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For out of olde felles ab mend feith  
Cometh al this newe counsio peere to peere  
And out of olde booke in good feith  
Cometh al this newe science that men here

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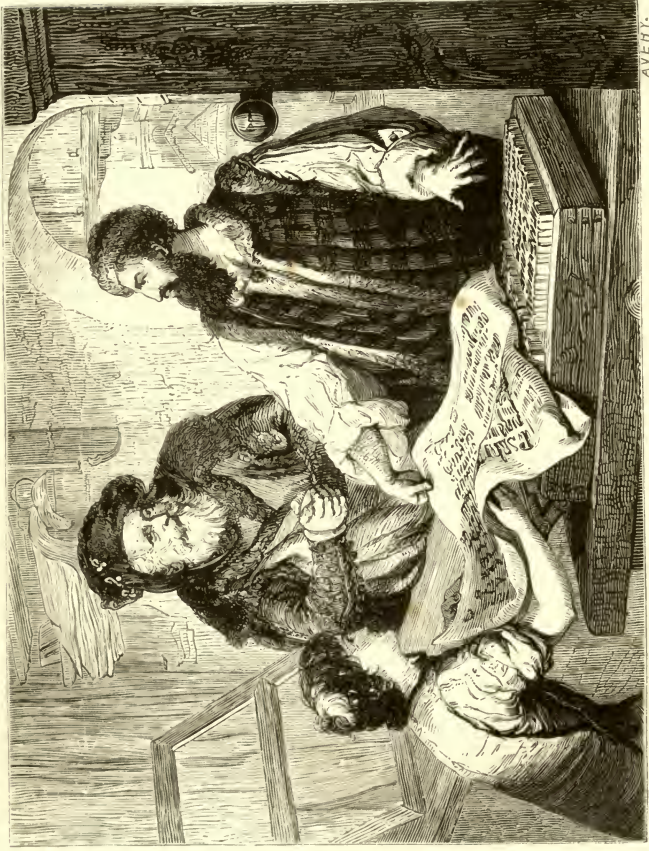


The Courtyard  
from  
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AVENY.



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MDCCLXIII



# Salad for the Solitary

By an Epicure.

*For the Solitary  
assembled on the Solitary*



"Oh, herbaceous treat!

'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat,  
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,

And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!"—SIDNEY SMITH.

"The herbal savor gave his sense delight."—QUARLES.

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NEW YORK:  
LAMPOR, BLAKEMAN & LAW,  
No. 8 PARK PLACE.

MDCCCLIII.

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TO THE  
AUTHORS

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TO

Washington Irving,

WITH THE SINCERE RESPECT OF

THE AUTHOR.

395791



## A Word Preliminary.

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“ Cans’t feed upon such nice and waterish diet ?”

*Shakspeare.*

EXCELLENT salads, according to parson Adams, are to be found in every field ; we have garnered from the fertile fields of literature. Should any one be curious to know why we have ventured to select Salad, for the entertainment of the reader, we beg to premise that it has an undoubted preference over a rich ragout, fricassee, or any other celebrated product of culinary art, from the fact that it is suitable to all seasons, as well as all sorts of persons, being a delectable conglomerate of good things,—meats, vegetables,—acids and sweets,—oils, sauces, and other condiments too numerous to detail. It is expressed by a single word—*Salmagundi*. There is a Spanish proverb which insists that four persons are indispensable to the production of a good salad,—a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up.

*Our Salad*—a consarcination of many good things for the literary palate,—

“ *Various*—that the mind

Of desultory man, studious of change,

And pleased with novelty, may be indulged ;”

will, it is hoped, felicitate the fancy, and prove an antidote to ennui, or any tendency to senescent foreboding, should such mental malady chance ever to haunt the seclusion of the solitary. An agreeable book, in intervals of leisure and retirement, is sometimes most acceptable company; the present work may possibly prove thus available.

“A book,” says *Sidney Smith*, “has no eyes, and ears, and feelings; the best are apt every now and then to become a little languid; whereas a living one walks about, and varies his conversation and manner, and prevents you from going to sleep. There is certainly a great evil in this, as well as a good; for the interest between a man and his living folio becomes sometimes a little too keen, and in the competition for victory they become a little too animated towards, and sometimes exasperated against, each other; whereas a man and his book generally keep the peace with tolerable success; and if they disagree, the man shuts his book, and tosses it into the corner of the room, which it might not be quite so safe or easy to do with a living folio.”

The contents of this volume are not only various in kind,—variety may also be said to characterize its treatment, which has been attempted somewhat philosophically, poetically, ethically, satirically, critically, hypothetically, æsthetically, hyperbolically, psychologically, metaphysically, humorously—and, since brevity is the soul of wit, sententiously.

Having assumed so much adjectively on behalf of the book, nothing need be added respecting its adjunctive—the compiler; Shakspeare has, however, portrayed him with such singular fidelity, that we herewith present the effigy to the scrutiny of the reader:

“A votary of the desk,—a notched and cropped scrivener,—  
one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick  
people are said to do—through a quill.”

F. S.





# Contents.

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	PAGE
DIETETICS, . . . . .	9
THE TALKATIVE AND THE TACITURN, . . . . .	30
FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT FLOWERS, . . . . .	48
A MONOLOGUE ON MATRIMONY, . . . . .	64
CURIOUS AND COSTLY BOOKS, . . . . .	85
SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING, . . . . .	119
PASTIMES AND SPORTS, . . . . .	132
DYING WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, . . . . .	154
THE POETRY OF PLANTS, . . . . .	182
INFELICITIES OF THE INTELLECTUAL, . . . . .	198
CITATIONS FROM THE CEMETERIES, . . . . .	227
THE SHRINES OF GENIUS, . . . . .	262
THE SELFISH AND THE SOCIAL, . . . . .	276
PLEASURES OF THE PEN, . . . . .	291
SLEEP AND ITS MYSTERIES, . . . . .	318



"The wholesom'st meats that are, will breed satiety  
Except we should admit of some variety,  
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety:—  
Wherefore if any think the book unseasonable,  
Men of reason may think them unreasonable."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

"I here present thee with a hive of bees, laden some with  
wax, and some with honey. Fear not to approach! There are  
no wasps—there are no hornets here. If some wanton bee  
should chance to buzz about thine ears, stand thy ground and  
hold thine hands; there's none will sting thee, if thou strike not  
first. If any do, she hath honey in her bag will cure thee too."

QUARLES.





## DIETETICS.

“The turn-pike road to people’s hearts, I find,  
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.”—PETER PINDER.

“May it please you to dine with us?”—SHAKSPEARE.

EVERY person of an appreciative *taste* knows how to estimate a good dinner: we do not appeal to those carnivorous animals who devour their repast with the impetuosity of beasts of prey. If a dish is delectable to the palate, why not prolong its enjoyment, and make the most of it? The company of learned pundits and wits, our artist has portrayed above, we take to be connoisseurs in the art. Smollett’s house was often the scene of such festive gatherings, and his coteries comprised most of the distinguished men of letters of his day; epicures were they in a double sense. Dr. Johnson, no doubtful authority on the subject, affirmed, that “a tavern is the throne of human felicity!” We are not compelled to endorse his enthusiastic estimate, for he was accustomed to meet congenial spirits at his clubs as well as his favorite dishes.

The clubs of London had their prototypes in the *symposia* of the Greeks, and the *convivia* of the Romans. These associations were revived in the reign of Queen Anne, and were in the zenith of their glory in the days of Johnson, Addison, Steel and Garrick. The *Méridaid* was the earliest on record in London. Gifford, in his memoir of Ben Jonson, has the following account of it : "Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of the *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since, our author was a member ; and here for many years he regularly repaired with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of respect and reverence. Here, in the full flow and confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting 'wit combats' took place between Shakspeare and our author ; and hither, probably in allusion to them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander in his letter to Jonson from the country,—

'What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit into a jest.'"

The "Kit-Kat Club," one of the most renowned of the clubs, was originated in the year 1700, and was the rendezvous of the nobility as well as the diletanti and cognoscenti. Horace Walpole remarks that its members included not only the wits of the time but the patriots that saved Britain. Although in respect of the rank of its members it surpassed all similar institutions, it was very humble in its origin, and, if we may believe the accounts which are given of it, still more singular than humble. It appears from a memoir of Mr. Jacob Tonson, the celebrated bookseller, who seemed to

consider his membership of it, as well he might, the chief glory of his life, that it was established mainly through his agency. It seems that this worthy had conceived a remarkable fondness for certain delicacies prepared by a pastry cook in Gray's Inn Lane, and particularly for his mutton pies, and finally induced him to remove his shop to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, encouraging him with the hope that he and his friends would there extend to him a more liberal patronage. Tonson's business as a publisher had brought him into connection with a number of juvenile poets whom he once invited to an entertainment at the establishment of the pastry cook, and it turned out that the mutton pies proved as acceptable to the poets as they were to the bookseller, whereupon the latter generously offered to renew the collation weekly, if the former, on their part, would give him the refusal of their juvenile productions. His proposal was gladly accepted, and as the cook's name was Christopher, and his sign the Cat and Fiddle, they thence derived the quaint denomination of the "Kit-Kat Club."

The science of eating and drinking is one of the few things we all acquire by intuition, and it is a faculty that once indulged is never forgotten, but clings to us with a tenacity that lasts with life itself. A real good dinner constitutes one of the realities of life, and to a hungry stomach, is among the most agreeable of enjoyments. Few regard the subject in a scientific light, or possess the refinement of fancy or educated taste essential to the luxurious indulgence of the palate of classic times; we moderns preferring to appease simply the cravings of appetite, by devoting the more solid and substantial viands to the digestive process, rather than to gratify our organs of taste by the ingenious combinations of which food is susceptible by culinary art. So universal is the indulgence of this custom, that mankind have been divided into but two—the great classes of those who eat to live, and those who live to eat: the former of course being by far the wiser part. This great family of eaters may, however, be subdivided into the following varieties:—Such as live by the "sweat of their brow," according to the

Divine edict; those who luxuriate on the bounty of their hospitable neighbors, in contravention of the original law; and others who "live upon half-pay," or rather merely vegetate upon the crumbs and fragments which descend from the tables of their opulent friends. All men are devotees to their dinner, be it either munificently or meagerly endowed; and all aim with equal zeal to do honor to the duty with a most exact and religious fidelity. There is an old adage which tells us that "fools make feasts and wise men eat of them," but we are inclined to skepticism as to the validity of the maxim, for it certainly is a sage and praiseworthy thing to confer a good service on oneself, and certainly no man is in so happy and complacent a condition as he who has just partaken of a generous and substantial meal. It has been affirmed, that man partakes of the nature of the animal of which he eats; from this statement, also, we are disposed to record our dissent; for although a man may possess a prevailing *penchant* for *mutton*, for example, it does not seem to follow that he acquires in consequence any more *sheepish* expression, than that he who indulges his preference for bacon should evince a *hoggish* disposition.

It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should turn to mutton, all but its head; for while we ask for a leg or shoulder of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head. The flesh of the calf is transmuted into veal; that of the hog into bacon and ham, while the sports of the chase usually result in *game*. But there is a fruit which changes its name still oftener. Grapes are so called, when fresh; raisins when dried, and plumbs when in a pudding.

In discussing the carnivorous propensities of the species, the fact that tastes and appetites vary to an almost indefinite extent, will be apparent at a glance. Every country has, also, some peculiar habits at their repast: some, like the orientals, indulge the recumbent posture, others, like the Europeans, take their food sitting around the table. The Romans regarded their supper as their chief meal, as we do the dinner; it was styled *triclinium* from three couches on which the guests reclined. The guests commonly were

accustomed to lie upon the bed, leaning upon their left elbow, with their upper part raised up. There were two or three on every bed; the one at the upper end, the next with his head leaning on the other's breast, the third the same manner. At public feasts, where many hundreds were invited, capacious couches were made, and accommodated to four or five persons at a table. Thus prepared to eat, they ornamented their heads with garlands of roses, and other pleasant flowers, to refresh their brain, and preserve it from the ill consequences of excess of drinking.

We learn from Gilbert's Lectures on Commerce, that the luxuries of the table commenced about the period of the battle of Actium, and continued to the reign of Galba. Their delicacies consisted of peacocks, cranes of Malta, nightingales, venison, wild and tame fowls; they were also fond of fish. The reigning taste was for a profusion of provisions; whole wild boars were served up, filled with various small animals and birds of different kinds. The dish was called the Trojan horse, in allusion to the horse filled with soldiers. Fowls and game of all sorts were served up in pyramids, piled up in dishes as broad as modern tables. Mark Antony provided eight boars for twelve guests. Caligula served up to his guests pearls of great value, dissolved in vinegar. Lucullus had a particular name for each apartment, and a certain scale of expense attached to each. Cicero and Pompey agreed to take supper with him, provided he would not order his servants to prepare anything extraordinary. He directed the servants to prepare supper in the room of the Apollo. His friends were surprised at the magnificence of the entertainment. He then informed them, that when he mentioned the name of the room the servants knew the scale of expense. Whenever he supped in the room of Apollo, the supper always cost £1,250. He was equally sumptuous in his dress. A Roman prætor, who was to give games to the public, requested to borrow one hundred purple robes for the actors. Lucullus replied, that he could lend him two hundred if he wanted them. The Roman furniture in their houses corresponded with their profuseness

in other respects. Pliny states, that in his time more money was often given for a table than the amount of all the treasure found in Carthage when it was conquered by the Romans.

The author of "*Apician Morsels*" informs us, that Julius Cæsar sometimes ate at a meal the revenue of several provinces.

Vitellius made four meals a day; and, at all those he took with his friends, they never cost less than ten thousand crowns. That which was given to him by his brother was more magnificent. Two thousand select fishes were served up, seven thousand fat birds, and every delicacy which the ocean and Mediterranean sea could furnish.

Nero sat at the table from mid-day till midnight, amidst the most monstrous profusion. Geta had all sorts of meat served up to him in alphabetical order.

Heliogabalus regaled twelve of his friends in the most incredible manner. He gave to each guest animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away all the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank; and it is remarkable that he supplied each with new ones every time they asked to drink. He placed on the head of each a crown interwoven with foliage of gold, and gave them each a superbly ornamented and well-yoked car to return home with. He never eat fish but when he was near the sea; and when he was at a distance from it, he had them served up to him in sea water.

The Roman banquets were much more remarkable for their profusion and costliness than for taste. The only merit of a dish composed of the brains of 500 peacocks, or the tongues of 500 nightingales, must have been its costliness.

A very remarkable peculiarity in the banquets of the ancients was, their not confining the resources of the table to the gratification of one sense alone. Having exhausted their invention in the confection of stimulants for the palate, they broke new ground, and called in another sense to their aid; and by the delicate application



of odors and richly-distilled perfumes, these refined voluptuaries aroused the fainting appetite, and added a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of the board. The gratification of the sense of smelling (a sense held with us in very undeserved neglect, probably on account of its great delicacy) was a subject of no little importance to the Romans. However this may be, it is certain that the Romans considered flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and it is the opinion of Baccius, that at their desserts the number of flowers far exceeded that of fruits. When Nero supped in his golden house, a mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences fell upon him; and one of Heliogabalus' recreations was to smother his courtiers with flowers, of whom it may be said, "They died of a rose in aromatic pain." Nor was it entirely as an object of luxury that the ancients made use of flowers; they were considered to possess sanative and medicinal qualities. According to Pliny, Athenæus, and Plutarch, certain herbs and flowers were of sovereign power to prevent the approaches of ebriety, and to facilitate, or, as Baccius less clearly expresses it, clarify, the functions of the brain.

M. de Pensey professed to La Place, Chaptal and Berthollet that he regarded the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, "for" said he, "of stars we have always enough, but we can never have too many dishes."

In point of profusion, nothing was equal to that which reigned at the banquet of Ahasuerus, who "regaled, during sixteen months, all the princes and governors of his state, and kept open house for seven entire days, for all the people of the great town of Suza."

Excesses of this kind are of more modern date. According to Pius III., Sindrigile, Duke of Lithuania, never made a meal at which less than thirty different kinds of meat were present: and he sat six hours at his table.

Specimens of inordinate eaters and drinkers might be cited *ad nauseam*.

The following are some of the most striking examples. "Maxi-

mus ate sixty pounds of meat per day; Albinus swallowed in one morning three hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of muscat, and forty oysters. Phagon devoured before Aurelius a wild boar, a hog, a sheep, and one hundred loaves, and drank a pipe of wine."

While on the subject of *hard* eaters, we are reminded of the droll announcement of a certain parish clerk, in England, to the effect that the vestry were to meet for the purpose of *eating* the church and digesting other matters! D'Israeli has an amusing chapter on the eating customs of various nations, from which we quote a passage or two. The Moldavian islanders eat alone; a habit which probably arises from the primitive and uncivilized custom of barbarous tribes, who fear that others who may suffer from as keen an appetite, but who have more strength of constitution, should come and ravish the whole meal! Those who inhabit the Phillippines, on the contrary, are remarkably sociable at their repasts. So strong is this feeling implanted in their rude natures, that it is stated they make it a rule, however intense their inward cravings, never to partake of their meal without a guest, even though compelled to run in search of some hungry mate. The tables of the opulent Chinese are made to shine with a lustrous polish, and are also covered with rich silk carpets, elegantly worked and embroidered. They do not make use of plates, knives and forks; each guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. It is said that in some parts of China, when an entertainment is given, the host exhibits his condescension and politeness by absenting himself, while his guests regale themselves at his table in undisturbed possession. The Otahecitans, who are otherwise naturally sociable, and gentle in their manners, yet feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast the members of a family divide as follows:—two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, have each their separate baskets. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards apart, turn their backs, and eat their dinners in profound silence. Among most

rude people, the habit of partaking of food and drinking at separate times seems to be very general: the custom, doubtless, took its rise from necessity, which too often rendered it imperative. Many curious modes are in vogue, with barbarous nations, touching their method of entertaining guests. The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, bordering also on the ludicrous. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue this flattering torment till he opens his mouth, when they clap their hands and dance before him with great glee. No custom is, perhaps, more amusingly absurd, than that resorted to by the Kamschatkan when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat: the host and his guest then strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the visitor is devouring his food, the other busily occupies himself with stirring the fire to produce an increased intensity of warmth of his attachment and regard. The poor guest is doomed to undergo this scorching ordeal, till nature absolutely revolts, and endurance can no longer abide the test, when they compound! In some instances, it is said, the poor victim of this ardent test of friendship positively becomes a martyr to his stomach and the fiery heat—instances being on record of death having ensued therefrom. If he survive, the stranger has, however, the right of retaliation allowed him; and he usually exacts the same from his too kind host; and this he does with an ardor and zeal, if possible, increased in its intensity by his own recent involuntary sufferings. The only intelligible reason assigned for this peculiar custom is, that it affords a test of the sincerity of a friend's regard, and his power of endurance and fortitude, should his services in this respect be demanded on behalf of his worthy host.

If we turn to the natives of Greenland, we shall find their carnivorous habits tending almost exclusively to animal substances. Their dishes are, however, generally such as are not likely to be excessively provocative to any but northern palates; their greatest delicacy being in many cases part of a whale's tail, rendered soft

and easy of digestion by being half-putrid, or, perhaps, a seal's carcass, in the same delicious state. Among other delectable dainties, they sometimes present the flesh of bears, sharks, gulls, &c. The poorer class subsist on even a coarser bill of fare; they being compelled to satisfy the cravings of their omnivorous stomachs with whatever kind of food they can find; even from the flesh of their foes down to those delicate zoological specimens which they may discover on each others heads. In times of scarcity they wander to the coast, and avail themselves of sea-weed, which, of course, they find sufficiently saline without the addition of salt. The Laplanders live upon the reindeer and bear, their ordinary libation being whale-oil, or water in which juniper berries have been infused. It is a well known peculiarity of countries which lie within or near the arctic circle, that the inhabitants require four or five times as much food as those of temperate climates. At Nova Zembla, from the greater activity and vigor of the digestive organs, Europeans are obliged to follow the example of the natives, by drinking the blood of the Reindeer, and eating raw flesh: the intense cold removing that disgust which such doses would naturally inspire among other people. To inhabitants of warm countries, temperance, or even occasional abstinence, is therefore no very difficult virtue; northern nations, on the contrary, being voracious from instinct and necessity, to keep the requisite quantum of caloric. The wandering Calmuc Tartars, also, eat the flesh of horses, wild asses, and other animals, often in a raw state. The Chinese, on the other hand, are famous for the richness and variety of their entertainments, although some of their viands are somewhat novel and curious. An account of one of these is thus given by Captain Laplace, who attended one of their feasts:—"The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, among which were salted earth worms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I had swallowed them; smoked fish and ham, both of them cut up into extremely small slices; besides which,

there was what they call Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, and which seemed to have been macerated for some time in water. All these dishes, without exception, swam in soup. On one side figured pigeons' eggs cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls cut very small, and immersed in a dark-colored sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, pounded shrimps, and maggots of an immense size." Among the subordinate classes of the celestials, the feeding is almost as indiscriminate as amongst northern savages; cats, dogs, and such like delicacies, being regarded as first-rate; a drowned rat is also deemed a dainty dish. The Siamese are still less scrupulous in their tastes; they devour, without distinction, rats, mice, serpents, putrified fish, and all sorts of garbage. It is said those refined gourmands, the Parisians, also indulge strange fancies for dog's meat, delicately fricasseed; and, according to a celebrated satirist, we are informed, that "when cats is in," the street pieman drives a great trade. The most disgusting of all recitals yet remains; it is too horrible, however, to dilate upon in this place; we refer to the practice of cannibalism. In the island of Sumatra, for instance, as well as among other savages, the prisoner of war is doomed to become the living repast of his wretched captors, and is literally eaten piecemeal. As an extreme contrast to the carnivorous tribes, we may mention the Brahmins of India, who religiously abstain from every kind of animal food, and even think it a crime to destroy gnats, or other vermin by which they are annoyed. In Persia very little animal food is eaten, vegetable diet being almost universally preferred. The inhabitant of Australia, again, is characterised by his carnivorous propensity for kangaroos, opossums, various sorts of insects, eggs of a large species of snake, and wild honey. The Caffres, in common with those savages already referred to, are in the habit of devouring various kinds of reptiles, such as large caterpillars, from which butterflies and moths are produced, also white ants, grasshoppers, snakes and spiders; they also indulge in more sub-

stantial meals of buffalo beef and the flesh of even the lion. Our neighbors of Mexico are said to be, like the French, very partial to frogs; the banana, however, forms a principal article of food with them, also the cassava, which is extremely nutritive; but the flesh of monkeys is with the Mexicans, as well as the inhabitants of some of the West India islands, very generally used, since they have a good supply of that genus in their forests. This *penchant* seems but one remove from absolute cannibalism, since, when this animal is divested of his skin, it precisely resembles a human being. There are some of the tribes of our Indians who are fond of rattlesnakes, which they boil or stew. The anaconda and other boas afford a wholesome diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Crocodiles, and lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama isles. The sloth is also a common article of diet there, which is said to resemble in flavor that of boiled mutton. The tapir and the armadillo are eaten by the Brazilian and West Indian. Even in some parts of civilized Europe the inhabitants use as food many substances, the very mention of which would cause disgust and abhorrence to our more refined palates. In Denmark and Sweden horse flesh is publicly exposed for sale in the markets. In early times there seems to have been less scrupulous nicety in the choice of dishes in France, and Italy, and Rome, when those inhabitants had stomachs so brave as to digest even vipers, snails, toads, frogs; the latter, indeed, are not even excluded from the culinary preparations of the modern Parisians. We have not yet finished our catalogue of the rarer delicacies of mankind. There are the geophagists, or earth-eaters, and such as subsist on the bark of trees. Incredible as it may seem, the digestive functions of man, in his rudest state, are even capable of deriving a species of nutriment from the mineral kingdom. In New Guinea, and elsewhere, these abominable earth-eaters are to be found. We learn from Humboldt that the Ottomaques, on the banks of the Meta and the Orinoco, feed on a fat, unctuous earth, or a species of pipeclay, tinged with a little oxide of iron. They collect this clay very carefully, distin-

guishing it by the taste; they knead it into balls of four or five inches in diameter, which they bake slightly before a slow fire. Whole stacks of such provision are seen piled up in their huts. These balls are soaked in water when about to be used, and each individual eats about a pound of the material every day. The only addition which they make to this unnatural fare consists of small fish, lizards, and fern roots. In Java, Russia and Germany, this product of "mountain meal" is also resorted to as an element of food.

Recent experiments in Germany have proved that the wood of various trees may be converted into a nutritious substance. The fibres of the birch, fir, lime, beech, poplar, and elm, when dried, ground and sifted, so as to form a powder like coarse flour, are not only capable of affording wholesome nourishment to man or domestic animals, but with a little culinary skill, constitute very palatable articles of food. Cold water being poured on this wood flour, inclosed in a fine linen bag, it becomes quite milky.

The bark of trees, also, has been frequently used, when prepared in a similar way, as a substitute for other food. This is the *barke-brod* of the Norwegians.

When an English traveler expressed his surprise and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men retorted, that it was poor affectation in a person who would swallow raw oysters.

Having thus taken a brief survey of the several edibles of various nations, presenting an amusing assemblage of dishes—enough to flatter the most capricious palate of the veriest epicure, we shall leave their more minute discussion to the respective tastes and appetites of the reader; nothing doubting that John Bull will indulge his predilection for roast beef, plumb pudding, and old port,—Monsieur his love for *soup maigre*, *fricasee*, and *vin ordinaire*—and Brother Jonathan his preference for everything that is nice, not excepting his down-east dish—pumpkin pie.

Samuel Lover's joke of the Irishman in France, will doubtless occur to many: the Hibernian, upon being presented with a dish

of the boasted "soup" aforesaid, eagerly surveyed its contents, and being about to throw off his coat, was asked what he was at, replied, "Faith, I'm going to swim for that bit of mate." He was evidently rather for solids than solutions. An Irishman is almost synonymous with his "pratee;" it is his *mate*, as whiskey is his drink. At Manchester there was once convened a society of verdant bipeds, who rejoiced in the title of vegetarians, from their custom of eating nothing but vegetables. Their members frequently met for the laudable purpose of masticating mashed potatoes and munching cabbage leaves. At one of these convocations, over 200 sat down to a table garnished with all varieties of garden stuff—such as sage and onions, beet root, mushrooms and parsley, and such like luxuries.

A word or two touching libations. The faculty insist that every departure from water in its natural state, is an injury to the animal economy. We confess, however, with Parr, Johnson, Robert Hall, and other erudite pundits, a decided predilection for a good cup of tea. Leigh Hunt discourseth in rapturous strain on this topic, where he asks—

"Did you ever return home from a journey, cold, wet, and weary, and unexpected, after tea was over, and the tea leaves ejected from the silver? Bright eyes glistened with delight at the sight of you; perhaps more than one pair, and a silvery voice names the magic word 'tea.' Out of some dozen of these instances, did it ever happen to you—when the tea had been made for you alone—to partake of a cup whose delicious fragrance had dwelt ever after on your palate, like a vision of paradise, and of which you have sometimes a difficulty in persuading yourself that it was not all a dream? Such an instance once occurred to me, not after a journey, but at a dining-out. I left the animals at their accustomed wine, and followed on the track of the girls, some of whom were so full of charms, that had Hebe fallen sick, they might have supplied her place at the board of Jove, without the fair nectar-bearer being missed. It was winter time; the fire burned brightly, and the rug



was so soft and rich, that I would not have exchanged it for the golden fleece which set so many men raving of old. The ottoman on which I reclined might have made an old Roman spurn his supper couch, and the girls gathering around me, might have made old Mohammed sulky in his paradise, and all his houris jealous. By all the immortal gods! that moment might have served as a memorable era in a century of lives; but it was nothing to what followed. The clustering beauties called for a tale of the wilderness, of 'antres vast, and deserts wild,' and one presses more than the others. I see her now, her Greek face, her glossy hair, her speaking eyes, straight, penciled, defined, dark brows, long eyelashes, and parted lips, 'discoursing eloquent music.'

" 'A bargain!' I said, as she sat on the ottoman by my side. 'A cup of tea made after mine own fashion, and I will talk till sunrise!'

" 'Agreed!' she replied, and the preparations were made. A hermetically sealed canister was brought, containing a single pound; not a leaden canister, but one of tin; not block tin, either, but the pure metal, thin, white, glittering, and crackling. Talk of the charms of an uncut novel, indeed! Give me the opening of such a virgin case, pure as it left China. It was not green tea, it was not black tea; neither too young nor too old; not unpleasing with astringence, on the one hand, nor with the vapid, half earthly taste of decayed vegetable matter on the other; it was tea in its most perfect state, full charged with aroma, which, when it was opened, diffused its fragrance through the whole apartment, putting all other perfumes to shame. About an ounce was then rubbed to powder by my fair Hebe, and deposited in its broad, shallow, silver receiver, with just *cold* water enough to saturate it. After standing twenty minutes, hot water *off the boil*, as it is technically called, that is, free from ebullition, was poured on it, amounting in quantity to three-quarters of a pint, and the lid was closely shut down on it, while the cylindrical-shaped tea-cup was placed on the spout to catch the aroma thence issuing. At the expiration of a minute,

it was poured out, (what a beautiful hand it was!) and the rich globules of essential oil might be seen floating on the surface, a perfect treasure of delight. A small portion of Alderney cream was *instantly* added, to prevent the escape of the essential oil, and just sufficient of the brilliant large-crystalized sugar to neutralize the slight bitter. Oh, heavens! to sip that most exquisite cup of delight, was bliss almost too great for earth; a thousand years of rapture all concentrated into the space of a minute, as if the joys of all the world had been skimmed for my peculiar drinking. I should rather say imbibing, for to have swallowed that liquid like an ordinary beverage, without tasting every drop, would have been sacrilege."

We hasten to close our remarks on the dietetics of various nations. We fear, however, the reader will find the subject very much of a medley—not *dressed* in a very artistic style—possibly, indeed, not very easy of *digestion*.

When Dean Swift was invited to dinner by his friend Lord Bolingbroke, and, as an inducement to accept, was shown the dinner bill, he replied, "A fig for your bill of fare—show me your bill of company." Those who are perfectly versant in forming good dinners are not always equally *au fait* in their selection of guests; such companies being often more incongruous and less likely to assimilate than the various viands, sauces and dainties of which the entertainment consists.

"To borrow our analogy from the very table before us. It is well known that to constitute a perfect *entrée*, there must be observed a certain coherence and harmony among the dishes,—so that fish may not interfere with fowl, or stew take the place of roast. How should we be shocked to see a syllabub responsive to sirloin,—a cod's head yoked with a mince-pie,—or a friecandau shouldering a plate of cherries? With what anguish should we contemplate a duckling unattended by its green peas,—or a fowl divorced from its friendly ham? In like manner, there must be a sort of adaptation or homogeneity among the guests

assembled,—so that the old may not be confounded with the young,—the high with the homely,—the rough with the refined. Nay, there often occur individuals, who, like an acid and an alkali, though separately pungent, are totally neutralized by a junction.

In illustration of the above remarks, it is sufficient to call attention to the ill-assorted, misarranged, and, as we may say, utterly dislocated dinner-parties which we occasionally meet with. At one table you behold a judge, brimful of law, brought into contact with a captain of the sea, who absolutely spouts salt water. At another, a spinster of the most perpendicular propriety is subjected to the explosions of a boisterous miss. At a third, a fair one is placed side by side with her *quondam* faithless adorer. At a fourth, two party opponents glare, like meteors, against each other, from their adverse orbits. At a fifth, you are immersed in a cloud of dull dignitaries, enough to stupify a whole hemisphere. Here an amatory poet encounters the critic by whom he was worried. There a blue-stocking lady, overflowing with sentiment, is addressed by a matronly housewife on the scouring of blankets. Here a sprig of quality is grafted on a vulgar stock. There a votary of the highest mode is associated with persons *whom nobody knows*. These, and a thousand other enormities which occur every day *to mar the promise of a festive meeting*, too sadly prove the truth of our complaints, and call for the most speedy and effectual remedies."

It is melancholy to observe the effect of such mal-practices, in the symposial arrangements of our good city; and what results of mawkishness and stupidity are the consequence.

Literary men have proverbially weak digestion, superinduced in most instances by their sedentary habits and devotion to study. So universally is this an infirmity to which the class are predisposed, that a physician is said to have declared he never knew a literary man with a strong stomach. Sir Bulwer Lytton might be considered an exception, perhaps—thanks to the magic power of

hydropathy. On the subject of literary dietetics and libations, we find a very interesting essay by Chambers, of Edinburgh, to which source we shall have to be indebted for some of the following particulars. For the love of charity, and the honor of the profession, we say not a word about those unfortunate ones who lived upon—nothing.

Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their diet and appetites. Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs, that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lamprey's for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely, that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the Doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at 4 o'clock, at Dolly's Chop House. A pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he

returned to his home in Essex street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseras, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go home one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Aristotle, like a true poet, seems to have literally feasted on fancy. Few could live more frugally; in one of his poems, he says of himself, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of men." Shelley, who had an ineffable contempt for all the sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined, was of opinion that abstinence from animal food subtilises and clears the intellectual faculties. To counteract a tendency to corpulency, Lord Byron, at one period, dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables, and even stiated himself to a pint of claret. If temperate in eating, it does not appear that he was equally conscientious with respect to his libations—especially in that beverage styled gin-and-water, to the inspiration of which some of his lucubrations owe their origin. Burns—the glowing but erratic Burns—was, as is too well known, a wretched instance of the baneful effects of intemperance.

Charles Lamb delighted in roast pig and a draught of porter out of the pewter pot, and he would press his friends, even great men and bashful ladies, to taste the genuine article, fresh drawn at the bar of his favorite little inn at Edmonton. Coleridge observes, that "some men are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet." Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced those intemperate habits which elicited Dr. Johnson's memorable remarks—"In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior,

will desire to let loose his powers of conversation ; and who that ever asked succor from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary."

A celebrated modern poet being invited to dinner by a lady, requested her to provide for him some perpermint cordial and black puddings. Goldsmith's usual beverage, in 1764, was a slight decoction of sassafras, which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood ; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, drank largely of green tea ; till, having lost the use of one arm, he says he discontinued it, and recovered the use of the limb.

Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. "I hesitated some time," says he, "between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in it, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a *rational animal*, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do !"

When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his "Principia," he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and vegetable diet. Kuhl, the naturalist, was remarkably moderate in regard to food ; on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labors were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Milton used to take "a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water," just before going to bed. He recommends

"The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st ; seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be selected, used to say, that "greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking." This striking and just remark is, however, only an abridgment of one by Swift, who pronounces temperance to be "a necessary virtue for great men; since it is the parent of that ease and liberty, which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."





## THE TALKATIVE AND THE TACITURN.

“Words must be fitted to a man’s month,—’twas well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my Lord Mayor, when he desired to take measure of his Lordship’s month.”—SELDEN.

HUMAN reason is a magnificent endowment: it is a glorious scintillation of Diety. It is in some sense our patent of celestial nobility; and if devoted to its high behests, will hereafter prove our passport to the bright and blissful associations of a future and higher estate of being. Speech is or was designed to be the utterance of reason.

Speech is the morning to the soul,  
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,  
Which else are furled and clouded.

“There are seven distinguishing characters of voice in men and women. In men they are termed bass, baritone, tenor, robusto or full-tenor, and tenor-leggiadro or counter-tenor. Those of women are termed contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano. The compass will be found to vary according to the length of the vocal chords and windpipe, the longest possessing the power producing the greatest number of notes. Thus, one voice may comprise a range of twelve notes, and another of sixteen, yet both may be of the same character. The change which occurs in the voice in the



decline of life, is the result of the ossification of the cartilages of the larynx, and the hardening of its ligaments, which produce a hard and cracked sound.

Nature is herself all vocal—she hath many voices—all are musical. The sighing whisper of the zephyr—the roaring of the cataract—the hoarse thunder of the tempest—and the dulcet songs of the minstrels of the woods—all pour forth their various melodies in the grand choral chant to the Creator of all. How deep an interest do we possess in the faculty of speech. The eye is said never to be tired of seeing, nor the ear with hearing, and both organs have enough in this beautiful world of sights and sounds for their delectation; it is not surprising therefore that both should constantly crave indulgence. But what should we be without speech—the intellectual “medium” of our social existence. If it were not an Hibernianism, we would say—let the *dumb* reply.

The human voice is the most marvelous, as well as melodious, of all the music of nature. Sweet and rapturous as are the choral symphonies of birds, the rich melody of the harp, the viol, and all other instruments of sound, what are these to the soft, sweet cadences of woman’s voice? Who does not confess to the witchery of woman’s persuasive speech, and who is proof against its potency? Eye-language is hers, also, and is full of magic and mystery—fascinating and beguiling is it; but her voice is invincible. How strangely mysterious should we all appear to each other were we divested of the faculty of speech? Life is full of disguises, even now, what should we know of each other were we incapable of the intercommunication of thought?

Life is a masquerade; there is scarcely any person, or class of persons, who appear in true character. Life’s disguises begin with the nursery, and continue throughout each successive stage, down to the grave. Shakspeare’s laconic summary, is indeed susceptible of literal application, “all the world’s a stage, and men and women but the actors on it;” and, as in the histrionic profession, many assume a character they fail effectively to impersonate, so in real

life, how often do we discover similar mountebank exhibitions. We are not what we seem, and this is in consequence of our conventional usage, which renders the moral disguise more a matter of necessity than of choice. Because some, from the force of vicious habit, seem to prefer the wrong to the right; it is not to be supposed that society at large would adopt and sanction any gross dereliction, since the majority would be sure to dissent from such a course. Yet are not the laws and forms of civilized society amenable to the charge of systematic dissembling and deception?

How are the rules of etiquette, which govern the social intercourse of polite life, made to arbitrate against the honest sincerity and frank utterances of the heart and lips? We unfortunately encounter an individual who may be particularly unsavoury to us—and yet with affected blandness we express ourselves delighted at the interview. On the same principle we sip the sour wine of our most inhospitable host, and crack it up as of an excellent brand. The tailor often becomes the unconscious accessory to like cheats and impositions, for he speedily metamorphoses the vagabond, blackleg or rogue into an exquisite; and as the world,—particularly the *beau monde*, generally estimate character by the degree of exterior decoration, it becomes an easy matter for such to acquire the *entree*.

There are also sundry physiognomic deceptions, so notorious as to have grown into a proverb; for example,—the mysterious, sapient look of the disciple of Esculapius, and the wily, sinister look of the “limb of the law,” who, like the “medicine man,” not content with wearing his visor, bothers his victim with unintelligible jargon of “dog latin.” Such incipient moral frauds are to be detected in all sections of society. Who, in seeking to sell a horse, advertises his vices as well as his virtues? And who would excuse a dowager for the unpardonable sin of defeating an eligible match by insinuating that the hopeful fair one is likely to prove another Xantippe? Who even in familiar converse with his friend, tells “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?”

Shenstone, speaking of the philosophy of talking, says, "the common fluency of speech, in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of a language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people can come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door."

Man is pre-eminently distinguished from the brute creation by the faculty of speech,—a noble attribute, and one indispensable to his happiness as a social being. The only exceptions, we believe, to the rule of his exclusive possession of this rare gift, are, first, that of the serpent, whose seductive and persuasive argument despoiled the fairest of mundane creatures of her innocence; the other, that of the despised ass who rebuked the disobedient prophet: and these were miraculously conferred for the occasion.

Doubtless our first parents possessed a perfect knowledge of language, possibly a dialect of Arabic or Hebrew, by intuition;—of all languages the most musical, rich, and flexible. We are unquestionably indebted to the first of womankind, and her fair successors, for the preservation of that common inheritance—our *mother-tongue*.

A source of such varied pleasure may well elicit our profoundest gratitude, when even the faithful and devoted dog has emulated the possession of the gift by his bark, and the birds fill the air with their enchanting melody, or chirp responsive to our call, while many of the animal creation yield submissive obedience to the voice of man. How many a loved and well-remembered tone of some sainted being, long since passed to the spirit-land, still holds us spell-bound, lingering in the mysterious cells of memory!

Whether induced by an undue or an excessive appreciation of the gift, we pause not to determine; but, certain it is, some

persons indulge the faculty to too great an extent, and others, again, do the contrary. The former class we denominate the talkative; the latter, the taciturn.

Among the first named there are many who talk a great deal, while in effect they say nothing; others, by their "expressive silence," are far more acceptable members of society, because when they do speak, they speak to some purpose. A still tongue, according to an old adage, denotes a wise head; and Solomon says, "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, and is as choice silver." There are maxims manifold for teaching men to speak which are comparatively little required, since nature prompts us to utterance; but few suggest the superior wisdom of maintaining a judicious silence, which requires the restraint of reason and prudence. We have intuitively the art of saying much *on* a little, whereas few possess the wit to say much *in* a little. In the art of speaking, as in chemical science, condensation is strength; and in both cases the result is attained by a process of experimental analysis. Presidential addresses and Parliamentary or Congressional harangues are celebrated specimens of the verbose, as well as the rhetorical; and the three memorable words of a classic hero—"Veni, Vidi, Vici,"—furnish a splendid specimen of the *multum in parvo*, and an example especially worthy the imitation of modern times. William, Prince of Orange, who made such a formidable stand against Spain, and founded the commonwealth of the United Provinces, was a noble instance of a sagaciously silent man. Cardinal Granville, a Spanish statesman, well knew the importance of this person's taciturnity, for, on receiving advice that Count Egmont and others were taken, he asked whether "the silent man" was also apprehended; and, having been answered in the negative, he replied, "Ah, then nothing is done." This gift of speech is the electric chain that links mankind together in the social compact; it is the living medium through which the resources of the realm of thought become an intellectual currency. This prerogative of our rational

nature, therefore, should be devoted to the dissemination of truth, for, like all other endowments, it may be desecrated to unworthy ends, and be made the means of the most complicated evil.

