening this great inland navigation, if it be possible, for general purposes of communication and trade. The Government of India, therefore, has given full sanction to the prosecution, with proper caution, of the extensive operations which the nature of the river channel, so far as it is yet known, seems to render indispensable, before the Godavery can be made a navigable stream.

105. Besides the measures which have been taken in regard to navigable rivers, the means of internal navigation have been considerably increased during the last eight years by the completion of various navigation canals.

The works of the great Ganges Canal and of the Baree Doab Canals, both of which will be available for navigation, have already been noticed.

" In the Madras Presidency considerable improvements and extensions have been made in the channel of Cochrane's Canal.

A canal has been constructed to connect the Ports of Porto Novo and Cuddalore, in the District of South Arcot.

In connexion with this work, sanction has been given to the construction of a canal along the Eastern Coast between the Rivers Adyar and Palar. The general importance of this work to the country is very great. It is capable of being prolonged from Palar to Cuddalore, where it would join the new canal from Porto Novo, which again is connected with the line of water communication between Cbimbatores and the sea-coast through the Province of Tanjore. Thus a long line of inland navi-

gation would ultimately be established with great benefit to the country.

In the budget of the year 1855-56, further proposals were made for extending the several lines of internal navigation at an expense of not less than 15 lakhs of Rupees; and they have been recommended for the approval of the Hon'ble Court.

106. The value of all such channels of inland navigation as lead to the sea must of course be greatly dependent upon the condition of the ports at which they respectively terminate. The public records will show that the improvement of ports of shipment has not been lost sight of.

107. The access to the Port of Calcutta, for a great part of the immense trade which flows to it from Bengal and other Provinces, lay through the Soonderbunds, which were connected with the Hooghly by two canals.

These have been enlarged and deepened.

The accommodation in the Port of Calcutta for the increasing number of ships which of late years have resorted to it has been considerably augmented.

108. Some alarm having been generally felt that the navigation of the Hooghly was gradually and yearly deteriorating, and that there was some risk of the loss of the Port of Calcutta, by the silting up of the channels, an enquiry was directed to be made.

It was conducted with great deliberation and care, and the Report is now before the Government.

In order to meet the wishes of those who desired that precautions should be taken to meet the evil which they believed to be approaching, renewed examination was made of the River Mutlah, a channel in the Soonderbunds lying to the Eastward, and navigable for the largest ships to within twenty-five miles of Calcutta.

The result of the examination was satisfactory.

An experiment has lately been tried of lading a ship in the Mutlah. The stream has been buoyed by the Government, the advice of the Government Officers has been given, and every other assistance has been afforded to those who have been turning their attention to the new channel.

It may be added, that before any steps were taken which could draw attention to the possible future importance of the Mutlah, I took the precaution of purchasing on behalf of Government, and for an inconsiderable sum, the large estate which occupied the site where the new

port must be placed, if the trade should be diverted to the Mutlah Channel.

As a further measure of improvement for the Port of Calcutta a project has been entertained for throwing a bridge across the River Hooghly. Boring operations have already been commenced ; and the subject, in all its parts, is now under consideration.

109. The accommodation of the Harbour of Bombay has been improved by the addition and extension of piers, and by the recovery of Moodee Bay at a large expense from the sea ; whereby ground for a Railway Terminus, a Custom House, Basin, &c., will be obtained and much additional space will be secured.

The works which have been sanctioned for bringing a supply of water into the Island of Bombay may properly be included among the improvements of its Port. A lake is to be formed at Vehar, on the Island of Salsette, by 'bundling' up the stream which flows from the hills in that vicinity.

For this great work the Government has consented to advance 25 lakhs of Rupees, secured by an increase of the house assessment in the Island of Bombay.

110. The Harbour of Kurrachee has also been much improved. Until of late, the Harbour was supposed to be inaccessible during the monsoon. Its accessibility at that season has now been fully proved ; and communication with Bombay and all other quarters will continue uninterrupted throughout the year.

111. Measures have been recommended for the improvement of the Harbours of Coringa and Coconada.

112. Complaints having frequently been made of the unprotected state of the Harbour at Singapore, heavy batteries have been constructed, to an extent which the Military Engineers have considered to be amply sufficient for the ordinary defence of the port.

113. Lights, Buys, and Pilots have been provided for the Port of Rangoon, and provision is now being made for the new Port of Dalhousie on the Bassein River.

114. As a measure of the utmost importance to the trade with these Ports, and with Moulmein, the construction of a Lighthouse upon the Alguada Reef, to the Southward, of Cape Negrais, has been strongly recommended to the Hon'ble Court.

The ports of the Indian Territories are comparatively few in number, and for the most part, of little natural value.

The statement now given will show that the Government of India during these years has, at least, endeavoured to turn them to the best account.

115. I have only to add that a new Code of Rules for the regulation and conservancy of Indian Ports has lately been passed into law. It was much required, and will be of great value to the interests of navigation and trade.

116. It remains for me to advert to those works of improvement by which the land communications of the country have during the last eight years been opened up and amended.

117. The introduction into India of the greatest improvement which man's invention has yet applied to the means of movement and carriage by land, namely, the Locomotive Engine upon iron rails, has already been fully narrated.

118. It would be impossible to compress within the limits I wish to observe an enumeration of all the works which have been executed or sanctioned by the Government of India for the improvement of inland communication, by means of ordinary roads, during the past eight years. I shall notice merely a few of the leading lines.

119. The Grand Trunk Road, which had, speaking generally, been completed as far as Delhi, has been carried on without interruption.

In the Lower Provinces many large bridges have been constructed; but it must unfortunately be added that several have been destroyed by the force of floods; and their place must again be supplied.

Until a bridge shall be built across the River Soane, a formidable work, whose accomplishment must still be regarded as remote, the passage of the river will present vexatious difficulties and cause excessive delays. To obviate these, as far as may be possible, the Government is engaged in laying down a Causeway of stone across the river bed. This work, though but a temporary expedient, will be productive in the mean time of great public benefit.

Without imputing blame in any quarter, it must be observed that during these years the progress that has been made in the Trunk Road between Delhi and the Sutlej appears to have been slow. The difficulties, however, have been great, and the road is now approaching to completion.