Let us glance at a few of the less venial sins of the talkative,—for they are manifold, and to classify them all would require the nice discrimination of an ethical Linnæus. We begin with the babbler, who is commonly an unhappy personage himself, for he has meddled too industriously with the affairs of others to enjoy any personal repose or satisfaction. Having made it the great business of his life to betray some hurtful secret, or aspersion on the fair fame and name of his neighbor, no one, of course, thinks it worth while to speak well of him while living, or even when his mischievous tongue becomes silent in death. These are the miserable creatures who batten upon the carrion and the noxious weeds of our social economy,—thrive most upon pestilential rumors, and the infectious breath of scandal; all wholesome truth becomes insipid to their vitiated and depraved appetites; and, like the fabled Upas-tree, they diffuse the breath of poison and disease wherever they go. Few, we suspect, pass in the procession of life without encountering a specimen of this class of injurious talkers, for their name is legion. They may usually be detected by their physiognomical developments; their sinister glance, malicious eye, shrunken face, and attenuated form, reveal but too legibly their ignoble character. They enjoy a kind of negative existence—their only stimulus being the fiendish mischief they effect, and the ruin they cause to the peace and happiness of all around them.

Another class of loquacious nuisances are those who deal in what is denominated small talk: they are of both sexes, and of all conditions of society. They are an impertinent set, constantly prattling about the common-place matters of life, are ever obtruding their nonsense upon the forbearance of their friends, and are prodigal spendthrifts of time. These notorious newsmongers are the pest of the social circle; they do almost as much harm, in an insidious way, to the well-being of society, as the babbler, by their

retailing of the petty scandal of the day, and their uncharitable strictures upon the sayings and doings of others. Small-talkers revel most at the tea-table,—a fact for which we do not pretend to account, unless it be that they derive their special inspiration from the beverage thereat dispensed. Births, marriages, and deaths, and love-matches, *liaisons*, and divorces, and the thousand peccadilloes their greedy ears drink in from the perturbed stream of life, form the *matériel* of their senseless and incessant chatter; and should they perchance find these sources to fail them, their pliant consciences make no scruple in drawing upon their imagination to supply the deficiency. They are not over fastidious at a fabrication, or, as it is sometimes called, a white lie; and they are ingenious in the art of putting a statement hypothetically, in suggesting an illiberal insinuation, or even in placing a palpable truth in an equivocal light, especially if it serve the purposes of personal scandal. The small-talkers may, however, be subdivided into two varieties; the latter class being accustomed to deal homœopathically in the diluted gossip of the day. These exhibit exemplary perseverance in the picking up and purveying of the smallest particles of chit-chat; and as they are usually provident of their stores, and they make a very little go a great way, you may have their second-hand nothings at less than cost. These are among insufferable social nuisances—they are both parvenu and plebeian, and are fit subjects for the school for adults.

The third class of objective talkers are such as find flaws in diamond-wit of the first waters—motes in the brightest rays of the mind—and beams in the eyes of Truth. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well-digested, they are sure to object to them. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what theirs were yesterday, they instantly challenge their accuracy; and if they are foiled in their arguments, they then turn their objections to the mode in which you have presented them. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, plainness, and want of spirit; talk in ornate phrase, and

your style is stilted and artificial : if your utterance is slow and deliberate, you are a drawling proser ; or if quick and fluent, your impetuosity is unendurable, and an equal offence of their immaculate taste. You modestly betray that you are well read in the classics, and they accuse you of pedantry ; you conceal your bibliographical knowledge, and you are at once suspected of gross ignorance, both of men and books. You bring them old opinions, and they doubt whether you have any of your own ; you deal in new ones, and they object to them as unsound, while at the same time they will adopt them themselves, if occasion should admit : they are, in a word, special pleaders for their own views, at all hazards,—mere sticklers for terms, with whom it is indeed morally impossible for any to agree.

Some talkative persons are ever dealing in exclamations, or are apostrophizers : these talk in admirations,—every topic, however commonplace, provokes their superlative wonder and amazement ; they are incessantly interlarding their remarks with interjectional exclamations of surprise, such as the following : Gracious Heavens ! You don't say so ! Is it possible ! You astound me ! and the like. Such interlocutors are accustomed to be lavishly frequent in the use of the most excruciating emphasis : they are also addicted to the parenthetical style of discourse. Specimens of this class may be met with among elderly ladies, who fancy they know a great deal,—so extensive, indeed, is their acquaintance with things in general, that every new item of knowledge in particular produces an extraordinary effect upon their nervous system, they supposing it impossible that any thing further yet remains to be known in the world of wonders.

Others are constantly indulging in interrogatives,—all they have to propose is in the catechetical form. These, we need scarcely remark, are of a naturally inquisitive turn of mind ; they are most indefatigable searchers after truth,—they are the most diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, and no difficulties impede their attainments. Curiosity is said to be a national characteristic, at least

with the eastern section of our country ; but it is, perhaps, a universal attribute of the female character. Women, by the way, are a strange enigma ; for they are most skillful in extracting secrets : yet who discover so little tact in retaining them ? They are, moreover, less ingenuous than the Hibernian, who excused himself for revealing a confidential matter committed to him, by frankly avowing, that as he found he could not keep the secret himself, he transferred it to his friend to retain it for him. Exclusive talkers are the bores of society ; they generally have it all to themselves, and all their own way, for nobody is allowed to "divide the honors" with them. Though you know already every thing he is saying, you cannot, by any chance, add to his marvellous stock of information. He is a perfect cyclopædia of general knowledge ; and, of course, is abundantly competent to instruct the unenlightened wherever he goes. If you essay to relate an anecdote or incident, he snatches it out of your mouth, and tells it for you, with the accompanying embellishments of his own extempore wit ; and should you urge, after its recital, that his was a different version of the story, and seek to rehearse it in your own way, he knows the other version as well as you do, and insists upon his own repetition. With such an incorrigible talker, it is a serious mistake to venture any suggestion of the kind, since one anecdote leads by concatenation to a score of others, and thus you unwittingly get the loquacious locomotive under high-pressure, to your discomfit. You run into a like dilemma if you unwarily venture to cite a passage from some favorite poet ; by the time you have quoted the first line, your interminable talker catches up the second, and not only saves you all further trouble in the matter, but rehearses twice as much as you intended, into the bargain. In all ordinary cases the luckless listeners fall asleep under the dreaded infliction of this tedious and insufferable "exclusive."

We are, indeed, says an American, a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals ; no shopmen, they are all assistants ; no servants, they are all



“helps ;” no jailors, they are all governors ; nobody is flogged in bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house ; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements ; nobody is angry, he is only excited ; nobody is cross, he is only nervous ; lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is, that “he has taken his wine.”

Another variety of the talkative, is the exaggerator,—one who despises the common run of phrases, and deals in grandiloquent terms and high-flown metaphors. He is an extravaganza in the social circle ; everything he utters is invested with hyperbole and glowing imagery : he scorns all colloquial phrases, and regards everything below his exalted standard, mean and inexpressive. Whatever he has to say must be tinted up *colour de rose*, yet while his habitual indulgence in superlatives and expletives gives spirit and force to his descriptions, it is exceedingly dangerous to admit his statements too literally. Even the witty cannot always appreciate his humor, and matter-of-fact people are at once utterly nonplussed at his extravagance. A talker of this class is, however, amusing in company, for, after his mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, worldly cares, imaginary ills, or positive griefs, such a highly spiced speaker is a capital antidote to ennui. Men must relax sometimes, or the consequences would prove fatal to their nervous system. That delicate machinery, by the way, has a severe ordeal to pass through in the wear and tear of life. Lord Brougham once said, no man had any right to a nervous system, who was not possessed of two thousand a year ; and we believe he was not far from just in his discrimination, for while we pay especial regard to the well-being of the stomach, we sadly neglect our more sensitive nerves. A little nonsense, therefore, occasionally, may not be inadmissible, when it can be thus harmlessly indulged. Nonsense is to sense, as shade to light—it heightens effect, making what is beautiful in itself still more beautiful by contrast. It is like an intended discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord the sweeter ; like silent sleep after sorrowful watch-

ing—the calm that succeeds a storm—like cheerfulness after care—ease after anguish—or the sickly olive that gives gusto to old port.

This art of vividly magnifying minor objects into exaggerated importance, by exhibiting them through a kind of mental microscope, has a peculiar charm for the fireside or the table. It presents things in grotesque and monstrous distortion, which cannot fail of exciting our risible faculties. Dean Swift was, perhaps, the greatest specimen of this style of writing and talking. This habit, of exaggerating a statement beyond its exact limits, is one of the most common of colloquial misdemeanors. Some souls seem too big for their bodies—every thing must be *in extenso*; hence they transcend the restrictive limits of reality, and bound off into the regions of the ideal. Sticklers for matter-of-fact are, perhaps, equally tenacious of the opposite extreme; and they are no less obnoxious to good taste: they are as rigidly literal as the former are poetical. They evince a false zeal for truth, for they again leap beyond its limits, in their eager pursuit of details. With all their professed antipathy to exaggeration, they become meanly culpable in the very thing they repudiate. The man who would measure a hair or weigh a feather, is as guilty of an hyperbole as he who would transcend the just proportions of truth. Confront the two characters, and we see the result to be as we have described: the one is a fine precipitate fellow, warm of heart and hasty of tongue; the other, a simple, direct man, who looks at things in their just proportions, and is nice even to the smallest fractions in all his affirmations.

There are many minor varieties of the loquacious; for example, the slow-talker, whose drawling accents make the very atmosphere drowsy, and whose provoking prolixity is tantalizing to the last verge of endurance. Then there is the quick speaker, rushing with the impetuosity of a whelming cataract, sweeping all before him, and stunning your ear with his incessant volubility. We might also refer to loud talkers as among social nuisances, for,

generally speaking, sound, in their case, is a screen for lack of sense and modesty—the two essentials of a good talker. There is yet another class, who are in the habit of violating good taste and decorum by the ever-recurring use of *outré* and unintelligible terms—flowers of speech—exotics from all the living languages, as well as the dead. These scorn the usual phrases of our vulgar vernacular, however inapt their adoption may be of foreign terms in their stead. Carlyle and Emerson may be mentioned as cases in point, although, it is true, they indulge rather in a habit of Anglicizing German idioms, or torturing their mother-tongue into all conceivable distortions. The injudicious and excessive use of foreign phrases evinces a very questionable taste, and is characteristic of pedantry and a love of display, which those who value their reputation for scholarship ought scrupulously to avoid. We confess ourselves too charitably inclined to exhibit the foibles incident to another unfortunate class, who are prone to a fatal habit of telling what they have to say inopportunately, or who are frequently liable to perpetrate bad puns, and worse jokes, at which no one can even force a spasmodic laugh, for we all know Dr Johnson's depreciative estimate of their character. They have but one exclusive privilege, of which most evince a ready proclivity to avail themselves—that of laughing at their own pointless puns. *Elia* defends this right on their behalf in the following wise: "That a man must not laugh at his own jest is surely the severest exaction ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it,—to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his own venison upon the absurd strength of never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party."

Having disposed of our garrulous friends, what shall we say of the incommunicative?—those inane beings who so admirably supply the lack of statuary in the boudoir or library. Among this class are the men of elongated and lugubrious visage, who frown

out of existence even the scintillation of a smile, and "shut up" every facetious mouth, however highly charged it may be with intellectual electricity. The taciturn, whatever be their minor idiosyncracies, are social nuisances; they damp the ardor, and repress the utterances of the heart wherever their influence extends. If a man be endued with a tongue and brains, it is fairly to be inferred they were designed for use: an incorrigible mute, therefore, sins against himself as well as society. Some persons very modestly shelter themselves under the plea that their silence is caused by their laborious habit of thinking; we regard this, however, as apocryphal at the best, for any man who has, however little, of the Promethian fire in him, must throw off sparks sometimes. Some of these wordless men vainly seek to atone for their provoking silence by assuming an interminable and senseless smile; others, again, sit in stolid indifference, looking as vapid and unimpressible as they probably are in reality.

There are others, again, who absurdly obtrude themselves and their private affairs on the attention of a mixed company: nothing can be more injudicious or indelicate. Others lie in wait for every opportunity to proclaim their own adroitness and wit, and are ever on the alert to elicit commendation and compliments. Some boast their gift of prescience; they call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a person from the beginning, and told him the consequences would be just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others, again, says Swift, have a singular weakness or vanity of telling their own frailties and faults: they are the strangest men in the world—they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly—they have lost advantages by it,—but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it.

To preserve a judicious silence is a very essential requisite in refined and polite society: this silence is not, of course, sullen or supercilious, but graceful and eloquent. Fontenelle is reported to have said that "he should leave the world without regret, for it

hardly contained a single good listener ;” and the days in which we live are certainly not much better in this respect.

Having taken our exceptions to offenders against good manners in the matter of conversation, we will now venture to offer a few hints for the uninitiated. Conversation is one of the polite arts of life,—its end and aim being the cultivation of the graces and attractions of the social economy: he that possesses conversational powers in the highest degree, therefore, becomes a most efficient agent in imparting pleasure, and in contributing to the improvement of the social circle. Few acquisitions are of rarer attainment, from the neglect with which the subject is treated by the masses of society. It is not a little remarkable that many of the most cultivated minds are found deficient in conversation. Among the literati, perhaps the most illustrious and brilliant examples include the names of Rogers, the poet, and the late Countess of Blessington. Two things seem essential to the possession of good conversational powers,—a competent knowledge of men and books, and a felicitous habit of expression ; the former is to be acquired by observation and study ; while the latter is more commonly an intuitive gift. Topics upon which to descant are manifold and various ; the whole realm of nature and art, the boundless resources of knowledge, and the numberless incidents, phases, and accidents of human life, as well as the myriad forms of imagery that people the regions of thought and fancy,—all supply themes of interesting discussion. What, for example, could afford subjects more pleasing or fertile for a quiet and sociable *tête-à-tête*, than the variegated treasures of Flora, the ever-changing and exquisite beauties of natural scenery, the investigations of pure science, and the accumulated wealth of human lore ? If anecdote and humor are the pearls of polite conversation, the above-named constitute the pure gold for their setting, reflecting a tenfold splendor. Those, therefore, who are *au fait* at repartee, or who fill up the pauses which occur in graver discussions, by brilliant flashes of extempore wit, or a piquant story, good-natured sarcasm, or playful satire,

achieve no inconsiderable service in the social gathering. The circumstances of time, place, and the character of the company, ought, of course, ever to govern the choice of topics, and the manner and method of their presentation. It would be absurd to expound a problem of Euclid to an elderly lady whose sphere of attainments never stretched beyond the details of the dormitory or the domestic duties of her domicil ; and it would be equally inconsistent to attempt a grave dissertation on the treasures hidden in the heart of the earth, to a fair nymph in love, whose interests lie all concentrated and clustered in the devoted heart of her lover. Fulsome flattery and all kinds of extravagant compliment, are as obnoxious to good taste as the baneful practice of indulging *badinage*, or even personal invective. To a well-balanced and educated man, the cultivated society of the opposite sex offers the highest possible attractions ; for, in addition to the advantages to be derived from the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, the most fascinating arts and graces are exhibited, which exert a reciprocal and powerful influence, imparting a brilliancy and charm to every thing that is spoken. If to excel in the art of pleasing be the secret of success in that of conversation, commend us not infrequently to the refining elegance and challenging graces of educated female society : in such a school of the art, the pupil who should fail of academic honors would assuredly prove himself unworthy to share them. Among the most delightful of mental recreatives may be classed the exhilarating pleasures of intellectual intercourse ; they constitute the very life-fluid of our social being.

Hazlitt's remark, that authors were seldom gifted with conversational powers, seems to be abundantly verified by fact. He says, —“ Authors ought to be read, and not heard ;” and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at a second-hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion ; some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men

who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency ; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher ; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables ; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview : " I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies ; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of " Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion ; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the model, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence.

He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons, friends ; and that it was then thinking aloud. Steel, Swift, Pope, and Congreve—men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order—allowed him to have been a delightful companion among intimates ; and Young says of the latter, that " he was mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as

to chain the attention of every one to him." Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself."

There are exceptions to every rule, in the present instance, however, they serve but to confirm it.

Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skillful as the story-tellers of the East, in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons, and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success.

Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, that "his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, in whose society they had felt so perfectly at ease."

In conversation, Dante was taciturn or satirical. Gray and Aferi seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation,—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him.



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Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others. Dryden has very honestly told us, "My conversation is dull and slow—my humor is saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavor to break jest in company, or make repartees."





## FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT FLOWERS.

The bright mosaics, that with storied beauty,  
The floor of nature's temple tessellate.—HORACE SMITH.

“A PASSION for flowers,” writes Mrs. Hemans, “is, I really think, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during a weary illness, have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leapt up to their dreamy hues and odors, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood—which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being.” To a cultivated taste, indeed, flowers ever present the rarest attractions, and the most fascinating charms. Many-tinted and many-voiced, they are associated with all that we share in the poetry and romance of life:—

they deck the joyous days of childhood, shedding richest fragrance, and reflecting over its ascending pathway their ever-changing and gorgeous hues. Buds and blossoms form the tokens of gentle and endearing affection, they garnish alike the sanctuary of home and the sainted grave,

Barren indeed were this world of ours,  
Denied the sweet smile of the beautiful flowers.

Poets and artists have ever delighted to pourtray the charms of nature, under whatever phase or aspect she presents them—as much when decked in her silvery sheen, as when arrayed in the prismatic hues of the vernal spring—when the meadows are gemmed with butter-cups and daisies, and the glorious trees of the forest are bursting into new life and beauty. With one exception—that of love—no subject has, to a like extent, challenged the rich and quaint device of the votaries of the muse. How pleasant an hour might we wile away by citations of the pleasurable passages of the poets, who have luxuriated over the treasures of Flora!

The very name is suggestive of all that is fresh and lovely in nature. The gems that sparkle in her diadem—the rich embroidery and glittering adornments of her gayest and her simplest robes—the pearls, the rubies, the diamonds, the sapphires, the gorgeous jewels that enrich and beautify creation—are they not sweet flowers? Who loves flowers? The highest and the lowliest, the rich and the humble, those who are gifted with high intellect, and those of limited capacity—all unite in this one sweet sense of the beautiful. It is a sad house that has no flowers in it; a hard and harsh soul which can let the summer-time glide away, and find no pleasure in looking upon these choicest gifts of nature. A poetic fancy will indulge a sweet colloquy with these beautiful “terrestrial stars.” A contemporary thus cherishes this conceit:—  
“Yes, talk with the flowers; their voice is sweet and musical, their language pure and elegant, and all their teaching gentle,

loving and kind. Talk with the flowers, and they shall not upbraid you. If you are good, they will whisper in low and soothing tones of hours gone by—of past joys. The flowers whose petals are one by one falling to mother earth, from whence their beauty rose, may mind you of some one who early bloomed and faded ere the evening came, and the sweet fragrance of those decaying, withered leaves ascending upward, whence, from sunshine, rain and dew, they gathered sweetness, lingers like the memory of the lamented one, still sweet and fresh, while the spirit soars back to its Author.

“Again, if you are in a glad and hopeful mood, some beauteous bud will speak in truthful tones of joys in future store, and hope will paint a bright to-morrow, when all those lovely tints shall be unfolded to admiring, affectionate eyes, making glad the hearts that have long watched for its expanding beauty. So shall you watch, lest blight fall upon your opening prospects, and strive to ripen and develope your powers in bright colors and strong rich verdure, whose fruition shall be all the bud had promised.”

The earth is decked and garnished all over with these little gems. They are not only for the adornment of the mountain side, the meadow, and the cultivated parterre;—they make the very atmosphere fragrant with their incense. When they fade they shed the rich odor of their dying breath, like the sweet memory of the loved and lost. Let us gaze awhile on the great book of nature, it is delicately and daintily illumined, and very fragrant.

“There is, to the keen perception of the educated,” says an eloquent writer, “a glory in the grass, a splendor in the flower, an unearthly beauty in the clouds. To a lover of nature, all things are beautiful—full of Eden beauty.”

There are spirits in the air,  
 Genii in the evening breeze,  
 And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
 As star-beams among twilight trees.

Flowers are meet objects of our reverence as well as admiration, for their ineffable beauty and sweetness, as well as being manifestations of the wisdom, goodness, and power of Him who has so lavishly scattered them over the face of the earth. Flowers have not been deemed unworthy of special notice in Holy Writ: in Solomon's pastoral, floral allegories are of frequent occurrence; and such is the high estimate of their exquisite beauty, that we are told even Solomon, in all his regal splendor, was not arrayed like the delicate lily. How many a lesson of wisdom might we gather from the study and contemplation of these beautiful and radiant creatures,—of trust in the “fatherhood of God,”—of mutual harmony, and reciprocal affection, and of the blissful hopes of an endless existence in the “Paradise Regained!” Our great epic poet has described with wondrous power and effect the transports of our first parent as his delighted eye first luxuriated over the clustered beauties that decked his Eden bowers. His hapless descendants, although deprived of Eden, yet inherit many of its flowers. How vastly inferior the proudest achievements of art to the exquisite delicacy discovered in the web and woof of flowers! How do their enchanting fragrance, richness, variety and finish of coloring, as painted by the Heavenly Limner, no less transcend all human skill!

How dormant and obtuse must that mind be which fails to derive a feeling of elevating and refined delight from the contemplation of these pearly gems that grace the bosom of our mother earth,—the jewelry with which Heaven has adorned her! Yet too many there are, “in the close city pent,” for whom these gay and brilliant things possess no charms: they prefer the sordid pursuit of gold, to the soul-elevating study of Nature in all her enamelled beauty; yet what can be more deliciously refreshing to the vision, than to gaze upon the ever-varying charms of the rich parterre? Oh, what a revenue of pure enjoyment is conferred upon the worshippers of Flora!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles, that in dewy splendor  
 “Weep without woe, and blush without a crime.”  
 O! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
 Your love sublime.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

Woman, from her finer sensibilities and keener appreciation of the beautiful, possesses an innate passion for buds and blossoms, and these emblems of innocence, grace, and beauty, naturally enlist her sympathies. She is, indeed, herself the queenly blossom of Paradise, and her peerless charms find their nearest emblems in the blushing tints, the nectar sweets, and glowing beauties of Flora. Hence the fitting grace with which she prefers to cull from the leafy temple of the goddess the rarest gems to heighten her fascinations, rather than costly pearls or the dazzling decorations of art.

Flowers, it will be recollected, are used for national emblems: thus, that of England is the rose, the queen of flowers; France has adopted the lily; Ireland the shamrock; and Scotland the thistle. Shakspeare, in the “Winter’s Tale,” makes Perdita thus give significancy to them, by distributing her flowers according to the respective ages of those to whom she presents them. To the old she gives rue and rosemary, which keep all winter; to those of middle ages she offers flowers of summer, such as lavender, mint, marjoram, and marigold; and to the young primrose, lilies, violets, and daffodils. Horace compares youth to ivy and myrtle, and old age to dried leaves.

Leigh Hunt has the following genial passage touching the perfume of flowers :—

“Oh, world of mystery everywhere hangs about us and within us! Who can, even in imagination, penetrate to the depths of the commonest of the phenomena of our daily life? Take, for instance, one of those pots of *Narcissi*. We have ourselves had a plant of the variety known as *soliel d'or*, in flower, in a sitting-room for six weeks, during the depth of winter, giving forth the whole of that time, without (so far as we know) ceasing, even during sleep, (for we need hardly tell our readers that plants *do* sleep,) the same full stream of fragrance. Love itself does not seem to preserve more absolutely its wealth, while most liberally dispensing it! That fragrance has a material basis, though we cannot detect it by our finest tests. What millions of millions of atoms must go to the formation of even a single gust, as it were, of this divine flower-breath! Yet this goes on, through seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and ceases only with the health of the flower petals. Where, then, in these petals—these thin, unsubstantial cream-flakes—may we look to find stored up all these inexhaustible supplies! Where, indeed? and if they are not stored up, but newly created as given forth—is not that even more wonderful? Would that any one could show us the nature and modes of operation of such miraculous chemistry.”

The imitative art has ever been devoted to the arrangement and combination of these cherished objects. The designs that flowers have afforded to painting, sculpture, and architecture, with their effects upon the mind, also furnish a fruitful theme.

In the distribution of honors and badges of distinction, Nature is generally appealed to: poets were crowned with bays, and conquerors with laurel; and of the several heraldic decorations, many of the emblems are derived from nature. On the triumphant return of a victorious hero, garlands of gay flowers are wreathed, and dispensed by fair hands. There are certain rural festivals of ancient origin, a few of which are still extant in some parts of

Europe, at which the resources of Flora are called into requisition: such as that of the May Queen, the festival of the Rose, Harvest Home, etc.

In tropical climes the treasures of Flora are seen in all their opulent splendor. A poetic pen has thus portrayed them :—

“Where to the richest fruits the soil is kind,  
 And to a vast array of brilliant flowers ;  
 Where is a thymy censor every wind ;  
 Where on the torrent’s banks crowd forest bowers ;  
 Where leaves of plantains spread like generous hands,  
 To travelers offering cool, delicious loads ;  
 Where, far aloft, the palm her crown expands ;  
 Stalks of the aloe line the mountain roads,  
 Firm sentinels, that watch the centuries flight,  
 And challenge them with floral banners bright ;  
 The pine tree wears its vesture soft of moss ;  
 The passion-flower displays its way-side-cross ;  
 The cactus blooming crimson in the sun ;  
 Loft, waving vines in shifting beauty run ;  
 All plants that in odorous concert bring  
 Delight their revel in perennial spring ;  
 Myriads of flowers, like gay-dressed suitors, there  
 Court with sweet breath the pleased and passive air.”

Let us cull a bunch of fresh violets, and take a glance for a few moments at their wondrous beauty. Violets have been called “the modest grace of the vernal year :” it is the sweetest flower that decks the wood.

These exquisite little woodland fairies have inspired many pens, and many have sung their charms in melodious numbers : but we propose to descant upon them briefly in the simpler phrase of a lover of nature. Here then is our bunch of freshly-cropped violets. Not to say one word about their delicate and most exquisite aroma, it is impossible to look into their deep cups without being struck with their rare beauty. And we no sooner become impressed



with this feeling, than we begin to recollect what Shakspeare has said about them—what beautiful and passionate pictures they have formed, and what loveable spots they nestle in, in the realm of song. While we bend our lingering and curious gaze upon their delicate structure, we admire the consummate skill of their Divine Artificer.

To be a lover of flowers, it is not indispensable that one should be a floriculturist, or that we become familiar with their botanical names, or vegetable physiology : but it is necessary that we have a soul for the beautiful. To love flowers, is to love nature ; and what may not the love of nature do for man, when all other avenues to his feelings are closed up by selfishness or worldly influences ?

Flowers are always on the sunny side of things ; and we too, certainly, should keep there as much as we possibly can.

#### The sun

Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth  
Returns the smile in flowers.

“Happy are they,” says Gray, “who can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle ;” and who that is conscious of the beneficial influences of cherishing a love of flowers, can fail to respond to the sentiment ? Linnæus constructed a dial of flowers, indicative of their times of expanding and closing ; so that by planting them in such a manner as that at each succeeding hour a blossom should unfold : and thus from morning to evening the time was so accurately expressed, that he seldom needed to have recourse to his watch.

One of the prettiest little flowers, that decks the rural lanes and the corn-fields, is the scarlet *Pimpernel* ; this small flower and the common red *Poppy*, are the only instances of bright scarlet blossoms among British plants. This brilliant color seems to require the warm sun of the tropics, since in those countries where

great heat prevails, flowers of the most brilliant scarlet hang in large clusters upon the trees, or adorn the earth. The pimpernel generally flowers in June; its leaves are of an oval shape, somewhat spotted; it opens about eight o'clock, and shuts up its blossoms towards noon; so that should you seek it in your early morning walk, you will find only the bright red bud, peeping out from its delicate green cup; and when it unfolds its purple eye to the sun, it may seem to remind you that it is time for returning to your breakfast. Poets style this flower "the cheerful pimpernel," from the above-mentioned fact—that it reveals its beauties to the eye when the dazzling "king of day" is usually smiling gayly in the sky; upon the approach of rain, it folds itself quite up, and from its thus foretelling the farmer the approaching shower, it has been called "the poor man's weather-glass." The shrub called the *Rose of Jericho*, which is said to be indigenous to Arabia Petræa; also presents a very remarkable instance of this sensibility in rainy seasons. Like that interesting class of plants called *Polypi*, which constitute the connecting link between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and which, indeed, from their acute sensitiveness to touch, seem to partake more of the nature and attributes of the latter: this, and other specimens present a subject of curious inquiry which may well excite the wonder and admiration of the student of nature. This rose grows upon stems which are not upright, but which spread from their centre over a considerable space of ground: the blossoms and leaves fall off together at the end of the season, leaving the stems bare, which all approach each and close up in a globular form, during damp weather, and again spread apart in the returning sunshine. The *Evening Primrose* discloses its yellow fragrant flowers in the "sweet hour of eve;" and the *Marvel of Peru*, or *Beauty of the night*, expands when the other flowers are sleeping, and, soon as morning fully dawns upon it, folds up its charms in its spiral buds. There is also a like apparent sensitiveness to rain evinced by that beautiful, though common flower, known familiarly as the *Convolvulus*, or *Morning*

*Glory*: its sweet-scented blossoms, whose fragrance resembles that of the almond, are of various delicate hues—purple, white and red, mingled with many beautiful semi-tints; while its bright green leaves trail fondly around the nearest object that presents itself for support. We are indebted to a recent writer for some other interesting facts connected with flowers, among which we will mention the curious phenomenon exhibited by some plants during the night. The common *Monkshood* is said to emit in the dark a bright phosphorescent light.

One of the earliest harbingers of the spring, is the *Daisy* (*Eye of Day*). Its modest beauties have been celebrated in the verses of Chaucer, Wordsworth, Montgomery, and Burns; and been regarded as the emblem of affection.

Chaucer's quaint lines read—

—“Of all the floures in the mede  
Than love I most these floures of white and rede,  
Such that men called daisies in our toun,  
To them I have so great affection.”

A poetical superstition is attached to this flower, which is found to grace both mountain and meadow, and which Wordsworth designates “the pearl of spring, whose home is every where,” which makes it a test of friendship. It is a custom with simple-hearted rustics, when they wish to ascertain whether a professed attachment is sincere, for the trysting parties to pull off, one by one, the white rays of the flowers, saying alternately, “does he love me?” “does he not?” until they stripped off all the rays of the daisy. If the first appeal happens to occur at the last ray, the conclusion is believed to be auspicious.

The contemplation of flowers is a theme rife with interest to all classes: the child, fascinated by their exceeding beauty, is delighted to gather them into a bright bouquet; the fair maiden seeks to employ the expressive symbols to reveal the gentle emotions of her heart; while the lover of nature luxuriates over

their variegated charms, or scans with inquisitive gaze their manifold mysteries.

“In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
 And tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
 Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
 On its leaves a mystic language bears.”

Well might Isaak Walton exclaim, as he reclined on a primrose bank, and bent his enraptured eye upon the enamelled meadow before him, “I regard them as Charles, the Emperor, did Florence ; that they are too pleasant to be looked upon, except on holidays.”

“Heaven wills these simple things should give  
 Lessons to teach us how to live.”

Sharon Turner remarks, that plants with few and small leaves depend chiefly on the soil ; those with many and large ones, more on the atmosphere. It is a singular fact, that flowers of different colors sometimes flourish on the same root. This is to be seen sometimes in the *Sweet William* and the *Marvel of Peru*, both which occasionally bear white and colored blossoms commingled. The same peculiarity is also observable in some plants whose color is deemed so constant as to have become proverbial, as to have become proverbial, as in the instance of the *Blue Harebell*, so often alluded to in poetry as descriptive of the eye of some gentle maiden. The part from which the aroma proceeds is various in different plants : most frequently it exists in the blooming corolla ; it is thus with the honeysuckle, the hawthorne, and a thousand others. Sometimes it is found in the herbage, as the sweet-brier, the sweet woodruff, or the ground ivy ; it is even occasionally in the root. Eastern flowers possess a richer fragrance than those of other climes ; and the Orientals are also more passionately fond of these “bright stars of the earth.” All odoriferous plants are

valued by them, but the rose is their peculiar favorite; the natural and artificial varieties of this universally pet blossom are very numerous and beautiful.

Perfumes were much in vogue with the ancient Hebrews, the Persians and Romans, as well as many other nations of later times: the former have Moses for their chronicler in this respect, and reference is made to the use of spices and aromatics by Mary Magdalene, on the morning of the Resurrection, for the purpose of embalming the body of the Saviour. So pungent is the scent of some flowers, that persons of a nervous temperament are unable to inhale it without acute pain; some will be affected with headache by the smell of the mignonette, the hawthorn, the lily, the lilac, and the laburnum. Flowers kept in a confined room are considered injurious to health, especially during night, when they have a different effect upon the atmosphere than when acted upon by light: they emit nitrogen gas, while during the day they exhale oxygen. The fragrance yielded by some plants when crushed, has suggested many beautiful images to poets: Moore alludes to this circumstance when referring to the only consolation in sorrow, he says:

“ And thou can’st heal the broken heart,  
Which like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathe sweetness out of woe.’

Many very lovely flowers grow in the water, rearing their heads and some of their leaves above the surface of the stream; there are also, it will be remembered, numerous species of sub-marine plants. Under the shadow of the drooping willow, the fair white water-lily blooms in unsullied elegance, bending with the slightest breeze, or softly reclining upon the smooth surface of the rivulet. Botanists designate this frail and delicate flower *Nymphaea*, because, like the nymphs or naiads of the classic poets, it loves to haunt the

streams, and delights in the shadow of the foliage that hangs over them.

Then we have—

“That blue and bright-eye floweret of the brook,  
Hope’s gentle gem—the fair *forget-me-not*.”

And the queen of spring-blossoms, the sweet-scented Anemone; nor let us forget “the pearl-like buds, in roscate light displayed,” of the odorous *May*, the *Meadow-Sweet*, the *Cystus*, and the azure *Harebell*, among the blossoms of the woods. Next to the regal Moss Rose, we have the choicest of Flora’s treasures, the almost endless varieties of the Carnation. One of the most boastful and admired ornaments of our modern gardens is the *Cactus*, of which a varied profusion may be seen: the same may be said of the *Dahlia*. (The *Dahlia* is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was named after Dahl, the celebrated Swedish Botanist. It is more than thirty years since its introduction into Europe, and is now the universal favorite of florists. The number of known varieties is five hundred,) the *Verbena*, the varieties of the *Aster*, *Geranium*, *Heliotrope*, the *Oleander*, and last, though not least, the *Passion-Flower*, the *Hyacinth*, and the *Jasmine*.

Louis XVIII. on his restoration to France, made in the park in Versailles the fac-simile of the garden at Hartwell; and there was no more amiable trait in the life of that accomplished prince. Napoleon used to say that he should know his father’s garden in Corsica blindfolded, by the smell of the earth! And the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been raised by the Median Queen of Nebuchadnezzar on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the hills and woods of her childhood. We need not speak of the plane-trees of Plato—Shakspeare’s mulberry-tree—Pope’s willow—Byron’s elm?—Why describe Cicero at his Tusculum—Evelyn at Wotton—Pitt at Ham Common—Walpole at Houghton—Grenville at Dropmere? Why dwell on Bacon’s “little tufts of thyme,” or Fox’s geraniums?

There is a spirit in the garden as well as in the wood, and the "lilies of the field" supply food for the imagination as well as materials for sermons.

Many interesting particulars might be adduced touching the botanic history of ornamental plants,—for instance, the almost infinite variety of their leaves and blossoms,—which latter, according to modern science, are but a higher development of the former. Some leaves are smooth, others are hairy on their surface: which latter kind, when laden with dew, glisten like diamonds in the sun's ray. Leaves are, in the vegetable kingdom, what lungs are in the animal: this may be readily ascertained by placing a young vine-leaf over a wine-glass, when, if it be a hot day, you will very soon find the glass quite damp, and in the course of a short time the moisture, from the emitted perspiration, will run down in drops. It is the chemical action of light upon leaves and stems that causes their green color: if kept a long period in darkness, they would become white or colorless. If exposed to the light of a candle, at night when they are contracted, they will partially unfold again: this is especially the case with the varieties of the *Sensitive-Plant*.

As already intimated, in Eastern nations, which are characterized by a luxurious devotion to beauty and elegance of taste, flowers are commonly used as expressions of sentiment and feeling—such as love, friendship, anger, disdain, remorse, and the like. To them floral language is ever eloquent. It is said that in Persia, the *Tulip*,—whose blossom in its native country is scarlet, while the centre of its glowing cup is black,—is indicative of ardent affection; and the love-sick swain who would send this floral missive is understood to convey the idea that, like the flower, his face is glowing with the intensity of passion, while his heart is consumed by its fires, as a coal. The gift of a *Rose* fully expresses also the matured progress of affection; while despair is signified by a bouquet formed of *Myrtle* entwined with the *Cypress* and *Poppy*: *Bergamot* and *Jasmine*, both very fragrant, are beauti-

fully emblematic of the sweets of friendship. The symbolical language of Flora may well be deemed the most natural and eloquent of languages : hers is an oratory that speaks in perfumed silence, in which there is a tenderness and passion, and even a buoyancy of gay mirthfulness, unknown to other vocabularies. No spoken word can rival the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a chaste flower ; and a like efficacy is imparted to the same expedient when we would pour the soothing balm of sympathy on the stricken and sorrowing spirit. But who can doubt the significance of flowers ? They speak in gentlest whispers, in soft, perfumed sighs. Who would not listen ? “Poetry, like truth,” says Ebenezer Elliott, “is a common flower : God has sown it over the earth, like daisies, sprinkled with tears or glowing in the sun, even as He places the *Crocus* and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death.” This is indeed a beautiful conceit, most beautifully expressed. But what need have we to cite authorities to vindicate the fair fame of flowers ?—their pre-eminent distinction has long since passed into a proverb. How many of our colloquial idioms derive their origin from, and owe their significance to, flowers ! We are accustomed to designate the pet of the family circle as “*the flower of the family* ;” and when we would characterize any highly wrought specimen of rhetoric, we should describe it as elegant, ornate, and *flowery*. Flowers were not only used for personal decoration among the Romans ; they were made the accessories of religion. Their priests, altars, and even their sacrifices were adorned with these delicate emblems. Their statues were also crowned with them : hence Venus is sometimes represented wearing roses, Juno with the lily, and Ceres with her hair entwined with wheat and poppies. The bridal wreath is still the beautiful emblem of innocence and truth. The burial as well as the bridal have alike sought their choicest emblems among the fairest symbols of beauty and decay—the flowers. The Cypress, in all nations an emblem of sorrow, was used by the Romans to deck the dwellings of the deceased—because if once



cut down, that plant will not spring up again ; it had, therefore, a true significance in their case, since they believed death to be an eternal sleep : with a more cheering faith, the evergreen, in our times, has usurped its stead. The custom of garnishing the graves of the departed with flowers is a felicitous one—full of eloquent appeals to the heart of sorrowing survivors, for while they form expressive emblems of the frailty of the present, are they not also the radiant harbingers of our future estate of being.





## A MONOLOGUE ON MATRIMONY.

“Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes ;  
Being vext, a sea nourished by lovers’ tears.—  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“Oh ! magic of love ! unembellished by you,  
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue ?  
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,  
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart ?”—MOORE.

Few topics have more frequently enlisted the attention of writers and readers, than that which we have chosen for a little free discussion. Although Cupid cannot be said to be young, he is not in the least the worse for wear,—his locks are still golden, his

cheeks glowing, and the bright kindling glance of his eye is as radiant as ever—while his votaries are even more numerous than they have been in any previous age of the world : and we therefore venture to hope that our theme may not prove altogether uninteresting at least to our fair friends. First let us premise that we do not intend to inflict on the reader a grave homily on this delicate subject, but rather a gossiping sketch of the felicities and infelicities of the estate matrimonial and its counterpart—celibacy, with an accompaniment of illustrative facts and anecdotes. Marriage has been designated an episode in the life of man,—an epoch in that of woman : it is certainly a most important crisis in the history of both, for it generally causes a strange metamorphosis in habit and character.

“ The happy minglement of hearts  
 Where, changed as chymic compounds are,  
 Each with his own existence parts,  
 To find a new one happier far.”

The ancients exalted domestic affection into a household god, and one of the most beautiful antiques now preserved, is a gem representing the draped figure of a woman worshipping this deity, as it kneels upon a pedestal. Croly wrote the following sweet lines upon it :—

“ Oh ! love of loves ! to thy white hand is given  
 Of earthly happiness the golden key !  
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,  
 When the babes cling round their father's knee :  
 And thine the voice that on the midnight sea  
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
 Peopling the gloom with all he wants to see.  
 Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,  
 And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume !”