120. When the Punjab became a British Province, the prolongation of the Grand Trunk Road across its breadth was seen to be an object of primary importance. Accordingly the line has been carried from Loodiana by Jullundur to the Beas, and thence by Umritsur to Lahore, and from Lahore by Wuzeerabad, Jhelum, Rawul Pindee, and Attock, to Peshawur.

Every natural difficulty that can be conceived has been encountered ; vast expense has been incurred ; but the road is rapidly approaching to completion, and by its usefulness will repay a thousand-fold the labor and the treasure it has cost.

121. Sanction has been given to the construction of a road from Patna by Gya to join the line of the Grand Trunk Road. This is perhaps the most important cross-road in the Lower Provinces, and the traffic upon the line of country is said to be exceedingly great. The present line will form an essential branch of the Grand Trunk Road, and when the Railway shall have been constructed on the Patna and Mirzapore line, the road will become of still greater importance as a feeder to the Railway.

122. A road, available at all seasons of the year, has been formed from Cuttack to Ungool and Sumbulpore, and has usefully opened up that wild tract of country.

123. A line of the utmost importance has been constructed from Dacca to Akyab.

An improved communication with the Province of Arracan had long been much required ; but when political necessity compelled the Government to take possession of Pegu, it became an object of vital importance to the Government to be able to command the means of communicating with Pegu by land, so that it might have the power at all times of despatching troops from Bengal to Pegu, for reinforcement or in relief, without being obstructed by the sepoys' conditions of enlistment, which entitled him to refuse to proceed on service by sea.

The work has been very costly, and attended with serious difficulty, from the pestilential climate of much of the country through which it passes.

Iron ferry-boats have been provided to facilitate the passage of troops across the rivers which lie in the way.

From Akyab to a point behind the Island of Ramree, the troops will be conveyed by an inland creek navigation, which has been carefully examined and arranged. From this point the troops will cross the Toun-

ghoop Pass into Pegu by a road, which will be particularly noticed hereafter.

124. A project for a road from Calcutta to Dacca, there to join the Dacca and Akyab Road which has just been described, was called for ; but the natural difficulties between Jessore and Dacca appeared, for the present at least, to be insuperable.

125. With respect to district roads the Government of India has consented that the ferry funds of the Lower Provinces and the tolls levied on the Nuddea Rivers and on the Calcutta Canals, amounting in all to about five lakhs a year, should be thrown together as a fund for the construction and maintenance of district roads.

The distribution of the funds will be made by the Local Government, on the principle that no district road shall be formed from the fund until due provision shall have been made for its maintenance by means of local resources.

126. In the Province of the Punjab, besides the great Trunk Road from Lahore to Peshawur, to which reference has already been made, a vast extent of road has been constructed during the last seven years, for every different purpose, Military, Commercial, and Local. To enumerate them would be tedious. A full description of them will be found in the First and Second Punjab Reports, and more especially in the Punjab Road Report, all of which have been printed.

127. In Pegu the difficulties which impede the formation of roads are similar to those which render the construction of them in a permanent form almost impossible in Bengal.

Excepting the road from Prome to Meeaday, no continuous line has yet been executed in the new Province ; but Surveys have been executed for three great lines of road,

1st,—From Rangoon to Prome ;

2nd,—From Rangoon by Pegu to Tounghoo ;

3rd,—From Martaban by Sitang and Shoeyghen to Tounghoo.

The impediments to be overcome on all these lines are very serious : the cost will be excessive. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped, that they will be undertaken with vigor and prosecuted to a successful conclusion. Their effect will be incalculably great.

128. In the new Provinces of Nagpore and Hyderabad, the impossibility of providing a full establishment of Engineers at present has prevented any general plan of public works being formed.

129. In Sindh a complete system of roads from Kurrachee to the Northern boundary was proposed by the Commissioner. They will be executed gradually, but as speedily as the necessary agency for their construction can be found.

130. The principal systems of roads which have been projected within our new Provinces, and some other leading works, have now been enumerated. I abstain from mentioning in detail the roads which have been sanctioned in the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay; for, although the returns before me show that those roads are exceedingly numerous, and that in the aggregate their cost amounts to an enormous sum, the aggregate is made up of so many single items, which though of great local importance, are of little general interest, that the recital of them would be tedious, and of no obvious profit for any purpose.

131. Two important works have been reserved for separate notice, by reason of the peculiarity of their situation and of the circumstances under which they have been carried on, with singular success—I refer to the mountain roads in the Himalaya and in the Gornah Range of Arracan.

The Hindostan and Thibet Road, when it shall have been completed, will (as its name imports) connect the Plains of Hindostan with the Frontier of Thibet. A full and most interesting Report upon this road has been prepared by Lieutenant Briggs, the Officer who has borne the chief part in constructing it. The Report will shortly be published. All description of the road in this paper shall, therefore, be confined to the merest outline.

The work had its origin in the desire entertained by the Government to abolish and to remove all pretext for defending Begarce (or the system of employing the forced labor of coolies) in the Hills. So far as the Government was concerned, that system had the sanction of treaties; for every Chief was bound, whenever he should be called upon, to find upon his own part bands of laborers for the temporary service of the State.

The Government has always remunerated amply the coolies who were so employed for the time they served; but the money was usually in great measure taken from them by their own Chiefs on their return. They were forced to travel great distances, and in many ways they suffered oppression from the duty.

The abuse of the system by private individuals was believed to be great, though every endeavour upon the part of the Government was steadily made to check it.

Yet the evil of the system itself was unavoidable by any means. So long as the Hill roads, even to the English Settlements and military stations, continued to be little better than mountain paths, no other labor than that of men could transport whatever was to be carried, and no substitute for Bégaree could be found. The first step, therefore, and the only step necessary for the abolition of Bégaree, was to construct a system of roads which would admit of all articles being carried upon beasts of burden, or even dragged in wheeled conveyances of various kinds.

For the furtherance of this purpose a road, first designed by Major Kennedy, and executed by Lieutenant Briggs, has been constructed from the plains at Kalka to the Hill station of Sirhla. It is about fifty miles in length. It is already sixteen feet in breadth, and has nowhere a steeper gradient than three feet in the hundred, constituting a hardly perceptible rise.

From this road, branches have been carried to the military stations at Kussowlee and Subathoo, and a branch is now being formed to connect those stations with the Plains towards the Sutlej.

Before long the distance from Simla to Kalka will be considerably shortened by a tunnel which is now being formed, and wheeled carriages will be placed upon the road.

From Simla, the station most remote from the Plains, the road towards Thibet has been formed as yet on a smaller scale, and it is still incomplete.

In many portions of its length from Simla to the Valley of Chini, which is its present terminus, the road is finished to a breadth of six feet, and is generally used.

It is easy to conceive the obstacles which must be met and overcome, among the valleys and forests and cliffs of the mighty ranges of the Himalayas, for the right formation through the midst of them of a road which is everywhere to conform to the gradient already mentioned of three in every hundred feet; nor can rapid progress be expected; but the difficulties are yielding one by one. The greatest difficulty of all, namely scarcity of labor, admits of no remedy, for labor from the Plains is, for such a purpose, of little value in the Hills. Nevertheless a steady progress has been made.

Within a year, I trust that the completion of the road to Chini will enable the Government to try an experiment which I have long had

much at heart, but which, until the road should be completed, could not be carried into execution, I mean the establishment of a Convalescent Station for sick European soldiers in the Valley of Chini.

Medical testimony and personal experience combine to encourage the belief to which I strongly hold, that such an institution would be productive of sanitary benefits for the European soldiers of the Army in India, such as no hill station in the Himalayas has yet been found to give, and such as would indirectly produce essential advantage for the State.

When, too, the road shall be completed to Chini, and still more when it shall be carried as far as the Frontier of Thibet, it may be expected that the form of trade which now shows every article conveyed in a little pack upon the shoulders of a goat will disappear, and that the commerce with Thibet will assume, both in quantity and value, the considerable proportions which all who are well-informed, upon the subject have anticipated for it.

Above all, I trust that whenever the completion of the road shall afford the means of traversing the Hills as readily as the Plains, Begaree, both for public and private purposes, will be abolished; that recurrence to it under any pretext will be prohibited; and that the treaty right of the Government will be reserved solely for times of war or for some such great occasion of public emergency as, I trust, may never arise.

Thus the construction of this Hill road will become a lasting blessing to the people of the Hills, as it is even already a lasting honor to the Government of the East India Company, by one of whose many able and energetic Officers it has been mainly carried into execution.

132. The construction of the Hill road over the Tounghoop Pass, from Arracan into Pegu, arose out of the necessity which occupation of the new Province had created for direct military communication, by land, with the Presidency of Bengal.

With great difficulty and labor 150 elephants had forced their way over the mountains and through the forest in 1852, to aid the operations of the Army at Prome. The natural obstacles were very great. The mountains were lofty, the forests dense, and the climate for a large portion of the year pestilential. There was little water to be found, and no labor was procurable except that of Burman villagers, disinclined to toil of any kind, and afraid to commit themselves to our service.

These difficulties seemed at first to make the formation, within a reasonable time, of a road across the Gomah Range almost a desperate hope. Nevertheless the vigor and perseverance and remarkable tact of Lieutenant Forlong, the Officer to whom the work was committed, overcame every obstacle with a speed which far outran our liveliest hopes.

The range was everywhere surveyed. A line of road was formed. Burmese laborers were collected; were trained to the peculiar work; were induced to submit to organization; and even roused to emulation, and effectual industry. It was not until the end of December 1853 that the work was fairly commenced. In the spring of 1855, the Arracan Battalion, with all its baggage and followers, marched over the road from Prome to the sea. . . .

The road is now rapidly approaching to completion. In the Arracan Section, 20 miles are opened for carts to 15 feet of breadth, and 30 miles to a breadth of from 6 to 9 feet. In the Pegu Section, 21 miles in the Plains have been completed to a width of 24 feet, and 22 bridges have been built.

In the mountains on the Pegu side 20 miles have been opened for carts to a breadth of from 12 to 20 feet, and 24 miles from 6 to 10 feet.

Arrangements have been made for shelter and for water, and the 8th Regiment of Irregular Cavalry are just about to march over the road.

If due regard be had to the difficulties which stood in the way of such an undertaking, and which have already been adverted to, and if it be remembered that the working season in the Gomah Hills lasts only from December to April, if so long, and that consequently the working year is no more than five months in duration, the Hon'ble Court will feel that the construction of the Arracan Hill road by Lieutenant Forlong, under the circumstances, and with the speed and success that have been described, is an achievement which is highly honorable to himself and to the Service of the East India Company.

133. Lest, in my anxiety to avoid an enumeration of single works, which might prove tedious and uninteresting, I should create upon the minds of those who may read this Minute an impression that the attention and the revenue which have been devoted by the Supreme Government to the prosecution of public works in India of late years have been less in amount than has sometimes been supposed, I beg to recall to recol-

lection the aggregate sum which has yearly of late been expended on public works in India.

The charges on account of public works in the year 1853-54 rose to 252½ lakhs, or £ 2,525,000.

The charges on account of public works for the year 1854-55 rose still higher to 299¾ lakhs, or very nearly £ 3,000,000 Sterling.

Of this aggregate sum in each year a very large proportion was expended on *new* works.

The charge for extraordinary public works alone, in the year 1855-56, is estimated at 224¾ lakhs, or nearly £ 2,250,000 Sterling.

The simple statement of these figures affords the means to all of forming at once an estimate of the real extent to which the Government of India in recent years has carried the execution of public works, designed for the improvement of the Indian Territories.

134. While the Government of India has thus been earnest in its endeavors to urge the prosecution of new works of public advantage, it has not neglected to take due measures for the preservation of the magnificent works of former times.

The attention of the Government having been drawn to the fact, that the noble arches and other remains of ancient architecture in the immediate vicinity of the Kootub at Delhi were in such disrepair that there was danger of their falling in, and of their being thus lost to the world, immediate orders were given for their preservation.

At the same time general instructions were issued to the Officers of Government, declaring the desire of the Governor General in Council that all such interesting and instructive monuments of former people, and former days, should be carefully preserved, and that the executive Officers at Agra, Delhi, and wherever such remains are to be found, should consider it a part of their duty to see that they were upheld and sedulously cared for.