It may not be generally known that, according to Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, the primeval name, *Eve*, is derived from a

root which signifies *to talk*:—a fact which may possibly account for the origin of the phrase—"a woman's privilege." We confess we do not see why they should be denied the exercise of their prerogative, for they generally talk with more "pith, point and pathos," and their bird-like, dulcet voices sound far more musical than do those of the opposite sex. But where all the graces vie with each other for preëminence, it is vain for us to signalize a single charm: in the words of Anacréon *Moore*, we may exclaim—

"Woman, dear woman, still the same,  
While lips are balm and looks are flame,  
While man possesses heart or eyes,  
Woman's bright empire never dies!"

It has been said that while *Adam* was created *without* Paradise, *Eve* was created *within* the sacred enclosure; and that consequently the former always retains something of the original earthiness of his origin; while woman,

"The precious porcelain of human clay,"

exhibits more of the refining process, both as to her physical and moral nature.

"If," says *Mathew Henry*, "man is the head, she is the crown. Woman was formed of a rib out of the side of Adam, to be equal with him,—under the arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." The world has, in the main, endorsed the sentiment of this worthy divine, although it has been ungraciously insinuated by others, that, since she emanated from a rib, and nobody ever saw one quite straight, it is absurd to expect to find a woman otherwise than crooked herself; and that it is useless to attempt making crooked things straight. But this, as we have already intimated, is a calumny upon the fair being whom *Byron* compares to

“The rainbow 'mid the storms of life!  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints the morrow with prophetic ray!”

Southey says, “take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world would be palsied :

‘This is the salt unto humanity,  
That keeps it sweet.’”

How many an apostrophe have the poets indited to love ; they have been ever martyrs to the cause of Cupid, willingly enduring the most exquisite torments on his behalf. In a virtuous heart, however, its influence is sedative, sanative and preservative—a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice. Love, it is said, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting. Some painters it has certainly made ; whether it ever made a poet may be doubted ; but there can be no question that under its inspiration more bad poetry has been produced than by any or all other causes. On the other hand, if love has produced the worst of poets, that same simple love has made beyond comparison the best of letter writers. In love poems, conceits are distilled from the head ; in love letters, feelings flow freshly from the heart. Assuming that these free utterances are genuine, how would that “excellent mystery”—wedded life, irradiate the world with its blessed influences, were the generous impulses and sentiments of courtship, but perpetuated in all their exuberant fullness during the sequel of marriage.

The dream of life indeed can last with none of us,—

“As if the thing beloved were all a saint,  
And every place she entered were a shrine ;”

but it must be our own fault, when it has passed away, if the realities disappoint us ; they are not “weary, stale, flat and unprofi-

table," unless we ourselves render them so. We need not seek for human authorities, the divine ordinance dates its origin in Eden, and comes down to us sanctioned by Heaven itself, as rife now with hallowed influences as at its first institution in the infancy of time. From the marriage relation spring those gentle charities and kindly offices of domestic affection, which temper the stern austerities and selfish maxims of the world ; while they serve also to help our faith in a future blissful state of being of which they are the type and harbinger. It is the sanctuary of the domestic circle, which links heart to heart in a hallowed compact, whence swell up those genial affections of our better nature, that fertilize the barren wastes of humanity and bless the world. If there be a sacred spot on earth, over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing from their hovering wings, it must be the sanctuary of a consecrated home. The surest safeguard against interruptions to domestic concord, is the habit of wearing a smiling face ; it will prove the panacea for every ill—the antidote for every sorrow ; and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shadow and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon ? What spectacle can be imagined more touchingly beautiful or impressive than that which the marriage ceremony presents ? To witness the voluntary consecration of two intelligent beings on the altar of mutual faith and affection—the union of their lives and fortunes in a solemn covenant which naught but death may dissolve, is indeed a scene of surpassing interest. That many instances of an unfelicitous kind have occurred, cannot be denied, but it is no less true that in the great majority of cases the marriage union has been productive of the happiest results ; and were its claims always properly appreciated, such beneficent effects would ever follow in its train. True it is, as society is constituted, marriage becomes somewhat of a lottery—for all its votaries are either the victims of Cupid or cupidity ; in either case, they are under

the blinding influence of passion, and consequently but little subject to the control of reason.

An instance in which marriage was literally a lottery, was exemplified in a recent freak practiced by a certain youthful swain in France, who, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the one grand prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets of the value of two dollars each. This novel matrimonial expedient created a wondrous sensation among the belles of the French capital; and the result was, that all sorts of speculation went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets. A fair young damsel, who speculated merely for the frolic of the thing, became the holder of the prize ticket: the lucky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery—\$20,000; they became a case of “love at first sight,” and within the brief limits of the day, Hymen settled their destiny, and they “twain became one flesh.”

The happy marriage, says Steele, is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty.

“Though fools spurn Hymen’s gentle powers,  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A paradise below.”

What singular spectacles—we should say, pairs of spectacles—are occasionally to be seen in our popular promenades—ladies of towering altitude allied to dwarfish bipeds, who seem as though they were designed rather for the effect of contrast than equality; while again similar lofty specimens of the masculine are to be met with, peering into the upper air, dragging by their side a like abbreviated instance of the feminine; seemingly to indicate that in resigning themselves to the stern alternative of espousing that

(falsely so called) necessary evil—a wife, they had sagely resolved upon selecting the least. Hood's humorous lines in "*Paired not Matched*," will occur to the reader:—

“ Of wedded bliss  
 Bards sing amiss,  
 I cannot make a song of it;  
 For I am small,  
 My wife is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it.

When we debate  
 It is my fate  
 To always have the wrong of it;  
 For I am small,  
 And she is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it.

She gives to me  
 The weakest tea,  
 And takes the whole Souchong of it;  
 For I am small,  
 And she is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it.

Against my life  
 She'll take a knife,  
 Or fork, and dart the prong of it:  
 For she is tall,  
 And I am small  
 And that's the short and long of it.”

Among fantastic cases of this kind, might be mentioned the ludicrous project of Frederick of Prussia, who, in the hope of securing an army of giants, formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the sexes in his dominions. On a certain occasion the king happening to meet a remarkably lofty young lady, he alighted from his horse, stopped her, and desired her to deliver a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment.



This missive was to the effect that the bearer was to be instantly married to the tallest grenadier in his service. The young lady, however, being somewhat terrified, and not comprehending the nature of the transaction, handed the letter to a diminutive old woman, by whose intervention she escaped the arbitrary destiny.

It is recorded of a wealthy saddler of London, that he made it conditional in his will that his daughter should be saddled with a saddler for life, or else be disinherited. Accordingly, as it happened that the young Earl of Halifax was found among her suitors, and a candidate for her splendid dowry, his lordship actually was obliged to bind himself to an apprenticeship of seven years to the craft, in order to the attainment of his wishes. This was a worse case of affliction, we should think, upon the nerves of the distinguished suitor, than even Jacob's fourteen years' apprenticeship for his favorite Rachel.

Instances, not a few, of disastrous marriages might be quoted, but as their rehearsal would not excite any pleasurable sensations, we shall refrain from the unwelcome task: we may, however, refer to the case of an adroit spinster who was *cute* enough to prevent such an apparent catastrophe. A young Scotchman having wooed a pretty buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a justice of the peace, for the purpose of having the nuptials celebrated. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate came to that clause which imposes the necessity of subjecting the lady to the rule of her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," interrupted the half-married claimant, "if this hand remains upon this body, I'll make her obey me." "Are we married yet?" eagerly ejaculated the exasperated maiden, to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman. "No," responded the wondering justice. "Ah, very well, we will finish the rest another time," she continued, and in a moment more she had vanished, leaving the astonished swain to console himself for the escape of the bird he thought he had so securely caught and caged. As a counterpart to the foregoing, we might cite the instance of a cer-

tain couple of rustics who presented themselves to the priest as candidates for the holy estate of matrimony. On the conclusion of the ceremony the redoubtable husband, who began to have sundry misgivings, at what he had done, said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favor, may I ask, if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the domine, "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then?" eagerly inquired the disconsolate victim. "On *that*," was the response, pointing to the church yard!

A curious legend is related of Egivard, a secretary of Charlemagne, and a daughter of the emperor. The secretary fell desperately in love with the princess, who at length allowed his advances. One winter's night his visit was prolonged to a late hour, and in the meantime a deep fall of snow had fallen. If he left, his foot-marks would betray him, and yet to remain longer would expose him no less to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window of his chamber, the emperor witnessed this novel proceeding; and in the assembly of the lords on the following day, when Egivard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who should compel a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders through frost and snow, on a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers became alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Egivard, said, "Had'st thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, —but I give thee two lives: take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another." This was worthy one of the greatest of princes: and also worthy the imitation of many a purse-proud aristocrat of later times.

Balzac, the French novelist, exhibits another example of eccentricity in matrimonial affairs. According to a Parisian correspondent, the arrival of this celebrated author from Germany caused an immense sensation in certain circles, owing to the

romantic circumstances connected with his marriage. When Balzac was at the zenith of his fame, he was traveling in Switzerland, and had arrived at the inn just at the very moment the Prince and Princess Hanski were leaving it. Balzac was ushered into the room they had just vacated, and was leaning from the window to observe their departure, when his attention was arrested by a soft voice at his elbow, asking for a book which had been left behind upon the window seat. The lady was certainly fair, but appeared doubly so in the eyes of the poor author, when she intimated that the book she was in quest of was a pocket edition of his own works, adding that she never traveled without it, and that without it she could not exist! She drew the volume from beneath his elbow, and flew down stairs, obedient to the screaming summons of her husband,—a puffy old gentleman, who was already seated in the carriage, railing in a loud voice against dilatory habits of women in general, and his own spouse in particular ;—and the emblazoned vehicle drove off, leaving the novelist in a state of self-complacency the most enviable to be conceived. This was the only occasion upon which Balzac and the Princess Hanski had met, till his recent visit to Germany, when he presented himself—as her accepted husband. During these long intervening fifteen years, however, a literary correspondence was steadily kept up between the parties, till at length instead of a letter containing literary strictures upon his writings, a missive of another kind—having a still more directly personal tendency, reached him from the fair hand of the princess. It contained the announcement of the demise of her husband—the prince, that he had bequeathed to her his domains, and his great wealth,—and consequently, that she felt bound to requite him in some measure for his liberality, and had determined upon giving him a successor—in the person of Balzac. It is needless to state that the delighted author waited not a second summons ; they were forthwith united in wedlock, at her Chateau on the Rhine, and a succession of splendid fêtes celebrated the auspicious event.

The story of the marriage of Lamartine is also one of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when passed the bloom of youth she became passionately enamored of the poet, from the perusal of his "Meditations;" for some time she nursed this sentiment in secret, and being apprised of the embarrassed state of his affairs, she wrote him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune. Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by a preference for himself, he at once made an offer of his hand and heart. He judged rightly, and the poet was promptly accepted.

Those who wish to become acquainted more at length, with "the loves of the poets," we refer to Mrs. Jamieson's pleasant book on that delicate subject. It may suffice to glance at the eccentric conduct of Swift, in his love matters. His first flame, whom he fantastically christened Varina, he deserted, after a seven years' courtship: the next he styled Stella, who, although beautiful in person, and accomplished, after a protracted intimacy, he secretly married in a garden, although he never resided under the same roof with her, and never acknowledged the union till the day of his death. The third became a similar victim to his selfish hard-heartedness, which, it is said, caused her death. With all his wit and genius, such wanton brutality, must ever reflect the deepest disgrace upon his moral character, especially as contrasted with his claims as a religious functionary. The following case looks somewhat squally, and indeed possesses so much of the marvellous as to challenge belief. It is that of a gentleman who confesses he first saw his wife in a storm, took her to a ball in a storm, courted her in a storm, married under the same boisterous circumstances, and lived with her during a like condition, but buried her in pleasant weather. The union of hearts and hands in holy wedlock has given birth to many luminous poetic effusions. The briefest exposition we remember to have seen, is the following, which was doubtless intended merely as a love-missive between two ardent souls, whose

elective affinities—if spirits may commingle—resolved themselves into a perfect spiritual amalgamation. Says our love-sick swain :

“ My heart to you is given,  
Oh, do give yours to me ;  
We'll lock them up together,  
And throw away the key.”

That brief episode of romance, courtship, is the spring-tide of life—the May of human existence : fond memory clings to it with cherished and lingering devotion ; for, if at no other period, the heart then reveals its most generous sympathies, and the habitual selfishness of our nature is forgotten. If the month posterior to the nuptial ceremony—the honeymoon is so richly freighted with happiness, it is more than the great poet affirms of the period anterior to that event, although another of the muse's favorites, Andrew Marvell, inclines to a somewhat contrary sentiment.

Emerson has some poetic and forcible words upon this subject of love ; he says, “ Be our experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgets the visitations of that power upon his heart and brain, which created all things new ; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art—which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and night of varied enchantments—when a single tone could thrill the heart, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory—when we become all eye, when one is present—all memory, when one is gone.”

The intervention of an ecclesiastical functionary was not deemed indispensable to a marriage, until the Council of Trent in 1409. The celebrated decree passed in that session, interdicted any marriage otherwise than in the presence of the priest, and at least two witnesses. But before the time of Pope Innocent III. (1118,) there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the bridegroom came to the bride's house, and led her home

to his own, which was all the ceremony then used. Banns were first directed to be published in the year 1200.

Many strange apologies have been urged for marriage. Gothe said he married to obtain respectability. Wilkes wedded to please his friends. Wycherly, in his old age, took his servant girl, to spite his relations. The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband, that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

The origin of the word "honey-moon," is from a custom of the Tentines, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead, or metheglen, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

Love has been compared to debt: both keep their captives awake at night, or disturb their repose with anxious nocturnal visions, and their busy thoughts at day are no less solicitously engaged. It is, moreover, suggested that love has been styled "the tender passion," from its softening effects on the brain, and also because it affects principally "the softer sex." Some have proved themselves impervious to its genial influences; take, for example, the case of Newton, whose *penchant* for star-gazing, mathematical abstractions, and his pipe, was sufficiently evinced by his taking the fair hand of his lady-love—not to devote it to the gentle pressure of affection, but to convert the forefinger to the degrading purposes of a tobacco stopper! Men of literature, science and philosophy, in ancient and modern times, have, from their recluse and ascetic tendencies, in the main, been either opposed to the social relationship, or been infelicitous in their matrimonial alliances. Probably this has been, in part, superinduced by the flatteries and attentions of the world at large; and yet, it is somewhat singular how men, moving so prominently in society, and courted so generally by the fair, should not have had adroitness enough to escape entanglement in the matrimonial meshes of that busy little fellow, Cupid, who is ever going about, seeking whom he may ensnare. Viewed as a divinely instituted

ordinance, marriage ceases to be a matter of option ; and those, therefore, who seek to contravene so express a command, are justly held amenable for the act. Apart from its endearing associations and immunities, it is constituted the great conservative means of human existence ; without it the world would soon become a waste, and the beneficent purposes of its great Author be frustrated. This sentiment we accordingly find to have obtained, as by instinct, in all ages. Fines were first levied on unmarried men, in Rome, about the middle of the fourth century ; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure obedience to connubial edicts, celibacy was visited by penal punishments.

Concerning the origin of the usual accessories of marriage, we have little to adduce : the ring is certainly an expressive and fitting emblem of the perpetuity of the compact ; and the bride-cake and customary libations form no less significant symbols of the nectar sweets and intoxicating pleasures which it is designed to confer upon its votaries.

We remember to have read somewhere an account of a most exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity and devotion, which, if not apocryphal, is certainly without a parallel. A young nobleman of Genoa, who held large estates in Corsica, whither he used to repair every few years to regulate his affairs, had married a beautiful creature named Monimia, an Italian. They lived for some years in undiminished felicity, till, alas for the mutations of time, the devoted husband was compelled to defer no longer a visit to the land of his possessions. During his absence, the island being at the time in a state of insurrection, a report reached the ears of the anxious spouse, that he had fallen a victim to the popular fury and revolt. About the same time, as he was passing along the harbor, he overheard some sailors, who had just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. The name of his beloved wife was at length mentioned, when all suspicion yielding to the painful conviction that it was indeed her, of whom they spoke, he became so overpowered with grief that

he swooned away. On his recovery he determined to lose no time in repairing to his home, in order to ascertain the certainty of the report. Strange as it may appear, simultaneously with this, the equally distressed wife resolved upon a similar procedure. They both took ship—one for Corsica, the other for Genoa; a violent storm overtook both vessels, and each was shipwrecked upon a desolate island in the Mediterranean. Marimi's ship first made land, and the disconsolate widower, wishing to indulge his grief, wandered into the embowered recesses of a neighboring wood. Soon afterwards the Genoese ship landed Monimia, with one of her maids; actuated by similar emotions, she bent her sorrowing steps to the same retreat. They each heard the other complaining of their bitter fate; when, moved by a mutual curiosity to see their companion in grief,—judge of their amazement and rapturous surprise; when they instantly recognized in each other the dear object of their ardent solicitude and affection. One long, straining and passionate embrace, and they immediately expired! Their remains were conveyed to Italy, and repose, in their dreamless sleep, under a magnificent mausoleum.

Among the Romans, the month of June was considered the most propitious for the celebration of the nuptial rite: May was said to be ominous of the premature demise of one of the parties.

The peculiar characteristic ceremonies incident to the marriage festival in various countries, we do not stay to notice, the subject being familiar to the reader. The feature which seems, after all, the great distinction among various nations, in the affair of marriage, is that of monogamy and polygamy—a single wife or husband, or a plurality of the endowment. What the primal law may have been, it is not difficult to divine; if we admit the example of our illustrious progenitor—Adam: in him we have a legal precedent.

The empire of woman in the scale of being, is no longer a disputed claim.

“Heaven's last, best gift to man”



receives the homage of the human heart,—she is loved and cherished, as the angel of peace and hope, diffusing a halo of light, joy and blessedness, making *Home* a little Eden.

As to the name *spinster*, it may be remembered, that it dates its origin from the fact that in olden times, no maiden being deemed eligible to matrimonial honors till she had spun her own domestic wardrobe :—an evidence that our grave progenitors regarded such matters as involving less of romance than reality—a method, we may add, that more modern sagacity has deemed it expedient to a great extent to reverse.

The human family is divided into two classes, the married and the single ; the former have been often deemed legitimate objects for the raillery and jest of the advocates of celibacy, and it is but fair that the opposite party should be permitted a share of the like pleasantry. As a specimen of the former, take the following lines of a most inveterate womanhater, one of the early printers who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. The extraordinary production in which this curious satire occurs, is entitled “ *The scole-howse, wherein every man may rede a goodlie prayer of the condycyons of women,*” &c. This erudite scribe thus apostrophizes the sex :—

“ Trewly some men there be  
That lyve always in great horreure,  
And sayth it goth by destynie,—  
To hang, or wed,—both hath one houre ;  
And whether it be ! I am well sure  
Hanging is better of the twaine,—  
Sooner done and shorter payne !”

It is admitted, on all hands, to be both a delicate and difficult thing to pry into a woman’s age ; and the embarrassment becomes increased in the exact ratio of its advance, especially in the case of an unmarried lady. The precise epoch at which the epithet *old* may be admissable, is no less involved in mystery. A fugitive

passage from a contemporary pen, with as much of poetry as chivalry in its spirit, fortunately comes to our aid in the present dilemma. Who the gallant scribe may be, we know not, but here the paragraph is, and the reader will take it for what it is worth :

“Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve’s register written on the lilies of Paradise. Now, women—who have nine times out of ten more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow them—women, inheriting the privilege from their first parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing ; and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting with mother Eve their seventeenth as their first real birthday. And they are right. For it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all that she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-and-twenty. And, indeed, it is impossible that any really charming women should be a day older.”

It is a singular fact, that the age of but one woman is mentioned in the Bible at the time of her death. Therefore, it is best not to be inquisitive about the age of women. There are some ladies whose extreme sensibilities or frigidity induces them to make deliberate choice of a life of single-blessedness, in spite of all that love-sick swains may urge to the contrary. Such, among the ancients, were the vestal virgins, and those who ministered at the temples of Diana and Minerva. Some, seek to rush into matrimony, with such impetuosity, that they frighten away all sensitive suitors, in their fatal attempt to do all the wooing on their own account. Others, again, from a feeling of over fastidiousness, vainly expecting to find the angelic in the human—foolishly forego many an excellent chance of a prize in the matrimonial lottery, till the wheel of fortune will turn no more. The forlorn attempt, by the aid of cosmetic’s, gold chains, and other bijouterie, to supply the lack of

beauty's dimpled smiles, and the ruddy hues of health, challenges the pity of all beholders.

“There 's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As Love's *young* dream ;”

and yet trouble is often caused by the intervention of one or both of the parents, or else some flaw in the *object* of the “heart's fond idolatry” just peeps out on the very eve of consummation. Parents, too frequently, and most perversely, on such occasions, pass into petrifications—callous to all the glowing emotions of the arch godling, and become invested with a most stern and rigid determination to denounce all love-scrapes as “juvenile indiscretions,” which demand the full force of their grave sagacity to discourage. These two latter classes of disappointed nymphs seem to be devoted to the annihilation of their most cherished hopes of connubial happiness, by the irrevocable decrees of the fates ; they, therefore, are richly deserving alike of our sympathy and respect. With wonderful assiduity, they resort to every expedient to avert the unwelcome issue, but in vain ; “love's sweet vocabulary” has been exhausted, and the charms, divinations and necromancy of Venus herself, have been called into requisition, but potent as they usually are, without the desired effect in their behalf. We have been accustomed to associate Cupid with simply his bow and quiver full of arrows ; but the queen of love, it seems, can invoke to her aid much more varied and irresistible artillery for capturing the citadel of the heart. To enumerate in full detail these appliances of woman's art, would startle the credulity of the unsuspecting reader.

Neither the “gentle moon,” nor good old St. Valentine, the tutelar divinities of the tender passion, have in their case done their office ; who, therefore, can wonder, after such an expenditure of effort and occasionally enduring patience on their part, that our forlorn fair ones should become the victims of ennui—or that their once jubilant and joyous features should become tinged with an

expression of melancholy. Females generally are supposed to be infallible. A man frequently admits he was in the wrong, but a woman never—she is only liable to be *miss*-taken.

Wordsworth thus laconically describes a model woman :—

“ A perfect woman, nobly plann'd  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still and bright  
With something of an angel light.”

Having indulged our rather free discussion upon the eccentricities of *old maids*, we now come to canvass the claims, and portray the peculiarities of their counterpart—the *old bachelors*. We hear much of the merry old bachelor, that he is devoid of care, that he is everywhere the centre of a charmed circle, and that he is in a word, a being envied by all, pitied by none. Even Lord Bacon, among others of the literary and learned, insists that mankind is indebted to the unmarried and the childless, for its highest benefactions in the world of science and song. “They are,” he adds, “the best of friends, the best masters, and the best servants.” The verdict of society has, however, changed since the days of that sage philosopher, for who does not know that the sentiment has long since, by common consent, been reversed.

Old bachelors have been styled unproductive consumers; scissors with but one blade ; bows without fiddles ; irregular substantives, always in the singular number and objective case ; unruly scholars, who, when told to conjugate, always decline.

Some wag thus apostrophizes the old bachelor :—“What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house, and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, when the earth is covered with snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bed clothes ; that his nose, and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, may not chance to get froze. Then he

puffs and he blows, and says that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes ; and with ah's ! and with oh's ! with his limbs to dispose, so that neither his toes, nor his nose, may be froze. To his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun has just rose, from beneath the bed-clothes, pops the bachelor's nose, and as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind blows, sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes, pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows, if from that bed he rose to put on his clothes, that, he'd surely be froze."

Few topics have been made so fruitful a theme of badinage and sarcasm by the wits, as that of marriage. If the old bachelor is said to become *bearish* in his selfishness, a man of the opposite class during courtship is thought to exhibit a strong resemblance to a goose; and when this incipient stage is exchanged for the estate matrimonial, he is honored with the epithet, *sheepish*. Some have indulged their vein of irony in verse, a curious specimen of which we subjoin ; it evinces as much ingenuity as wit, for it admits of being read two ways, to convey a directly opposite sentiment. We transcribe it according to what we consider its true meaning ; but in order to make it tell the reverse, it will be necessary to alternate the lines, reading the first and third, then the second and fourth :—

“ That man must lead a happy life  
Who is directed by a wife ;  
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,  
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace  
Till he beheld a woman's face ;  
When Eve was given for a mate  
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere :  
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride  
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold  
The worth in woman we behold ?  
The failings that in woman dwell  
Are almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the men, I say,  
Who no regard to women pay,  
Who make the women their delight  
Keep always reason in their sight."



## CURIOUS AND COSTLY BOOKS.

“Books are the immortal sons deifying their sires.”—PLATO.

“Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,  
When it is laden like a groaning sky  
Before a thunder-storm, are power and gladness,  
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader  
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on  
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands,  
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,  
Like a wrecked orgy. What power in books!  
They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft,  
In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder-piles  
Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory-rents,  
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood  
In presence of a king.”—ALEXANDER SMITH.

WITH what rapt enthusiasm will the confirmed bibliomaniac pounce upon, and pour over the scarce legible pages of some antique mouldering manuscript; or clutch, with miser grasp, the musty cover of his favorite black-letter tome of the olden time. This feeling, though peculiar in its intensity to the class referred to, is yet possessed in degree by most who prefer any claims to a literary taste. An attachment or veneration for books—for books as books—if not a conclusive test of all mental refinement, is at least its rarely absent concomitant. In the companionship of books how many immunities do we enjoy, which are denied us in our intercourse with men;—with unobtrusive modesty, they trespass not upon us unbidden guests, nor do they ever outstay their welcome. Yet it must be admitted with a writer of the past century, that books, like friends, should be few and well chosen, and then like true friends we shall return to them again and again, well knowing they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never

cloy. Hazlitt has indorsed this sentiment : he says, "I hate to read new books : there are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones I have any desire ever to read at all. When I take up a book I have read before, I know what to expect : the satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated :—I shake hands with, and look our old, tried and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away." When it is remembered that books present us with the quintessence of the most cultivated minds, freed from the alloy of human passion and weakness, and that they are the media of our acquiring the closest proximity and communion with the spirits of the great and good of all ages, it cannot surprise us that books should become such universal favorites. With the historian, for instance, we lose sight of our own common-place monotonous existence as we become fired with the enthusiasm of the apparently more noble and illustrious achievements of the mighty dead ; or traverse with the poet, the glowing fields of his own ideal world, peopled with the bright creations of fancy ; while in our more sober mood we gather from the grave teacher of ethics the collective wisdom of all time, whence we may learn the true nobleness of our destiny. "Talk of the necromancer of old," says an eloquent writer, "with his wand, his charms, and his incantations ; what is he to an author ? His charm is, that we lift the cover of his book ; his incantation is its preface—his wand the pen ; but what can equal their power ? The spell is upon us ; the actual world around us in gone." Honor, then, to those gifted ones who can thus delight and instruct us : no praise or reward can be overpaid to them while they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away. The works of an author are his embalmed mind ; and grateful to the student's eye are the well-understood hieroglyphics on this mental mummy-case that tell of the worthy preserved within. What was the extolled art of the Egyptians to this ? Mind and matter—the poet and the monarch—Homer and king Cheops !



“There they reign

(In loftier pomp than working life had known,)  
 The kings of thought!—not crowned until the grave,  
 When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,  
 The beggar Homer mounts the monarch's throne!  
 . . . . . Who of us can tell  
 What he had been, had Cadmus never taught  
 To man the magic that embalms the thought—  
 Had Plato never spoken from his cell,  
 Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?—  
 Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspeare sung?”

“If there be one word in our language,” says a modern essayist, “beyond all others teeming with delightful associations, *Books* is that word.” At that magic name what vivid retrospections of by-gone years—what summer days of unalloyed happiness, when life was new—rush on the memory. Who, in recalling the past, does not delight to refer to the pleasures he has experienced in the perusal of some favorite author? Such incidents occur to most, and they constitute bright episodes in the drama of life. Who, in early youth, has not been lost to all external things in the rapt enjoyment of those delectable emanations of genius—*The Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*,—books of such singular interest and versimilitude, as to render them no less the favorites of all ages and conditions? Books are the living mementoes of the master-spirits that sway the empire of mind; they are

“The assembled souls of all that men hold wise.”

The moral advantages derived from a love of books are of the most ennobling and refining tendency; the passion for reading, while of itself the most innoxious, humanizes and harmonizes all other passions. “Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age,” says an old writer; “they support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, and compose our cares and

our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their communications."

They may be defined as the depositories of thought. They are the fruits and flowers which intellectual husbandry culls from the fields of imagination and reflection, well-springs from the fountains of truth, or the pearls and precious metals that are produced from the mental crucible. Deprived of these treasuries of knowledge and wisdom, we should pine for that literary aliment which is as essential to our mental economy as is animal food to our physical well-being. Books constitute the electric chain that connects and circulates the mental magnetism of our social economy. They are the links that unite the past with the present, and spread out before us the collective intelligence of all time. Says an old poet—

" Books are a part of man's prerogative,  
 In formal ink they form and voices hold,  
 That we to them our solitude may give,  
 And make time present travel that of old."

Good books beguile the sad and sorrowing of their griefs, and especially the Book of books, that binds both worlds, and conducts the patient pilgrim, as did the pillar of cloud and fire the Israelites of old, to the promised land.

"Our religion itself is founded in books," says Bartholin, and without them God is silent, Justice dormant, Physic at a stand, Philosophy lame, Letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness."

"A book," continues another writer, "is the most astonishing of all productions; the ultimate reach and highest finish of intellect; the utmost attainments of the arts; the wizard of mysterious speech, which the astonished Red man, who admires nothing else, holds to his ear, that it may whisper there its strange disclosures to the eye of the Pale-face; that sublime invention by which man

approaches nearer to angels than by aught else he has accomplished; the miraculous attainment of speaking to the eye and embodying thought to the senses."

A book, again, has been styled a microcosm; a little world of itself; the intellectual expression of its author. *Tupper* affirms that an author's mind reigns dominant in his book; in proof of which, he cites the instance of Scott, whose life, he urges, naturally produced his earlier romances. Southey, Shelley, and Wordsworth also furnish like evidence. Byron, in his "Corsair," "Childe Harold," and "Don Juan," has left us unequivocal proofs of the hero-author. Shakspeare, Petrarch, and others, among poets, and many writers of fiction, perhaps, might be added to the list.

How potent and enduring is the influence of a genuine book! Ages after its author has ceased to write, his recorded thoughts will continue to awaken responses in the bosoms of the living. Says the author of "*Pelham*,"—

"The past but lives in words; a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,  
And kept the pale, embodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips."

Books are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the mythologies that are ever beautiful and unchangeable; for they betray no man, and love their lovers. "I confess myself an idolator of this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism which needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we have to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I for one, am so sensible of its merits, that I never think of the name of Guttenberg without feelings of veneration and homage. I no longer wonder, with this and other instances before me, why in

the old days of reverence and worship, the saints and benefactors of mankind were exalted into a kind of demi-gods, and had worship rendered to their tombs and memories: for this is the most natural, as well as the most touching, of all human generousities, and springs from the profoundest depths of man's nature. Who does not love John Guttenberg,—the man that with his leaden types made the invisible thoughts and imaginations of the soul visible and readable by all, and secured for the worthy a double immortality? The birth of this person was an era in the world's history second to none save that of the advent of Christ. The dawn of printing was the outburst of a new revelation, which, in its ultimate unfoldings and consequences, are alike inconceivable and immeasurable. I sometimes amuse myself by comparing the condition of the people before the time of Guttenberg, with their present condition, that I may fix the idea of the value and blessedness of books more vividly in my mind. It is an occupation not without profit, and makes me grateful and contented with my lot. In these reading days one can hardly conceive how our good forefathers managed to kill their superfluous time, or how at least they could be satisfied to kill it as they did. A life without books, when we have said all we can about the honor and nobility of labor, would be something like heaven without God; scarcely to be endured by an immortal nature. And yet this was the condition of things before Guttenberg made his far-sounding metallic tongues, which reach through all the ages that have since passed away, and make us glad with their eloquence.”\*

We should tell nothing new to the reader at all conversant with the pleasant and curious antiquities of bibliography, were we to refer to the early materials and fabric of books,—the Egyptian papyrus plant, or the Herculaneum MSS., or the waxen tablets of the Greeks and Romans, written with the *stylus*, which has afforded to our vernacular its two widely different terms—style

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\* Essays by January Searle.

and stiletto ; or of the metals which were sometimes used for inscribing ; or of the skins first prepared at Pergamus, (parchment;) which the Romans, in their luxurious days, used to manufacture in yellow and purple to receive the characters in liquid gold and silver—a mode continued by the monks in later days, and specimens of which yet exist, executed in gorgeous style.

Among curious ancient relics still extant, may be mentioned the small fragment of writing on bark, about ten centuries old, which is in the Cottonian Library. In his curious chapter on early MSS., D'Israeli gives the following ludicrous anecdote, illustrative of the pious horror in which the classics were held by the monks. To read a profane author was deemed by the communities not only a very idle recreation, but even regarded by some as a grave offence. To distinguish them, therefore, they invented a disgraceful sign : when a monk inquired for any pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog is accustomed to do with his paw, "because," said they, "an unbeliever is compared to a dog!" In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those dogs *Virgil* and *Horace*. Notwithstanding the odium with which the writings of these despised heathens were treated by some, there were others of a later date to be found willing to become their possessors at enormous cost ; even the transfer of an estate was not withheld to secure the boon ; while the disposal of a manuscript was considered an event of such importance as to require a public record. Louis XI., in 1471, was compelled to pledge a hundred golden crowns in order to obtain the *loan* even of the MSS. of an Arabian scribe named Rasis.

Numerous other instances might be cited of a similar class, during the middle ages. For example, Stowe informs us that, in 1274, a Bible in nine volumes, finely written, "sold for fifty markes," something like £34 of that time, when wheat averaged 3s. 4d. per quartern, and ordinary laboring wages were 1d. per diem. This

Bible was afterwards bought by the Earl of Salisbury, after having been taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers. The Countess of Anjou is also said to have paid for a copy of the Homilies of Bishop Huiman two hundred sheep, and other articles of barter.

Parnarme, writing to the King of Naples, says, "you lately wrote me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold, in very handsome books, and that the price of each is one hundred and twenty crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your majesty that you cause the same to be bought; and one thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best,—he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fine hand, or I, that I might purchase the books, have exposed a piece of land for sale?"

In Spain, books were so exceedingly scarce about this time, that one and the same Bible often served for the use of several Monasteries. And even the Royal Library at Paris down to the fourteenth century possessed only four of the classic authors,—Cicero, Lucan, Ovid and Boethius.

Previous to the invention of printing, block-books were not uncommon. Raised words were cut on a block of wood, impressions from which were taken by means of simple pressure; and in this way was produced the *Biblia Pauperum*, or "Poor Man's Bible," of the fourteenth century. It consisted of about forty leaves of texts bound together, and was intended, probably, either as a help to the preacher, or as a catechism for young people. From this simple process, a similar one to which is still in use in China, arose the first idea of moveable types, and to Guttenburg we probably owe the invention of the art of printing. It was a great step from the old block-books of rude and imperfect construction, to that of moveable types, though the first that were used were rough and ungainly enough. The invention of printing took place in the fifteenth century, (1437, it is believed,) though the exact year has never been ascertained. It has been variously

ascribed to Faust, his son-in-law Peter Schæffer, and John Gutenberg,—to the last of whom, however, the credit of the main idea is now generally accorded. These three celebrated men lived in the German city of Mentz, or Mayence, on the confluence of the Rhine and the Maine; and their first experiments in printing from moveable types were made in a house called the “Zum Jungen,” ever since known as the “Printing Office.”

Few, while perusing the pages of a pleasant book pause to think how many skillful hands have been busied in its curious fabrication, or how many hours, or months, or years of studious toil have been devoted by its author to its mental preparation. Its mere mechanism is worthy of note. Its paper is produced from a beautiful fibrous plant, called *linum*, or flax; the leaf of which is “rotted,” and, passing through certain processes, becomes cotton cloth; this again is reduced to a fluid pulp, is then dried and pressed, and becomes paper. The “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” are spelt, letter by letter, by the compositor, and the pages of the volume receive their impress by the agency of steam. In this, its chrysalis state, the book is submitted to the several processes of folding, sewing, and gluing, previous to its being put into covers, when it receives its decorations from the finisher. This complex creation of head and hand is a most cunning and delicate piece of handicraft. It is that necromancy by which the pearls and gems of genius are transmuted into the literary currency, and thus they become the common property of mankind. It has both a bodily form and an intellectual life, that diffuses abroad the light of intelligence by its luminous lines.

In early times, we read of a Saxon king who gave away an estate of eight hundred acres for a single volume, entitled *Cosmography, or the History of the World*. The exceeding paucity of books in those days will account for the extraordinary premium at which we find them generally estimated. A book was often entailed with as much solemnity as the most valuable estate. Thus, at the commencement of a breviary of the Bible, there is a

memorial by the donor : "I, Philip, late Bishop of Lincoln, give this book, called Petrus de Aureolis, to the new library about to be built in the church of Lincoln ; reserving the use and possession of said book to Richard Fryerby, clerk and prebendary of Milton, to hold in fee, for the term of his natural life ; and afterwards to revert to the said Library, or its keepers for the time being, faithfully and without delay." There is another curious extract we had marked, respecting the formalities observed on the purchase of a book. It is from Peter the Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum*, and reads as follows : "This book of sentences belongs to M. Rogers, arch-deacon of Lincoln, who bought it from Geoffrey, the chaplain, brother of Henry, vicar of Northalvington, in ye presence of master John de Lee, master John de Living, Richard of Luda, clerks, Richard ye almoner of said vicar, and many others ; and ye said arch-deacon gave this boke to God and St. Oswald, to the friar and the convent of Barden." Books were deemed of such value in these times, that they were often pledged to learned societies, upon which a deposit was required. Oxford had a chest for books thus pledged, which if not redeemed by a given day, became the property of the University. The price of books was so high that persons of moderate fortunes could not afford to purchase them. In the year 1174, Walter Prior, of St. Swithin, at Winchester, purchased of the monks at Winchester, Bede's Homilies and St. Austin's Psalter, for twelve measures of barley and a pall, on which was embroidered in silver the history of Birinas converting a Saxon king. About the year 1255, Roger de Insula, Dean of York, gave several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, on condition that the students who perused them should deposit a cautionary pledge. In 1299, the Bishop of Winchester borrowed of his Cathedral Convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, the Bible with marginal notes, and gave a bond for the return of it, drawn up with great solemnity. The Prior and Convent of Rochester declared that they would every year pronounce the sentence of irrevocable doom on him who should purloin or conceal a



Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate the title. Among the statutes of St. Mary's church in 1446, is one, "that no scholar should occupy a book in the library above an hour or two, at most."

The Pentateuch and the history of Job are the most ancient books in the world ; and in profane literature the works of Homer and Hesiod. The first book known to have been written in our own vernacular was "The Confessions of Richard, Earl of Cambridge," *temp.* 1415 ; and the earliest English ballad is supposed to be the "*Cuckoo Song*," which commences in the following obsolete style :

" Sumer is icumen in  
 Lhudé sing cuccu,  
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
 And sprigth ye wdé nu :  
 Singe cuccu "

Among the earliest illuminated MSS., we may mention the renowned *Codex Argenteus*, so named from its being written in liquid silver upon violet-colored vellum. It is a magnificent specimen of its kind, and is further remarkable as being the only extended specimen of the Mæso-Gothic known to exist. It exhibits a very close resemblance to printing, although executed nearly a thousand years prior to the discovery of the art. This choice literary relic was first discovered in the Benedictine Abbey of Worden, in Westphalia, about the year 1587 ; it subsequently passed into the possession of Queen Christine of Sweden, then into that of Vossius, and was finally purchased by a northern Count, Gubriel de la Gardie, for £250, and by him presented to the University of Upsala.

Within a few years, an ancient MS. copy of a portion of the New Testament, written also in the Francic language, has been discovered at Rheims Cathedral. Its date is stated to be about the eleventh century ; and it is supposed to have been used in

administering the coronation oath to the Kings of France. About the latter part of the seventh century, we find reference made by Bede to a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels, having been done in letters of the purest gold upon leaves of parchment, purpled in the ground and colored variously upon the surface, for the decoration of the church at Ripon, at the instance of the famous Wilford. The chronicler speaks of it as a prodigy, and we may infer from this its rarity in those times. So costly a mode of producing manuscripts could not have become general in any age; accordingly, we find these magnificent specimens were expressly executed for the nobles and princes of their times, or the higher dignitaries of the Church. An instance of this is to be seen in the superb *Prayer Book*, of a like description with the foregoing, with the addition of its binding, which was of pure ivory, studded with gems, and is yet extant, we believe, in the celebrated Colbertine library, founded by Charles the Bald. In the middle ages even, the bishops bound books. With the monks, it was a common employment. There were also trading-binders, called *ligatores*, and they who sold the covers were called *scrutarii*. There are many missals now in existence, with covers of solid silver gilt. Gold, relics, ivory, velvet, large bosses of brass, and other expensive, adornments, were bestowed upon church-books, and those intended for royal and great personages. Some of these manuscript copies of the Sacred Scriptures were, it is well known, further embellished with elaborately-executed miniatures and paintings.