Similar orders had been issued in the Punjab, with especial reference to the buildings there, soon after our occupation of the Province.

It is hoped that these injunctions, and the care of the Civil Authorities, and of the departmental Officers at each spot where architectural monuments remain, will be effectual for their preservation to still distant times.

135. For the proper superintendence and control of operations so extensive, and so various as those which are required for the execution

of public works in India, it is manifest that an organization of the highest order must be requisite.

The system of management which existed in 1848, and continued for some years afterwards, was altogether ineffective. It gave dissatisfaction to all alike—to the Officers of the department, to the Government, and to the public. The same dissatisfaction was felt by the Hon'ble Court, who six years ago directed that a Commission should be appointed at each Presidency to enquire into the whole subject.

The Commission which was appointed in the Presidency of Bengal reported decidedly and unanimously against the system which had been pursued by the Military Board, and suggested the general outline of a scheme for the future management of the Department of Public Works.

The principal features of the scheme proposed were these :—

1st.—That the control of the Department should be taken from the Military Board, and should be vested in a Chief Engineer for each Local Government.

2nd.—That each Local Government should exercise control over public works, Civil and Military, within their respective jurisdictions, under certain prescribed limitations.

3rd.—That the Chief Engineers should be assisted, as at present, by Executive Engineers, and where the Province was of sufficient extent, by Superintending Engineers also.

4th.—That the Executive Officers should be relieved in respect to the departmental accounts by which they had been overwhelmed.

This system was ultimately adopted for the Presidency of Bengal and for its Local Governments.

It was subsequently introduced into the Presidency of Madras and the Presidency of Bombay, with such modifications of detail as were necessary to adapt it to the peculiarities of each Local Government.

The experience which has been had as yet gives every encouragement to believe that, as a whole, the system now adopted is calculated to fulfil the purposes for which it was framed.

136. Under the orders of the Hon'ble Court of Directors, each Local Government has been directed to prepare for the Government of India, at a fixed period in each year, a Statement showing the public works which it proposes to commence or to carry on during the year to which the Statement refers. This Statement, which has insensibly acquired the designation of Budget, is intended to show every class

of public works which is proposed, or in progress, in each local jurisdiction. Its object is to impart method to the prosecution of public works, and to enable the Supreme Government and the Hon'ble Court to acquire an accurate knowledge of the extent to which public works are being carried on in the different divisions of the Empire, to regulate the expense which is to be incurred, and to control the general management and progress of public works throughout the country.

The Budgets, received and decided upon by the Government of India, so far as its authority extends, are to be annually submitted to the Hon'ble Court.

137. With reference to the power of giving sanction to public works, without reference to the Hon'ble Court, it may be observed, that the authority of the Governor General in Council now extends to the sanction of any work whose cost will not exceed one lakh of Rupees, and that the authority of Governors and Lieutenant-Governors is extended to grants of 25,000 Rupees.

138. The Government of India having thus been required to exercise a direct and vigilant control over the execution of public works in India, it became absolutely necessary that it should have professional assistance to enable it fitly to perform that duty. Formerly it was wholly without any such aid; latterly, and since the commencement of Railways, it had become the practice for the Government to refer the engineering questions of every sort which came before it to its Railway Consulting Engineer. This however was only a temporary expedient, hardly fair to the Consulting Engineer, and quite insufficient for the state of things which had now arisen.

Accordingly, a Secretary for the Department of Public Works, with two Assistants, has been appointed in connexion with the Government of India.

The Secretariat of, Public Works has already become a charge of great labor, and of the utmost public importance.

139. It will be readily perceived, that when there has been so great an increase of public works of late years, there must have been by some means a great addition made to the agency by which those works were to be executed. This has been the case.

Military Officers have been withdrawn for this purpose from their regimental duties in the Artillery and in the Line in large and unprecedented numbers.

The expedient is advantageous to the present interests of the Officers, and it affords a material relief to the present necessities of the Government. But there seems good reason for apprehending, that it will, after a time, prove deeply injurious to the military efficiency of the Army. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the experiment will be treated on all hands as a temporary one.

Her Majesty's Government gave, some time since, their consent to a certain small proportion of the Officers of Royal Regiments in India being employed in the Department of Public Works.

Further, an augmentation has been granted by the Hon'ble Court to the Engineers' Corps in each of the three Presidencies.

Lastly, the Hon'ble Court has consented to the employment of Civil Engineers in the Indian Department, many of whom have been engaged in this country, while a considerable number have already arrived from England.

Still further recourse must be had to this source of supply, if (as I earnestly hope) the execution of public works of improvement in India is to be followed up by the Government in future years with steady perseverance and with unabated vigor.

140. Simultaneously with the great exertions which have been made during these years to obtain from every various quarter a present supply of Officers for the Public Works Department, active means have been taken to form what, it is hoped, will prove a fruitful source of supply hereafter.

141. It was the far-seeing sagacity of Mr. Thomason which first anticipated the necessity of training Engineers in the country itself in which they were to be employed, and which first suggested an effectual method of doing so. On his recommendation, the Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, which now rightly bears his honored name, was founded with the consent of the Hon'ble Court. It has already been enlarged and extended greatly beyond its original limits. . .

Instruction is given in it to Soldiers preparing for subordinate employment in the Public Works Department, to young gentlemen not in the Service of Government, and to Natives upon certain conditions.

A higher class for Commissioned Officers of the Army was created some years ago, at the suggestion of the late Sir Charles Napier, and the Government has been most ready to consent to Officers obtaining leave to study there, as in the Senior Department at Sandhurst.

Excellent fruit has already been borne by this Institution. Many good public servants have already been sent forth into the Department, and applications for the services of students of the Thomason College were before long received from other Local Governments.

142. A similar College for Civil Engineering has lately been formed at Calcutta; another is in progress of formation at Madras; and a third has been sanctioned in the Presidency of Bombay.

143. Subsidiary to the Colleges there has been temporarily sanctioned a Civil Engineering Class at Lahore, and very recently a Civil Engineering Class at Poona.

144. In all these Institutions the object will be to provide instruction which shall supply its due training to every separate class required for the service of the Government in its Department of Public Works.

Hitherto, comparatively little has been done in India towards creating within itself the engineering skill which is now becoming one of its most urgent wants. But with such aids in prospect as those which have just been described, we may now look hopefully to the future.

145. Having thus concluded a recital of the measures which have been taken of late years for the prosecution of material improvements in India, it will not be out of place to make mention here of the progress that has been made during those same years towards the removal of certain noted evils, which have long been just causes of national reproach, and which have been viewed with considerable interest even by the community in England. The noted evils to which I refer are Suttee, Thuggee, Female Infanticide, and the Meriah Sacrifice.

146. The prohibition of Suttee by the British Government is now a familiar tale. In the time of those who preceded me great progress had been made in persuading all Native Princes to unite in denouncing the rite, and in punishing those who should disregard the prohibition.

The Government of India, since 1848, has had only to follow up the measures of preceding years.

When Suttee has occurred in any independent State, no opportunity of remonstrating has been lost; when it has occurred in any District which was within our control, no indulgence has been shown to the culprits.

Thus, renewed remonstrances have been addressed to Ulwar, Bhookaneer and Oodeypore.

But in Doongurpore, a petty State under our direct management, where the Thakoor's son took part in a Suttee, the son and two Brahmins who abetted his crime were condemned to imprisonment for three years in irons; while the Thakoor himself, for the same three years, was mulcted in half the revenue of his possessions.

The performance of the rite of Suttee is now a rare occurrence, either in Mahometan or Native States.

147. Thuggee has become almost unknown in the Provinces of India which lie to the Eastward of the Sutlej. The detective establishments of the Government are still maintained; but the brotherhood has disappeared; and the crime of Thuggee, in the peculiar sense in which the word is familiarly understood, can hardly now be said to exist.

The Provinces beyond the Sutlej are excepted in the preceding paragraph, because it appeared towards the close of 1851 that Thuggee, which it was previously supposed had never passed to the Westward of the Sutlej, had obtained a footing in the Punjab. The Board of Administration,

however, were able to state in 1852, that
First Report; para. 187.

“the Punjabee Thugs are not so dangerous as their brethren of Hindostan. The origin of the crime is comparatively of recent date. These Thugs have none of the subtle sagacity, the insidious perseverance, the religious faith, the dark superstition, the sacred ceremonies, the peculiar dialect, the mysterious bond of union, which so terribly distinguish the Indian Thugs. They are merely an organized body of highwaymen, and murderers, rude, ferocious, and desperate. They nearly all belong to one class of Sikhs, and that the lowest.”

In 1854, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab was able to report to the Government regarding Thuggee, that “during 1852, the last year in which the crime had any chance of making head, there were only thirty-five murders. Since that year the crime would appear to be almost extinct. During 1853 there was only one murder reported.”

Wherefore, even in its last refuge, the Provinces across the Sutlej, while they were still under the dominion of the Sikhs, the crime of Thuggee can hardly now be said to exist.

In truth the only aspect in which Thugs can now be seen in India is in that of a well-conducted community at Jubbulpore, where the former approvers of the tribe, together with their relatives and their descendants, are kept under inspection; and where they form a quiet

and prosperous colony, remarkable only for the industry which they exhibit, and for the excellence of the fabrics produced by their hands,—fabrics which have taken their place in the great Exhibitions of London and of Paris, and which are said to have done no discredit there to the manufacturing skill of Indian nations.

148. The existence of the practice of Female Infanticide among the Rajpoots and other tribes of India has long been well known. The British Government has long striven against it, and denounced the cruelty of those by whom it was countenanced.

A great success regarding it was achieved, some years since, within the Provinces of Hindostan, by the energy and influence of Mr. Charles Raikes; and large numbers of Native tribes and families were then induced to set their faces against it. But the greatest triumph which has yet been accomplished has been within the Punjab.

Enquiry had shown that the Rajpoots, the Beders, (or descendants of Nanuck,) the Khutrees of the Sinde Doabs, and even the Suddozye Pathans, the Mahomedan tribes of Mooltan, and the wandering pastoral races in the central wastes of the Punjab, were all, more or less, addicted to this inhuman custom. The causes which led to it were found to be

Second Punjab Report;
para. 171.

two-fold,—“pride of birth and pride of purse; that is, parents murder their infant daughters, either because they cannot afford the marriage expenditure which must one day be incurred on their account, or because they foresee difficulties in marrying them suitably.”

Great exertions were made by all the Officers in the Punjab, among whom Mr. Raikes was now included.

On their recommendation the Governor General in Council authorized the convening of a great Meeting of the representatives of all the tribes at Unritsur in 1853.

The Meeting was held; and the assembled delegates united cordially in the adoption and promulgation of certain rules, their observance of which would effectually secure that no man should feel any real difficulty in providing for his daughter in marriage, and should consequently have no motive for the commission of Infanticide.

These Rules were adopted in the other Districts of the Punjab; and Maharaja Gholab Sing, in like manner, voluntarily and in public Durbar, adopted the Rules for the great Rajpoot clan within his Dominions.

“ If,” as the Chief Commissioner has remarked, “ future success
Second Punjab Report; “ should crown these initiatory measures, then, in
para. 177. “ some respects, a social revolution will have been
“ effected. Not only will a barbarous and secret crime have ceased, but
“ endless abuses connected with betrothal will be repressed, domestic
“ morality improved, and the female position secured.”

149. It only remains to notice the measures that have been taken for the suppression of Meriah Sacrifice.

This horrible rite, which consisted in the sacrifice with every circumstance of atrocity of young human victims, for the propitiation of the special divinity which presided over the fertility of the earth, prevails only among the Hill and jungle tribes of the Province of Orissa. Measures for the suppression of the rite had been undertaken before the year 1848. They had been steadily pursued in subsequent years. The nature of the country, the nature of the climate, the nature of the people, all was adverse to success, nevertheless the exertions of the Officers to whom the duty was entrusted have been singularly successful. Multitudes of victims during that time have been rescued from the horrible fate that awaited them, and have been settled in villages within our control. The various tribes have, one by one, consented to abandon the rite ; and from the narrative given in the papers which were published upon this subject by the Government, it does not appear over-sanguine to anticipate, that as regards the tribes which are at all subject to our influence or lie within our reach, the Meriah Sacrifice may be considered to be at an end.