We next meet with the magnificent Bible, presented by his favorite preceptor, Alcuin, librarian to the archbishop of York, to the great Charlemagne, *after he had* learned to read and write; (for, although among the wisest men of his age, he even commenced his educational course at the tender age of forty-five.) This remarkable copy of the Bible was in folio size, richly bound in velvet; its embellishments were of the most superb description, its frontispiece being brilliantly ornamented with gold and colors, and

its text relieved by emblematic devices, pictures, initial letters, etc. This curious relic, which was in fine preservation, was sold by Evans, in London, it may be remembered, in 1836, and produced the sum of £1,500, or \$7,500. The different libraries of Italy are said to comprise many curious specimens. In that of St. Mary, at Florence, may be seen a superb copy of the entire New Testament, written on silk, including the liturgy, etc. At the end, the following occurs in the Greek character: "*By the hand of the sinner and most unworthy mark; in the yeare of the worlde, 7840;*" id est. A. D. 1332.

In our bibliographical researches, we notice many striking illustrations of the indefatigable perseverance and ingenuity of the middle ages. One of the most conspicuous instances of the kind upon record, is that of Guido de Jars, who devoted upwards of half a century to the production of a manuscript copy of the sacred Scriptures, beautifully written and illuminated. He began it in his fortieth year, and did not finish it until his ninetieth, (1294.) Few who have inspected such rare specimens of monkish taste and toil, can fail to be struck with their exceeding beauty. Indeed, as the delighted eye traverses these skillfully-wrought productions of the ancient limners, or cons over the thrilling story of the heroic doings it records, traced out in the quaint gothic character scarcely less characteristic of those times, we cannot but frankly confess our indebtedness to the *illuminations* of these so-called *dark ages*.

One of the most celebrated books in the annals of bibliography, is the richly illuminated Missal, executed for John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, under Henry VI.; by him it was presented to that king, in 1430. This rare volume is eleven inches long, seven and a half wide, and two and a half thick; contains fifty-nine large miniatures, which nearly occupy the whole page, and above a thousand small ones, in circles of about an inch and half diameter, displayed in brilliant borders of golden foliage, with variegated flowers, etc.; at the bottom of every page are two lines

in blue and gold letters, which explain the subject of each miniature. This relic, after passing through various hands, descended to the Duchess of Portland, whose valuable collection was sold at auction, in 1786. Among its many attractions was the Bedford Missal. A knowledge of the sale coming to the ears of George III., he sent for his bookseller, and expressed his intention to become the purchaser. The bookseller ventured to submit to his majesty the probable high price it would fetch. "How high?" exclaimed the king. "Probably two hundred guineas," replied the bookseller. "Two hundred guineas for a Missal!" exclaimed the queen, who was present, and lifted her hands up with astonishment. "Well, well," said his majesty, "I'll have it still; but since the queen thinks two hundred guineas so enormous a price for a Missal, I'll go no further." The biddings for the Royal Library did actually stop at that point; a celebrated collector, Mr. Edwards, became the purchaser by adding three pounds more. The same Missal was afterwards sold at Mr. Edwards' sale, in 1815, and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough, for the enormous sum of £637 15s. sterling.

Amongst the numerous, rare, and costly relics contained in the library of the Vatican, is the magnificent Latin Bible of the Duke of Urbino; it consists of two large folios, embellished by numerous figures and landscapes in the ancient arabesque, and is considered a wonderful monument of art. There are also, by the way, some autograph MSS. of Petrarch's "*Rime*," which evince to what an extent he elaborated his versification. The mutilated parchment scroll, thirty-two feet in length, literally covered with beautiful miniatures, representing the history of Joshua, ornamenting a Greek MSS. bearing date about the seventh century, is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity of the Vatican. The *Menologus*, or Greek Calendar, illustrated by four hundred rich and brilliant miniatures, representing the martyrdom of the saints of the Greek Church, with views of the churches, monasteries, basilics, is also curious, as presenting specimens of the painting of the Byzantium

school, at the close of the tenth century. It contains also a fine copy of the Acts of the Apostles, in letters of gold, presented by Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, to Innocent VIII.; an edition of Dante, exquisitely illuminated with miniature paintings by the Florentine school; these pictures are of about the ordinary size of modern miniatures on ivory, but far surpassing them in delicacy of finish.

The practice of illuminating and decorating manuscripts was in vogue in Ireland as early as the seventh century. In the subsequent age there were some remarkable for their artistic beauty. If they were defective in perspective and in harmony of color, they were at least conspicuous for their delicacy and skill in design. These beautiful memorials of the middle ages, moreover, afford glimpses of the manners and customs of those times which the monkish chronicles have failed to supply. Olfric, the Saxon monk, deserves especial mention as having achieved the good work of rendering portions of the Old Testament into his vernacular tongue. "Whosoever," says he, "shall write out this boke, let him write it according to the Coptic, and for God's love correct it, that it be not faultie, lest he thereby be discredited and I shent." This worthy died A. D. 1006, at St. Albans; his bones were, in the reign of Canute, removed to Canterbury. Laufranc was another laborious and erudite scribe, to whose industrious toils the Christian world owes much; and which the perils from prejudices and pious frauds, during eight centuries of superstition and darkness, failed to destroy. He ultimately became primate of England, and patron of its learning. Another eminent guardian of the Bible was the worthy Bishop Anselm. It was a noble design on the part of the first printers, to rescue from threatened annihilation the great classic works of antiquity. Many of these, it is well known, are irretrievably lost; and those we now possess narrowly escaped a similar fate. The preservation of the Holy Scriptures, however, may undoubtedly be regarded as having been effected through the special intervention of Divine Providence. It is on this account

that the integrity of the sacred text is regarded as unimpeachable, and its canonical records complete. Yet those who refer the preservation of the Bible to mere human agency, may well become skeptical on the subject. Distributed in fragments which were hidden in obscure recesses of monasteries, it may well excite our marvel that, in spite of the fiercest opposition of malignant men, this inestimable treasure should have yet descended to us complete and perfect.

In early monkish times, the few books that did exist seem to have been sadly neglected. D'Israeli, it will be remembered, furnishes a curious chapter on this subject. The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy; for the Roman emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

The original manuscript of Justinian's code was discovered by the Pisans accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria; that vast code of laws had been in a manner unknown from the time of that emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved. It sometimes happened that manuscripts were discovered in, if we may so say, the last agonies of existence.

Papirius Masson found, in the house of a book-binder of Lyons, the works of Agobart; the mechanic was on the point of using the manuscripts to line the covers of his books. A page of the second decade of Livy it is said, was found by a man of letters in the parchment of his battledore, while he was amusing himself in the country. He hastened to the maker of the battledore, but arrived too late! The man had finished the last page of Livy, about a week before!

Raimond Soranzo, a lawyer in the Papal court, possessed two books of Cicero, on Glory, which he presented to Petrarch, who lent them to a poor aged man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme want, the old man pawned them, and returning home, died suddenly, without having revealed where he had left them. They have never been recovered.

Dr. Dee's singular MSS. were found in the secret drawer of a chest, which had passed through many hands undiscovered; and that vast collection of state-papers of the secretary of Cromwell, which formed about seventy volumes, accidentally fell out of the ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

The book written by Henry VIII., which procured for him, from the Pope, the absurd title of "Defender of the Faith," and which is now scarcely less inappropriately used, was stolen from the Vatican, about the close of the past century, and coming into the possession of Payne, the bookseller, produced for the worthy bibliopole the reversion of a life annuity from the Marquis of Douglas. Dibdin speaks, in his *Bibliographical Tour*, of *Vestiga delle Terme de Tito, e Loro interne Pitture*, which comprises fifty-nine very large plates of the arabesque decorations and paintings in the baths of Titus, most elaborately and exquisitely printed in opaque colors, like highly-finished miniatures, etc. It is considered that no work was ever executed, which can compete with this in the extraordinary brilliancy and beauty of its embellishments: they are said to be perfect. But one or two copies exist, and are worth about two hundred guineas each.

Among the celebrated collectors of modern times may be named the late Duke of Sussex, Earl Spencer, and Heber, of England, and Dr. Kloss, of Frankfort. The first named had something like six thousand different editions of portions of the Bible; the largest collection of the kind ever formed. These, with other accumulated literary treasures, have been dispersed abroad, the library having been sold some years since. Among the choice rarities it contained, was a Hebrew and Chaldaic Pentateuch of the

thirteenth century, one of the richest illuminated Hebrew MSS. in existence; the paintings were of wonderful beauty.

Besides sixteen vellum copies of the Vulgate, there were two manuscript Bibles, profusely embellished with about one hundred exquisite miniatures in gold and colors. In another copy there were nearly fifty illustrative drawings of a very curious description, one of which represented Adam delving and his spouse spinning! There is no "note" to indicate the name of the maker of the spinning-wheel. The Duke's rich collection comprised some French, Italian, and Spanish Bibles; and also an Italian manuscript, entitled, "Historia de Vecchio Testamento," which is decorated with about five hundred and twenty miniatures. It contained in addition a choice copy of the Bible, once Queen Elizabeth's, which she herself embroidered with silver; and another in Arabic, which once belonged to Tippoo Saib.

Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill deserves a passing allusion. The proceeds of the auction sale of this costly library produced £37,298. Among the numerous objects of *virtu* which graced these literary spoils, we find a magnificent missal, perfectly unique, and superbly illuminated, being enriched with splendid miniatures by Raffaello, set in pure gold and enamelled, and richly adorned with turquoises, rubies, etc. The sides are formed of two matchless cornelians, with an intaglio of the crucifixion, and another Scripture subject; the clasp is set with a large garnet. This precious relic was executed expressly for Claude, Queen of France, it was bought by the Earl Waldegrave for one hundred and fifteen guineas. Another curious and costly specimen of bibliography was a sumptuous volume, pronounced by the cognoscenti one of the most wonderful works of art extant, containing the Psalms of David written on vellum, embellished by twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovis, surrounded by exquisite scroll borders of the purest arabesque, of unrivalled brilliancy and harmony. Its binding is of corresponding splendor. Its date is about 1537. This little gem produced from the



purse of the above-named collector the sum of four hundred and twenty guineas!

Queen Elizabeth, it appears from Dibdin, was a bibliomaniac of transcendant fame; her "Oone Gospell Booke, garnished on th' onside with the crucifix," etc., is a precious object to the virtuoso. It was the composition of Queen Catherine Parr, and was enclosed in solid gold; it hung by a gold chain at her side, and was the frequent companion of the "Virgin Queen." In her own handwriting at the beginning of the volume the following quaint lines appear: "I walke many times into the pleasaunt fieldes of the Holie Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning; eate them by readinge; chawe them by musing; and laye them up at length in ye state of memorie by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the lesse perceave the bitternesse of this miserable life." This was penned by the Queen probably while she was in captivity at Woodstock, as the spirit it breathes affords a singular contrast to the towering haughtiness of her ordinary deportment and expression of character. The MS. of the Evangelists, which was originally used at the inauguration of Henry I., and down to Edward VI., is yet extant in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is written on vellum, bound in oaken boards an inch thick, fastened together with thongs of leather and brass bosses; it is surrounded by a gilt crucifix, which the several kingly lips have kissed in token of submission to their coronation oath. A melancholy interest attaches to everything connected with the career of the hapless Mary of Scots; accordingly, we find great value is placed on the Missal presented to the queen by Pius V., and which accompanied her to the scaffold; the illuminations are said to be of extreme beauty. We read of a magnificent Missal, nearly three feet in height, still extant in the library at Rouen, which occupied the labor of a monkish devotee upwards of thirty years. D'Israeli also refers to a huge copy of the Koran—probably without a parallel, as to its *size*, in the annals of *letters*. The

characters are described as three inches long ; the book itself a foot in thickness, and its other dimensions five feet by three. It was doubtless designed for such followers of the Prophet as might be afflicted with imperfect vision. The writer's name deserves to be recorded : it is Gholam Mohgoodeen. Recent investigations at Turin have discovered some Greek MSS. of great antiquity, and valuable as elucidatory of celebrated works, quoted by ancient writers, heretofore deemed entirely lost. These MSS. were found by a learned Greek, named Simonides, in a cave situated at the foot of Mount Athos. They are composed of thin membranes, filled with minute characters, which are supposed to afford a clue to the hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved on the obelisk of the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

There are some literary relics in the United States which merit notice. In the library of Dr. Lord are some rare old tomes—one a MS. written on vellum, dated one hundred and forty years prior to the era of printing. It is in Latin, and relates to the Sacraments. The other is a volume of Latin Synonyms with definitions, printed at Naples in 1490, one of the earliest books printed with moveable types. It is in black-letter, and admirable for its typography. The writer of these notes has in his possession a copy of Quintilian on Old Age, in the Latin, printed in the Italic character, at Cologne, in 1528. It has the book mark of the renowned collector, Dr. Kloss, of Frankfort. It presents a specimen of the old hog-skin binding, bevelled, with rude clasps, etc. He has also Drexelius' "De Eternitate," 1650, printed by Roger Daniel, the University printer at Cambridge ; and remarkable as an early specimen of engraving on silver. Also "The Sicke Mans Salve, wherein the faithful Christias may learne both how to behaue themselues patiently and thankfully in the time of sicknesse, and also virtuously to dispose of their temporall goods, and finally to prepare themselves gladly and godly to die, made by Thomas Becon : printed in the *black-letter* by John Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate beneath S. Martins, 1574." The writings of this worthy

have been reprinted within the last few years ; this volume, however, is not included in the republication. This little tome was formerly in the library of the late Duke of Sussex.

Mr. Waterman of Philadelphia, has a rare MS. on vellum, (temp. 1200,) of exquisite delicacy in its chirography. It is richly illuminated, every page being decorated with some ingenious device or picture. It is one of the most remarkable relics that have descended to us.

There is in the possession of a gentleman in Charleston, a very extraordinary literary curiosity—a Hebrew Prayer-Book, one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven years old. It is a ponderous volume, written on fine parchment. Dr. Grant, the Nestorian Missionary, some years ago presented to the American Bible Society a MS. folio copy of the Gospels in the Syriac, written in the Estrongels character, and arranged in lessons for the liturgy of the Jacobite Syrian Church. Its date is unknown, although from its appearance it must be of great antiquity. In the State Library at Harrisburg, are also some literary rarities; a copy of Elliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, in quarto, 1680, and a volume of an earlier date, (1532.) The dialect of this edition of the Indian Bible is now unreadable, the tribes having become since extinct. Speaking of the Bible, we may here mention that the most esteemed Biblical MSS. are those of the Spanish Jews. The most ancient are not more than nine or ten centuries old; the famous MS. of the Samaritan Pentateuch, in the possession of the Samaritans of Sichen, is only five hundred years old. There is a MS. copy of the Scriptures in the Bodleian Library, believed to be seven hundred years old; and another in the Vatican, which is supposed to have been written A. D. 973. There is in the Connecticut Historical Society, a MS. of very ancient origin—perhaps the oldest in the United States. It purports to have been written at the Convent of the Mendicant Friars, at Cologne, A. D. 1268. It comprises various works in Latin, and forms a volume of about five hundred pages. The same institution possesses

a copy of Valerius Maximus, in perfect preservation; its date is 1471. This work may be considered unique, and is doubtless the earliest printed volume in America. Mr. Mickley of Philadelphia, has a splendid folio edition of the Bible in German, printed at Nuremburg, in 1475; it was formerly in the library of the Duke of Sussex. Although produced only thirty-five years after the discovery of printing, it presents a fine specimen of typography, and is adorned with rich illuminations.

Mr. Lennox, of New York, who possesses a splendid library of rare and costly works, has, among his collection a copy of the Mazarine Bible which cost \$2500—and other choice literary relics. We now refer to the misapplied ingenuity of the monkish scribes, evinced in their *little* books. We quote the following quaint passage on the subject, by an old penman, Myles Davies: "The smallness of the size of a book was always its own commendation; as, on the contrary, the largeness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of learning. In short, a big book is a scare-crow to the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller, as well as a harbor of ignorance; hence, the inaccessible masteries of the inexpugnable ignorance and superstition of the ancient heathen, degenerate Jews, and of the Popish scholasters and canonists, intrenched under the frightful bulk of huge, vast and innumerable volumes; such as the great folio that the Jewish rabbins fancied in a dream was given by the angel Raziel to his pupil Adam, containing all the celestial sciences. And the volume writ by Zoroaster, entitled *The Similitude*, which is said to have taken up no more space than one thousand two hundred and sixty hides of cattle; as also the twenty-five thousand, or as some say thirty-six thousand volumes, besides five hundred and twenty-five lesser MSS. of his. The grossness and multitude of Aristotle's and Varro's books were both a prejudice to the author's, and an hindrance to learning, and an occasion of the greatest part of them being lost. The largeness of Plutarch's treatises is a great cause of his being neglected; while

Longinus and Epictetus, in their pamphlet remains, are every one's companions. Origen's six thousand volumes (as Epiphanius will have it) were not only the occasion of his venting more numerous errors, but also for the most part of their perdition." Were it not for Euclid's Elements, Hippocrates' Aphorisms, Justinian's Institutes, and Littleton's Tenures in small pamphlet volumes, young mathematicians, fresh-water physicians, civilian novices, would be at a loss and total discouragement. Condensed books, it is said, pay a deference to the reader's understanding; while ponderous and verbose treatises inflict needless penalty upon his time and patience. The wearisome folio of the olden time is now no longer tolerated, we must have every thing in its most compact form. When both writers and readers were few, both parties seem to have resigned themselves to the painful infliction; but such a state of things would now be manifestly impossible, when books are multiplied a thousand-fold. It was the literary humor of a certain Mæcenas, when he entertained his scribes, to place at the head of the table those who had published huge folios, next to them authors in quarto, and below them the octavos and duodecimos. As specimens of ingenious trifling, we might mention the minute document presented to Queen Elizabeth. It comprised the Decalogue, Creed and Lord's Prayer, all beautifully written in the compass of a finger-nail. By the aid of glasses, the Queen could easily read the microscopic characters. The Iliad was once written on vellum so small that a nut-shell contained it; and an Italian monk wrote the Acts and Gospels in compass of a farthing! Numerous similar instances might be adduced, but it is needless to multiply them. The early scribes found it much easier to write up to a folio, than down to the dimensions of a duodecimo; for the condensing process was an art with which they were wholly unacquainted. They might have profited by the hint of Hudibrastic Butler, where he says—

" 'Tis of books the chief  
Of all perfections, to be plain and brief."

We read of a remarkable character, M. Catherinot, who was a most fertile and fecund writer ; he was all his life pouring out his lucubrations from the point of his pen, upon an almost endless variety of topics. He completely tired out all the publishers of Paris ; yet, nothing discouraged, he adopted this singular expedient for disseminating his productions : when looking over the literary wares of the book-stalls, he contrived to drop a copy of his books among them. He formed the generous plan of supplying literary food to the famishing, free of charge, when he found they were too insensible to their own interests to buy for themselves.

Hone tells a story of the library of the King of India, Dabshe lim, which was so numerous that one hundred Brahmins were scarce sufficient to keep it in order, and it required one thousand dromedaries to transport it from one place to another. He ordered them to set to work on an epitome ; in twenty years they produced a cyclopædia of twelve thousand volumes. They presented it to him, but, to their amazement, he professed himself incapable of such extensive studies. The process of condensation was repeated till the quintessence was reduced to a single folio. Meanwhile the monarch had grown decrepid with age and he was unable to read even the single volume. His Vizier said to him : “ Illustrious Sultan, though I have but a very imperfect knowledge of your library, yet I will undertake to deliver you a very brief and satisfactory abstract of it. You shall read it through in one minute, and yet you shall find matter in it for reflection throughout the rest of your life.” Having said this, he took a palm-leaf, and wrote upon it with a golden style the four following sentences :—

1. The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word, *perhaps* ; and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three : they are *born*, *suffer* and *die*.

2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do ; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O kings ! tame your passions, govern yourselves, and it will be child's-play to you to govern the world.

4. O kings ! O people ! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.

Antoine Zarot, an eminent printer at Milan, about 1470, was the first on record who printed the Missal. Among other works his execution in colors of the celebrated *Missale Romanum* in folio, afforded a beautiful specimen of the art. The MS. copy seems to have been of a most dazzling description, its original date mccccx.; every leaf is appropriately ornamented with miniatures surrounded with exquisitely elaborated borders ; and its almost innumerable initials which are richly illuminated in gold and colors, render it unsurpassed by any known production of its class. It has been estimated at 250 guineas. The *Complutensian Polyglott*, otherwise known as Cardinal Ximenes, deserves a passing notice among the renowned books of by-gone times. This prodigious work was commenced under the auspices of the above named prelate in 1502, and for fifteen years the labor was continued without intermission ; its entire cost amounted to 50,000 golden crowns ! Arnas Guillen de Brocar was the celebrated printer of this stupendous work. Of the four large vellum copies, one is in the Vatican, another in the Escorial, and a third was bought by Herbets at the sale of the McCarthy library for 600 guineas. According to Gonzales, a Spanish historian, the earliest printed book of the "New World" was executed by Joannes Paulus in 1549—a folio entitled "*Ordinationes Legumque Collectiones pro Conventu Juridico Mexicano.*"

About 1572 we meet with another splendid production—the *Spanish Polyglott*, printed by Christopher Plantin. A most magnificent copy upon vellum, in the original binding, was sold in London some five and twenty years since for 1000 guineas ! and enormous as was this price, the copy was actually wanting three out of the ten volumes—those being in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. One of the scarcest books in the language—for there

are, according to Dibdin, but two known copies extant—is a little black-letter tome of 1586, entitled, “*A discourse of Englishe Poetrie,*” etc., one of which was sold in the Duke of Roxburgh’s collection for £64. We might amuse the reader by citing a few of the quaint and alliterative titles of some of the books of these times. Take the following for instance: “*A Footpath to Felicitie,*” “*Guide to Godliness,*” “*Swarme of Bees,*” “*Plante of Pleasure and Grove of Graces,*”—1586. These were most rife in the days of Cromwell. There were many bordering closely on the ludicrous, such as the one styled, “*A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry,*” and a Quaker whose outward man the powers thought proper to imprison, published “*A Sigh of Sorrow for the sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish.*” We might multiply the numbers *ad libitum*; but must content ourselves with adding one or two more. “*A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.*” To another we have the following copious description: “*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis’s handful of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and pithy Ditties, now newly augmented.*”

An amusing anecdote is recorded of Sixtus V., proving the soleism of Pontifical infallibility:—it ascribes to the pompous edition of the Bible, printed under the immediate inspection of the Pope, in 1590, over two thousand typographical errors, notwithstanding every sheet was submitted to the careful revision of his holiness’ *infallible* eye! Moreover, a severe anathema was by himself appended to the first volume, against any person who should alter or change any portion of the supposed immaculate text, yet so glaring and notorious became the errors aforesaid in process of time, that his successor, Clement VII., first had corrected slips



pasted over them, and afterwards actually had the temerity to correct and thoroughly revise the whole in a new edition, thereby virtually ensuring his own excommunication; in addition to which he also annexed another anathema to the like effect.

The *Mazarin Bible*, so called, on account of its having been found in Cardinal Mazarin's library, is considered to be the very first book ever printed with metal types. The first Bible, of 1462, is an edition which exhibits a matchless effort in the art of printing.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied was the production of the Holy Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, and Faust, a goldsmith, furnished the necessary funds. This Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred and eighty-two pages, and for a long time after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished. Of the printed Bible, eighteen copies are now known to be in existence, four of which are printed on vellum. Two of these are in England, one being in the Grenville collection. Of the fourteen remaining copies, ten are in England, there being a copy in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh, and London, and seven in the collections of different noblemen. The vellum copy has been sold as high as \$1300.

There is a Bible still preserved, written on palm-leaves, in the University of Gottingen, containing 5376 leaves. Another Bible, of the same material, is at Copenhagen. There were also, in Sir Hans Sloane's collection, more than twenty manuscripts, in various languages, on the same material.

At the *Chapter House* may be seen *Doomsday Book*, or the Survey of England, made by William the Conqueror, two volumes on vellum of unequal size; deed of resignation of the Scottish Crown to Edward II.; the Charter granted by Alfonso of Castile

to Edward I., on his marriage with Eleanor of Castile, with a solid seal of gold attached; a Treaty of Peace between Henry VIII. and Francis I. of France, with the gold seal attached in high relief, and undercut, supposed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

The first book which bears the name of the place where it was printed, and those of the printers, (Faust and Shœffer, 1457,) was the celebrated *Psalter*, printed from large cut type. The *Literæ Indulgentiarum Nicholai V.*, on a single piece of parchment, was issued two years previously, and is the first instance of a printed book, bearing date: a copy of this work, which is said by Dr. Dibdin to be of inconceivable beauty, is to be found in the celebrated Library at Blenheim.

The names of John Nicholls and John Boydell, who died about the year 1804, take prominent rank among the producers of splendid books;—they have the credit of having expended the princely sum of £350,000 in fostering and improving the sister arts of painting and engraving. Their magnificent "*Shakspeare Gallery*" is even to this day a noble monument of their enterprise and skill. The gigantic speculation unfortunately failed, superinducing a loss to its projectors of over £100,000. Every one has heard of Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," in eight huge folios, which was originally published in fifty-four parts; the entire cost of a large paper copy was £238 10s. Lathan's "*History of Birds*" was also a very splendid work, in eleven royal quarto volumes, comprising descriptions of above four thousand specimens, illustrated by a series of over two hundred richly-colored embellishments: the original publication price was about £50. Murphy's "*Arabian Antiquities of Spain*" was a beautiful specimen of art; its exquisite line engravings discover wonderful finish: it cost ten thousand guineas in its execution. Again, the splendid ceremonial of the coronation of George IV., under the superintendence of the late Sir George Naylor, of the Herald's College, furnishes another illustrious instance of costly bibliography. Notwithstanding the grant of the government of £5000 towards the expenses, the

undertaking also was a great pecuniary failure. It contained a series of magnificent paintings of the royal procession, banquet, etc., etc., comprehending faithful portraits of the leading personages, all gorgeously tinted and emblazoned: the subscription price of the work was fifty guineas. We might allude to the progresses of Queen Elizabeth and James I., the former in three, and the other four, volumes, royal quarto, both works of repute: but the magnificent work of Pistolesi on the Vatican, in seven royal folios, containing seven hundred large and beautiful engravings, is a still more stupendous affair: as also Napoleon's great work on Egypt, which is a noble monument of art, there being no other of the same description in Europe which will bear any comparison with it. The size and execution of the engravings are such as must always excite admiration; many of the plates being the largest ever produced,—and at no other establishment in Europe than the Imperial printing-press at Paris, could it have been brought out on the same gigantic scale.

The bibliographic connoisseur will remember the *unique* copy of Valdarfer's edition of "*Il Decamerone di Boccaccio*" of the Roxburgh collection, which once produced the almost incredible sum of over two thousand guineas; the celebrated edition of *Livy*, exquisitely printed on vellum by Sweynheim, in 1469, which was sold for four hundred and fifty guineas; and the far-famed *Greek Testament* of Erasmus, printed at Basil, 1519, of which but one copy is now known to exist, being in the cathedral of York, and of which that renowned collector, Sir Mark Sykes, was refused the purchase at the prodigious offer of one thousand guineas. Bodini, the great Italian printer, produced some splendid specimens of his art; some of which are said to be unexcelled by any subsequent efforts. His edition of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," is one of the loveliest little gems extant; the plates are worked on white satin, and the text on the purest vellum. His *chief d'œuvre* was his "Homer," in three folio volumes: it was the work of six years.

Young's "*Museum Worsleyanum*" cost £27,000 in its production;

it was never *published*, although a copy has been purchased at £400. A few years ago, a typographical wonder was exhibited in London, being a sumptuous edition of the New Testament, printed in gold, on porcelain paper of most immaculate beauty, and, for the first time, on both sides. Two years were occupied in perfecting the work. Only one hundred copies were taken off.

An interesting specimen, which may be known to very few, and which is, for its kind, unsurpassed in the annals of literature, is the great historical work which has recently been completed by the late Mr. Wiffen, the admirable translator of Tasso, and other popular works, which comprises the Family Records of *every* descendant of the ancient and distinguished House of Russell, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly in the possession of the family. This very beautiful production, which includes the *Portraits of every member of that Peerage*, direct and collateral, painted by one of the most prominent artists of the age, (Harding,) is comprised in one folio volume, printed in a style of sumptuous magnificence; *only one single copy of which was printed off*. The unique bequest by the late Duke of Bedford, under whose personal superintendence it was commenced and completed, was designed by him as an *heirloom* in the family, and to be deposited in the Library at Woburn Abbey, from whence it was on no account to be removed. It cost the Duke three thousand guineas.

The most costly undertaking ever attempted by a single individual, of a literary character, which unquestionably the world has yet seen, is the magnificent work on the "*Aborigines of Mexico*," by the late Lord Kingsborough. This stupendous work is said to have been produced at the enormous cost to the author of £30,000, or \$150,000. It is comprised in seven immense folio volumes, embellished by about one thousand superb illustrations, colored so exquisitely as to represent the originals with the most faithful exactness. These volumes are of extraordinary dimensions. This unprecedented instance of munificence in the patronage of literature, is rendered the more astonishing from the lamentable fact of

its having proved the ultimate ruin of its projector. Not only did this enthusiastic nobleman undertake to defray the entire expense attending the publication, in every item of which, as it might have been expected, he had to meet the most exorbitant charges, but he actually determined on having but a very limited number of copies printed, we believe only fifty, after which the lithographic drawings from which the plates were taken, were erased. These copies were appropriated for *gratuitous* presentation to the several Royal and Public Libraries of Europe. It is painful to add that this noble patron of literature and the arts, actually died in debt, a few years since,—a sad instance of self-immolation to his munificence, in a prison in Dublin. A copy of this gorgeous work is in the Philadelphia Library.

Humboldt's *Mexico* is another splendid work : the same may be said of Merrick's *Ancient Armour*, Mayer's *Egypt*, and many others : indeed, to cite all under the category would require a space far exceeding that allotted us for the present paper.

A rage for illustrating formerly obtained to a great extent. It is noted by Granger, a great collector, that a certain female of his acquaintance commenced the illustrating the Bible, and that before she had reached the 25th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, the number of her prints had reached seven hundred ! Perhaps the most illustrious of all illustrated works, is the extraordinary copy of Shakspeare, in possession of Earl Spencer, a work which owes its existence to the wonderful perseverance and taste of the Dowager Lady Lucan, his mother-in-law. For sixteen years, this herculean and pleasurable task was in progress. It is unnecessary to attempt a description of this costly work, as it contains whatever of taste, beauty, and refinement in decoration it was possible to combine in the embellishment of Bulmer's beautiful folio edition of the great poet. This superb work is enclosed in rich velvet binding, surmounted with silver gilt clasps, corners, etc. "It is kept," to adopt the enthusiastic language of Dibdin, who has enjoyed the advantage of personally inspecting it, "inviolate from the impuri-

ties of bibliomaniacal miasmata, in a sarcophagus-shaped piece of furniture of cedar and mahogany."

The largest work ever yet attempted, is the "*Encyclopédie Methodique*," commenced at Paris, in 1782, being a collection of dictionaries on the several departments of science and knowledge, which has, we believe, extended to 250 quarto volumes.

In Thibet, there is said to be a Cyclopædia in forty-four volumes. The largest work ever undertaken in Russia is the great national Encyclopædia, on which several hundred literary men have been long engaged; we have not at hand the extent to which this gigantic production has already reached, although it cannot be very inferior in numbers to the voluminous works of Germany and France.

Hall's "*Ancient Ballads*" is an instance of rich and luxurious specimen of the art. Printing in colors is another auxiliary in modern book embellishments, an instance of the kind is to be seen in the sumptuous edition of Lockhart's "*Spanish Ballads*," published a few years ago by Murray.

It is not a little remarkable to note the tendency of the literary taste of the present day; as if, having exhausted the stores of all cotemporary skill and ingenuity, it now reverts back to the semi-barbarous age of Gothic book-embellishment. The same remark is no less applicable to the sister arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. The poet no longer seeks the classic Greek from which to paint the ideal, but prefers to portray the imagery of monkish pageantry during the days of the ascendancy of the Latin Church. And is not this equally true of our architectural standard, in the prevailing preference for the florid Gothic of our religious edifices? To resume,—there are already published several very costly illuminated works of matchless brilliancy and splendor; for instance, Shaw's "*Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*," in two noble volumes. It comprises illustrations of costumes, manners, and arts of Europe, from the seventh to the seventeenth centuries. Another gorgeous work is the "*Palæo-*

*graphia Sacra Pictoria*," by Westwood, containing fac-similes of Anglo-Saxon, Greek, Slavonic and other MSS., richly illustrated. One volume is only yet published. Its cost is \$250. There is also a fac-simile edition of the original works of Froissart, being printed in gold, silver and colors. A similar work, and indeed many others of the class, are in course of publication at Paris; but we must refrain from extending our remarks further. We might just mention one other, entitled "*The Arabesque Frescoes of Ruffelle*," a work of magnificent preparations.

The best copy in existence of the Caxtonian edition of Gower's "*De Confessione Amantis*," 1483, one of the rarest among printed books, when found perfect, was purchased by a Dublin bookseller, at Cork, with a lot of old rubbish, (in 1832,) for a mere trifle, and was sold afterwards for more than £300. It is now in the celebrated Spencer Library at Althorp.

Old books, like old wines, sometimes thus increase in value in the ratio of their age. The mania for the antique in books still obtains among "book-worms" and bibliomaniacs. Owen Jones' *Alhambra* presents a magnificent specimen of the opulent taste devoted to the revival of the illuminations of monkish times—and it offers no mean tribute to their patient industry and skill that, even with our advanced state of arts, they should be referred to as models. Speaking of Owen Jones' *Alhambra*, reminds us of the superb copy of that work exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace. The binding which was executed by Mathews, of New York, occupied six months in its completion, and cost upwards of \$500. It is in pale Russia, illuminated with colored Morocco: it differs from most costly bindings by being solely the work of the book-binder, no jewelry or artistic ornament having been employed in the decoration. As a specimen of chastened elegance and beauty this volume bears the palm of excellence. It is stated in a Brussels paper that a gigantic work is in progress at Bruges, which will require twenty years for its completion. M. Depacppe of that city proposes to produce in Gothic

letters "*L'Imitation de Jesus Christ*," by the Abbé d'Assance. This work will fill 670 pages, each of which will be about three-quarters of a yard in height, by eighteen inches wide. They will have to execute 114 engravings, forming copies of the great masters of the Flemish school, viz. Van Eyck, Memling, Pourbus, Claessens, etc.; the pages on which will be displayed the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" will be encircled with garlands and other ornaments, in blue and gold. Here, however, we must close our desultry sketch, although the half has not been noted, of our pleasant researches—so exuberant are the stores of the bibliographic wealth of the "republic of letters."

Having thus regaled our mental vision with a brief and furtive glance at the exuberant riches of ancient and modern bibliography, we pause not to moralize on this mighty mausoleum of departed genius and skill; but simply to advertise the reader of the fact, that amidst all the magnificent display spread out before our delighted sense, one delectable tome of all the rest, which would most irresistibly tempt us to infringe a certain canon of the decalogue—nay, two of them—is Smith's "*Historical and Literary Curiosities*," consisting of an immense collection of most valuable *autograph* letters of noble, royal and literary characters of the past and present ages.







## SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING.

“*Nothing* can now be said which has not been said before.”

NOTHING will therefore now be presented to the reader for his contemplation. If we offer nothing, nothing will, of course, be expected, and nothing we may write will offend any one, provided we stick to our text.

“Which way the subject theme may gang,  
Let time or chance determine;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Or probably a sermon.”

We have therefore determined to offer nothing, for which no apology will be required. Every thing is of some value and interest to somebody, but nothing concerns nobody—and is a nonentity.—Permit us then to offer a word or two suggestive of this remarkable *negative* noun, this cipher in numbers—so frequently in vogue, yet never in existence—for certainly nothing can offend if nothing is affirmed. Perhaps you may remember some occasions when nothing was preferable to anything,—the next of kin to nothing is nobody—and certainly there have been sundry times and seasons when nobody would have been preferred to anybody:—it is not impossible that nothing, on the present

occasion, may be preferred to anything else, and this is our apology for presenting so dark, mysterious and occult a subject to your contemplation. Out of nothing what marvels have sprung into being. Nothing is a momentous affair—it must be of importance to some, and to affirm this of none, would be to assert it of all—since nothing is more self-evident than that two negatives create a positive. If nothing engages our attention at present, nothing interests us, (if we may be pardoned the ill-disguised egotism,) we are talking about nothing, and we shall gain nothing by anything that may be said.

Nothing is certainly a fact, and yet every fact is something—nothing seems to be intangible and ideal, and yet it is a reality—with all our labored attempts at its exposition, we must sum up all and confess it is a mysterious something—some may think we are making a great deal out of nothing ; this is just what we purpose to effect. The fact is there is no end to nothing—it is a circle without beginning or end—and we are persuaded we shall never get to the end of our theme, unless we leave off as we commenced.

Addison has a capital paper on *Nonsense*—which seems to chime in so admirably with the foregoing—if indeed the reader may think *it* too nonsensical to tag on anything more—that we introduce some of its pithy paragraphs. “Hudibras,” he says, “has defined nonsense (as Cowley does wit) by negatives. Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being answered or contradicted. \* \* \* A man may as well hope to distinguish colors in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve or disapprove in nonsense. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity. There are two kinds of nonsense—high and low. *Low nonsense* is the

fruit of a cold phlegmatic temper. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly among self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities. He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none. *High nonsense*, on the contrary, blusters and makes a noise; it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It assumes a most majestic appearance, and wears a garb like Æsop's 'ass clothed in the lion's skin.' In a word, it so imposes upon us by high sounding words, that one is apt to suppose they must signify something." Thus much for *nonsense*, which we here throw in as an episode to—*nothing*.

In our analysis of *nothing*, we ought not to forget its first syllable *no*,—the second syllable,—*thing*, may speak for itself. *Anything* is not *nothing*; but a thing is a thing; this is a self-evident proposition. A cotemporary\* has so ably discussed the little negation, that we take the liberty of presenting his strictures to the reader.

"A very little word is *No*. It is composed of but two letters and only forms a syllable. In meaning it is so definite as to defy misunderstanding. Young lips find its articulation easy. Any child can spell it. Unlike some words of learned length, spoken only on rare occasions, its use is common and familiar. Not an hour passes in company but we hear it repeated. It would be a task to carry on conversation for a few minutes without its aid. Diminutive in size, evident in import, easy of utterance, frequent in use, and necessary in ordinary speech, it seems one of the simplest and most harmless of all words. Yet there are those to whom it is almost a terror. Its sound makes them afraid. Upon their lips, when forced to pronounce it, it hangs heavily as lead. They would expurgate it from their vocabulary if they could. An easy and good-natured class of people they are. They like always to agree with their friends. To them the language of contradic-

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\* The Merchant's Ledger.

tion is uncongenial. The ranks of disputants obtain from them few recruits. They cannot differ from others without a painful effort, which they seldom make. It is in their nature to drift down the stream rather than resist the current. When urged to anything by companions, they find it all but impossible to say—*No*. The little monosyllable sticks in their throat. Their pliable and easy temper inclines them to conformity, and frequently works their bane. Assailed by the solicitations of pleasure they are sure to yield, for at once and resolutely they will not repeat—*No*. Plied with the intoxicating cup they seldom overcome, for their facil nature refuses to express itself in—*No*. Encountering temptation in the hard and duteous path they are likely to falter and fall, for they have not boldness to speak out the decided negative—*No*. Amid the mists of time, and involved in the labyrinthine mazes of error, they are liable to forget eternal verities and join the ribald jest, for they have not been accustomed to utter an emphatic—*No*. Their talents may be of a high order, their disposition amiable and generous, and their prospects flattering; but this one weakness may at any time prove fatal to their hopes.

“All the noble souls and heroes of history have held themselves ready, whenever it was demanded, to say—*No*. The warrior said—*No* to the obstacles which threatened the success of his arms, and rose against them in his might, and made them as the dust of his feet. The statesman said—*No* to the imperious and insulting demands of an excited populace or a foreign foe, and devised the plans by which the language of demand was exchanged for the language of entreaty and supplication. The poet said—*No* to the sloth and indolence which consumed his precious hours, and wove for himself in heavenly song a garland of immortality. The martyred hosts said—*No*, to the pagan powers that demanded a recantation of their faith, and swift from the fire and the torture their souls up-rose to the rewards and beatitude of heaven. The greatest and best of all that ever trod our earth, the holy One himself, was incessant in his labors of self-denial, and even thereby

he won the honors of his cross. Great men have grown great by repeating—*No* at every step of their progress. To ease, to inglorious joyance, to pleasure, to hardship, they said—*No*. This was their warchword, this the source of their victories. Copernicus said—*No*, and the baseless system of Ptolemy fell. Luther said—*No* to the abuses of the Church and the Reformation sprung into life. Columbus said—*No*, to adverse circumstances and refractory mariners, and America was discovered. The Puritans said—*No*, to English tyranny, and they founded a nation and new homes on this continent. The colonies of North America said—*No* to British misrule, and the United States came into being. Fulton said—*No* to those who pronounced his scheme valueless, and proceeded to launch the first steam-boat on the Hudson. But why enumerate farther! In the slow advancement of mankind—*No* has ever proved a word of power. Before it error consecrated by antiquity has fallen, and truth has risen in her splendor. Every falsehood refuted and denied is a step to truth; every impediment vanquished an advance to greatness. It is but fair to observe, however, that even in the use of this word there may be an abuse. As there are minds too pliable and gentle, so there are others too dogmatic and contradictory. On little occasions, and for trifling reasons, one may acquire a vile and disagreeable habit of dispute and denial. In things of no moral or practical account it is wise to be conciliatory and compliant. The most decided of men need not be impolite, or unpleasing in society. But when duty or propriety demands it, no one should be ashamed to speak—*No*.