150. If large improvements have been made under the various departments of Civil administration during the last eight years, the military branch of the Service has received its full measure of attention and amendment.

151. The position of the Native Soldier in India has long been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement.

The condition of the European Soldier, on the other hand, was susceptible of great improvement, and has received it liberally. His terms

of service, his food, his lodging, have all been bettered during these years, and infinitely greater care than hitherto has been bestowed upon his occupation, his recreation and his health.

The Regiments in Her Majesty's Service, no longer condemned to the prolonged banishment to which they were formerly subject, are to be relieved every twelve years.

The rations of the European Soldier have been greatly improved.

Strict Rules have been laid down to ensure that the rations should be of proper quality, and, as a further security, a Victualling Sergeant has been attached to European Corps.

The pernicious system under which a morning dram was served out to every Soldier before his breakfast has been abolished.

The use of spirits at all by the Soldier has been discouraged to the utmost.

To that end Malt Liquor is annually imported from England in enormous quantities by the Government, and is served out to the Troops at reasonable rates. The benefits which are likely to arise from the introduction of this change cannot be estimated too highly.

In like manner, to remove from the Soldier temptations to excess under which he lay before, the system which prevails in Her Majesty's Army, of paying the troops daily, has been extended to the troops of the Hon'ble Company.

The lodging of the Soldier has been greatly improved, and no nation can show better or more appropriate quarters for its troops than the Government now provides for European Soldiers in the East.

No Barrack in the Plains is now built with less than twenty-four feet of height within. All are raised from the ground, and every appliance for cleanliness, ventilation, and healthiness, which experience has suggested or ingenuity can devise, is introduced into the buildings.

At Peshawur and in the Hills the height of the Barracks has been adapted to the colder nature of the climate, at the wish of the Military Authorities themselves.

Within eight years new Barracks have been built, or are being built, at Peshawur, Nowshera, Rawul Pindce, Sealkote, Lahore, Rangoon, and Thayetmyo.

Old Barracks have been replaced, or are being replaced, by new buildings at Ferozepore, Sibathoo, Kussowlie, Umballa, Agra, Cawnpore, Fort William, Moulmein, and Hyderabad in the Deccan.

In every case, as a general rule, separate Barracks are built for the married men of every Regiment.

Proper provision for washing and cleanliness has been made in all the new plans, and of late Reading Rooms have been included in the design for each Barrack.

The scanty comforts of the Soldier within his quarters have also been increased.

Punkhas are hung in every barrack as in a private house.

In the colder Provinces additional bed covering is now issued, and a certain proportion of fuel is allowed.

A chest, too, is provided for every man at his bed-side by the Government, and canvas bags are supplied for the conveyance of his baggage when marching, instead of the cumbrous wooden boxes which the men dragged with them from station to station, when they were their own property.

Lastly, it has been ordered, that wherever means can be found, swimming-baths shall be constructed for the European Soldiers at every station.

For the instruction of Soldiers and their children, books and stationery and furniture for Regimental Schools are now supplied by the Government; further, a Normal School for training School-masters (Non-Commissioned Officers or Privates) has been attached to the Lawrence Asylum.

For the recreation of the Soldiers, and for encouraging them to useful occupations, Soldiers' Gardens have in some Stations been already formed, and it is intended that a Soldier's Garden should form a part of every Cantonment in which European Troops are quartered.

Work-sheds also have been authorized in connexion with every Barrack, and implements and materials for different kinds of handicraft are to be provided by the Government.

For the encouragement of the class of Non-Commissioned Officers, it has been ordered that Annuities not exceeding £20, should, as in Her Majesty's Service, be granted to Sergeants of the Hon'ble Company's Armies, as rewards for distinguished or meritorious services.

More especially of late years, solicitous care has been shown for the preservation and for the restoration of the health of the European Soldier.

Measures have been taken for the early despatch by steam to the Upper Provinces of all Recruits who arrive from England; and the

departure of the Invalids of every season has been facilitated and expedited by making use of the Indus route.

152. The temporary Barracks run up at Subathoo and Kussowlie are now being replaced by buildings of the best description. At Dugshaie magnificent barracks have already been built; three full Regiments, therefore, may now be quartered on the Hills near Simla.

A few years ago, the only Convalescent Depôt for European troops was at Landour, above Mussoorie.

A second Depôt was subsequently formed at Darjeeling, for the use of the troops in the Lower Provinces.

The great benefit which was derived from these sanitary Depôts led speedily to an increase in their number.

A Depôt has accordingly been formed at Murree, above Rawul Pindee. Another has been sanctioned in the Chumba Hills, at the head of the Baree Doab. Another is being built at Dhurumsala, near Kangra; and a site has been selected for another in the Hills not far from Nynee Tal.

153. Much inconvenience having been felt from the tardy system which had been followed in the posting of Cadets, rules were laid down for expediting the posting. At the same time measures were adopted for ensuring the speedy conveyance of all such young Officers to the Regiments to which they had severally been posted.

154. Encouragement was held out to all Officers of the Army to acquire a high knowledge of the Native languages, by the grant of pecuniary rewards to those who should pass examinations of a certain specified standard.

In order to ensure that at least a competent knowledge of the Native languages should be possessed by those appointed to Staff Office or to any detached charge, every Officer was required to pass a prescribed examination in Hindoostance.

All Officers already holding such appointments who did not pass the examination by a certain date were remanded to their Regiments.

To correct the uncertainty which prevailed in the application of this rule, a fixed standard of proficiency was laid down, and the qualifications of candidates are no longer decided by Station Committees, but by Examiners at Calcutta.

155. The evils inseparable from a seniority system had long been felt, in the advanced age and consequently the frequent incapacity of Officers who succeeded in their turn to Commands of Divisions and

Brigades in the Indian Army: the Government of India at length found it necessary to interfere. The Government declared, that while the claims of seniority in the appointment of Officers to Divisional and Brigade Commands should always be allowed due weight, they should be less deferred to than heretofore. The Government further declared, that, in making such appointments, the governing principle should not be the rejection of no man unless he were notoriously and scandalously incapable, but rather the selection of no man, whatever his standing, unless he was confessedly capable and efficient.