“ Few have learned to speak this word  
 When it *should* be spoken;  
 Resolution is deferred,  
 Vows to virtue broken.

More of courage is required,  
 This one word to say,  
 Than to stand where shots are fired  
 In the battle fray,

Use it fitly, and ye'll see  
 Many a lot below  
 May be schooled, and nobly ruled  
 By power to utter—'No.'"

But to begin again: Most persons prefer *something* as the theme of their discourse; by way of variety, and for the sake of steering out of the beaten track, we insist on *nothing*. That the origin of this shadowless subject, like much of our legendary lore, is enveloped in the mists of remote antiquity, as well as shrouded in the obscurity of modern metaphysics, will not be disputed. It will be further admitted that *nothing* is a slender peg to hang any ideas upon; it is premised, therefore, that the expectations of the reader, in this respect, should be restrained within moderate limits, as otherwise it is possible, from paucity of wit on our part, the present attempt at its illustration may prove less than nothing. Were we, according to clerical precedent, to divide, and sub-divide our subject, its hydra-heads would, we fear, be found brainless phantoms, and the fabled task of Hercules but prove alike profitless to the reader, and perplexing to the writer.

Nothing, or no thing, is applied either as a noun or adjective—stands for non-existence—no-entity or nihility, from the Latin root *nihil*. Its antagonistic term is *something*; and, although it is like comparing shadow with substance, yet, however invidious the comparison may prove, we are of necessity compelled to adopt the alternative. Talk of the mysteries of metaphysics—what are they as contrasted with the inextricable mazes of this strange, indescribable phantasm? What, indeed, can be affirmed of a thing that has no physical existence? All we can say of it is, that it is not extant, or in legal phrase—*non est inventus*. In this dilemma, our only escape is to treat it negatively; this indeed seems perfectly consistent with the nature and attributes of our ghostly subject. First, then, nothing *is* nothing; not anything: its history consequently is a series of negations—no beginning—no existence—no end; and yet, paradoxical as it may sound, nothing

is associated with almost everything. It enters into all the sinuosities and diversified circumstances of our social economy, as well as links itself with the sublime story of the steller firmament. In this view, our intangible topic begins to assume a seemingly opaque form. For example, the great globe we inhabit is suspended upon nothing; and as to its original substance, for aught we know to the contrary, it was evoked into being, by the fiat of its Divine Author—out of nothing. And as it seems to have puzzled astronomers to determine both the origin and destiny of the moon, conjecture may not go widely astray, if a like mysterious paternity be assigned to the luminous orb, the poets so delight to celebrate. Then, again, as to the three kingdoms of nature—animal, vegetable, mineral—what are their source and destiny? Can we discern the point of their origin or their dissolution? The words of an old song seem to chime in here so well, that we must be excused citing them in this place.

“When rhyming with reason at first were in fashion,  
And poets and authors indulg'd in their passion,  
Select what they might, for their subject was new,  
And that's more than our modern scribblers can do

The ancients have work'd upon each thing in nature,  
Describ'd its variety, genius and feature;  
They having exhausted all fancy could bring,  
As nothing is left, why of nothing we sing.—  
From nothing we came, and whatever our station,  
To nothing we owe an immense obligation;  
Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,  
In time we shall all into nothing return.

This world came from nothing, at least so says history;  
Of course about nothing there's something of mystery;  
Man came from nothing, and by the same plan,  
Woman was made from the rib of a man.  
Since then a man thinks a nothing of taking,  
A woman to join and again his rib making;  
As nothing can give so much joy to his life,  
Since nothing's so sweet as a good humor'd wife.

Thinking of nothing is some folk's enjoyment,  
 Doing of nothing is many's employment ;  
 The love of this nothing have some folks so strong  
 They say nothing—do nothing all the day long ;  
 Some pass their time nothing beginning,  
 By nothing losing, and by nothing winning ;  
 Nothing they buy, and nothing they sell,  
 Nothing they know and nothing they tell.

There's something in nothing exceedingly clever,  
 Nothing will last out for ever and ever ;  
 Time will make everything fade away fast,  
 While nothing will surely endure to the last.

That life is all nothing its plainer and plainer,  
 So he who gets nothing is surely a gainer ;  
 Thus much we prove pretty plain,  
 Take nothing from nothing, there'll nothing remain—  
 Thus with this nothing the time out we're spinning,  
 Nothing will sometimes set many folks grinning,  
 Reader, believe it, while all this is true,  
 And the author wrote this having nothing to do."

Nothing was in vogue in ancient times, quite as universally as in ours. The Egyptian task masters, (to cite the authority of Holy Writ,) required the captive Israelites to fabricate bricks out of *nothing*. A certain English bishop, on a certain occasion, found, to his surprise, placed on his pulpit, in lieu of his usual written sermon, merely some sheets of blank paper. His presence of mind, however, furnished him ample *material*—for he is said to have preached one of the best discourses he ever delivered from his text—*nothing*. He commenced, as usual, turning over the leaves, by saying, "Here, my brethren, is nothing ; and out of nothing God created the world !" etc. Many a sermon has ended in nothing, but this is the only instance we remember in which nothing furnished its commencement, its substance, and its close, with such signal success. Again, *nothing* is the very life and soul of many spasmodic jokes



Many things are poetically said to "end in smoke," more may be truthfully said to result in *nothing*. How many bright and cherished schemes of the devotees of mammon, resolve themselves into nothing : the same may be predicated of the plotting manoeuvres of designing dowagers, in the game of husband hunting—of the hapless adventurer in pursuit of matrimony "under difficulties," and of the golden visions of deluded diggers at the auriferous sands of the Pacific.

Nothing seems to pervade almost every department of our social existence. Many a man of opulence will boastingly assure you, he began the world with nothing, and found it first-rate capital ; another less favored of blind fate, or fortune—failing in the like experiment, deplores its delusive cheat, yet still clinging to the deception, keeps *next* to nothing all his life.

Every one, doubtless, remembers the story of the economic individual, whose inventive wit brought his horse to live without eating, or to live upon nothing—and, at the same time, to a finish of his existence—an expedient which seems to have been in process of enactment among the ill-starred inhabitants of Ireland ; the terms of whose subsistence being "nothing a day, and find yourself." If the famishing for the food animal, complain of their impoverished condition, ought not our sympathies to be extended towards those who, though luxuriously cared for in all other respects, pine with intellectual starvation ;—whose heads, instead of being luminous with undying thoughts, present but a dreary vacuity. The remark is no less applicable to the human heart—the fabled shrine of the affections. What a "pleasing and universal fiction" is it to suppose that anything of the kind really exists in that sentimental locality,—at least, in but too many instances. Some in their vain search for the mysterious organ, wishing to take the most indulgent view of the matter, apologetically suggest, in behalf of the "heartless," "that his heart cannot be in the right place." Cupidity, as well as Cupid, often causes organic diseases of the heart ; in the former case producing a *contraction*, in the

latter an *expansion* of that ductile organ. It has been suggested, that as extremes are said to meet, and money hunting has much to do with modern matrimonial matches, possibly the two words may be indebted to a common source. Cupidity is likely not only to take special care of "*number one*," and, when he records his will, "to cut off his son with a shilling," but also to leave *nothing* to his friends, neighbors and acquaintance. Cupid, on the other hand, if left to himself, promises most liberally, and treats his votaries occasionally to a taste of his nectar and ambrosia; yet too often his promisory notes become dishonored at maturity, he becomes bankrupt, and pays *nothing* in the pound.

Not only are some people's heads, instead of being replenished with ideas within, or hair without, endowed with nothing; but their pockets and purses are frequently in as mendicant a condition. How many, again, patiently linger, and long for, the demise of some remarkable instance of longevity, vainly hoping to share some pecuniary immunity; but all their patience goes for nothing. There is a class of bold individuals, who are astonished at nothing—they make nothing of a trip across the Atlantic—the grand tour of Europe—a voyage to the Celestials—or an expedition to the new El-dorado of the west. Such imperturbable spirits there are, who make nothing of wearing a shabby coat and worse continuations—nothing of breaking their word of honor—or of intruding without permission into their neighbor's house, and under the strange hallucination that *meum*, and *tuum*, are convertible terms, display their fancy in the selection and appropriation of whatever they can most conveniently secure. Again, there are frigid subjects, who make nothing of the scorching rays of a meridian summer sun; others who place the like estimate upon the withering blasts of a northern winter. Some, also, who act as though the profession, and acting out of a religious life, were nothing—and that time and eternity shared a like estimate. But we shall weary the reader with rambling repetitions; and truth to say, we do not yet see "the beginning of the end" to our topic. If we may take

breath, and venture an anticipatory conclusion, we should say that nothing is ecumenic—and that it is not only antithetical with, but twin-brother of, something; for nothing negatively, is something—but positively—nothing; it is yet always in close proximity, or juxta-position, with—something. How many grave and sagacious men devote their whole lives to the contemplation and pursuit of—nothing; for one of the high priests of learning confessed, in effect, the truth, as he surveyed the unexplored ocean before him. The learned scribes have, therefore, come to the conclusion that there *is* nothing in the world. Old Francis Quarles arrives at a similar issue, in one of his quaint “Emblems.” A ballon or bladder, if exhausted of air, is said to be full of *nothing*; the same may be affirmed of the genus, *homo*, in many varieties. Nothing seems to possess advantages over metaphysics, if not indeed over everything else—for the former addresses our reason merely, the latter our senses. We can *see* nothing; who, hunting a ghost in a haunted room, or any other wild-goose chase, has not returned answer that he saw nothing? Nothing may be heard, but only when everybody and everything else is silent; it may also be tasted—for who has not heard the expressively laconic complaint from a dissatisfied palate, that it tastes like nothing. The same may be predicated of the senses of smelling and feeling. Some, as we before intimated, are impervious to feeling under any calamity; for they feel *nothing*; such is their immobility, that the loss of property, character, friends, or relations, are all nothing to them. A word about nobody.

Nobody is a most mischievous and meddling personage; for he is often engaged in the perpetration of some marvelous deeds. He is often guilty of arson, murder, and other grand misdemeanors; he stirs up strife, and severs firm friends. It is also true that there are some “bright lights” in his character, and occasionally he is nobly implicated in some noble acts of beneficence. A certain tradesman who had long suffered, during his occasional absence from the counter, from the carelessness of that invisible

and irresponsible imp, "Nobody," at length bestowed the name on his eldest apprentice, and held him accountable for all the acts of the bodiless evil-doer.

We offer to our fair readers the following attempt to make something out of nothing :

" U O a O but I O u,  
O O no O but O O me ;  
O let not my O a O go,  
But give O O I O u so."

The English version reads thus :

" You *sigh for a cypher*, but I *sigh for you* ;  
O *sigh for no cypher*, but O *sigh for me* :  
O let not my *sigh for a cypher go*,  
But give *sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so*."

Some, again, love nothing—others more amiable, hate it, and others are said to fear nothing. Some erudite authors fill their ponderous pages in reality with—nothing, although ostensibly with words. What, indeed, could afford more demonstrable evidence of its verity, than this present writing—nothing commenced it, nothing continued it, and—nothing must close it; and as this brings us to the dilemma of its endless duration, we at once take refuge in the following clever "summing up" of a sonnet, by an anonymous writer :

" Mysterious nothing! how shall I define  
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ;  
Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size are thine.  
Nor words, nor fingers, can thy voice express ;  
But though we cannot thee to ought compare,  
A thousand things to thee may likened be,  
And though thou art with nobody no where,  
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee,  
How many books thy history contain,  
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,

---

What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,  
 What busy-bodies thy doings only do,  
 To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,  
 And, like my sonnet—all in nothing end."

We might here, perhaps, have effected a safe retreat from the entanglement of our knotty topic, were we not desirous of atoning for our trifling, by an attempt to educe a moral from it. Lest some should think we have proved the obverse of what we proposed, and actually made nothing out of nothing, we are frank to confess, this is not what we designed in the treatment of this untenable and intractable topic. But to our moral.

Some unfortunate persons, there may be, who are accustomed erroneously to construe the term we have so often played upon, as synonymous with others of a very different signification. For instance, those who are addicted to "libations deep" would have you believe that intoxication is nothing,—so would the purloiner, theft;—the profane, swearing;—the indolent, industry;—and the man of violence, murder.

"'T is nothing says, the fool ; but says his friend  
 'T is nothing, sir, will bring you to your end !"

And this sagacious couplet brings us to ours, in the words of a well-remembered classic author, which may be construed according to the taste of the reader, without impugning the modesty of the writer.

" Nihil tetigit non ornavit !"



## PASTIMES AND SPORTS.

“Of recreation, there is none  
So free as fishing is alone ;  
All other pastimes do no less  
Than mind and body doth possess.  
My hand alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study too.”

It has been said that recreation, exactly considered, is an advantage which few, if any, are willing altogether to forego, and which the most severe philosophy does not deny. It is, in one form or other, the object of universal pursuit,—for without its participation to some extent, life would lose its principal attraction, and mankind would degenerate into the settled gloom of moody melancholy. Relaxation from the severer toils of life is as necessary to human existence, as light is to the physical universe; without its appropriate indulgence, all the pleasant things which impart their thousand charms to our social economy, would at once become eclipsed in

the darkness of desolation and despair. If it be true that man is the only animal that laughs, is it fair to infer that, by an occasional indulgence of his risible faculty, he is but fulfilling a part of his destiny. Very much might be urged in favor of a hearty laugh; it is not only highly exhilarating, but also very infectious, and the doctors tell us it is an excellent help to digestion and health. Shakspeare's advice is not only admissible, but decidedly to be commended, where he says :

“Frame thy mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.”

Who does not prefer a smiling face to a frowning one—the jocund Spring to the dark forms of Winter? Somebody has said he would any day sacrifice a good dinner to gaze on a beautiful face; and scarcely any face looks otherwise when it is lit up with smiles; especially if it be a woman's.

There are some ascetic souls whose lugubrious visages cast dark shadows wherever they go, and whose presence, like the fabled Upas tree, diffuses a deadly poison over all the felicities and gaieties of life. All nations have proved by common consent the fallacy of seeking to impose restraints against the necessary recreations of life—the temporary respite from toil; while the stern necessities of our mental and physical constitution have long since invested the usage with the authority of law. D'Israeli has an amusing chapter devoted to the amusements of the learned, from which we shall cite a few facts illustrative of, and introductory to our subject :

“It seems that among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of order, that after an application to study of two hours, the mind should be bent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was engaged upon his ‘Dogmata Theologica,’ a work of the most profound erudition, the favorite recreation of the learned father, was at the close of every second hour, to twirl his chair round for five minutes. Agesilaus, it is well known, amused him-

self and his children by riding on a stick: the great Scipio diverted himself by picking up shells on the sea shore. Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles and mathematical instruments; and Descartes beguiled himself of his literary labors, like John Evelyn, Pope, Cowper, and many others, in the culture of flowers. The great Samuel Clarke, was fond of regaling his logical abstractions by sundry antics, such as leaping over tables and chairs, and the ridiculous pastimes indulged in by the eccentric Dean Swift, are doubtless remembered by the reader. Contemplative men seem to have been fond of amusements accordant with their pursuits and habits. The tranquil recreation of angling, has won a preference with many over more boisterous pursuits; from the fascinations imparted to it by the quaint and delightful work of Izaak Walton. Sir Henry Watton styles angling, 'Idle time not idly spent;' to a meditative mind, possibly, it may be so, but we think many a devotee of 'fly fishing,' will be found to have been much more lavish in his expenditure of time, than is warranted by its results. Paley, it may be remembered, was accustomed to indulge in this pursuit: he had a portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand,—a somewhat singular characteristic for the sage and reverend author of 'Natural Theology.' There are certain national indications connected with the amusements and recreations of a people. For example, the French,—unlike ourselves and the English, who toil and tug at business 'from morn to dewy eve,'—spend half their time in their numerous resorts of amusement, and emphatically take it 'cooly;' business of any kind being with them rarely an engrossing pursuit.

"The Italian devotes three-fourths of his 'precious time,' to similar follies and fetes; and the Spaniard is 'next of kin' to him in this respect, for he both can scarcely be said to enjoy his leisure, since his life is almost uniformly a state of inertness. The German, on the contrary, is all the while absorbed in mystic abstractions, and etherializing aloft in the fumes of his meerschaum."



“Almost everything else may be lost to a man’s history,” says Horace Smith, “but its sports and pastimes; the diversions of a people being commonly interwoven with some immutable element of the general feeling, or perpetuated by circumstances of climate or locality,—these will frequently survive when every other national peculiarity has worn itself out, and fallen into oblivion.” As the minds of children, modified by the forms of society, are pretty much the same in all countries, and at all epochs, there will be found but little variation in their ordinary pastimes,—a remark no less applicable to those nations, which, from their non-advancement in civilization, may be said to have still retained their childhood.

Many of our school-games are known to have existed from the earliest antiquity. The province of the historian seems scarcely to have included the record in detail, of many of the more social enjoyments and domestic sports of olden time: these, although unwritten, still perpetuate themselves by oral transmission. We do not intend to dilate at length upon these, but simply to take a glance at the more prominent diversions and frolics with which society in former times beguiled itself of its sorrows, and the severer duties of life. We refrain from tracing our subject back to its earliest origin—the pastimes of a rude age—because they would naturally be expected to partake, in no small degree, of the manners and habits, of which they were the reflex. We may infer from our own Indians, that athletic exercises and sports, as well as mimic military manœuvres, and the chase, were among the primitive diversions of mankind. Even down to the days of Elizabeth, the popular pastimes were rude and brutalizing in the extreme; so that we must not venture to inquire very curiously concerning these matters, prior to that age; if we would judge them by the refinement and taste which are characterized by our modern modes of diversion, such as music, the fine arts, drama, and literary entertainments.

We merely glance at the festivals, games and amusements of

the Jews, Greeks and Romans, with their Olympic and Gladiatorial encounters, etc., and present the reader with a rough outline, illustrative of those of the moderns.

Field sports still exist, under certain modifications, as they did under the "Mosaic dispensation:" for we read of Nimrod, "a mighty hunter," and the progenitor of his class. The chase has supplied the theme for more than one of the early classic writers; Xenophon repudiated hunting as well as Solon. By the Roman law, game was never deemed an exclusive privilege, except when extending over private lands, when permission was to be obtained of the proprietor. When Rome became overrun by the Goths and Vandals, they perverted the natural rights to a royal one; a feature it still retains in many European States; the prescriptive right to hunt over certain grounds being vested in the sovereign, or those to whom the crown may delegate it. According to Street, Edward the Confessor, though more of a monk than a monarch, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice."

He was equally pleased with hawking, and every day after divine service he spent his time in one or other of these favorite pursuits; which indeed were the usual pastimes of the "upper ten thousand" of those rude days. Edward III. was such a devotee to sports of this kind that even during his hostile engagements with France, he could not refrain from the indulgence. While in the French dominions he had with him, according to Froissart, sixty couple of stag-hounds and as many hare-hounds, every day amusing himself at intervals with hunting or hawking. He is said to have kept a princely stud of horses and six hundred dogs for this purpose.

This passion extended itself during the middle ages to the clergy; for Chaucer satirizes the monks for their predilection for the hunter's horn over the "trumpet of the gospel;" and even in later times in England, sporting bishops and vicars have not been want-

ing to provoke the just indignation of society. Queen Elizabeth used to patronize these sports, with a retinue of her courtly dames and lordly knights, even as late as her seventy-seventh year—at which time it is recorded, “that her majesty was excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she was to be seen on horseback, continuing the sport for a long time.”

There is, it must be confessed, something picturesque in hawking and falconry, at least we think so, judging from the pictures and descriptions which have descended to us. Falconry, according to Smith, in his book on “Games and Festivals,” appears to have been carried to great perfection, and to have been extensively pursued in the different countries of Europe about the twelfth century, when it was the favorite amusement, not only of kings and nobles, but of ladies of distinction, and the clergy, who attached themselves to it no less zealously than they had done to hunting, although it was equally included in the prohibitory canons of the church. For several ages no person of rank was represented without the hawk upon his hand, as an indisputable criterion of station and dignity: the bird of prey (no inappropriate emblem of nobility in the feudal ages) was never suffered to be long absent from the wrist. In traveling, visiting, or the transaction of affairs of business, the hawk still remained perched upon the hand, which it stamped with distinction.

A writer of the fifteenth century severely reprobates the indecency of the custom then prevailing of introducing these strange insignia into the churches during divine service. The passage is thus rendered from the German by Barclay:

“Into the church then comes another sotte,  
Withouten devotion jetting up and downe  
For to be seene, and showe his garded cote.  
Another on his fiste a sparhawk or fawcoone,  
Or else a cockow, wastinge so his shone:  
Before the aulter he to and fro doth wander,  
Even with as great devotion as doth a gander.

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In comes another, his hounds at his tayle,  
 With lynes and leases, and other like baggage:  
 His doggs barke; so that withouten fayle,  
 The whole churche is troubled by their outrage."

Henry VIII. came near making his exit in a deep slough at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, by the breaking of his pole, an instrument used for leaping rivulets and brooks, when hawking was followed on foot. One almost regrets the non-success of the accident, as in ridding the country of a royal monster, the lives of his estimable wives might have escaped the sacrifice of his tyranny and vice. From the frequent mention of hawking by the water-side, by the writers of the time, it is to be inferred that the pursuit of aquatic fowl afforded the most diversion. The custom became obsolete about the end of the sixteenth century.

With respect to archery, it is sufficient to remark that the bow was the most ancient and common of all weapons; Ishmael, the wanderer, was an archer—so were the heroes of Homer, and the warriors of most nations. During the Heptarchy, Offrid, son of Edwin, King of Northumberland, was slain by an arrow; other historic celebrities might be mentioned who shared a similar fate. The Saxons claim the introduction of both the long and cross-bow into Britain; their successors the Danes were also great archers.

The well-known story of Alfred the Great in the peasant's cottage, suffering her cakes to burn, was owing to his being engaged in preparing his bow and arrows. Of the great power and precision with which arrows may be discharged, we have sufficient evidence without that afforded by the apochryphal exploits of Robin Hood or William Tell. Our Indians may be cited as specimens of the wonderful exactness of aim of which the instrument is susceptible. "The Turkish bow," quoth Lord Bacon, "giveth a very forcible shoot, inasmuch as it hath been known that the arrow has pierced a sheet target, or a piece of brass of two inches thick!" An arrow, it has been stated, with a round wooden head, has been shot upwards of four hundred and eighty yards from the standing.

William Rufus, it will be remembered, was indebted to one of these swift-winged messengers of death, for his dismissal from the field of strife : and the famous battle of Cressy bore testimony to their fatal use, to no inconsiderable extent ; as well as the memorable contest of Agincourt, in 1415. The practice of archery possesses undoubted advantages in point of health and exercise, over most of the athletic diversions, or field sports, without any of their objectionable features. "It is an exercise," says Moseley, in his essay on archery, "adapted to every age, and every degree of strength ; it is not necessarily laborious, as it may be discontinued the moment it becomes fatiguing ; a pleasure not to be enjoyed by the hunter, who, having finished his chase, perceives that he must crown his toil with an inanimate ride to his bed of forty miles. Archery is attended with no cruelty : it sheds no innocent blood, nor does it torture harmless animals ; charges which lie heavy against some other amusements. It has been said that a reward was formerly offered to him who could invent a new pleasure. Had such a reward been held forth by the ladies of the present day, he who introduced archery, as a female exercise, would have deservedly gained the prize—there are so few diversions in the open air, in which woman can join with satisfaction, suitable amusements have been wanting to invite them. Archery has, however, contributed admirably to supply this defect, and in a manner the most desirable that could be wished."

The practice of baiting animals so naturally revolting to the popular taste of the present age, seems, in former times, to have been invested with something of the chivalrous and romantic.—These cruel entertainments are generally supposed to have originated with the Moors ; Julius Cæsar introduced them among the Romans, from them it was adopted by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the English, etc. The Spaniards have been the most barbarous in their refined cruelties in connection with this brutal sport ; they have also invested its ceremonies with greater splendor and pageantry. To them the words of Thomson are eloquent of import :

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“ Each social feeling fell,  
And joyless inhumanity pervades  
And petrifies the heart.”

In the Greek bull-fights, several of these devoted animals were turned out by an equal number of horsemen, each combatant selecting his choice of a victim, which he never quitted till he had vanquished. From the following account of a bull-fight in the Coliseum at Rome, 1332, extracted from Muratori by Gibbon, some idea may be formed of the ceremonies and dangers attending these extraordinary and brutalizing exhibitions :

“ A general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna, invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshaled in three squadrons, and seated in three balconies, which were lined with scarlet cloth. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen, and they descended into the arena to encounter the wild animals on foot, with a single spear. Amid the crowd were the names, colors and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights of Rome. The combats of the amphitheatre were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull, and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field with the loss of nine wounded, and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn, but the pomp of the funerals in the churches of St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, afforded a second holiday to the people, which was, of course, a thing of superior moment. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed ; yet in blaming their rashness, we are compelled to applaud their gallantry,” continues our author, “ and the noble volunteers, who display their munificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors, who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.”

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In Madrid, it is only during the summer these sanguinary scenes are exhibited, on account of the amphitheatre or circus, in which the spectators assemble, being uncovered. The following is a brief description of the ceremonies, which commence by a kind of procession, in which the combatants, on horse and on foot, appear, after which two alguazils, dressed in perukes and black robes, advance, with great affected gravity, on horseback, and ask the president for the signal for the commencement of the entertainment. This is immediately given, and the fierce animal makes his appearance, rushing from his place of confinement into the circle, furious and eager for the fray. The officers of justice, who have nothing to do with the bull, hasten to retire, which is the prelude to the cruel pleasure the spectators are evidently impatiently waiting to enjoy. As the animal rushes in, he is received with loud shouts, which rend the air, and tend to excite to frenzy the infuriated beast; when the picadores or equestrian combatants, dressed in a quaint old Castilian costume, and armed with a long lance, wait to meet and repel their antagonist. These encounters require of course, extraordinary courage and dexterity; and formerly they were regarded as marks of honorable ambition and distinction, having sometimes been contended for by those of noble blood. Even at the present time hidalgos are said to solicit the honor of fighting the bull on horseback, and they are then previously presented to the audience under the auspices of a patron connected with the court. If the animal becomes terror-struck, and seeks to avoid his persecutors, the execrations of the intelligent audience are showered upon his devoted head, and if nothing else can awaken his courage and fury, the cry of *perros! perros!* brings forth new enemies, and huge dogs are let loose upon him. He then tosses the dogs into the air, and although they usually fall down stunned and mangled, they generally renew their attack till their adversary falls, thus an ignoble sacrifice to the wanton cruelty of his lordly masters. Sometimes the bull, irritated by the pointed steel, gores the horse and overturns his rider, who, when

dismounted and disarmed, would be exposed to imminent danger did not attendant combatants divert the animal's attention by holding before him pieces of cloth of various colors. This act is attended, however, with great peril, the only rescue being by jumping over the barrier, which throws the spectators into a chaos of confusion from fear of the rabid animal's making a direct descent upon themselves. Our details of this inhuman custom have been, however, already too extended, and we return to more agreeable pursuits, in the hope that, in this boasted age of progress, some enlightened spirits may give a more worthy direction to the pastimes of the people of that once chivalrous, but now degenerate nation. It is to be regretted, however, that the sin of baiting animals does not rest alone with the Spaniards or the ancient Romans,—although the gladiatorial exploits of the cruel monsters, Nero and Commodus, surpass all for their savage brutality. James I., amongst other sapient performances, perpetrated a "Boke of Sports," for the regulation of popular pastimes and amusements, intimating by it what particular kinds of recreation were to be allowed on Sundays and festivals of the church—such as running, vaulting, morrice-dancing, etc., and prohibiting, upon those days, bowling, bear, and bull-baitings. A quaint old writer, Cartwright, (temp., 1572,) endeavoring to prove the impropriety of an established form of prayer for the church service; among other arguments, uses the following: "He (the clergyman) posteth it over as fast as he can gallope, for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some gaymes to be played in the afternoon, to wit: such as lying for the whet-stones, heathenish dancing for the ringe, or a beare or a bull to be bated, or else a jackanapes to ride horseback, or an interlude to be played in churche." Bishop Burnet, in his "History of his own Times," speaking of this noted monarch, complains that his court fell into much extravagance in masquerading—"both king and court going about masked, going into houses unknown, and dancing there with a great deal of wild frolic." This state of things



included the early religious dramas and plays, in which the heathen mythology and low buffoonery were strangely intermingled.

As early as the ninth century, this pursuit formed an item of education, and was patronized by the noble. Alfred the Great was an expert hunter at twelve years of age; and Edward the Confessor, according to the ancient chronicles, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice." William the Norman, and several of his crowned successors down to James I., seem to have been alike addicted to the pastime. The last named individual is said to have divided his time equally betwixt his standish, his bottle and his hunting, the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. The bishops and nobles of the middle ages hunted with great state, and not a few of the moderns are still to be found in England, to do honor to the custom, both laymen and clergy, commons and nobles.

In Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages" are many interesting particulars touching the irrepressible eagerness of the clergy for this recreation, with the ineffectual attempts of councils and decrees for its suppression. What should we think in our day, of an archbishop, with a retinué of two hundred persons for his train, (maintained at the expense of the Abbey, and the other religious establishments,) being met on their route, hunting from parish to parish?—yet such an event actually took place in England, A. D. 1321. We have alluded to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to indulge in the sports of the field at an advanced age; and she was not the only member of the fair sex, who affected a passion for this manly pastime, for we find that in the seventeenth century, certain fair huntresses of Bury, in Suffolk, equipped themselves for the chase as men—a *habit* we might add, "more honored in the *breach* than the observance." In the year 1758 a lady undertook to ride 1000 miles in as many hours; which feat she actually accomplished in one-third of that time: and even as recently as 1804 another undertook an equestrian

race against a Mr. Flint for five hundred guineas, at Knavesmire, in Yorkshire; she won the first heat, and would have achieved the second, had not her saddle-girth slipped. As she came in, she was cheered by the immensely assembled crowd with

“Push on, dear lady—pray don’t the whip stint,  
To beat such as you must have the heart of a *Flint*.”

We read of some singular cases of blind sportsmen; among that class was the Rev. Mr. Stokes, who is said to have performed some surprising feats of “a leap in the dark.” When he had to leap, the servant accompanying used to ring a bell: and another individual, also blind, who was attached to the Marquis of Granby’s celebrated hunt, was equally expert, although he had usually no attendant: he trusted to chance. Prof. Saunderson, of Cambridge, a profound mathematician, though quite blind, was so fascinated with the chase, that he continued to hunt till an advanced period of his life. His horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant, and his delight was extreme when he heard the cry of the hounds and huntsmen, expressing his raptures with all the eagerness of those who possessed their sight. What real interest blind men can possibly experience in madly scampering over hedges and ditches, it is difficult to divine.

Our Indians have what they call the “*Hunters’ Feast*”—which somewhat resembles the Pentecost of the ancient Hebrews. Once a year certain tribes, beyond the Ohio, used to select from their number twelve men, who went out and provided themselves with a like number of deer, when, after placing a heap of stones, so as to form a sort of altar, they sacrifice the spoil. It has been contended that a still closer analogy subsists between other of the Indian festivals and customs, with those of the nation referred to; from which it has been conjectured that they were originally indebted to a common origin. The reader will doubtless excuse the following digression, even in a desultory essay, since he will form a good idea of the times and the sports then prevalent, from the quotation

we venture to subjoin. The quaint lines to which we refer are from a work printed at London, 1611, entitled "The lettinge of humour's bloode in the head-vane ; with a new Morisce danced by seven Satyrss upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe!"

"Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,  
 To jump, or leape over ditch and hedge,  
 To wrestle, play at stoolebal, or to runne,  
 To pitch the barre, or to shoot off a gunne ;  
 To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,  
 Or trye it out at foot-ball by the shinnes ;  
 At ticktack, Irish nodde, mawe, or ruffe,  
 At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe ;  
 To drinke halfe-pots, or deal at the whole can ;  
 To play at base or pen-and-ykhorn Sir I han ;  
 To dance the morris, play at barley-breake,  
 At all exploytes a man can thinke or speake ;  
 At shove-groate, venter-poynte, or crosse and pile,  
 At beshrow him that's laste at yonder style ;  
 At leapinge o'er a midsummer-bon-fier,  
 Or at the drawing deer out of the myer :  
 At any of these, or all these presently,  
 Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I."

We do not purpose any curious inquiries into these multitudinous diversions of our sober forefathers : enough for us to know that they *had* so liberal a variety, and that they seemed to indulge them so heartily. As to the *morality* of the chase, we have nothing to say on that subject, except that if the charge of cruelty lie in the case of hunting game, the same may be alleged against angling, which pursuit good old Izaak Walton so manfully defends, and so pleasantly discourses about. If there are plaintive and placid pleasures for the angler, there are exhilarating and inspiring associations for the hunter.

Says Rennie, " Angling, as a sport, requires as much enthusiasm as poetry, and as much patience as mathematics. I could not be more than six or seven years old, when I sailed out one day to the

river Ayr, with a bent pin for a hook, as Christopher North has described so graphically and well;" but instead of a minnow or a beardie (the loach or stone loach of the South), I hooked a large trout; my yarn thread was strong enough to twitch out the trout to the green bank, where I stood, but the bank unfortunately sloped down to the water's edge, and my bent pin having no barb to take a firm hold, the trout slipped off, and sprang down the bank, and in an instant, to my unutterable grief, was lost in the dark waters. I never angled with bent pin again; as I grew older my passion for trout fishing absorbed many of my thoughts and much of my time, but far from unprofitably; for I have no doubt that this had great influence on my studies to the present time."

Angling has ever been regarded a most manly, healthful, and attractive sport or recreation. It was practised by the Patriarchs and Apostles—by the learned, the benevolent, and the heavenly-minded at later periods; and, indeed, it has been followed with the greatest avidity by persons in every rank and condition in life, if not from the "beginning," surely from a time so remote, that human records and the traditions of men "run not the contrary."

That the Patriarchs practised angling and fishing, is proven by the following passages from the Old Testament: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a *hook*? or his tongue with a *cord* which thou *lettest down*?"\* "They take up all of them with the *angle*, they catch them in their *bit*, and gather them in their *drag*."† "The Lord God hath sworn by His Holiness that, lo, the days shall come upon you, that they shall take you away with *hooks*, and your prosperity with *fish hooks*."‡ "The mourners also shall mourn, and all they that cast *angle* in the *brooks* shall lament, and they that spread *nets* upon the waters shall languish."§

That a majority, at least of the apostles were *fishermen*, is evident from the 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel, where it is recorded that *seven* of them were together at the sea of Tiberius,

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\* Job, 41 : 1, 2. † Habakkuk, 31 : 15. ‡ Amos, 4 : 2. § Isaiah, 19 : 8

and "Simon Peter said unto them, I go a *fishing*, and they say unto him, we also go with thee." But the Apostle Peter is the only one of the twelve who is known to have been an *angler*; and this is shown in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, 17 : 27, where our Lord says to Peter, "Go thou to the sea and cast a *hook*, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money."

Izaak Walton says: "In this pleasant and harmless *Art of Angling*, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and he may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet. The minds of anglers are usually more calm and composed than others; and suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk, by pleasant views, in sweet pastures, among odoriferous flowers, which gratify his senses and delight his mind;" and he adds, "I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than the anglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never knew an angler wholly cast off his affection to his beloved recreation."

In the autobiography of the eccentric Lord Herbert of Chisbury, we find these quaint and seemingly paradoxical observations, touching horsemanship: "I do not approve of the running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind of exercise; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature, whose chief use is to help him run away—yet a good rider on a good horse, is as much above himself and others as this world can make him." Next to the chase and shooting, angling was the principal out-door amusement, even with the gentler sex. In the reign of Charles II., ladies used to practice the art in the Canal of St. James' Park, London; according to Izaak Walton, "their tackle was very beautiful and costly, which they were fond of displaying." The piscatory art being one of our most popular of pastimes, it is unnecessary for us to dilate upon its fascinating attractions to those of a contemplative turn of mind. Some inveterate anglers must have a curious history to give of their experience; for many of

them have been odd fish themselves—flat fish, we may say, in some instances, since they will sit on a damp, muddy bank the live-long day, contented if they are but regaled with even the “delicious symptoms of nibble;” while others are perfectly resigned to their fate, if they are but privileged to watch the wary fish as they wag their tails at his line, and adroitly steer away from the decoy of his tempting bait. These gentry need to be like good Izaak Walton, of a contemplative habit, since such is their devotion to the pursuit, that they sometimes have no more substantial “food for reflection.” There are certain individuals whose mawkish sensibilities are offended at the cruelties of catching the tenants of the stream; we share no sympathy with such, however, for if nature’s laws ordain that the big fishes are to prey upon the little ones, we see no reason why creation’s lord should not also appropriate any of them to his own use. Besides this, it will be recollected, the apostles even included fishermen.

We pass now to notice briefly the well-known and popular sport—horse-racing, and its kindred associations. It has been conjectured that these amusements of the turf were in vogue with the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh, the founder of the House of the Caputs of France, among other royal gifts, “presented several *running horses*, with their saddles and bridles,” etc. The grave John Locke, in one of his private journals, (1679,) writes as follows:

“The sports of England, which perhaps a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking and hunting, bowling, at Marebone and Putney, he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, every evening all summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometimes prizes at the Bear Garden; shooting in the long bow, and stob-ball in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing at several places in the country; and hurling in Cornwall.”

Of wrestling and pugilistic games we forbear to speak; we may, however, remark *en passant*, that gymnastics and calisthenics are a meet substitute for the former, since they include all their

advantages in the development of physical strength, without any of their objectionable features. As a winter sport, skating naturally suggests itself as one of the most adoption. This diversion is mentioned by a monkish writer as far back as 1170. A fast skater, on good ice, will nearly equal the race-horse for a short distance ; in the year 1838, Mr. Simpson, of Cambridge, England, is said to have skated over a surface of forty miles, on indifferent ice, in two hours and a half ; and mention is made of others having skated two miles in five minutes. This is a diversion in which ladies may participate with grace, and it is also an invigorating and healthful exercise. Hundreds of the London belles may be seen thus sportively employed on a fine winter's day on the Serpentine river, Hyde Park. Like buffalo hunting—the most exciting because hazardous of all sports—however, skating is attended with the occasional risk of a fall *on* the ice, and sometimes *under* it, affording the courageous skater the benefit of a cold bath, with the chance of an entailed rheumatism, if not, indeed, loss of life itself. From the suggestion of a ducking under the ice, one is naturally reminded of swimming, or voluntary bathing, than which few expedients are more conducive to health and longevity. The world is now awake to this, and even the faculty are found frank enough to confess the fact, and recommend frequent ablutions. Our object being simply to take a swift survey of the recreative pursuits of mankind, we shall not be expected to offer anything touching the art and mystery of any. The important utility, in cases of accident, of being able to swim, every one knows, but every one does not acquire the art notwithstanding ; yet it is easy of attainment, and also adds much to the pleasure of bathing. Cramps, crabs, and the chance of becoming food for fishes, are among the doubtful attractions of old Neptune,—healthfulness and vigor to the young, and rejuvenescence to the aged, as well as a delicious physical enjoyment, while in his rough embraces,—are among the positive pleasures.

Tennis was a favorite game among the Romans ; it is less in

vogue in modern times, cricket having to some extent usurped its place. The latter is a peculiarly English pastime ; it is much more frequently indulged in Europe than in this country. All classes play at it in England ; some years past there was a strong contest between eleven Greenwich pensioners, with only one leg a piece, against an equal number of their brethren, who were minus an arm, but the one-legged boys won. As with many other English sports, females often join the band of cricketers : some time ago there was a match played between an equal number of married and unmarried females ; in which the matrons came off victors. Among the pastimes of the people, we ought to refer to dancing—the most universal, as well as one of the most ancient of all. During the earlier ages it was invested with the sanctity of a religious rite—the Levitical law of the Jews requiring it to be exhibited at the celebration of their solemn feasts ; the Psalms of David make frequent allusions to the practice, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some of the learned in Biblical criticism, that every psalm had its appropriate dance attached to it. In the temples at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and elsewhere in the East, a stage was erected for these exercises, called the choir—a term still retained in our churches, and now appropriated to the singers. The Greeks and Romans adopted dancing at their festivals after their ancestors, and the practice has continued uninterruptedly down to our own times. Even the red men of the forest have their various dances, devoted to the seasons, hunting and war ; and we might include the dancing Methodists and the Shakers in the category, as well as our modern theatrical performances of the *ballet*, the more private waltz and polka, etc.

The description of the *lavalta*, in Sir John Davies' poem on dancing, the "Orchestra," (1596) shows that it must have closely resembled the dance which we fondly boast of as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. It runs as follows :—

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,



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Where arm and arm the dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound;  
And still their feet an anapæst do sound;  
An anapæst is all their music song,  
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

Good old Bishop Hall observes, "Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He therefore that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; as contrarily, he that always toils, and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—laboring much to little purpose: as good no scythe, as no edge. I would so interchange that I neither be dull with work nor idle and wanton with recreation."