The Supreme Government has done its utmost to act up to this principle in all appointments made since the time at which it was promulgated.

156. The more recent Regulations which have been laid down by the Home Authorities have tended materially to promote the wholesome end of placing high Commands in the hands of such Officers only as are still in the full vigour of their mental and bodily powers.

Those Regulations are a fit subject of congratulation for all who feel an interest in the welfare and efficiency of the Indian Army.

157. The Indian Army, however, has still higher cause for congratulating itself, on the gracious favor which the Sovereign has lately shown towards it, in raising its Officers from the derogatory position in which they have hitherto stood, and in granting to them the recognition, which until now has been denied to them, of their military rank in every part of the British Dominions and throughout the world.

158. The recital of what the Government of the Hon'ble Company has done during the last eight years for the Officers and Soldiers of the Army who serve in India, cannot be more appropriately closed than by making mention of the care it has shown for the Orphan Children of those who have been attached to its Service.

In the belief that the climate of Bengal was enervating and injurious to the health of the children of the Military Orphan School, who have hitherto been collected in an Institution at Calcutta, the Government resolved to move the Lower Orphan School to the climate of the Hills, and to attach it there to the Lawrence Asylum.

This benevolent resolution has been carried into effect, with what benefit to the health and vigor of the children can be fully appreciated only by those who have seen the aspect of the European children in Bengal, and have been able to contrast it with the ruddy, stout, English

appearance of those who from an early age have had the Lawrence Asylum and its mountain climate as their constant home.

159. Since the year 1848, nearly every department connected with the Military branch of the Service has been revised and amended.

At the commencement of the period above-mentioned, and long previously, the control over these several Departments had been committed chiefly to the Military Board.

The constitution of the Board itself was faulty, and the duties which had been imposed upon it were more onerous than could have been well performed by any Board, even if its organization had been good. The Department of Public Works, the Commissariat Department, the Stud Department, the Ordnance Department, with many other duties, all were managed by the Military Board; and all were managed badly.

The withdrawal of the Department of Public Works from the control of the Military Board, and the reasons for the measure, have already been narrated in a preceding paragraph.

160. A Commission was appointed to enquire into the system of Army Commissariat in Bengal.

The result of the enquiry led to the immediate withdrawal of the Commissariat Department also from the control of the Military Board. Effect was again given to the principle of individual responsibility and individual authority, and the control of the Commissariat Department was entrusted to the Officer at its head, the Commissary General of the Army.

Various amendments of detail were introduced. Great care has been taken in the selection of Officers for the Department, and a rule has been laid down that no Officer shall be confirmed in his appointment until he shall have proved his fitness by passing a searching examination, after a due period of probation.

The Account branch of the Department, which was its weakest point, has been strengthened and completely reformed, by the appointment of a separate Officer of Audit.

Another vital change has been effected by requiring the abolition of Persian Accounts, and by insisting on the rendering of all Accounts at once in English. The success of this change has been complete, and its effects are already strikingly apparent in the prompt rendering of every Monthly Statement, followed by an equally prompt audit.

The substitution of hired cattle for the use of the Government in lieu of animals bred and maintained by the Government itself was a change hardly less important than that which has just before been noted.

Though the measure is described in a single sentence, it has given a large financial saving to the Government, while it has preserved full efficiency in the public carriage of the Army.

The effect of these several changes has been, I sincerely believe, to render the Commissariat Department of the Army as effective, for peace or war, as that of the best organized among the Armies of Europe.

161. The efficacy of the principle of unity of authority and unity of responsibility having thus been recognized, it was speedily extended to other Departments.

At the suggestion of the Hon'ble Court itself, the Stud Department was withdrawn from the control of the Military Board, and was placed under a single head, the Superintendent of Studs.

This department was also subjected to the scrutiny of a Commission.

Various changes were suggested in the Report, some of which have already been effected, while others must, of necessity, be gradually introduced.

162. Lastly, the Ordnance Commissariat Department, with Powder Manufactories, Gun Foundry, and Gun Carriage Agency, was taken from the control of the Military Board, and was placed under the charge of a single Officer, the Inspector General of Ordnance.

163. These great changes having been completed, the Military Board of the Bengal Army was abolished.

The same measure will be carried into effect in the other Presidencies, doubtless, without undue delay.

164. Two other measures connected with military affairs still remain to be noticed.

It had long been known that the punishment of transportation was not viewed with apprehension by the European Soldiers serving in India. On the contrary, it has seemed in many instances to be regarded rather as an advantage to a convict who should be sent from India. The risk of transportation, therefore, had ceased to deter men from crime.

In order to correct this great evil, the Government, at the recommendation of the Military Authorities, has resolved to build a General

Military Prison, where Soldiers, now usually condemned to transportation, may be imprisoned for the long terms to which they may be sentenced.

It is hoped that this measure will check the grave and growing evil which has already been noticed.

165. A great military reform has been effected in the re-organization of the Clothing Department of the Indian Army.

Proceeding on the Report of a Commission appointed to enquire into the working of the former system, the Government of India, with the sanction of the Hon'ble Court, wholly abolished the Off-reckoning Fund.

From the 1st January 1855, the Clothing of the Army has been provided by the State. A fixed sum, calculated on the average of the off-reckoning shares of the preceding twenty-one years, will be paid to Colonels of Regiments, instead of their former shares of the Off-reckoning Fund. The Clothing Board has been dissolved, and the Department has been placed under a Superintendent of Army Clothing alone.

By this measure the system of clothing the Army was freed from many influences calculated to prove injurious to it; great and mischievous delays have been avoided; and the Senior Officers of the Army have been relieved from a position which was frequently and plausibly made a matter of reproach against them.

In effecting this reform, the Government of the Hon'ble Company anticipated the act of the Imperial Government, by whom a similar reform in regard to the Clothing of the Royal Army was determined upon, not long after it had been adopted in India.

166. The Ecclesiastical and the Medical Establishments of the Government being technically attached to the Military Branch of the Public Service, they have not been referred to until now.

The Ecclesiastical Establishment has been largely increased during the last eight years, to meet the additional call for religious instruction which has been created by the formation of many new stations in the several Provinces which have been added to the Empire.