Every nation has its dance, of one kind or another; so that universality proves that it is a natural recreation. It is indeed, the best exercise for the limbs, and it is on this account highly recommended by physicians. It has this advantage too, as practised in civil society; it promotes social intercourse between the two sexes; refines and softens the manners of the one, and gives confidence to the other. Yet uniting these advantages, dancing by some is highly condemned. They object to it as a misapplication of time, and as calculated to divert the attention from objects of higher importance. True we ought not to let any pleasure occupy too much of our time and attention, but that youth needs some amusements, no person of age, when he calls to remembrance his own days of joyance, will deny. And what amusement is there more innocent and rational than that of dancing? It is innocent as it transgresses no positive rule, either human or divine; and rational as it tends to improve the person, the heart and the manners. Still we are frank to admit that as indulged in much of our modern fashionable society, dancing is made the occasion of inducing laxity in both morals and manners. This is its bane.

As a recreative entertainment, dancing has much to recommend it to preference, as well as its tendency to develop the grace

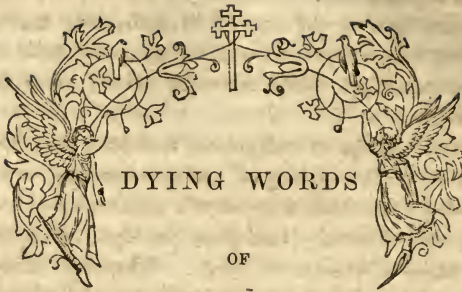
and poetry of motion. There are numerous domestic games and pastimes which might be mentioned, both of past times and the present; it may suffice simply to name the following—chess and cards. An instance of chess upon a large scale is recorded of Don John of Austria, who had a room in his palace which had a pavement of checkered white and black marble; upon this living men, in varied costumes, moved under his directions, according to the laws of chess. It is also related of a Duke of Weimar, that he had squares of black and white marble on which he played at chess with real soldiers. A game a chess involves sometimes a severe test of temper; it is said the Swedish maidens used formerly to try the mettle of their husbands elect at the chess table, and that this ordeal decided their fate in the affair of matrimony. According to Mr. Basterot, a late French authority, this game was invented during the sixth century by an Indian Brahmin, called Sista, who presented his invention to the reigning monarch, Sirham, requesting as a reward, one grain of wheat for the first square, two grains for the second, and four for the third, and so on, in geometrical progression, up to the sixty-fourth; to reach the amount of this humble request, the author informs us, would require the entire wheat crop of France during one hundred and forty years. Of billiards, dice, and other games usually associated with the practice of gambling, as well as of theatricals in general, it is not necessary to speak, they being already familiar to the reader.

We take our leave of the subject in the eloquent words of Alison, whose apology must commend itself to all :

“It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are ‘the wells of the desert;’ the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may

reassume its strength and its hopes. They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence.

“Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect, perhaps, is upon the social character of man. Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society of our brethern; and whenever it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper; they forget the secret views and the selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire.”



DYING WORDS  
OF  
DISTINGUISHED MEN.

“The grave’s the pulpit of departed man,  
From it he speaks.”—

“The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :  
Where words are scarce, they ’re seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.”—SHAKESPEARE.

PLINY asserts that he has frequently observed, amongst the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most worthy of admiration. The remark is no less true at the present day. Many of the unostentatiously great have passed away without the loud clarion of fame to echo their virtues to the living multitudes ! But for this, what a rich store of instruction might have been garnered from the final utterances of many a heaven-bound spirit. “If,” says an eminent theologian, “the reputation of the living were the only source from which the honor of our race is derived, the death of an eminent man would be a subject of immitigable grief.” It is the lot of few to attain great distinction, before death has placed them above the distorting medium through which men are seen by their contemporaries. It is the lot of still fewer to attain it by qualities which exalt the

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character of our species. Envy denies the capacity of some ; slander stigmatizes the principles of others ; fashion gives an occasional currency to false pretensions ; and the men by whom the age is hereafter to be known, are often too much in advance of it to be discernible by the common eye. All these causes combine to reduce the stock of living reputation as much below the real merits of the age, as it is below the proper dignity of man ; and he who should wish to elevate his spirit by great examples of wisdom, genius and patriotism, if he could not derive them from the illustrious dead, would have better reason than the son of Philip, to weep at the limits which confined him. To part with the great and good from a world which thus want them, and not to receive thereafter the refreshing influence of their purified and exalted fame, would be to make death almost the master of our virtue, as he appears to be of our perishable bodies. The living and dead are, however, but one family ; and the moral and intellectual affluence of those, who have gone before, remains to enrich their posterity. The great fountain of human character lies beyond the limits of mortal life, where the passions cannot invade it. It is in that region, that among innumerable proofs of man's nothingness, are preserved the records of his immortal descent and destiny. It is there the spirits of all ages, after their sun is set, are gathered into one firmament, to shed their unquenchable light upon us. It is in the great assembly of the dead, that the philosopher and the patriot, who have passed from life, complete their benefaction to mankind, by becoming imperishable examples of virtue. Beyond the circle of those private affections which cannot choose, but shrink from the shafts of death, there is no grief then for the departure of the eminently good and wise. No tears but those of gratitude, should fall into the graves of such as are gathered in honor to their forefathers. By their now unenvied virtues and talents, they have become a new possession to posterity ; and when we commemorate them, and pay the debt which is their due, we increase and confirm our own inheritance. Cyrus, in his last ago-

nies, desired the Persians to rejoice at his funeral, and not to lament as if he were really dead.

The ideas usually entertained respecting dissolution, are very unphilosophical. We are accustomed to associate the separation of the soul and body with horror and dread, as if death were necessarily agonizing and distressing, but this is far from being the case universally; the instances, indeed, to the contrary, are both numerous and striking. How frequently do we witness the departure of a spirit from its frail tenement, marked by all the placidity of a summer sun-set, wholly insensible to pain—rather indeed, joyously relinquishing its hold on things terrestrial! Dr. Hunter was an instance of this kind. A few moments prior to his decease, he said to a friend who attended him, “If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.”

How grateful the contrast afforded by the last expressions of Addison, although savoring somewhat of ostentation, whose spirit was illumed by the cheering light of Divine truth. When he called to his bedside his profligate son-in-law, exclaiming, “Behold, with what tranquility a Christian can die!”

Russell Lowell says, “Why should men ever be afraid to die, but that they regard the spirit as secondary to that which is but its mere appendage and conveniency—its symbol, its word, its means of visibility? If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? A child looks forward to a new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. We should welcome death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession, though it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it.

“The realm of death seems an enemy’s country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather. To the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles. It is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.

“We look at death through the cheap-glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him the monster which the flawed and cracked glass represents him.”

The moralist inquires, how a man has lived? our curiosity is even more excited as to how he died; and it is a no less interesting question to ascertain what influence mental cultivation has exerted on his last moments.

The dying words of the great are regarded with thrilling interest. They often serve as indices to the previous life of individuals, as well as of their final destiny.

The pious Wesley, anticipating his approaching dissolution, exclaimed, “The best of all is, God is with us.” John Locke exclaimed, “O the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God. I have lived long enough, and am thankful that I have enjoyed a happy life, but after all look upon this life as nothing better than vanity.” Says Young :

“ Death is the crown of life ;  
Were death denied, poor men would live in vain ;  
Were death denied, to live would not be life.”

How fearful and appalling is the contrast presented by the death of the scoffer and the infidel.

“ Brutes die but once ;  
Blest incommunicable privilege for which  
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the stars,  
Philosopher or hero,—sighs in vain.”

No ray of hope seems to gild his passage to the eternal world.

He gives no evidence, as does the good man when about to fall, with "one eye on death, and one full-fixed on heaven."

The scoffer and the infidel may insultingly deride the pious believer, who takes the Word of God as "the man of his counsel;" they may affect to construe his joyous expressions to be mere excitations of the brain, and his hopes of a blissful immortality all a delusion; but inwardly, when honest with themselves, though cheats to the world, they will surely desire, with Balaam, to "die the death of the righteous." "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." The solemn hour of death brings a man to sober reason's sway, and the prospect of the grave—which, "as a dark lattice, lets in eternal day" to the good man's view—serves but to increase the darkness that hangs about the dying reprobate.

The death of cultivated men, has sometimes been marked by serenity and composure, from the ascendancy of their mental powers overcoming the terrors of death. This is, however, most triumphantly exhibited in the decease of the Christian, since he brings to the solemn occasion the soul-transporting influences of a "hope full of immortality." The degrees of mental supremacy in dissolution, cause the differences which characterize the last hours of men of various nations. The prevailing unintellectual tendencies of the Turks induce, consequently, their greater tenacity to life, from their indolent love of animal indulgence; the recklessness and uncivilized habits of the Arabs, and other predatory races, account for their utter indifference to the value of existence; and the calm philosophy of the Germans, their stoicism; while the mercurial volatility, and irritability of the French, supply us with the solution of the causes which render them no less the victims of disquietude at the period of dissolution.

Seneca endured pains that were long and violent, as he lay with his veins opened, pouring forth his life; yet his sufferings, acute as they must have been, could not repress his fortitude or his eloquence. He dictated, we learn from history, a discourse to



two secretaries, which was read with great avidity after his death by the people, but which has since perished in the wreck of time. Says a contemporary :

“What a lesson is there taught in the withering rebuke and apostrophe of Cæsar, when he fell, cleft to the ground by the conspirators’ daggers : ‘Et tu, Brute !’ It reveals the faithlessness of friends, though deemed as firm as the sea-beaten rock ; it shows the poignancy of the sorrow that momentarily wrung the Emperor’s bosom, when he perceived Brutus foremost in dealing the fatal blows. ‘Et tu, Brute !’ surely those words speak volumes—lessons that should ever be garnered up fondly ! The remark of the wicked and voluptuous Nero, in his dying moments, is worthy of record : ‘Is this your fidelity ?’ said he to a freedman, who, under pretence of staying the blood, was endeavoring to hasten his master’s death.”

The poet Lucan, in the very act of expiring, repeated the beautiful description, in his own poem of the “*Pharsalia*,” of a person in his precise circumstances.

The story of Arria exhibits a memorable instance of heroic fortitude. Pœtus, her husband, having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms, in Illyria, against Claudius, was taken, after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Arria, having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself, rather than submit to an ignominious end. Pliny records, she plunged the dagger into her breast, and then presented it to her husband, exclaiming, “Pœtus, it is not painful !” Marc Anthony died, exhorting Cleopatra not to lament, but to congratulate him upon his former felicity ; since he considered himself as one who had lived the most powerful of men, and at last as perishing by the hand of a Roman. Cleopatra’s end was equally indicative of her character ; her love to Anthony, even after his decease, remained true. In all her gorgeous robes she feasted at a splendid banquet, previous to applying the asp ; her attendants found her on a gilded couch, even

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“ More beautiful in death than life.”

Near her, Inas, one of her faithful attendants, was stretched lifeless at her feet ; and Charmion, herself almost expiring, was settling the diadem upon Cleopatra's head. “ Alas !” cried one of the messengers, “ was this well done, Charmion ?” “ Yes,” she replied, “ it was well done ; such a death becomes a glorious queen, descended from a race of noble ancestors.” On pronouncing these words, she fell down and died with her much-loved mistress. So much for heathen heroism and devotedness.

We have many instances of persons who have evinced their strength of mind, by composing verses when on the point of death. The Emperor Adrian, before expiring, it is stated, composed the celebrated epigram, “ *Animula Vagula Blandula.*” Salmasius, attacked by a mortal disease, still young, and while in momentary expectation of death, composed his epitaph in verse. We have abundance of instances on record, however, of the last moments of celebrated men, evincing

“ The ruling passion strong in death.”

And even is this the case with some of that limited number of the world's great thinkers and seers, who discern

“ The far-off mountain-tops of distant thoughts,  
That men of common stature never saw,”

When Alfieri drew near his end, he was persuaded to see a priest, but on his appearing, he begged him to defer his visit to another day. On the morrow, when the official again appeared, he urged, “ At present I have but a few minutes to live,” and entreating that the Countess of Albany—widow of Stuart, the Pretender—might be called, exclaimed, on seeing her, “ Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die !” and immediately expired. Petrarch died of apoplexy, seated in his library, with one arm resting on a book. De Lagny, who was intended by his friends for the study

of the law, having fallen on Euclid, found it so congenial to his disposition, that he devoted himself to mathematics. In his last moments, when he retained no further recollection of the friends surrounding his bed, one of them, perhaps to make a philosophical experiment, thought proper to ask him the square of 12; our dying mathematician instantly, and perhaps without knowing that he answered, replied, "144." Pere Bouhours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutæ of letters. He was more solicitous of his words than his thoughts. It is said, that when he was dying, he called out to his friends, (a correct grammarian to the last,) "*Je vas, ou je' vais mourir; l'un ou l'autre se dit.*" When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language. And when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state, in low and trite expressions, the dying critic thus interrupted him,—“Hold your tongue; your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them.” The favorite studies and amusements of the learned La Moth le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion, when death hung upon his lips. Bernier, the celebrated traveler, entering, and drawing the curtains of his bed to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turned to him, and with a faint voice inquired, “Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul?” The virtuous Erasmus, when dying, exclaimed, “Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!” Boyle, having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words of Lord Chesterfield were, “Give Dayroles a chair.” The last words of Nelson were, “Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor.” Charles I., on the scaffold, said, “I fear not death! death is not terrible to me.” Sir Thomas More pleasantly said, when mounting the scaffold, “I pray you see me up safe; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself.” Rousseau called his wife to the bedside, and told her to throw up the window, “that he might see

once more the magnificent scene of nature." How noble the testimony of Frederic V., of Denmark, who, in his last moments exclaimed, "It is a great consolation to me, in my last hour, that I have never wilfully offended any one, and that there is not a drop of blood on my hands." Whether true or fabulous, Homer is said to have died of grief, at not being able to expound a riddle, propounded by some simple fisherman—"Leaving what's took, what we took not, we bring!" a knotty point, it is true, but scarcely worth the expense of one's precious vitality.

Chaucer repeated in his last moments, the "Balade made by Geoffrey Chauncer, upon his dethe bedde, lying in his grete anguisse." As few readers may be familiar with these beautiful stanzas, we subjoin a portion of them, with the orthography modernized :

“ Fly from the crowd, and be to virtue true,  
 Content with what thou hast tho' it be small;  
 To hoard brings hate; nor lofty thoughts pursue—  
 He who climbs high endangers many a fall,  
 Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,  
 And oft the sun that rises, it will hide.  
 Trace not in life a vast expensive scheme,  
 But be thy wishes to thy state allied.  
 Be mild to others, to thyself severe,  
 So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.”

Waller affords a somewhat similar instance with the above. He expired in the act of rehearsing some favorite passage from Virgil. The Earl of Roscommon, when about to expire, uttered, with the energy of devotion, these two lines of his version of *Dies Iræ* :

“ My God, my father, and my friend,  
 Do not forsake me in my end.”

Tassó's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia, is expressive of that settled melancholy which hung over him through life: "I have but one favor to ask," said he, "that you would collect my works,

and commit them to the flames; particularly my *Jerusalem Delivered*." But how beautifully pathetic are the last words he uttered—"In manus tuas Domine,"—though life became extinct before he could pronounce more. Klopstock expired in the rehearsal of his own beautiful verses, descriptive of the death of Mary, the sister of Mary and Lazarus. This song of Mary, observes Madame de Stael, was sung at the public funeral of the poet.

It is well known that Dr. Johnson, with all his powerful intellect, such was his singular dread of dissolution, that he could scarcely be persuaded to execute his will, lest the act should hasten his end. When a friend called upon him he exclaimed, in a melancholy tone, "*Jam moriturus*." The "dread monster," on the last day of his existence, came to his mental apprehension envisaged with all the horrors that had so haunted him through life. Hazlitt on his death-bed presented a melancholy spectacle. His highly cultivated powers were tasked to their utmost. Yet fickle fortune was so chary of her favors that he early became the victim of calumny, poverty and death. On his death-bed he was so distressed with the sense of his pecuniary obligations, that he dictated a letter to Jeffrey, of Edinburgh, soliciting a grant of money. The reply came with £50—the day after his decease. Byron was of excessive nervous irritability; he died, according to Dr. Madden, muttering inaudibly some verses about his sister and child, but so inarticulately as not to have been understood. Cowper, the most surprising instance of nervous melancholy throughout the greater period of his life-time, happily was permitted to resign his spirit, cheered by the blessed assurance of Christian hope,—his end was as calm as a sleep. Mary, Scotland's ill-fated Queen, met death under the most appalling circumstances, with a degree of firmness and heroic resolution, strikingly opposed to what might have been looked for from so gentle a creature, oppressed with such heavy misfortunes,—deserted by every professed friend, with only her faithful little dog to share her sorrows.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when seized with a palsy, which put an end to his existence.

The dying exclamation of the excellent Bishop Porteus is indicative of a mind in happy harmony with nature and nature's God. Sitting in his library, at Fulham, on a balmy eve of May, the countenance of the good prelate beamed with a transient glow, and in the grateful gladness of his heart he exclaimed, as his delighted eye caught a glimpse of the setting sun, "O, that glorious sun!" "Soon after," adds his biographer, "he fell asleep, and a brighter sun broke upon him."

Napoleon's last words were, "*tête d'armée*," an unmistakable evidence how his thoughts were occupied on the eve of his departure from his warlike career. What words could be supposed more in accordance with the tenor of his history? He died in his military garb, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

Instances occur to us of terrible death-beds, such as that of the wretched atheist, Altamont, the sad story of whose mental anguish, at the moment of dissolution, is too harrowing for recital here.

Cardinal Beaufort, accused of having murdered the Duke of Gloucester, the faithful remembrance of which seemed to have filled his mind with indescribable terrors; for it is stated, his end was one of the most terrible ever witnessed. His last words were—"And must I then die?—will not all my riches save me? I could purchase a kingdom, if that would save my life! What! is there no bribing death?" Shakspeare's description of the Cardinal's death is awfully yet scrupulously true.

The death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham was one of remorse, from her faithless conduct towards the unfortunate Earl of Essex. 'Tis said Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch, with "God may forgive you, but I never will." This same queen, in her turn, endured the pangs of an unappeased conscience in her last moments; for she exclaimed, "All my possessions for a moment of time." On the other hand, how many have met death as a

holy thing, rejoicing in the casting off the bondage of earth; a calm and peace have pervaded their actions, and a smile has heightened their angelic looks, as they fled from time to eternity. Anne Boleyn was perfectly resigned to her fate; her thoughts were on another world. She observed, clasping her neck, "It is but small—very small." The deaths of that hapless yet beautiful pair, Lord Dudley and the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, were marked by a pious and settled composure: of the latter 'tis truthfully said—

"Yet here she kneels in her unfolding years,  
All yet unreached the height of womanhood,  
Kneels face to face with death, and feels no fears,  
Though the keen axe be soon to drink her blood:  
Calm looks she, as the seaman on the flood,  
Which, though it loudly rage, and wildly foam,  
Shall bear him bravely to his distant home."

D'Aubigné, in his History of the Reformation, thus describes the last hours of Cardinal Wolsey. "On Monday morning tormented by gloomy farebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! — No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, Wolsey said to him, 'I shall not live long.' 'Be of good cheer,' rejoined the Governor of the Tower. 'Alas, Master Kingston!' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs!' and then he added with downcast head, 'This is my just reward! What a judgment upon his own life!

"On the very threshold of eternity, for he had but a few minutes more to live, the Cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. 'Master Kingston,' he said, 'attend to my last request; tell the King that I conjure him, in God's name, to

destroy the new pernicious sect of Lutherans; and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe, and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated; his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances! He trembled, lest Henry VIII., unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he in conclusion, 'the King should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief—barrenness, scarcity and disorder to the utter destruction of this Realm.'

"Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence he resumed, with a dying voice, 'Master Kingston, farewell! My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall, peradventure, understand my words better!' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed—his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 20th of November, 1530.

Sir Isaac Newton died in the act of winding up his watch—a singular emblem of the winding up of his own career. Haller, feeling his pulse, exclaimed, "the artery ceases to beat," and instantly expired. The following stanzas, penned on the bed of sickness, merit notice, from their richness and soft harmony. The author's name is Wood, who resided in Kent, England, comparatively unknown to fame; yet his muse is evidently endowed with a keen relish for Nature's beauties, for he seems to riot in her magnificent charms. Feelingly he wrote, on his dying couch, the following:

"Now bear me hence away,  
I like not this close room, so small and dim;  
Around the curtained bed are shadows grim,  
Which jauntly play,



---

Turning my mind from prayer ;  
I know they tell me of my coming fate,  
But oh ! not here—I would the change await  
In the cool air."

Haydn's faculties, like those of many other men celebrated for their genius, were impaired before his frame. His latter years were those of a drooping and demented old man. He was sometimes visited by strangers; they found him in a simple chamber, sitting before a desk, with the melancholy look of one who felt that all his early powers were gone. When he took notice of his visitors he smiled, and tears stole down his cheeks; but he sometimes seemed to feel sudden bursts of memory, and talked strikingly of his early career.

When the war broke out between Austria and France, in 1809, the intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the shattered remnant of his remaining strength. He was continually inquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang, with the slender voice left to him—

" God preserve the Emperor !"

The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, having reached Schoenbrun, half a league's distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon shot, within two yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him full of terror. The old man, rousing himself, got up from his easy-chair, and with a dignified air, demanded, "Why this terror?—Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is." A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. His strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able—"God preserve the Emperor!" It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and expired.

Haydn was very religious during the whole of his life. At the commencement of all his scores, he inscribed, *In nomine Domini*, or *Soli Deo gloria*; and at the conclusion of all of them is written, *Laus Deo*. When, in composing, he felt his imagination decline, or was stopped by some difficulty which then appeared insurmountable, he rose from the piano-forte and began to run over his rosary, and he said he never found this method fail.—“When, says he, “I was employed upon ‘The Creation,’ I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that, before I sat down to the instrument, I prayed to God with earnestness, that He would enable me to praise Him worthily.” This master-piece was the fruit of nine years’ toil.

We give another anecdote of his brother-composer, Mozart: he seems, however, to have suffered, like Johnson, from prevailing fears of death.—There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. “His sweetest song was the last he sung”—the “*Requiem*.” He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his “cygnean strain,” he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length, the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. “Come hither,” said he, “my Emilie—my task is done—the *Requiem*—*my Requiem* is finished.” “Say not so, dear father,” said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; “you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing.” “Do not deceive yourself, my love,” said the dying father; “this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven’s mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these, my last notes—sit down by my piano here—sing them with the hymn of thy sainted mother—let me

once more hear those tones which have been so long my solacement and delight." Emilie obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas :

“ Spirit ! thy labor is o’er !  
 Thy term of probation is run,  
 Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
 And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit ! look not on the strife  
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
 Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
 To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit ! no fetters can bind,  
 No wicked have power to molest ;  
 There the weary, like thee—the wretched, shall find  
 A haven—a mansion of rest.

Spirit ! how bright is the road  
 For which thou art now on the wing !  
 Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,  
 Their loud hallelujahs to sing.”

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.

The demise of Beethoven was peculiarly impressive. He had been visibly declining, when suddenly he revived—a bright smile illumed his features, as he softly murmured, “I shall hear in heaven,” and then sung in a low, but distinct voice the lines from one of his own beautiful hymns—

“ Brüder ! über’m Sternenzeldt,  
 Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.”

We turn again, for a moment, to the closing scenes of some of

the earlier poets,—citing a few cases at random. The two we commence with are melancholy enough.

Otway, the dramatist, died at the early age of thirty-four; though, in the manner of his death, his biographers somewhat differ. It is said that, having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public house on Tower Hill, where he died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing a piece of bread, which charity had supplied after a long fast. He went, as is reported, almost in a nude state, and in the rage of hunger, finding a gentlemen in a neighboring coffee-house, he asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; when Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful. Pope says that Otway died of a fever, caught by a violent pursuit of a thief, who had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might have brought him to the grave.

Philip Massinger, the immediate successor of Shakspeare, and second only to him as a dramatic poet,—often as majestic, and generally more elegant than his master,—was as powerful a ruler of the understanding as the Bard of Avon was of the passions. And yet, with such rare talents, Massinger appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity, and to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine. Life was to him one long wintry day, and “shadows, clouds and darkness” sat upon it. For its quaint terseness, we here cite some stanzas on death by one of the old poets :

“The longer life, the more offence;  
 The more offence, the greater pain;  
 The greater pain, the less defence;  
 The less defence, the lesser gain—  
 The loss of gain long ill doth try,  
 Wherefore, come, death, and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find:  
 The less account, the sooner made;  
 The count soon made, the merrier mind;  
 The merrier mind doth thought invade—  
 Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,  
 Wherefore, come, death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;  
 The ebb of care, the flood of life;  
 The flood of life, the joyful fare;  
 The joyful fare, the end of strife—  
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,  
 Wherefore, come, death, and let me die.”

The last lines penned by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the night previous to his execution, may be familiar to the reader: they commence—

“Go, Soul, the body’s guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand,  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant;  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows  
 And shines like soften wood;  
 Go, tell the Church it *shows*  
 What’s good, and *doth* no good.  
 If Church and Court reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.”

When on the scaffold, he desired to see the axe; and feeling the edge of it, said to the sheriff, “This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils!” Being asked which way he chose to place himself on the block, he replied, “So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies;” and giving the signal, he received the stroke with the most perfect composure. Such was the end of this great and illustrious man, of whom the age was not worthy.

When the poet Goethe, after more than the usually allotted term of human existence, was met by the summons, it found him still busy with the pen, the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sank as a child, who, with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek, looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy, folds himself to sleep. "*Let the light enter,*" were his last words, "echoed, we may suppose," says his biographer, "from a region where all is light."

We gather from the interesting memoirs of that surprising woman, Madame de Staël, that her last expressions, addressed to Chateaubriand, were, "I have loved God, my father, and liberty;" and on quoting the memorable words of Fontenelle, "I am a Frenchman, fourscore years old, yet I never ridiculed the slightest virtue;" she added, with strong emphasis, "I can say as much of the slightest suffering"—a noble confession, worthy of all imitation.

We find when that voluminous writer, Sir Walter Scott, was near his end, he expressed a wish to Lockhart, his son-in-law, that he would read to him; and when asked from what book, he replied, "Need you ask? there is but one!" Lockhart then read the 14th chap. of John's Gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc., to which, adds the biographer, Sir Walter listened with mild devotion, and then replied—"Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I *were yet to be myself again!*"

It is refreshing to find some evidences of deep consciousness of the vast solemnity befitting a dying hour, among men endowed beyond the average of their race with intellectual strength; as in the case of Grotius, who, on being asked for his dying admonition, exclaimed, "*Be serious!*" All his vast learning did not allow him to think lightly of the paramount claims of those things which make for our eternal peace. Sir William Jones, one of the most brilliant geniuses that ever lived, affords similar evidence of the right estimate of human learning, compared with the more important concerns of the future world. "It matters not," says Johnson,

“how a man dies, but how he lives.” And even skeptical Rousseau observes: “The great error is, placing such an estimate on this life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death.” To attach ourselves but slightly to human affairs, is the best method of learning to die. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house and gardens, at Hampton Court, instead of his replying in the language of flattery, he exclaimed, “Ah! David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible.” And at the dying couch of one of the ancient philosophers, when some attendants were softly speaking upon some metaphysical topic, he eagerly opened his eyes, and said, “Let me understand what you are discoursing about, that then I may die.” Alas! how little, after all their toil and assiduity, can even the greatest men attain! Newton confessed to this, when he compared his vast scientific acquisitions in the view of the boundless regions of unexplored knowledge, to a child picking up pebbles by the sea side. To thinking minds, time is never so impressively marked, as by the successive exit of the great men of an age. The constellation which ushered in the present epoch, is going out one by one. Goethe, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, have departed; and the amiable and enchanting melody of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans, we hear no longer in new outgushings of their muse.

The closing scenes of Mrs. Hemans' life display her affection in a high and rich degree. The recurrences to childhood show how quiet her conscience, and how mellowed her memory: her conversations with her sister all breathe a hope of immortality; the anxious yearning of a mind free from the impurities of earth, and ready to participate in that pleasure which is shared in a land her own pen has so touchingly depicted :

“ Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrows and death may not enter there,  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom.”

As is the case with most, if not all who write, day after day,

for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind, and wore away her frame, which, we are told, became towards the last, almost etherealized. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away, to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely "profaned what was born for the skies." On her tomb, in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph :

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now!  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to the narrow home beneath!  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

The following lines were written by John Keats on his death-bed, and are the last verses ever penned by that gifted young poet. It will be remembered he died through intense grief, on account of the too severe and unjust criticisms of Gifford, the English Juvenal. The youthful poet was removed to Italy where he expired; and the last sad words he whispered were, "I die of a broken heart." Many pieces have purported to be his last production; but these now transcribed are the last that ever emanated from his pen :

"My spirit's lamp is faint and weak,  
My feeble senses bow;  
Death's finger pales my fad'ng cheek,  
His seal is on my brow.

My heart is as a withered leaf,  
Each fibre dead and sere;  
And near me sits the spectre grief,  
To drain each burning tear!



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The earth is bright with buds and bees,  
The air with purple beams—  
The winds are swimming in the trees,  
Or sporting on the streams.

But not for me the blossom's breath  
Nor winds, nor sunny skies—  
I languish in the arms of death,  
And feed my soul with sighs!

I sigh to hope—' come back again,  
My heart is weak for thee!  
But woe is me! my sighs are vain—  
She flies from misery!

It is not that I fear to die,  
That burns my withered breast—  
But thus to waste with agony,  
And sigh, and wish for rest.

To count the minutes one by one,  
And long for coming light:  
And ere the lingering day is done,  
To languish for the night.

To feel that sinking of the mind,  
That nothingness of soul;  
Where all is dead and dark and blind,  
As drops of Lethe's bowl!

And yet, O sunny Italy!  
'T were sweet to find a tomb,  
Where wild flowers ever strewn by thee,  
Above my couch shall bloom!

Farewell my harp!—I kiss thy strings,  
Go hang thee in the bowers;  
Where oft thy dreamy whisperings  
Have charmed the buried hours!

And if some finger fain would wake  
Thine unremembered lay,  
And bid thy sleeping silence break,  
Then, haply, wilt thou say:

---

‘ Oh! stranger, scatter roses,  
 And slips of cypress burn—  
 A broken heart reposes  
 Within this silent urn.’ ”

There is something, we repeat, singularly sad and solemn in these departures. Its great ones seem the essential features of an age; and when they are removed, “a chill comes over us,” to use the expressive words of an elegant author; “the ground seems taken from under our feet; we feel as though a change of dispensation were at hand—an untried and unknown future were about to open before us.”

Rousseau desired them to open the blinds and take him to the window, that he might see the garden again, and the glory of the setting sun. Erasmus, in his last moments, was restless and full of tribulation, crying from time to time, “Lord make an end!” Bayle, author of the Philosophical Dictionary, on the contrary, was collected and deliberate to the last, and engaged in correcting some proofs for the printer. When the latter entered the room for one of the sheets, Bayle gave it to him and expired.

Scarron, on his death-bed, said to those who were weeping about him, among whom was the future Madame de Maintenon, the celebrated mistress of Louis XIV., “You cannot cry so much for me, *mes enfans*, as I have made you laugh in my time.” The gay and gallant Chastelard, who was beheaded in Edinburgh, after they had ferretted him out from the apartment of Mary Queen of Scots, consoled himself by repeating with a good deal of courage and pathos, one of Rensard’s lyrics, on the scaffold, as his most appropriate *viaticum*.

Among the last words of Robert Burns—before he took his last eager gulph from the physic cup, and fell convulsively to the foot of the bed—were: “Don’t let the awkward squad fire over me!” alluding to a body of Dumfries militia, of which he was a member, and the military pretensions of which he looked on, to the last, with a sense of humorous disparagement.

When Pope sat in his chair dying, a friend called to see him, (just after his physician, who spake encouragingly of his illness, had gone out,) and asked him how he did. "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms," said the great wit, in a peevish voice.

Grotius cried out, "O! I have consumed my days in laborious trifling!" Dr. Johnson lamented many things in his past career, but when the light of evangelical truth broke in upon his mind, he obtained Christian peace, in which he died. Baron Haller died expressing his renewed confidence in God's mercy, through Jesus Christ.

Julian, the apostate, exclaimed, as he fell wounded, fighting with the Persians, "Thou hast conquered me, O Galilean!" The deist Hobbes said, with horror, in his last moments, "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark." Cardinal Mazarine, "O my poor soul, what is to become of thee? whither wilt thou go?"

The following afford a brilliant contrast to some of the foregoing instances.

The aged Simeon, as he took the young Saviour in his arms, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." When the proto-martyr Stephen fell beneath the missiles of his enemies, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," and, getting upon his knees, he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" and when he had said this he fell asleep. The Apostle Paul, just before his martyrdom, exclaimed: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day!"

Ignatius, who, by the edict of the Emperor Trajan, was brought from Antioch to Rome to be thrown to the lions in the Amphitheatre, ceased not to exhort Christians on the way, saying, "My Lord was crucified for me!" "Abjure Christianity or you shall be thrown to the wild beasts," said the Roman Proconsul to the

aged Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. "Let them come on," cried Polycarp, "we Christians are not accustomed to change better to worse, but from bad to better." The venerable Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, A. D. 385, in his dying moments, thus addressed his soul: "Soul, thou hast served Christ these seventy years, and art thou afraid to die? Go out soul, go out!"

"Come and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "God bless you, my dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear ——, do not weep, for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love you less, but God more."

When the chain was placed on the neck of John Huss, he exclaimed with a smile: "Welcome this chain, for Christ's sake!" The faggots having been piled up to his neck, the Duke of Bavaria, in brutal manner, called on him to abjure. "No, no," cried the

martyr, "I take God to witness I preached none but his own pure doctrines, and what I taught I am ready to seal with my blood." Jerome, of Prague, who followed Huss to the stake after a few months, said to the executioner who was about to kindle the fire behind him, "Bring thy torch hither; do thine office before my face; had I feared death I might have avoided it." The last words Luther was heard to utter were: "Into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." "Nothing but heaven," said the mild Melancthon, when asked by his friends if he wanted anything. And then he gently fell asleep in Christ. George Wishart cried out at the stake, "For the sake of the true Gospel, given me by the grace of God, I suffer this day with a glad heart. Behold and consider my visage—ye shall not see me change color—I fear not this fire." The last prayer offered by Tindall, who translated the Bible, and suffered martyrdom in 1536, was, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes." Lawrence Saunders, who suffered martyrdom during the reign of Queen Mary, kissed the stake to which he was bound, exclaiming, "Welcome the Cross of Christ; welcome life everlasting!" "Be of good heart, brother," cried Ridley to Latimer, "for our God will either assauge this flame, or enable us to abide it." Latimer replied, "Be of good comfort, brother; for we shall this day light such a candle in England as, by God's grace, shall never be put out." Bergerus, a councillor of the Emperor Maximilian, said, on his dying bed, "Farewell, O farewell, all earthly things, and welcome Heaven." George Buchanan, the ornament of Scottish literature, who could write Latin verse with a purity almost worthy of the Augustan age, was taken with his last illness when in the country. To the message of King James, who summoned him to be at Court in twenty days, he sent this reply: "Before the days, mentioned by your Majesty, shall be expired, I shall be in that place where few kings enter." The Marquis of Argyle, when advancing to the scaffold, said, "I would die as a Roman, but I choose rather to die as a Christian." Among the last

words of Claude were these: "I am so oppressed that I can attend only to two of the great truths of religion, namely, the mercy of God, and the gracious aids of the Holy Ghost."

For the last fourteen years of his life, the philosophic John Locke applied himself to the study of the Scriptures. "Blessed be God," said he on his death-bed, "for what the law has shown to man; blessed be his name for justifying him through faith in Christ; and thanks be to thy name, O God, for having called me to the knowledge of the Divine Saviour." When that great philosopher and divine, President Edwards, was dying, some in his chamber were lamenting his departure as a frown on the College, and a heavy stroke on the Church, not supposing that he attended to them, or even heard them; turning his dying eyes on them, he said, "Trust in God, and you need not fear." These were his last words. Edward Payson, of Portland, went out of the world with the song of an angel on his lips. When laboring under very acute pains, he exclaimed, "These are God's arrows, but they are sharpened with love."

The last words of Mr. Jefferson, who died just half a century after the passage of his immortal Declaration of Independence, were, "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country!" The dying words of John Adams, the same day, were still more characteristic of the man. A few minutes before he died, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the 4th of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day," and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips.

The last expressions of J. Q. Adams, were, "It is the last of earth;" and those of our revered Washington—more significant and hopeful—"It is well." What a moral grandeur gathers around the death-scene of the great and good of earth, when sanctified by a religious faith; and how fearful the contrast when the departing spirit leaves the world all unprepared, unannealed, unblessed, with all the terrible premonitions of a coming judgment.

Says a recent writer :—" Life's last hours are grand testing hours. Death tries all our principles, and lays bare all our foundation. Vast numbers have been found to act the hypocrite in life, who were forced to be honest in the hour of death. What atheists have owned their principles, what wordlings have bewailed their folly when death approached ! Misgivings of the heart that have been kept secret through life, have come out in death ; and many who seemed all right and fair for heaven, have had to declare that they had only been self-deceived. It has been said, " man may not dissemble in death," hence the value of dying testimonies. We gather the last words, the last acts, the last experiences ; and we treasure them up as indubitable evidences in favor or against the character of those that wore their value as tests of character, and all have felt their force."





## THE POETRY OF PLANTS.

“Speak no harsh words of earth : she is our mother,  
And few of us, her sons, who have not added  
A wrinkle to her brow. She gave us birth ;  
We drew our nurture from her ample breast ;  
And there is coming for us both an hour  
When we shall pray that she will ope her arms  
And take us back again.”—ALEXANDER SMITH.

“The least of God’s works it is refreshing to look at—a dried leaf, or a straw, makes me feel myself in good company.”—HENRY MARTYN.

“BEAUTY,” says an eloquent writer, “is God’s handwriting—a way-side sacrament : welcome it in every fair face, every fair field and flower, every fair sky, and give thanks to Him—the fountain of all loveliness—for it,—drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes ; it is a charmed draught—a cup of blessing. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful ; for there is many an avenue to our heart, besides our ears and brains ;—many a



sight and sound and scent, of which we have never even thought, that helps to shape our characters. Do not trees talk—have they not leafy lungs—do they not, at sunrise, when the wind is low, and the birds are carroling their songs, play sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in Spring time, on a sunny morning, that did not feel as though rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then when the morning-glory, like a nun before the shrine of God, discloses her beautiful face,—and the moss-roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker? And when Autumn comes, the season of “the sere and yellow leaf,”—when the wheat is in its golden prime, and the corn waves like silken tassels in the charmed air, is not minded of the reaper—Death?” Well may Akenside exclaim,—

“With what attractive charms this goodly frame  
 Of nature touches the consenting hearts  
 Of mortal man. For him the Spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure unproved.”

To a mind thus attuned, the beauties, harmonies and sublimities of nature make their appeal, with an eloquence all-persuasive, and a power irresistibly fascinating. It is amid such sabbath scenes of peace that the heart becomes ennobled with thoughts of the pure and beautiful,—it is here that the gentler virtues cluster, and the sister graces diffuse around their benign and blessed influence.

The fair face of nature, so redolent of varied beauty, becomes a sacred contemplation, linked with fragrant memories of "the loved and lost,"—the joyous and bright, though brief hours of childhood, the endearing ties of kindred, the maturer sweets of friendship and love, and the dark days of sadness and desolation. The happy, Eden home of our first parents was a glorious garden of embowered beauty; and even the Divine Redeemer made the leafy solitudes of Gethsemane, and the Olive groves of the Mount, sacred by His presence, as the chosen scene of His sufferings, and celestial communings.

How many and forcible are the teachings wooing us back to God, whispered to us by the soft, breathing zephyr, amid the sighing of the foliage, or in the gentle murmur of the rippling stream? And how sweetly is the soul subdued to serenity and bliss, from its sad unrest of worldly solicitude, by these hallowed influences: while the tumult of passion, and the corrosions of care become hushed and soothed:—

"The world is too much with us;—late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
And the mute expression of sweet nature's voices,  
Are drowned amid the turmoil of life's noises;  
Where thoughts of fear and darkness come unbidden,  
And love and hope are into silence chidden."

The poets have sought to portray the beauties of Flora, let it be ours to attempt a survey of the bolder magnificence of the forest. What can be more sublime and spirit-stirring than to "thread the mazy grove," to wander beneath the thick overhanging foliage, penetrating into its embowered recesses? The imposing grandeur of the scene impresses us with a religious awe, and we bow lowly and reverently before these visible tokens of the Creator's beneficence and power, as seen in their myriad forms of variegated richness and vernal beauty. From the creeping ivy, that clings with fond tenacity to the crumbling ruin, as if to rescue it from

the destroying touch of time, to the stately "kings of the forest," reared in their colossal strength and leafy grandeur, what a world of wonders is encircled, inviting our astonished and admiring gaze. With what infinite variety of surpassing beauty is the broad realm of nature decked—what an endless succession of delicate forms, do we discover in the spiral grass; the genera of plants, and the ever-varying foliage of trees,—all of which evince some peculiar characteristics of habit or structure to arrest attention. It is this very exuberance of nature's charms, however, that prevents our just appreciation of their excellence, for who is accustomed to render her duteous homage? While the weary wanderer over the arid sands of the East pines in vain for the leafy shelter of the spreading cedar, the yew, or the oak, we enjoy their full immunities. The weeping elm, with its rich pendulous branches, the sturdy oak, the roseate foliage of the maple, "clad in scarlet and gold," the hoary poplar, the "silver abele," the "tulip-tree," with its brilliant, glossy leaves, and blossoms, "giving their odor to the stars, and despising the minor denizens of the forest," with many others, with whose generous shade, graceful outline, and exceeding beauty, all are familiar. If for no other purpose we should cherish and cultivate these attractive objects as majestic forms of beauty, which none can contemplate without having the finer sensibilities of their nature brought into exercise. Trees, therefore, may well be regarded with grateful love, if not with a feeling of veneration; not only did they form the luxurious arbors of repose in Eden, they constituted also the arched and leafy temple of the first worshippers; and it was, moreover, beneath the shadows of their thick embowered recesses, that the tragedy of the first transgression was enacted.

Trees have been objects of regard and veneration in all ages: frequent mention of them is made in both sacred and profane history. Pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine; forests and groves were consecrated in early periods of time as sites of religious

worship, both by the Jews as well as the surrounding heathen nations. The oratories of the Jews were beneath the shadow of olive trees : groves also formed the primitive temples and shrines of the heathen deities. Many trees of the east were distinguished as especial objects of regard by the orientals : the valley of Hinnom was esteemed so venerable that it was even personified as a god ; and in such esteem did they hold the cedars of Lebanon that one of the most dreaded threats of Sennacherib was, that he would level them with the ground. The principal trees of Palestine are thus grouped together, and made use of as the expressive symbols of poetry, by the author of Ecclesiasticus : "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cyprus tree upon the mountains of Hermon ; I was exalted like a palm tree in Engaddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water. As the turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honor and grace : as the vine brought I forth pleasant savor, and my flowers are the fruit of honor and riches." The Syrians personified their god Rimmon under the figure of a pomegranate ; the Babylonians also are believed to have regarded it as a sacred emblem. In the Romish church palms are still held sacred, and it will be recollected branches of the palm tree were strewd in the way when the Saviour made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Tacitus, in describing the ceremony of consecrating the capitol, after it had been repaired by Vespasian, states that the first part of the ceremony consisted in the soldiers entering with boughs of these trees, in which the gods were supposed to take the greatest delight, and that then the vestal virgins sprinkled the floor with water.

The ancient Druids of Gaul, Britain and Germany were accustomed to perform their mystic rites and sacrifices in the recesses of the forest ; and our pilgrim fathers did rightful homage to the God of the universe and of liberty, under a like canopy.

Trees have been made the fertile theme of poets, mythologists

and moralists, from the earliest times down to our own; and beautiful are the fancies and fictions with which they have been adorned by them. Let us glance for a moment at the uses of trees: for example, there is the papyrus of Egypt, the inner skin or sliced pith of which, joined and polished, was used for writing-paper by the ancients, whose ingenuity in its preparation was further displayed in the great length of its rolls. Belzoni describes a sheet he saw, measuring twenty-three feet long by one and a half broad. Some eighteen hundred manuscripts dug from the lava of Herculaneum are of papyrus. Of fruit trees, with which all are familiar, it is needless to speak; we may, however, refer to the date tree, which affords to many tribes of Upper Egypt, and to multitudes in other countries, almost their only provision. It is a remarkable instance of the design of Providence to render most parts of the earth habitable, that the date-palm abounds everywhere on the verge of the vast African desert, where no grain, and scarcely any other tree can grow. Linnaeus asserts that the region of palms was the first country of our race, and that man is essentially *palmivorous*. Buckhardt informs us that date trees often constitute the dowry of an eastern bride. The bread-fruit tree supplies the natives of the Polynesian isles their principal article of diet: its fruit is as large as a melon, the eatable part white as snow, and when roasted has a sweet taste. The cocoa-nut tree supplies, as we all know, a pleasant kind of food with a milky fluid; the plantain called banana is in the torrid zone what wheat and rice are to other regions; one plant produces seventy or eighty pounds of fruit, and Humboldt computes the produce of bananas to that of wheat as one hundred and thirty-three to one. The maple and the beet root alike supply a saccharine matter, which is used very generally; and the birch tree yields, by incision, a copious supply of juice, which is made the basis of a light and agreeable wine. The beautiful Spanish chestnut tree also bears a fruit upon which the Genoese are said largely to subsist; and we are all acquainted with the article, for when roasted it divides the

choice with the hazel, the hickory, walnut, the brazil, and other nuts. Not every buyer, or even seller of sago, knows it to be the heart of a tree, nor that it is used in Asia for bread. When mature, which is about thirty years' growth, the branches show a yellowish meal; the tree is then felled, and on splitting it the sago appears, resembling the pith of elder. The eatable sago is the meal parted from the filaments. It is stated by M'Culloch that this sago palm when young is covered with prickles to protect it from predatory animals. Then there is the vegetable dairy—the shea tree of Africa, which yields a rich butter from its boiled kernels, and which will keep a whole year without salt. Other milk trees are said to have been discovered in Ceylon and Demerara. The coffee plant, or tree, for it sometimes attains to eighteen feet in height, yields the well-known berry from which we derive the delicious beverage used at breakfast: its counterpart, the tea plant, also possesses a world-wide fame, and forms the decoction so refreshing to the weary, and is such an indispensable accompaniment with the loquacious Johnsons and Piozzis of all countries.

If you will pardon the digression from dietetics to the doctors, we would suggest sundry nauseous nostrums, which, although unpalatable, are yet of essential utility in patching up our perishing humanity. For instance, there is Peruvian bark, of which some two dozen varieties are described by botanists. It grows upon a mountain tree, on an elevation usually of five thousand feet above the level of the sea; its trunk, owing to the frequent scaling of the bark, is said to be seldom seen thicker than the arm, although it attains a great height. A resinous medicine is extracted from the copaiva tree of the West India Isles, and the manna tree of Sicily—a species of ash—yields a medicinal substance, not unknown to childhood, and yet not very eagerly sought for its flavor. Camphor is distilled from the roots of a tree of that name, growing in Borneo and Sumatra; logwood, and the bark of mahogany, are also of some use in medicine: but possibly the

reader has no especial fancy for physic, and we will quit this branch of the subject.

Trees and plants are also made serviceable, as in the case of our first parents, for clothing: for example, cotton, so extensively cultivated by our southern neighbors. There are some trees, indigenous to Asia and the West Indies, which produce cotton: nankeen is also a fabric produced from a cotton tree, native to China. Cloth is said to be fabricated from the fibres of the bark of a mulberry tree, by the South Sea Islanders, which presents, after bleaching, a silky texture and very respectable appearance: and it will be remembered, the denizens of more refined communities are indebted to another species of this tree for some of their silken fabrics; while we derive the bark used for tanning leather from the oak, the mimosa and other trees,—so that it will be seen we stand indebted, not only for many internal comforts, but some external advantages also, to the scions of the forest; and even when trees have served for utility, and graceful decoration to the cottage or the landscape, we cut them down for fuel, or convert them to a thousand other important uses in the construction of ships, houses, and the numerous arts of life.

It will further be recollected that it is to the buried forest of a former and remote age, that we are indebted for the valuable resources of the coal mine. Says Dr. Buckland, “we are all brought into immediate connexion with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth, before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to soil and the atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but treasured up in subterranean store-houses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these latter ages have become to man the sources of heat and light and wealth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the for-

mation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics and the countless machines which we construct by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus from wrecks of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from fenugious mud that was lodged at the bottom of primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron—these two fundamental elements of art and industry which contribute more than any other mineral production of earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.”

We might refer also to the several oils and gases which are exuded from living trees, as well as the various kinds of timber they produce ; but our limits forbid. There are, however, other substances important to the arts of life, of which, without trees, we should be destitute: one of the most remarkable is the bark of the cork-tree,—the barking of which takes place every ten years, while its age often extends to two hundred years. The olive-tree, again, furnishes a luxury both of the table and the toilette, as well as another material for artificial light. Shepherd, in his work on trees, to which we have already been indebted for many interesting facts, speaks of an ancient and entirely hollow specimen of this tree (which rivals the oak in longevity) that has produced no less than 240 quarts of oil a year. The India-rubber tree affords a product capable of such various and still multiplying use, that to be cut off from this article of commerce would now be a serious loss to the accommodations of civilized life: the caoutchouc tree, it seems must yield up some of its honors to one of more recent discovery—the gutta-percha of Singapore and Borneo. Another latent benefit derived from trees, deserves notice: we refer to the purificative influence of their foliage upon the atmosphere,—for it is the leaves of plants and trees that act



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upon the air like human lungs, by absorbing carbon and evolving vital air for animal respiration. Air, it is known, passes from the human lungs charged with a large quantity of carbonic gas, but the wisdom of Omnipotence, by fitting this deleterious gas to the wants of the vegetable kingdom, has converted it into a most useful adjunct in the economy of creation, for it is returned into the atmosphere in the form of oxygen, or vital air. Thus, unsuspected and unheeded by us, the innumerable leaves of our forests and arbor trees form a vast summer laboratory of vital air, which contributes, to an incalculable extent, to the support and health of animal existence. Some remarkable instances might be cited of the extreme longevity of trees, which would doubtless prove no less interesting. The age of most trees may be computed by the number of concentric rings in the trunk—each zone denoting a year: estimated by this process, which can be done on a standing tree by extracting a cylinder with the trephine saw, the antiquity of some is, it has been conjectured, coeval with that of the Mosaic Cosmogony. Three kinds of trees afford wonderful instances of this apparently antediluvian date; the gum dragon-tree, of which there are specimens in Kew Gardens,—the ape's bread-tree of the tropic, whose trunk measures sometimes from eighty to ninety feet in circumference,—and a species of Cypress, a specimen of which is said to be existing in a church-yard near Oaxaca, Mexico, the trunk of which is ninety-three feet round, and another at Chapultepec one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches in girth. This latter was observed as a tree of wondrous magnitude by the Spanish conquerers, and is affirmed by M. de Candalle, "to go back certainly to the origin of the present state of the world, an epoch" he says, "of which it is the most indisputable monument." There is said to be a singular yew tree in Perthshire, called the Fortingal, the trunk of which is a mere shell and forms an arch through which Highland funerals pass: it is supposed to have existed from the commencement of the Christian era, and may yet survive for centuries to come. Of the cedars of Lebanon, which Lamar-

tine visited in 1832, he thus writes: "they are the most renowned of natural monuments; the Arabs highly venerate them, and say that they understand the changes of the seasons, spreading or contracting their boughs as the snow is about to fall or to melt,—they could not otherwise sustain the immense weight of snow which would collect upon their massy foliage." Southey thus refers to this fact in his "Thalaba;"—

" Their broad, round spreading branches, when they felt  
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven."

The most wonderful tree on record is the chestnut upon Mount *Ætna*, although, according to recent accounts, it has lost much of its original dignity. It is described by travelers as having the appearance of five distinct trees, covering an area of two hundred and four feet in diameter: from close examination there are believed to be the evidences of these trunks having originally sprung from one source; and the opinion is fortified by the indications in an ancient map of Sicily, fully corroborating its dimensions.

The vast antiquity of these stately trees is unquestioned; and they are regarded with a feeling of religious veneration.

Of oaks many marvelous things are recorded, both as to their extreme longevity and gigantic proportions; the like is mentioned by various writers touching the pine, the myrtle of Van Dieman's land, the yew, the banyan, elm, etc., but we must not pause to refer to them. Among the various purposes to which celebrated and colossal trees have been devoted in former times, may be named, the oak in Oxfordshire, the huge trunk of which, Evelyn says, was converted into a prison for felons; Queen Elizabeth's oak at Huntingdon, still extant, at which a great hall was erected, and where some exploits in archery were performed by her, and scenes of gallantry were enacted; and that of Boscobel, which formed the place of shelter for the fugitive monarch, Charles II.; not to allude to others which boast like distinctions.

Many of the poets of past times have linked their fame with their favorite trees: in Windsor Forest is an oak bearing the inscription—"Here Pope sung,"—and the name of Gray is connected with the Burnham beeches, and Johnson, it will be recollected had his favorite willow.

Having made a cursory survey of some of the leafy giants of the forests, let us glance at one or two specimens of mammoth plants,—such for example as the colossal water-lily of British Guiana, the leaves of which measure eighteen feet, and its flower from four to five feet in circumference. This vegetable wonder bears a magnificent flower consisting of many hundred petals of various tints—from the pure white to the rose and pink. The jungles of Sumatra boast of a plant of more gigantic dimensions, it is called the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, after its discoverer Sir Stamford Raffles. This is, perhaps, the greatest prodigy of the vegetable kingdom; it measured a yard across, the petals being twelve inches high, and a foot apart from each other: the nectarium would hold twelve pints, and the weight of the flower was estimated at fifteen pounds. Many of the tropical plants of America exhibit similar proportions; the magnolia grandiflora rises ninety feet in height, with a diameter of three feet, while the leaves are from eight to nine feet in length; its beautiful white blossoms are of like dimensions: it is doubtless one of the most superb of vegetable productions of which we have any knowledge. The *Agavè Americana*—or, as it is sometimes called, century plant, from its having erroneously been supposed to blossom only once in a hundred years,—is a majestic specimen, has a stem rising sometimes forty or fifty feet high, bearing hundreds of greenish-white blossoms on an elegant branched spike. The taliput palm of Ceylon, presents another instance of the marvelous, rising two hundred feet in height, the leaves of which measure eleven feet in length by sixteen in breadth. From the vast and stupendous we now descend to the extremely minute and delicate; and here we meet with wonders even yet more astounding, as, by the aid of the

lenses of the microscope, we discover specs of vegetation infinitesimally small, but in whose delicate structure traces are yet no less to be detected of the infinite skill of the Creator. One of the most extraordinary of microscopic plants is the *achlya proliferæ*, whose soft, silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold fishes: it has the appearance of a whitish slime, but is a true vegetable growth. The green slimy matter often observable on the surface of stagnant waters is of the same order; and when submitted to a powerful microscope is found to consist of transparent threads exquisitely minute, packed closely together as the pile of velvet: each thread is terminated by a ball which is estimated at one twelve hundredths of an inch in diameter, which contains a fluid filled with granules. Another of these curious vegetable parasites is the *mucor mucedo*, which abounds in bruised fruit and other substances containing fecula or sugar: it belongs to that class of fungi, commonly called moulds seen on stale bread. These insect-plants possess wonderful fecundity and the speed of their generative process is equally astonishing. Nor are such microscopic instances of vegetable life to be found merely among parasitic fungi, there are others equally minute, and still more marvelous in the aggregate, which are of independent growth, which twine and interlace their tiny branches into a network as tough as the strongest felt, and extending over many yards of surface. These are the fresh-water confervæ, of which the substance called "water-flannel," may be taken as a well-known example. A specimen is thus described by a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle for 1843:—

"A friend put into my hand the other day a yard or two of what seemed a coarse kind of flannel, gray on one side, and greenish on the other, and a full quarter of an inch in thickness. It had been thrown up by the river Trent, and washed ashore in vast sheets. Those who had seen it pronounced it a manufactured article: and so it was, but by the hand of nature. When this substance is handled, it is harsh to the touch, although composed

of the finest threads. To the naked eye, it presents no character by which it may be known from any coarse and loosely-woven cloth. The microscope reveals its nature. It is then found to consist of myriads of jointed threads, whose joints are composed alternately sideways and vertically ; they are here and there transparent, but for the most part opaque and rough to the eye. The white side is more opaque than the other, and more unexaminable ; but if a little muriatic acid be added to the water in which the fragments of water-flannel float, copious bubbles of air appear. These are bubbles of carbonic acid, extricated by the action of the muriatic acid on a coating of carbonate of lime, with which the plant is more or less completely invested. If, after this operation, the threads are again examined, the contents of the joints become visible : in the green parts of the flannel, they were filled with an irregular mass of green matter ; in the white part with myriads of globules, intermixed with a shapeless substance. The globules are the seeds. If a little iodine be then given to the flannel, it is readily absorbed ; and the contents, shapeless matter, globules, and all, become deep violet, showing that all this substance is starch. Hence it appears that the water-flannel is a microscopic plant, composed of jointed threads, secreting carbonate of lime on their surface, and forming seeds composed of starch within them. And when we consider that the joints are smaller than the eye can detect, while each contains from fifty to one hundred seeds, it may easily be conceived with what rapidity such a plant is multiplied. Besides which, as their contents consist to a great extent of starch, the most readily organisable of vegetable materials, the means of growth with which the plant is provided are far more ample than anything we know of in the higher orders of the vegetable kingdom."

This vegetable swarms on stagnant pools, where it lives on decomposed particles, and thus, while it tends to purify the waters, itself becomes food for myriads of animalcules. Much more curious information remains to be mentioned respecting mosses, lichens

and other forms of flowerless vegetation,—even yeast might be adduced as another instance, for it is supposed by botanists to belong to this genera of the vegetable world, which, according to Humboldt, comprises forty-four thousand species. The main object of a plant during growth seems to be the reproduction of its kind: whether the term of its being be limited to a day, a year, or centuries, its sole effort, as it proceeds from leaf to stem, from stem to branch, and from branch to flower and fruit, is the multiplication of itself. This is variously effected: by seeds, by spores or embryo plants, by tubers, by runners which put forth shoots as they clongate, by branches which send down roots, either by slips or detached branches or single leaves. The most familiar process of reproduction—common to all flowering plants—is the first named. Seeds are merely leaves preserved in peculiar cerements against the return of the season of growth: they are also furnished with a sufficiency of nutriment for the embryo plant, till its roots shall have struck into the soil, and it expands into the atmosphere. Their coverings also evince the ingenious contrivance of nature, for these provide against the several contingencies to which they may be subjected: for example, the cocoa has a tough fibrous coir and woody nut, impervious alike to drought and rain—the chestnut, a compact leathery envelope—the peach, a hard, strong drape—the apple, a fleshy pome, enclosing leathery cells—the pea and bean, a pod of parchment. This accounts, to a great degree, for the modern marvel, that even the seeds taken from the hand of an Egyptian mummy, more than three thousand years old, should have yet retained their vitality, and thus produced a crop of wheat.

The various metamorphosés which occur to plants and flowers, present an interesting topic of research,—embracing the vast changes and improvements which cultivation of soil, transplanting, and the important effects of chemistry, as applied to agriculture, have produced. The principal phenomena of vegetable life, or irritability, are those caused by atmospheric influences, those depending upon the touch of other bodies, and those which appear

to be perfectly spontaneous. The former, especially, include all such plants or flowers as close their leaves during night, when they are said to sleep, as well as those that open or shut their petals to the sun; or exhibit sensitiveness to touch, as in the instance of Venus' fly-trap, a native of Canada, which, not unlike other natives of that soil, discovers singular irritability of temperament. A poetical fancy has even invested vegetable life with the attributes of sensation and enjoyment; but the hypothesis is unsustained by science, notwithstanding polypi and sponges seem to approach very close to a demonstration of the theory. There may be a seeming analogy between the brain and nerves of animals, and the vessels of plants, but there is nothing like identity between the respective functions of the two great kingdoms. Notwithstanding all the light which modern science has shed upon organic life, the learned are yet undecided as to the precise boundary line which divides these two departments of animated nature between the lowly forms of corallines, sponges, and polypi, and the more dormant specimens of the animal kingdom. Here, however, we close our brief sketch of the more remarkable and anomalous features of vegetable life, conscious that a subject of such surpassing interest, has failed of its full development: yet believing that, as a topic of recreative study, it may with confidence be commended to a more extended investigation on the part of the reader, for its resources are as exhaustless as they are rife with delightful interest.

“ Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains  
A folio volume, we may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new—  
Something to please, something to instruct,  
Even in the noisome weed.”



## INFELICITIES OF THE INTELLECTUAL.

"A spot near Cripplegate extends—  
 Grub street,—'tis called the modern Pindus ;  
 Where (not that bards are never friends)  
 Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."—HUDIBRAS .

THE subject we propose to contemplate in the present chapter, presents the various fallacies and foibles of the literary profession. Without attempting a psychological analysis of literary life, we propose simply to group together a few of the more striking idiosyncracies which seem to be indigenous to great minds. If frailty and fame are twin attributes, one might be tempted to conclude that nature designed such an allotment as an equipoise, to silence the envy of those from whom she has withheld her noblest endowments in the one case, and to serve as a counter-acting check to the inordinate self-esteem, which their possession might otherwise superinduce in the other.

Possession of the creative faculty, says Leigh Hunt, pre-supposes a superiority to adverse circumstances, and "low thoughted



care ;” and Goldsmith, sitting in his garret with a worsted stocking on his head :—

“ Where the Red Lion, staring o’er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger, *that can pay,*”

in spite of bailiffs, writs, debts, duns, and milk scores, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, was still a happy fellow, satisfied that he would pay if he could, which is all that is necessary to establish the *morale* of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day rule of his imagination. So it was with Fielding, Goldsmith, Steele, and others, honorable in literature, and so also with Handel, Mozart, and Weber, in music ; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of nature, by which she contrives, on the whole, to adjust so equitably the good and the evil of this life, that when injury to the individual arises from an excess of sympathy with the mass, that injury is commonly but lightly felt. It is affecting to think that during the composition of his great master-pieces, Mozart’s family at times wanted the common necessities of life. Such adversity must have been a sharp thorn in the side of so gentle and sensitive a nature as his. Handel’s immortal oratorios were produced under similar circumstances, after the attack of a threatening and fatal disorder, that resulted in his total blindness.

It is supposed, and with great reason, that but for these precise circumstances, men of genius, naturally indolent, would not have achieved so much, or so well ; under more favorable auspices their energies would have remained dormant, for lack of stimulus. Burns was an instance of an author writing for love, and not for money, for he got little pecuniary reward for his exquisite effusions, and was ever in pecuniary embarrassments. Beaumont asserts that a man of genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a traveler in a burning desert could help drinking when he sees water. To quote his words :—

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“No more can he whose mind  
Joys in the muses, hold from that delight,  
When nature and his full thoughts bid him write.”

Before entertaining the reader with our citation of the eccentricities and trials of the author, it will not be inopportune to remind him of the curious mode in which the public requite his literary labors : the usual awards of a man of genius being a marble monument to his memory, while in life denying him sustenance ; making “their luminous leaves,” to adopt the phrase of a modern journalist, “to flourish like the yew tree, because planted over a grave.” We shall not pause to inquire into the causes which have provoked such injustice towards a class so signally meriting a course of treatment diametrically the reverse of this, or why succeeding posterity have perpetuated the like crusade against the craft of authorship ; it is enough for regret to find it so. Our forefathers, however, must have had their patience pretty severely taxed, by the prolixity of some of the early scribes. What should we think of twenty-one huge folios?—yet we find, in 1651, a writer of such interminable dimensions ; while another, Peter D’Alva, even extended his learned lucubrations to no less than forty-eight, in an abortive attempt to expound a mystery unfathomable, and which his labyrinth of words but rendered the more mysterious. While, not to name Confucius or the reputed six hundred volumes by the French bishop, Du Bellay, we might remind the reader of the astounding intimation given by St. Jerome, to the effect that he had perused *six thousand* books written by Origen, who “daily wearied seven notaries, and as many boys, in writing after him !” It ought not to have amazed his friends, therefore, to have learned of the sickness of that multifarious writer, Sir John Hill, (the author of the “Vegetable System,”) when he confessed it was in consequence of over working himself *on seven productions at once!* We read of Hans Sacks, a Nuremburg shoemaker, who lived about the close of the fifteenth century, and who seems to have apportioned his labors equally

between boots and books, the praiseworthy arts of making poetry and pumps, sonnets and shoes, to the 77th year of his age ; when he took an inventory of his *poetical* stock in trade, and found, according to his own calculation, that his works filled thirty folio volumes, all written with his own hand. They comprised 4200 songs ; 208 comedies, tragedies and farces ; 1700 fables, miscellaneous poems and tales, and 73 military and love songs—forming a grand total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, small and great ; out of which he culled as many as filled three great folios, which were published in the year 1558–61. How strangely the early scribes seem to have coveted the ambition of being voluminous writers, not remembering that *Persius* became immortal from the transmission of but *two sheets of paper inscribed by his pen*.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the kind in the several departments of authorship, especially in those once prolific themes, Alchemy, Astrology, and other wonderfully occult matters, and even in Theology—the latter, we remember to have read somewhere, boasting of an early commentator, whose elaborate *exposition* of St. Matthew, even an *abridged* edition of which, in small type, occupied no less than a thousand folio pages. But we have cited enough ; we shall therefore glance at some other eccentricities of the learned for the edification of the reader. The bards have had their loves, as Mrs. Jameson's very pleasant work on that subject sufficiently attests ; and we shall not attempt to add to what has been already so admirably exhibited of this feature of the literary character, save simply the mention of a name she has omitted to notice—we refer to that of Colletet, who is reported to have shared the honors of matrimonial alliance with three of his domestics in succession, to each of whom he paid the tribute of his muse in heroic verse. D'Israeli has collected from the dust of departed days, among other curious matters, many amusing particulars respecting the *subjects* authors have chosen to dilate upon ; shall we glance at a few ? In classic times we have Apuleius and

Agrippa, succeeded by many moderns, who, to evince their irony and wit, selected that fabled emblem of *wisdom*—the *ass*.

In Butler's *Remains*, it is remarked, that "there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book entitled, *A New Invention, or a Paire of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly contain shall be discovered in one*, (1644) would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Purley*, which a village book-club actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games.

In Chambers' *Journal* is a curious paper on the subject of book titles, from which we quote the following paragraph :

"Some titles are agreeably short, and others wonderfully long. A few years since, a work was issued with the laconic title of *It* ; and for days previous to its publication, the walls of London were placarded with the words, "Order *It*," "Buy *It*," "Read *It*." The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford, in 1661, entitled *Panzologicomineralogia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais' proposed title for a book, namely, *Antipericatametaparahengedamphicribrationes ! !*"

According to Stowe's *Chronicle*, the title of *Domesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the original having been carefully preserved in a sacred place at Westminster cloisters, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question by the title of John Peter's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity that only knows the A, B, C, and can count nine,*

though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainly taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and Good Sense, (1679).

In 1559 appeared a book, entitled *The Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

“ Which if you do open,  
To cheapen and copen,  
You will be unwilling,  
For many a shilling,  
To part with the profit  
Which you shall have of it.”

The mottoes on title pages are often very curious. The following is from a book called *Gentlemen, look about you* :

“ Read this over if you're wise,  
If you're not, then read it twice :  
If a fool, and in the gall  
Of bitterness, read not at all.”

Another, from Whitney's *Emblems*, (1586) :—

“ Peruse with heede, then friendly judge, and balming rash refraine ;  
So maist thou reade unto thy good, and shalte requite my paine.”

One Joshua Barnes wrote a poem with the design of proving the authorship of the *Iliad* traceable to King Solomon; and another French critic, Daurat, who lived in the sixteenth century, pretended, according to Scaliger, to find *all the Bible in Homer*. Du Guere wrote an eulogium on *wigs*. Erasmus amused himself by discussing *The praise of folly*, in his work entitled *Moriae Encomium*, which, for the sake of the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More. Pierrius' *Treatise on beards*—Homer's war between *The frogs and mice*, and Lucian's dissertation on *A fly*, present a curious triumvirate of classic taste; and Gray's ode on *The death of a cat*—Pope's epic verses on *A lock of hair*, and Swift's *Meditation on a*

*broomstick*, may serve as their companions in modern times. And as we have already seen ingenuity itself seems to have been overtasked in the fabrication of the *titles* of books in early times, as, indeed, it is again becoming in our own; authors of the olden time used to puff their own works, by affixing "*taking titles*" to them; such as *A right merrie and wittie enterlude, verie pleasante to reade*, etc. *A marvellous wittie treatise*, etc. *A delectable, pithie and righte profitable worke*, etc. Addison's *Spectator* proved so successful, that it provoked Johnson to adopt *The Idler* and *Rambler*. A very amusing blunder was committed by a certain French critic, who, notwithstanding the conventional use of the term, rendered it *Le Chevalier Errant*, and who, afterwards, on meeting with the "Colossus of English literature," addressed him with the astounding and *complimentary* epithet of Mr. *Vagabond*!

A pamphlet, published in 1703, had the following strange title:—*The Deformitie of Sin Cured*, a sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked Lane*, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Mathew Denton, at the *Crooked Billet*, near *Cripplegate*, and by all booksellers. The words of the text are, "Every *crooked* path shall be made straight." The Prince, before whom it was delivered, was *deformed* in person!

Many adopted allegorical titles. In theological works these were most frequent—such as "The Heart of Aaron," "The Bones of Joseph," "The Garden of Nuts," and a host of others, even less allowable, might be adduced: as, "*A fan to drive away flies*," a treatise on purgatory;—*The shop of the spiritual apothecary*, *Matches lighted by divine fire*, *The gun of penitence*, etc. One of famous Puritan memory, Sir Humphrey Lind, published a book, which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled, *A pair of spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind*;—the doughty knight retorted by, *A case for Sir Humphrey Lind's spectacles*. Gascoigne's title page is no less quaint than copious: "A hundred sundrie flowres bounde vp in one small poesie: gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and

others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitfull orchardes in England: yielding sundrie and divers swete savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers." It is fortunate for these laborious scribes that they lived in times when they found readers courageous enough to venture beyond their titles.

But as we have elsewhere cited some of these oddities, we proceed to notice those foibles and frailties of the learned, which present a prolific theme for our contemplation; in some instances these are traceable to physical causes, superinduced by their peculiar habits and pursuits, and in others, not unfrequently to the neglect which their seclusion and overwrought sensibilities provoked from their cotemporaries. All the devotees of the pen are more or less the victims of nervous debility caused by their habits of excessive mental effort. Thus, to overtask the powers of the intellect, it is reasonable to expect, will as naturally tend to enervate them, as we find the like exertion of the bodily functions resulting in lassitude and fatigue. Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself on this equivocal state between actual health and disease: "I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured;" yet this powerful writer was never so great as when he was in this gloomy state: he then exhibited most of the vast opulence and gigantic energy of his intellect, as well as his delicate analysis of the secret sensibilities of the heart, as portions of his correspondence sufficiently evince. This feeling of physical languor and ennui, made the author of the *Castle of Indolence*, so indolent himself, that he was reluctant to rise from his bed; and when once remonstrated against the practice by a friend, replied, "Troth, mon, I see nae motive for rising." He was so excessively lazy, that he once was seen to be eating fruit from a peach tree, as it grew, standing with both hands in his pockets. It would be uncharitable, however, to suppose Thomson a fit denizen for the Apragapolis of old, "a city built for those void of business."

Some of the habits and methods of study exhibit curious traits of character. The historian Mezerai studied by candlelight; and so accustomed was he to this use, that even at noon-day, and in the summer too, as if neither the heat nor the light of the burning sun were available for him, he is reported generally to have waited upon his company to the very door with a candle in his hand. When the famous Brindley encountered any extraordinary difficulty in the execution of his mechanical labors, he usually retired to his bed, where he has been known to be ensconced one, two, and even three whole days, till he had acquired *strength* to surmount it; when he would get up and finish his design. This practice contravenes Dr. Whittaker's advice to Mr. Boyce, which ran as follows:—"First, to study always standing; second, never to study in a window; and third, never to go to bed with his feet cold." Pope, besides being an epicure, would sometimes lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for whole days together.

It must be obvious, that indolent ease is as bad in its effects on the health as over-working. Lord Bacon is a case in point, with others, including the three divines, Hervey, Toplady, and Dr. Owen, the last of whom once exclaimed, that he would gladly barter all his learning obtained in bed for his lost health. Euripides studied in a dark cave—Demosthenes at night, and apart from the habitations of men—and the monks of the monastic times, in the hidden cloisters and ascetic cells; but we do not see that a neatly-fitted and convenient library or study offers less immunities to the votaries of science or the muses, than those abodes referred to. Not a few literary men seem to have loved "libations deep;" but we should not, perhaps, regard this species of moral delinquency with a stern vision of modern teetotalism, as the inebriate was not, till modern days, outlawed from the *best* society. Æschylus is said to have been always under the influence of the rosy god when he wrote: it is related, *then* his face looked ferocious—perhaps to this cause may be referred his vigorous imaginativeness. A similar weakness might also be chargeable



on Alcæus, Aristophanes, and others of the classic age. Porson, the eminent Greek scholar, was a great tippler, while Anacreon only feigned the bacchanalian in his writings. In later days, Tasso and Schiller might be classed with the foregoing. Sir William Blackstone was considerably indebted to "good old port" for some of his Commentaries; and even Addison and Byron must also be named, the latter confessing to the world that his poem of Don Juan, was the joint product of genius and gin and water. Without presuming any commentary on such indulgences, we prefer quoting the description of one Prynne, who bequeathed to posterity some forty volumes, for perpetrating one of which he was barbarously doomed to have his ears cropped in the pillory, and was almost suffocated by the immolation of his huge volumes—in which he maintained that it was Pope Alexander VII., who, in the "disguise of a coalman," came over to England and caused the great fire of London, etc. Aubrey says of him, "His manner of studie was thus: he wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches over his eies, which served him for an umbrella to defend his eies from the light; about every three houres, his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and this maintained him till night, when he made a good supper." These are but few of the modes resorted to by literary men to produce mental excitement; many singular contrarieties of disposition they afford us; but we had forgotten Dryden, who used to ply himself with physic and phlebotomy before sitting down to any important work. His fancy would be the least likely to captivate our modern authors, as it must now be obvious to the reading community, we are fast receding from the age of voluntary self-martyrdom.

To what curious extremes their habits of mental abstraction would have led, but for the indulgence of authors in such harmless, though singular pastimes, it is difficult to conjecture. Newton, when once engaged on a mathematical subtlety, would suffer nothing to interrupt his investigations. It is related of him that more

than on one such occasion he kept the dinner waiting three whole hours : and a similar interval also once intervened in the very act of his assuming his nether garments. Morel, the French writer, possessed such devotion to study, that when the fatal sickness of his wife, and shortly afterwards her death, were announced to him, he could not be prevailed upon to resign his pen, but simply replied, " I am very sorry, she was a good woman." And another learned scribe, no less indifferent to connubial claims, actually devoted the whole of his wedding day to his books. Mason, the author of the "Spiritual Treasury," while engaged upon that work, being called upon by a person in business, gave his name and address ; but when the author subsequently referred to the card on which he ought to have written the same, it contained instead the following—Acts, 2 : 2 ! This is about equal to the divine, who for the first time appearing with spectacles which he did not use, as he placed them over his forehead, being met with the observation, " Well, doctor, so you have at last taken to spectacles," replied, " Yes, I found I could not read without them, and wonder I have so long."

Among the pains and penalties of authorship, the critical censorship of the press has had its share. Cumberland once said, " authors should be shelled like the rhinoceros;" but it would be hard, says one, were the linnet, or the nightindale, to cease from warbling, because they cannot sing in a storm. Severe and unmerited criticism has been but too frequently the bane of literature, although, as in the instance of Byron, it has ultimately tended to elicit the nobler development of talent, which otherwise might never have been brought into action. Some writers have been driven mad, and others have actually died of criticism. Hawkesworth was a case of the latter, and Tasso the former. Voltaire called these " dreaded ministers of literary justice," *la canaille de la litterature*, but he, like Pope, suffered retribution at their hands ; and no less remarkable is the fact of the erroneous criticism of some of the learned respecting the productions of other writers.

One memorable case might be named here, which went beyond mere criticism : we refer to that of Count Mazarin, who kept a complete collection of the libels written against him—it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes ; and there have been also more instances than one of unfortunate *writers* of state libels, being compelled to recant them in the most emphatic manner—by eating literally their own words. One occurred at Moscow, where the poor advocate of the liberties of the people paid this most unmerciful penalty of his patriotism. A scaffold being erected in a conspicuous part of the city, with a surgeon on one side, and the knout on the other, our hapless author was compelled to swallow his book, leaf by leaf, neatly rolled up like a lottery ticket—taking what the surgical attendant deemed a suitable quantum at a time for a digestible meal, during three whole days in which he accomplished the humiliating task, to the singular entertainment of the populace he had sought to serve. He, at any rate, could subscribe to the sentiment, that a great book is a great bore.

An amusing anecdote is related of a certain French writer, who, failing to please the critics of his day, by his avowed productions, afterwards resorted to the expedient of publishing three volumes of poetry and essays, as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement ; and the poems of this child of nature—this untutored genius—this inspired son of Vulcan, as he was now called, were immediately and enthusiastically praised, even by the very critics who before repudiated the effusions of the same pen. Byron was condemned, among other crimes, for not having dated his first poems from the purlieu of Grub-street ; and Keats was barbarously attacked in a similar manner, by no less a critic than Gifford—a circumstance to which has been remotely ascribed the premature decease of that gifted poet ; for, on reading the article in question, his feelings became so excited, that he burst a blood-vessel, which induced consumption, of which he died at the age of twenty-four. Moore relates that such also was the effect of the savage attack upon Byron, that

a friend who happened to call on him shortly after he had read it, inquired whether he had received a challenge, such fierce defiance was depicted in his countenance. It was about the same time that the opposite critical organ commenced a paper on Wordsworth's "*Excursion*," with the derisive words—"This will never do; we give him up as altogether incurable and beyond the power of criticism." The sweet sonneteer of Windermere has fortunately outlived the ignorant intolerance of this sapient censor, as he now occupies the highest honors of the temple of fame. Poor Kirke White was another sad instance of literary assassination: when only seventeen he published his volume of poems, in hopes by its sale of procuring sufficient money to enable him to go to college; but he was doomed to the merciless cruelties of an attack in the *Monthly Review*. How grievously the unjust criticism tortured his sensitive mind, may be gathered from his own words: "This *Review*," he says, "goes before me wherever I turn my steps, and is, I verily believe, an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction." Southey kindly consoled and encouraged him to persevere, but wasting disease soon hurried the young poet away, and it was Southey's friendly hand that first gathered his scattered and despised works, and gave them to the world.

The philosophic Newton was far from being invulnerable to the shafts of his critical opponents; for even Whiston, the friend of twenty years, forfeited his favor for all time by a single contradiction; for "No man," says he, "was of a more fearful temper." Whiston farther declares, that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's *Chronology* in his lifetime, as he firmly believed it would have killed him; and it was the expressed opinion of Dr. Bentley, that Locke's thorough refutation of the Bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, actually hastened his end.

Our sympathies become the more deeply enlisted for the penalties of authorship, when we remember the pains with which the pro-

ductions of genius have been accompanied ; and these are not likely to be overrated by the many. Numerous instances are upon record, proving that the emanations of mind have been attended with severe and laborious industry: and we may as well cite a few, perhaps, here.

So scrupulously fastidious was Pope as to nicety of expression, that it is known he seldom committed to the press anything till it had passed under his repeated inspection and revision, sometimes keeping it by him even a year or more for the purpose ; and his publisher, Dodsley, on one occasion deemed it easier to reprint the whole of his corrected proofs than attempt the needed emendations. Thomson, Akenside, Gray, and Cowper, were equally devoted in their elaboration of a line ; and Goldsmith gave seven long years to the perfection of his inimitable production, the *Deserted Village* : producing, on the average, something like three or four lines per diem, which he thought a good day's work. Hume and Robertson were incessantly laboring over their language—the latter used even to write his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which afterwards was again subjected to a final revision.

Many an immortal work, that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind, has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life. Even the most jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of *Gilpin* was written in a state of despondency that bordered upon madness. "I wonder," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." Our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay and vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history, nothing remains but the record of his miseries, and Swift was seldom known to smile. Lord Byron, who

was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods. Hood, the great punster, is another case in point. In fact, an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of his heart.

Burke had all his principal works printed once or twice at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Johnson and Gibbon were exceptions to these, it is true; they wrote spontaneously, and their first draft was the only one they gave to the press: and yet the majesty and beauty of their diction remain, unsurpassed at the present day. The French writers, Rosseau and St. Pierre, carried their scrupulosity to an amusing excess. The former used to write out his new *Heloise* on fine gilt-edged paper, and with the two-fold affection of a lover and a parent, repeatedly rehearsed his effusions to the ravishment of his own delighted ears before sending them to the printer; and the latter transcribed his *Paul and Virginia* no less than nine times, with the view of rendering it as perfect as any mundane thing may be. Sheridan, it has been well observed, watched long and anxiously for a bright idea, and when he was visited with one, he sought to attire it suitably, and afterwards discovered no less assiduity in rewarding it with a glass or two of generous port. Burns was another hard worker with his brain; when his fickle muse jaded, he used to rock himself on a chair, and gaze upon the sky, patiently waiting her inspiration. He was fastidious to a fault in the perfecting of his phrase and rhythm. The same delicate sense characterises Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, and Bulwer, the last of whom used to victimise the printer for seven successive revises. We might swell the list of laborious writers still further, but it is needless; and yet we have not alluded to many who devoted their whole lives to a single production, like Dr. Copland, whose renowned Dictionary of Practical Medicine has already occupied his undivided attention some twenty-five years. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting one more name—that of the erudite, but ill-fated Castell, the author of *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, since it

presents so singular an example of great generosity, combined with the most herculean literary industry. He was literally a martyr to letters, a case of voluntary immolation of himself and his fortune to his darling pursuits. It is impossible to read unmoved his pathetic appeal to Charles II., in which he laments the seventeen years of incredible pains, during which he thought himself idle when he had not devoted sixteen or eighteen hours a day to the Lexicon; that he had expended all his inheritance, (more than twelve thousand pounds); that it had broken his constitution, and left him blind, as well as poor. When this invaluable Polyglott was published, the copies remained unsold on his hands; for the learned Castell had anticipated the curiosity and knowledge of the public by a full century. He had so completely devoted himself to Oriental studies, that they had a very remarkable consequence; for he had totally forgotten his own language, and could scarcely spell a single word. This appears in some of his English letters, preserved by Mr. Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes."