The Court has also given its sanction to the occasional employment of other Clergymen, not being in the Service of the Hon'ble Company, when Chaplains on the Establishment may not be available.

167. The proper provision of places of worship for the servants and soldiers of the Government has been established on a liberal and sure

footing. In every case, in which a place of Protestant worship is required, the Government undertakes to provide one, properly adapted to the purpose, but of the plainest and simplest form. The Government at the same time expects that the community which is to worship therein shall recognize its own obligations, by contributing such sums as shall suffice to meet the charge of giving to the building the ornament and architectural form which befit its sacred character.

Under this Rule, churches have been sanctioned at Peshawur, Rawul Pindie, Murree, Sealkote, Meean Meer, Lahore, Simla, Rangoon, Thayetmyo, Tounghoo, Hyderabad in Sind, and other places.

168. For the servants of the Government belonging to the Roman Catholic Church most liberal provision has likewise been made.

The Government has lately recognized their claim to obtain from the Government fitting places of worship, on the same conditions as their Protestant brethren.

169. Salaries have been granted to three Roman Catholic Bishops, one in each Presidency, by whom certain duties connected with the business of the Government are performed.

The salaries of the priests have been revised and augmented.

Separate Burial Grounds have been ordered to be set apart for members of the Roman Catholic Church, and every care has been taken by the Government to ensure that the Clergy of that persuasion shall have no just cause to complain of want of due consideration or of inequality of treatment.

170. In the Medical Department, additional advantages have been granted by the Hon'ble Court to Natives who apply themselves to the study of the medical profession, by the allotment of higher allowances than before to the class of Sub-Assistant Surgeons.

171. The establishment of Dispensaries has, probably, been productive of a larger amount of material benefit to the population of India than any other institution which we have introduced among them. It is therefore satisfactory to be able to state, that during these years the number of Dispensaries has been largely increased.

172. The subject of Vaccination, and the question of the best mode of defending the population against the dreadful scourge of small-pox, which commits such havoc among its dense masses, has occupied much of the attention of the Government. Some progress has been already made, and it is believed that general and effectual measures for checking, if not for wholly counteracting, this great evil will yet be devised.

173. In 1853, admission to the Medical Service was thrown open to competition by all classes.

Already one Native of India, Dr. Chuckerbutta, who had been educated in England some years before, has taken advantage of the opening created by Parliament, and has won for himself a Commission as Assistant Surgeon in the Service of the Hon'ble Company.

174. Before resigning the Government of India, I submitted for the consideration of the Council proposals for the enlargement and the improvement of the Medical Service. The proposals met with the entire concurrence of the Council, and have been transmitted to England.

If they should receive the approval of the Hon'ble Court, and should be carried into effect, the Medical Service of the East India Company will then be second to none in the world.

175. During the years that have passed since 1848, the Legislation of the Government of India has embraced a great variety of subjects, and has effected many amendments of the Law. Some of these may be mentioned.

176. Under the head of Criminal Justice and Police, Acts have been passed for the more certain punishment of persons guilty of the crimes of Thuggee and Poisoning, of tampering with the Army or Navy, and of Kidnapping and Crimping.

Acts have also been passed for the punishment of Ministerial and Police Officers guilty of corruption and of public Accountants guilty of default.

Counsel has been allowed by Law to prisoners.

The branding of convicts has been abolished.

Provision has been made for the custody of criminal lunatics.

Better provision has been made for the trial of charges of misconduct brought against public Officers.

On the other hand, protection has been given by Law to public Officers when acting in good faith.

Measures have been taken for the improvement of the administration of Criminal Justice, by defining the powers of the Nizamut Adawlut, by the appointment of Deputy Magistrates in Bombay, and by other minor alterations in all the Presidencies, especially by the concession of criminal powers to Munsiffs.

Lastly, the power of the Government to grant pardons in all cases has been established by Law.

177. Under the head of Civil Justice and Procedure, Acts have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of Moonsiffs, and for improving the procedure in their Courts.

The mode of procedure in regular and special appeals has been largely amended, and the jurisdiction of the Sudder Courts generally has been defined and improved.

A vast improvement has been made in the Law of Evidence, and in the mode of examining witnesses.

All judicial Officers have been required to write their judgments at once in their own vernacular language.

Administrators General have been appointed at all the Presidencies.

Lastly, Small Cause Courts of extended jurisdiction have been established.

178. The miscellaneous Legislation of the Government of India during this period has been very extensive and various.

Among the principal Acts that may be mentioned, are the new Post Office Act; the Railway Act; the Electric Telegraph Act; the Law for the Regulation of Joint Stock Companies; the Mofussil Municipal Act; the Municipal and Conservancy Act for the Presidency Towns; the Acts for the Regulation of Native Emigration; the Law empowering the Government to levy Tolls on Roads and Bridges; the Law for the Education of Minors; the Indian Marriage Act; the Law for the Naturalization of Aliens; the Law rendering British Subjects liable to all Duties and Obligations incident to the Occupation of Land; the Apprentices Act; the Act for the Repeal of the Usury Laws.

179. Lastly, an Act has been passed for securing liberty of conscience and for the protection of Converts, and especially of Christian Converts, against injury in respect of property or inheritance by reason of a change in their religious belief.

180. The review, which I proposed to take in this Minute, of the events of the last eight years, and of the fruits they have produced, has now been brought to a close. No attempt has been made to embellish the narrative. It is for the most part a simple recital of what the Government of India has done. If the recital should seem dry in itself, it may be hoped that the results which it exhibits, will not be thought by the Hon'ble Court to be unprofitable or disappointing.

One of the last, and not the least important, of those measures which have emanated from the Government of India during these past years, has been a resolution to require henceforth from the Government of every Presidency, from each Lieutenant-Governor, and from the Chief Officer of every Province, an Annual Report ; narrating the incidents that may have occurred during the year within their several jurisdictions, and stating the progress that may have been made, and all of moment that may have been done, in each principal Department of the Civil and Military Administration.

My parting hope and prayer for India is, that, in all time to come, these Reports from the Presidencies and Provinces under our rule may form, in each successive year, a happy record of peace, prosperity, and progress.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

28th February 1856.