It is supposed that above five hundred of his Lexicons were unsold at the time of his death. They were placed by his niece and executrix in a room at Martin, in Surrey, where for some years they lay at the mercy of the rats; and when they came into the possession of this lady's executors, scarcely one complete volume could be formed out of the remainder, and the whole load of learned rags sold only for seven pounds! A single imperfect copy recently sold for a larger sum.

Pity that the awards of fame should come so laggardly to her true votaries; but so it is. In how many cases has it been proven that the only requitals of transcendent genius have been poverty, dishonor, and sometimes an inglorious end; leaving it to after times to repair the injustice of lordly ignorance and superstitious intolerance. Roger Bacon, the parent of more original discoveries than any of his day, committed this treason against his cotemporaries, and in consequence enlisted their persecution for his crime,

having been twice imprisoned, once for the long period of ten years. To say nothing of his claims to numerous works on the exploded science of alchemy, posterity have yet allowed his title to the discovery of gunpowder and the telescope. We might readily refer to other instances of the kind, even down to the times of Fulton. But where to limit our rambling pen, in dilating upon the misfortunes of authors, is no easy task, the instances that occur are so manifold and marvelous. What shall we say of the cruel and heartless ingratitude shown to the intellectual, magnanimous and humane Bentivoglio, who, when reduced to the extremest distress, caused by his own munificence, was actually refused admission into the very hospital himself had erected.

“ Thus birds for others build the downy nest ;  
 Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest ;  
 Thus bees collect for others honey'd food ;  
 Thus ploughs the patient ox for others' good.”

Prideaux, afterwards bishop of Worcester, was in early life so poor as to be obliged to walk on foot to the university, where he at first obtained a menial situation in the kitchen of Exeter College, which college he did not leave till he became one of its fellows. The two Milners, who wrote the well-known history of the Christian Church, were originally weavers, as was also Dr. White, late regius professor of Arabic. The celebrated John Hunter received scarcely any education until he had attained the age of twenty, and then was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker : yet he became one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived.

Numerous as have been the institutions designed for the relief of the indigent poor, but one is only known to have been erected for the especial benefit of the hapless author ; and this, established by Pope Urban VIII., bore the strangely significant name of the “Retreat of the Incurables,” as if implying that its devotees were deemed irreclaimable alike from the crime of poverty and authorship. To glance adown the stream of time for a moment, we may



mention many memorable cases of the pecuniary discomfiture of literary men, whose names are as valued with us as the precious metals are with the miserly worshipper of mammon. Homer, (if such a personage ever lived,) we are informed, was not only deprived the use of his optics, but was miserably in need of the necessaries of life, and had to rehearse his ballads to the vulgar populace for his meagre subsistence. Plautus, combined, for the convenience of his stomach, the avocations of poet with that of a turner of a mill. Terrence and Boethius died in "durance vile;" Cervantes died for lack of bread; and the well-known author of the "Lusiad," ended his career ignobly in an almshouse. Tasso was subjected to the most humiliating exigencies: on one occasion, having addressed a sonnet to his favorite cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, as he was too poor to buy a candle! Collins' mental derangement and death were superinduced by long neglect; Steele lived in a perpetual state of warfare with bailiffs; and Goldsmith usually suffered similar distractions; Lee, Fielding, Otway, Savage, De Lolme, Butler, Chatterton, Cotton, Anton, Fletcher, Kirke White, Logan, Burns, and others, whose writings emblazon the escutcheon of fame, afford unequivocal evidence of the fact that opulence and authorship are not twin sisters. Rushworth, whose valuable historical collections remained without a printer, was doomed to prison for the balance of his life, a period of six long years; while Boyce was actually found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a wooden skewer, with a pen in his hand.

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
 No generous patron would a dinner give.  
 See him, resolved to clay and turned to dust,  
 Presented with a monumental bust!  
 The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
 He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

A recent instance of the supremacy of poetry over poverty,

may be seen in the case of Cooper, the Chartist. Dr. Croly pronounced his "Prison Rhyme" "the most wonderful effort of intellectual power produced within the past century." Our poet adds his name to the illustrious list of those who have turned a prison into a palace. In his cell in Stafford Jail, what visions of beauty and magnificence, and what ecstasies and raptures have been experienced as a counterbalance against the solitude, silence and suffering consequent upon his incarceration.

Sterne relates the following story of himself: "I happened to be acquainted with a young man who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in Yorkshire: he had just then finished his time, set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the alleys in the city. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

" Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms,  
Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues,  
Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions,  
Memorials on every occasion, Essays on all Subjects, Pamphlets for or against the Ministry, with Sermons upon every text, or for any sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by  
A. B. PHILOLOGER."

"The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications; and at night I used privately to glide into my office to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums; the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject. The ocean of vice and folly that opened itself to my view during the period I continued in this odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized a small sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene."

Bloomfield, the pastoral poet, by dint of working, acquired a bed of his own, and hired a room up one pair of stairs, at No. 14 Bell Alley. It was while living here that he sent the manuscript

of "The Farmer's Boy" to Mr. Capel Loft, who was so delighted with it that he undertook all the charges of publishing. Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published. Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem "The Wanderer," which had occupied him several years, for ten pounds. Even the great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing of it on his own account: and Otway, a dramatic poet of the first class, is known to have perished of hunger. Defoe, author of two hundred books and pamphlets, died insolvent. Sheridan and his wife had to write for their daily "leg of mutton,"—a *joint* concern, although a very slender one.

" Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;  
 All at her work the village maiden sings,  
 Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,  
 Resolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

" And thus it happens that the poet, rich in his poverty, carries with him sweet grapes to quench his thirst, and greenest trees to shelter his repose. The stormy day is better for him than the calm. We are told by naturalists that birds of paradise fly best against the wind; it drifts behind them the gorgeous train of feathers, which only entangle their flight with the gale. Pure imagination, of which the loveliest of winged creatures is the fitting emblem, seems always to gain a vigor and grace by the tempests it encounters, and in contrary winds to show the brightest plumage."\*

Even Dryden sunk into neglect in his old age, having died in a garret, in an obscure corner of London; being visited by a friend in his last moments, who commiserated his situation, he replied, "You feel and weep for my sufferings, but never mind, the pang

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\* Willmott.

will soon be all over." Chatterton, in Brooke street, starved two days before he cut his throat ; Dr. Johnson was once found in the most desponding hopelessness in a garret, destitute even of ink and paper with which to transcribe his lucubrations. When Goldsmith had nearly completed his "Vicar," his landlady one day surprised him by a demand for his board and lodging ; and on his declaring his utter inability to meet it, she proposed to cancel her claim on his becoming her spouse ; this the timely arrival of Johnson prevented, as he aided him in the liquidation of the debt. Dr. Johnson relates with infinite humor the circumstance of his rescuing Goldsmith from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase money of his "Vicar of Wakefield," which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, it is thought, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady, for board and lodging, of some few pounds, and was at his wits' end how to wipe off the score, and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield," but seemed to be without any plan or even hope of raising money upon the disposal of it. When Johnson cast his eye upon it he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her clutches.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the hapless destiny of genius. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers, and one of the most honest men of his time, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture

out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable. After bequeathing all his worldly substance to the discharge of his debts, he goes on thus :

“But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase money should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society ; so that if I could not, while living, at least when dead I may be useful.”

That is “honest to the back-bone” at any rate.

In our own times, how many sad instances of poverty being the inheritance of poets, occur to the memory?—the great “poet of the poor,” Ebenezer Elliott, followed the calling of an iron-monger ; Clare that of a common day-laborer ; Hogg was a shepherd-boy ; Miller a basket-maker ; Kirk White originally carried out the basket of the butcher, which he afterwards exchanged for the hosier’s loom.

D’Israeli has a prolific chapter on this subject ; among their other misfortunes, he collates the following cases of incarceration of authors ; his object, however, being to show that their imprisonment rather promoted than retarded the progress of their studies. It was while immured within the gloomy walls of a dungeon that Bœthius composed his well-known “Consolations of Philosophy,” Grotius wrote his “Commentary on St. Matthew,” and Buchanan his excellent “Paraphrases.” The renowned Cervantes, in *Barbary*, and “Fleta,” written in the “*Fleet*,” afford similar proofs ; the name of the *place*, though not of the *author*, having been preserved, in commemoration of the fact ; while another work, “Fleta Minor,” or “the laws of art and nature in knowing the bodies of metals,” by Petters, 1683, derived also its title from the circumstance of its having been translated from the German during the author’s confinement in this prison. Louis XII., and Margaret, consort of Henry IV. of France, as well as Charles I. of England, made good use of the pen under similar circumstances

—the latter having indited his well-known *Eikon Basilike*, or the Royal Image, the authorship of which has given rise to so much curious speculation among the learned. Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which are said never to have been equalled after her enlargement; and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment, produced many pleasing poetic compositions, one of which, her Last Prayer, we transcribe for the sake of its plaintive melody and beauty. It was written originally in Latin; we append an English rendering of it, for the benefit of those who prefer a vernacular version :

“ Oh ! Domine Deus,  
Speravi in te—  
Oh ! carime Jesu,  
Nunc libera me.  
In durâ catenâ,  
In miserâ pœnâ  
Desidero te.  
Languendo, gemendo,  
Et genuflectendo,  
Adoro, imploro  
Ut liberés me !”

“ Oh ! my God and my Lord,  
I have trusted in thee ;  
Oh ! Jesu, my Love,  
Now liberate me.  
In my enemies' power,  
In affliction's sad hour  
I languish for thee.  
In sorrowing, weeping,  
And bending the knee,  
I adore and implore thee  
To liberate me !”

In glancing over the story of many a literary life, how touching are its appeals to our own sympathy ! Who can read the above without feeling their force ? It is not every one who has philosophy enough to abide the impudent reply made to the learned Frenchman, Treret, who, on being summarily taken from his sick-bed to the Bastile, after patiently submitting for several weeks to his “durance vile,” on inquiring for what offence he was so treated, received from his officer the following heartless and insolent response : “ Sir, I think you have a deal of curiosity !” Every one has read the history and woes of Silvio Pellico, the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, and other renowned Italian tragedies, whose love of poetry survived so many years of his gloomy incarceration.

Sir Walter Raleigh's memorable "History of the World," although unfinished, remains a noble monument of his learning, industry, and indomitable perseverance, under circumstances so apparently adverse to the cultivation of letters as those in which he was placed, during the gloomy lapse of his eleven years' imprisonment. We might also cite numerous others; but two more names must suffice; they are of equal celebrity—both being remarkable instances of high genius, although remotely opposite in character. We refer to Voltaire and Bunyan, the former, who, while in the Bastile, sketched the plan and partly completed his *Henriade*; and the latter, who, during his cruel incarceration, in Bedford jail, produced his world renowned *Pilgrim's Progress*. And how many more, like McDiarmid, have exhibited the sad combination of genius allied to abject poverty? who, as D'Israeli relates, while engaged upon his "System of Military Defence," became so study-worn and emaciated that his hollow eyes seemed like dim lamps shining in the tomb. His entire life was, indeed, one continuous strife with the fell spoiler; often the day passed cheerfully without its meal, but never without its page!

An enthusiastic temperament is also often the accompaniment of genius—a feature of character that renders it the easy victim of delusion and credulity. Numerous instances might be adduced in proof. Sir Isaac Newton was half inoculated with the absurdities of judicial astrology. Dr. Johnson was proverbially superstitious. What curious paradoxes may be seen between the writings and actions of the same men. Hobbes, the deist, was a most devout believer in ghosts and spiritual existences. Locke, the matter-of-fact philosopher, was an inordinate reader of romance, and revelled in works of fiction. And too truly has the character of the great Francis Verulam been depicted as "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind!"

Turn we for a moment to the domestic peculiarities of the learned, we shall find no less abundant evidence of the verity of their true designation—*genus irritabile*. Johnson evinced his ner-

vous irritability by biting his nails to the very quick. Another worthy but eccentric bibliopole, William Coke, of Leith, who died some dozen years since, presents also a singular instance of a quick and irritable temperament; although we may scarcely wonder at his case, he having given us, if not an all-sufficient, at any rate, a somewhat ludicrous *clue* to his malady, for he was actually caught one day *rubbing his head in whiskey!*—no marvel that he was *hot-headed*. Others again indulged strange vagaries and humors;—such as Menage, who, while science covered his head with laurels, used to cover his feet with several pairs of stockings. Pope used to brace himself up with corsets. It is related that Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, used to divert himself with pelting spiders. He seldom left his books, for he usually ate, drank and slept among them; thus imitating the domestic propensities for his favorites. Sir Walter Scott entertained an absurd opinion that his poetic vein never flowed happy except between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes; he was accustomed to rise at four, and walk about his room in a state of nudity, calling it his air-breath. Rousseau, when doomed to the company of the common-place, occupied himself with knitting lace strings, which he evidently preferred to long yarns. Bloomfield wrote his *Farmer's Boy* with chalk upon the top of a pair of bellows—a wind instrument, till then a novelty in the choir of the Muses. The author, it is thus evident, is both more at ease and more to advantage in his study than anywhere else; and it is not surprising that we find him covet this seclusive retreat, and indulge his predilection sometimes at the expense of the rules of etiquette and courtesy.

Montesquien's complaining epistle to a friend, affords evidence of this, where he intimates that the frequent and protracted visits of certain intruders caused much detriment to the progress of his works. Another scribe was so avaricious of his time, that his frequent appeals proving unavailing, he caused to be inscribed over the door of his study the inviting announcement, that who-



ever remained there must join in his labors. Melancthon, like Evelyn, was so chary of his time allotted to study, that he would note the intervals wasted by intrusive visitants, in order to redeem them from the hours devoted to repose. Others have been driven to the forlorn expedient of escaping from their window, being so hedged in by their considerate friends, as to be allowed of no more convenient egress; and Boyle, actually had to resort to the advertising columns of a newspaper, to secure exemption from similar annoyances. A few words touching the connubial infelicities of the learned will bring our chapter to a close. That there have existed some renowned in the annals of literature, who, like Budæus, enjoyed the singular good fortune to retain the full measure of matrimonial happiness, conjoined with the pleasures of literary pursuits, cannot be denied; but it may be doubted whether these do not form exceptions to rule. This great writer found in his wife an invaluable assistant in his arduous studies; ever at his side, assiduously collating, comparing, or transcribing, she contributed essentially to the reduction of his literary toils. In one of his letters he represents himself as married to two wives, one of whom blessed him with pleasant little ones, the other with books. Evelyn was no less felicitous in this respect, for he was indebted for much of his success to his amiable wife, whose refined taste and skill were equal to any emergency; and whose breast was fired with the same passion that inflamed her husband's pen; it was to her ingenious pencil the embellishment to his translation of Lucretius owed its origin. It is also true that many, we might perhaps say the majority of great men, seem to have repudiated matrimony altogether, probably from some premonition of their disqualification for its enjoyments. A host of great names occur to us, presenting an astounding array of sturdy old bachelors, enough to startle the complacency of the most charitable of the fair sex. Michael Angelo, Boyle, Newton, Locke, Bayle, Shenstone, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Pope, Adam Smith, Swift, Thomson, Akenside, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gold-

smith, Gay, Lamb, Washington Irving, *et cum multis aliis*, were all decided for celibacy. Michael Angelo replied to a remonstrance on the subject, that he had espoused his art, and his works were his children. Dr. Radcliffe lived and died unmarried; although within five or six years prior to his decease, he fell desperately in love with a patient of rank, wealth and beauty, triple charms to fascinate even an old bean; but alas for this gallant hero, his suit became non-suited, and to his mortification his rejected addresses were afterwards immortalized by Steele in his "Tattler." Without staying to inquire into the causes which superinduce this anti-social feature of the literary character, it may not be amiss to notice some of its anomalies. For example, Smollett, whose writings are but too frequently found not only prurient, but indelicate, was yet unimpeachable in his morals. La Fontaine wrote fictions, fertile in intrigues, but he is not known to have left one amour on record in which he personally enacted a part. Sir Thomas More, who was a strenuous advocate of free toleration, yet himself became a fierce and bigoted persecutor; and Young, although constantly denouncing a love of preferment, was all his life long secretly pining after it, and, while the most sombrous of poets, was in private life a trifling punster. Cowper, the melancholy and misanthropic, perpetrated, that laughter-provoking ballad, Johnny Gilpin; and we find a similar contradictory characteristic in Sterne's whining over a dead donkey, while he proved himself bankrupt in human sympathy and natural affection, beating his wife, and leaving his maternal parent desolate and neglected in her last moments.

Byron's misanthropy, also, was only to be found in his pen; for his moral self seemed a strange compound of vanity and affectation, united with a love of the ludicrous, sarcasm and irony. And poor Hood, the punster, whose master-passion gave melancholy evidence of its absorbing power over him, even at the hour of dissolution,—while his wit was vibrating the national heart, his own suffered from the extremest melancholy. Among the many extem-

pore puns he uttered in his sickness, in describing to a friend his near approach to dissolution, he could not resist his ruling impulse, for he added, "I came so near to death's door, that I heard the creaking of its hinges."

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation, remarks Mr. D'Israeli, to describe the difficulties which some of our most favorite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press. Sterne, when he had finished his first and second volumes of "Tristram Shandy," offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds, but was refused: he came to town with his MSS., and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner, of which neither repented.

"The Rosciad," with all its merit, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success. "Burn's Justice" was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the MS. for a trifle, and now it yields an annual income. Collins burnt his odes before the door of his publisher. The "Essay on Truth," by Dr. Beattie, could find no publisher to purchase it, and was printed by two friends of the author, at their joint expense. "The Historical Connexion of the Old and New Testament," by Shuckford, is also reported to have been seldom inquired after for about twelve months. The MS. of Dr. Prideaux's "Connexion," is well-known to have been offered to five or six of the most eminent booksellers, during the space of at least two years, to no purpose, none of them undertaking to print that excellent work. It lay in obscurity till Archdeacon Echard, the author's friend, strongly recommended it to Tonson. It was purchased, and the publication was very successful. The undertaker of the translation of Rapsin, after a very considerable part of the work had been published, was not a little doubtful of its success, and was strongly inclined to drop the design. It proved at last to be a most profitable literary adventure. It is, perhaps, useful to record, that while the fine compositions of genius, and the elabo-

rate works of erudition, are doomed to encounter these obstacles to fame, and seldom more than slightly remunerated, books of another description are rewarded in a most princely manner: at the recent sale of a bookseller, the copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling-Book" was sold at the enormous price of £2,200, with an annuity of fifty guineas to the author. Like many other works, which have since become classics, Thomson's "*Seasons*" long in vain sought a publisher. Beresford received but £20 for "His Miseries of Human Life," yet the work is said to have ultimately realized £5,000. Shall we infer from this that the booksellers are utterly destitute of critical acumen? On the contrary, while they have been influenced by the prevailing popular taste, they have been usually conspicuous for their liberality to authors, since *they* are their patrons and friends.

"Poetry is," according to Coleridge, "its own exceeding great reward," and this is about all the awards which fall to its votaries. Intellectual endowments are of themselves too costly and rare to be vulgarized by sordid gains. Yet who does not compassionate the privations and poverty of the mighty minds, whose genius has enriched the realm of thought with the bright creations of fancy, or whose patient and laborious studies have revealed to us the great mysteries of science—a wealth so vast, that no pecuniary returns on our part could adequately compensate.





## CITATIONS FROM THE CEMETERIES.

“ Let 's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs ”

THERE is scarcely any subject of more touching interest, or one that awakens a deeper sympathy in the human heart. If we may not hold intercourse with the venerated dead, the mind is instinctively beguiled into a reverie so irresistibly bewitching that we *seem* to share a silent colloquy with our ghostly companions ; and then our thoughts anticipate our own, in musing over their last, long resting place.

“ Man's home is in the grave !  
Here dwell the multitude ; we gaze around,  
We read their monuments, we sigh, and while  
We sigh, we sink.”

The early, though now almost obsolete usage of decking the

graves of the deceased with flowers—a custom observed among the Greeks and Romans, and even down to modern times in many parts of England, Wales and Germany—is fraught with the most delightful associations ; and induces an elevation of sentiment and a poetry of feeling, equally calculated to mollify our grief, and to invest the sepulchre with the kindling emotions of hope and immortality. The epitaph of the founder of Grecian tragedy, the celebrated Sophocles, written by Simonides, proves that such a custom of honoring the illustrious dead then existed :

“ Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid,  
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;  
So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,  
Prove a fit emblem of the lays he sung.”

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful place, than that valley of unfading green and everlasting flowers, where Sadi, the royal Persian poet, is entombed. Hafiz, of the same nation, and scarcely less renowned as a poet, planted with his own hands the cypress under which he directed his body to be entombed, and over which, for ages, his enthusiastic admirers and countrymen scattered roses, and hung chaplets of flowers. “ We adorn graves,” says Evelyn, “ with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.”

These hallowed rites of burial in some of the rural districts of the fatherland have been so exquisitely detailed by Irving in his *Sketch Book*, that it would be presumptuous temerity in us to indulge in such recitals ; yet we may be allowed to attest the faithfulness of his admirable sketches, having been an eye-witness of several such touching scenes in England and South Wales ; and a listener to many a mournful dirge, as the pageantry of death moved noiselessly on.

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“These token flowers that tell  
What words could never speak so well,”

were rendered peculiarly expressive of the circumstances of the deceased ; for example, at the funeral of a young female, the chaplet-wreath of white roses was borne by one of her own sex and age before the corpse, the token of virgin purity and innocence, and afterwards hung over her accustomed seat at the church ; the rose was also sometimes blended with the lily as the emblem of frail mortality ; the red rose for such as had been remarkable for benevolence ; and when it was intended to betoken the hapless loves or sorrows of the departed, the yew and cypress were used. Stanley, the poet, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century, sighs out the following plaintive strain :

“ Yet strew  
Upon my dismal grave  
Such offerings as you have,  
Forsaken cypresse and yew ;  
For kinder flowers can take no birth  
Or growth from such unhappy earth.”

Alas for the unpoetic artificialities of modern innovation, which have preferred to rear the mighty mausoleum, in the stead of these modest and eloquent, though frail memorials of those once loved ; as if, because the sculptured marble were a more enduring monument, it could also embalm the memory of its sacred deposit with the fragrant incense of the flower's sweet breath. The magic lines of Shakspeare apply with singular force and appositeness, when he says,—

“ With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave ; thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine ; whom not to slander,  
Outsweetened not thy breath.”

Where is the heart, in its gushings of sorrow, that would not, as the unbidden tear bedews the sainted grave, yield to such spontaneous offerings of affection, and bind an osier round the sod; but "pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel," says the essayist to whom we have referred, "and becomes chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble." How varied the emotions excited by a visit to the rural cemetery; the noisy turmoil of busy life yields to the peaceful quiescence of the tomb, and we envy not the being whose sensibilities are so obtuse, as to induce in him an abiding preference for the former, without awarding one passing tribute to the memory of the departed. Here are alone to be found a panacea for the many sorrows of human wo; the mother's anguished bosom no longer yearns for her lost idol, and all the hallowed love of kindred, once rifled and dissevered, have passed away in the common companionship of the tomb; while even the "envy, malice, and uncharitableness" of those of sterner mould, are alike hushed in undisturbed harmony and rest. And around a sainted mother's grave what peculiar sanctity seems to hover, investing the hallowed ground with a sacredness and sublimity that irresistibly excite emotions of grateful veneration, compared with which the gorgeous paraphernalia attendant on the funeral obsequies of an Alexander fall upon the heart with sickening disgust. The funeral car of the deceased Emperor, sustained a vaulted golden room, eight cubits in width, and twelve in length; the dome was decorated with rubies, carbuncles and emeralds, and embellished by four historical paintings. Above the chamber, between its ceiling and the roof, the space was occupied by a quadrangular throne of gold, ornamented with figures in relief, to which golden rings were appended, bearing garlands of flowers that were daily renewed. Above the whole was a golden crown, of such huge dimensions that a tall man could stand upright within it; and when the sun's rays fell on it, it shone with inconceivable splendor. In the chamber lay the lifeless body of Alexander, embalmed in aromatics, and enshrined in a coffin of massive gold.



A similar feeling of reverence is awakened as we find ourselves surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead—the great men of past ages—as for instance, the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. And alas! what a humiliating lesson is here taught the eager votaries of human ambition; with the exceptions of Shakspeare and Addison, scarcely any of the memorials of the great founders of our vernacular literature, exceed the simple records of their names, and the duration of their mortal sojourn on the earth. Yet simple as such mementoes are, they appeal more eloquently to the heart than any other, they awaken a deeper sympathy between the living and the dead. This is especially true with respect to the author. We read his history in his works, and fancy almost we share a personal acquaintance with him still.

“Our cathedrals and old churches,” writes Willmott, “grey with the rust of centuries, speak to the heart through the eye. Death is never unlovely, but meets us with the Gospel upon his lips, and the garland of hope upon his forehead. Addison might well delight to pass an afternoon among the tombs of Westminster Abbey. The truest and most cheering eloquence speaks from the grave of piety. The white marble monument of William of Wykeham, is a livelier exhortation to Christian benevolence than a philosophic treatise upon generosity. If we delight to keep green the graves of our poets, who have beguiled with their music the sorrows of life, our feelings become enlivened by purer elevation, when lingering by the sepulchres of those who have ministered to us of the oracles of heavenly wisdom. We call to mind their hallowed example of holy living—their illuminated wisdom, their chastened temper, and their serene and happy exit from a life of sorrow and self-denial, which was to them “a baptism unto immortality.”

The first place of worship in the Acropolis of Athens was the sepulchre of Cecrops. It may be fairly inferred, that the tombs of the Athenians were the origin of their temples. The epitaph of Virgil, said to have been the product of his own pen, is as follows:

“ Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc  
Parthenope : cecini pascua, rura, duces.”

For its brevity, this epitaph may be regarded as a fair specimen of the Grecian standard of excellence in this species of writing. It may be rendered—“I sang flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave me life; Brundusium death, Naples a grave.” One of the most ancient Greek inscriptions, erected over the warriors at the battle of Potidæa, (432 B. C.,) is still in existence, although in a mutilated state, being among the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum.

Prior to the introduction of the Christian religion into Britain, (A. D. 600,) the Pagans possessed no religious edifices, as the massive Drical remains on Salisbury Plain even to this day bear testimony. We are indebted to the monks for the establishment of the numerous *monasteries* which, in after times, studded the land; and which originated our more modern *churches*. The term *minster* is a corruption from monastery, and originally designated a secret place for prayer. In England, churchyards for burial are not of earlier date than the year 850; and it appears that burial in churches and chapels were unknown till the fifteenth century. The places of inhumation, according to the Roman law, were universally excluded from the precincts of their cities.

Epitaphs were not in vogue in England till the reign of James I.; his mother, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, often amused herself when at the French court in compiling this species of writing. Hearses erected in the church signified a candlestick furnished with different lights, and erected at the head of the cenotaph. They were called in the time of Edward III. *castro doloris*. Moveable hearses were earlier in use: the name, as applied to the vehicle containing the corpse, was adopted in the reign of William and Mary.

“During the middle ages in England,” says Sir Kenelm Digby, “there were no monuments of decoration, corresponding with the heathen philosophy; if at the funerals of great nobles or kings,

there was a more magnificent pageant, it was always ecclesiastical, always monastic—never secular or military.” Yet we find the following brief account of Oliver Cromwell’s funeral in Westminster Abbey, which was attended with great pomp, and which is but little reconcilable to republican notions: “the walls were hung with two hundred and forty escutcheons; ‘the splendid sorrows that did adorn the hearse’ were twenty-six large embossed shields and twenty-four smaller with crowns; sixty badges with his crest; thirty-six scrolls, with mottoes; his effigy, carved and superbly arrayed; a velvet pall which contained eighty yards.” Not long after this event, his grave was rifled with ruthless desecration by the royalists, his body hung in chains, and his head “exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm” for twenty years! How humiliating the transition: the outrage was, however, but a reflex of the tyrannical spirit of the age. In early times, in England, a custom prevailed of arraying the deceased in the most costly and sumptuous ornaments they once possessed; but how infinitely more touching and true to nature are the rural simplicities of an English country funeral, in its demonstrations of grief. We shall now present a few specimens of early monumental inscriptions.

Gough, in his “Sepulchral Monuments,” gives the following curious and early specimen. It is dated 1420, in St. Peter’s Church, at St. Albans:

“ In ye yere of Christ on thousand and four hundryd full trew with four  
and sixtene  
I, Richard Skipwithe, gentyelman in birthe, late fellow of New Inne,  
In my age twenti, on my soul partyed from the bodee in August an  
16th day,  
And now I ly her abyding God’s mercy under this stone in clay,  
Desyryng you that this sal see unto the meyden pray for mee,  
Like as you wold that other for ye shold.”

In St. Martin’s Church, London, the following ingenious composition is inscribed to the memory of a son of mortality, yeleft Florens Caldwell, 1590:

“ Earth goes to Earth treads on Earth as to Earth shall be	}	Earth,	{	As mould to mould, Glittering in gold, Return ne'er should, Goe where he would.
“ Earth upon Earth goes to Earth though on Earth shall from	}	Earth,	{	Consider may, Naked away, Be stout and gay, Passe poore away,

“ Be merciful and charitable,  
Relieve the poore as thou art able;  
A shroud to thy grave  
Is all that thou shalt have!”

Another relic of this species of writing, on an old monument in St. Ann and St. Agnes', London, is equally ingenious, and much more laconic and excellent :

“ Qu    a n    t r i s    d i    c    v u l    s t r a  
      o s    g u i s    t i    r o    u m    n e r e    v i t ”  
H    s a n    c h r i s t i    m i    t    m u    l a

In this distich the last syllable of each word in the upper line is the same as that of each corresponding word in the last line, and is to be found in the centre. It reads thus :

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit  
Hos sanguis christi miro tum munere lavit.

Translated thus :

Those who have felt the serpent's venom'd wound  
In Christ's miraculous blood have healing found.

We meet with many like the preceding, that are admirable in their religious sentiment, but a large majority of the epitaphs, prior and immediately subsequent to the Reformation, are worse than contemptible. Among the attempts at the facetious, take the following :

## ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

“ Here lies John, Duke of Marlborough,  
 Who run the French through and through ;  
 He married Sarah Jennings, spinster,  
 Died at Windsor, and was buried at Westminster.”

In St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London :—

“ Here lies one *More*, and no more than he,  
 One *More*, and *no More!* how can that be?  
 Why one *More*, and no more, may well lie here alone ;  
 But here lies *one More*, and that's more than one !”

## FROM BROOM CHURCHYARD, ENGLAND.

“ God be praised !  
 Here is Mr. DUDLEY, senior,  
 And JANE, his wife, also,  
 Who, whilst living, was his superior :  
 But see what Death can do,  
 Two of his sons also lie here,  
 One Walter, t'other Joe :  
 They all of them went in the year 1510 below.”

In St. Michael's Churchyard, Aberystwith, is another to the memory of David Davies, Blacksmith :

“ My Sledge and Hammer lay reclined,  
 My Bellows, too, have lost their wind,  
 My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,  
 And in the dust my vice is laid ;  
 My coal is spent, my Iron gone,  
 My Nails are drove—my work is done.”

The following epitaph is transcribed from one of the local histories of Cornwall :—

“ Father and Mother and I  
 Lies buried here as under :  
 Father and Mother lies buried here,  
 And I lies buried yonder.”

## FROM CUNWALLOW CHURCHYARD, CORNWALL.

[It may be read either backwards or forwards.]

“ Shall we all die ?  
 We shall die all,  
 All die shall we—  
 Die all we shall.”

In St. Germain's, in the Isle of Man, the following very singular epitaph is yet to be seen, in Latin, over the tomb of Dr. Samuel Rutter, formerly prebendary of Litchfield, and afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man :

“ In this house  
 which I have borrowed from  
 my brethren the worms,  
 lie I,  
 SAMUEL, by Divine permission,  
 Bishop of this island.  
 Stop, reader ;  
 behold, and smile at  
 THE PALACE OF A BISHOP !  
 who died May 30,  
 in the year  
 1653.”

An Hibernian epitaph reads as follows—it is taken from the old churchyard at Belturbet, Ireland :—

“ Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were  
 drowned in their passage from America.  
 Had they both *lived, they would have been buried here !*”

In St. Michael's churchyard, Crooked lane, London, is the following laconic record :

“ Here lieth, wrapped in clay,  
 The body of William Wray ;—  
 I have no more to say !”

The following admonitory voice from a tomb in Thetford church-

yard, Norfolk, will at least be perused with interest by the advocates of the temperance cause :

“ My grandfather lies buried here,  
 My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;  
 My father perished with an inflammation in his eyes,  
 My sister dropt down dead in the Minories :  
 But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,  
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking !  
 Therefore, good people, if you wish to live long,  
 Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything strong.”

With two or three additional specimens of the facetious, we will gladly turn to something exhibiting a graver and better taste. In Selby churchyard, York, is the following attempt at the ludicrous, in memory of one *Miles* :

“ This tombstone is a *Milestone*, hah, how so ?  
 Because, beneath lies *Miles*, who's Miles below.”

Here we have another from the Emerald isle ; mysteriously calculated to suppress all inquisitiveness as to the departed.

“ Here lies Pat Steele .—  
 That's very throe :—  
 Who was he ? what was he ?  
 What's that to you ?”

Over the grave where Shakspeare's dust reposes, is inscribed the following well-known quaint abjuration :

“ Good Friend, For Jesvs' Sake Forbear  
 To Digg the Dvst Enclosed here :  
 Blest Be ye Man yt Spares These Stones,  
 And Cursed Be Him yt Moves My Bones.”

We quote another antique specimen, on a tombstone in the same churchyard (Stratford) :

“ Death creeps abought on hard,  
 And steals abroad on seen,  
 Hur darts are suding, and her arrows keen,  
 Hur strocks are deadly, com they soon or late,  
 When being struck repentance is too late,  
 Death is a minut, full of suding sorrow,  
 Then live to day, as thou may'st dy to morrow.  
 Anno Domony 1690.”

In Handon churchyard, Middlesex, the following inscription to the memory of a certain member of the medical fraternity, who seems at least not to have been indifferent to the good things of life, however great his penchant for drugs :

“ ON THOMAS CROSSFIELD, M. D.  
 “ Beneath this stone, Tom Crossfield lies,  
 Who cares not now who laughs or cries ;  
 He laughed when sober, and when mellow,  
 Was a harum-scarum harmless fellow :  
 He gave to none designed offence,  
 So—‘ *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ’ (!)”

The subjoined is copied from an old churchyard at Llanflantw-  
 thyl, Wales :

“ Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,  
 Who blew the bellows of our church organ ;  
 Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,  
 Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling ;  
 No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,  
 Though he made our old organ give many a blast.  
 No puffer was he, though a capital blower,  
 He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower.”

Byron wrote the following epitaph on John Adams, of South-  
 well, a carrier, who died of drunkenness :

“ John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
 A *carrier* who carried the can to his mouth well ;  
 He carried so much, and he carried so fast.  
 He could carry no more—so was carried at last ;  
 For the liquor he drank being too much for one,  
 He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.”



We close our *comic* selections with the following brief and pithy epitaphs on Drs. Walker and Fuller ; the former, it will be remembered, wrote a work on "English Particles." That to his memory is :

"Here lie Walker's Particles."

And the other reads as followeth :—

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

In the churchyard of St. Anne, Soho, London, is the following curious epitaph on Theodore, King of Corsica ; it is from the pen of Horace Walpole: "Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756 ; immediately after leaving the King's Bench prison, by the benefits of the act of Insolvency ; in consequence he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

"The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings ;  
But Theodore this moral learned, ere dead ;  
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,  
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

The following is the chronicle of an extraordinary character :

"Beneath this stone in sound repose,  
Lies William *Rich*, of Lydeard close ;  
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,  
And likewise children eight times five ;  
Of great grand-children five times four,  
*Rich* born, *rich* bred, yet fate adverse,  
His wealth and fortune did reverse ;—  
He lived and died immensely poor,  
July the tenth, aged nine-four !"

The following is the well-known inscription on the grave-stone of Matthew Proir, written by himself :

“Painters and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior :  
The son of Adam and of Eve ;—  
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher !”

Garrick’s epitaph on Quin, in the Abbey Church, at Bath, has been copied oftener than it has been exceeded. We know of very few entitled to rank in a higher class :—

“The tongue which set the table in a roar,  
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more :  
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,  
Which spake before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ.  
Cold is that hand, which ever was stretched forth,  
At friendship’s call, to succor modest worth.  
Here lies James Quin !—Deign, reader, to be taught,  
Whate’er thy strength of body, force of thought ;  
In Nature’s happiest mould, however cast,  
To this complexion thou must come at last !”

The one on William Hogarth, in Chiswick churchyard, by Garrick, is in excellent taste :

“Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reach’d the noblest point of art ;  
Whose pictur’d morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart !  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth’s honor’d dust lies here.”

Some distinguished men have amused themselves, while living, by inditing epitaphs for themselves. Franklin, and the great lawyer and orientalist, Sir William Jones, have left characteristic performances of this kind in prose.

Turn we to the silent sleeping place of “good old Izaak Walton”—the author of one of the daintiest and pleasantest of books—the *Complete Angler*. It is a book to be enjoyed on the

river's bank, amid luxuriant scenery, such as he describes, with the melodious ditties of birds overhead, and bright skies bending over, and gilding the limped waters beside him. In Silkstede's chapel, situated on the banks of the beautiful Ichen, near the venerable city of Winchester, may be seen the grave of this worthy old angler; it is indicated by a blue stone, with the following lines traced upon it:

“ Here resteth the body of  
MR. IZAAK WALTON  
who died on the 15th of December, 1683.

“ Alas! he's gone before;  
Gone to return no more.  
Our panting breasts aspire  
After their aged sire,  
Whose well-spent life did last  
Full many years and past;  
And now he hath begun  
That which will ne'er be done:  
Crowned with eternal bliss,  
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FELERUNT LIBERI.”

Writing of the cremation of Shelley's body on the sea-shore, Byron says, you can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

The Turks designate the grounds appropriated for the remains of the dead, by the expressive term, “*Cities of Silence*”—a name, which, we learn by oriental travelers, acquires additional force from the vast extent of ground marked by these monumental stones, before he arrives at the abodes of the living. The eloquent author of “*Anastatius*” refers to their curious usages of interment

at the larger Moslem cemeteries of Constantinople and Scutari, caused by the dislike of the Turks to re-open the ground where it is known a corpse has already been deposited. The splendid mosque, called that of Suleiman, at Constantinople, was erected by that monarch as a memorial of the grief experienced for the death of his eldest son, Muhammed. The coffin containing the remains of this prince lies by the side of that of the Sultan Selim, on whose tomb is the proud epitaph—"On this day Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Suleiman." The tombs of other Sultans are also attached to the various mosques which they constructed or embellished. We shall not stay to describe these tombs, but simply remark, that the slabs by which the graves are usually denoted, are perforated with holes, through which beautiful flowers grow and diffuse their fragrance and their leaves around. The grounds are thickly planted with trees, which afford a grateful shade; and were it not for the grotesque turbaned headstones, the effect would inspire deep solemnity. The Turkish females are accustomed to visit the last resting places of their deceased friends on Fridays, on which day they have a conceit that they return to a consciousness of their severed ties. It is curious to observe that the Turks never use a coffin in their burials; indeed much of the distinctive character, or prejudices, of various nations may be gathered from their funeral customs. In the East Indies, previously to consigning their dead to the grave, they dry the corpse by fire: elsewhere they have been disposed of by the more summary process of a watery grave, or been given a prey to wild beasts or vultures.

In Cartmell churchyard, Westmoreland, there is a neat tombstone to the memory of Mr. John Fell, who had been for many years an active surveyor of the turnpike roads from Kirby Kendal to Kirby Ireth. Upon the stone are the following appropriate lines:—

"Reader, doth he not merit well thy praise,  
Whose practice was through life to *mend his ways!*"

The following remarkable epitaph, at the entrance of the church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, erected by a prince named *Silo*, with a very curious Latin inscription, may be read two hundred and seventy ways, by beginning with the capital S in the centre.

SILO PRINCEPS FECIT.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E  
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

On the tomb are inscribed these letters :

H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

Which are the initials of the following Latin words :

Hic Situs est Silo, sit tibi terra levis.

[In English.]

“ Here lies Silo. May the earth lay light on him.”

The epitaph of Michael Drayton, another of the Elizabethan poets, said by some to be the composition of Ben Jonson, and by others to be by Quarles, has also a species of quaint beauty and solemnity which raises it above the ordinary level. It was originally in gilt letters :

“ MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.

A memorable poet of this age,  
Exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glorye,  
A<sup>o</sup>. 1631.

Doe, pious Marble ! let thy readers knowe  
What they and what their children owe  
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy TRUST :  
Protect his memory, and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorye ;  
And when thy ruines shall disclaime  
To be the treasu'rer of his name,  
His name that cannot fade shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.”

Here is a beautiful inscription in the English burying-ground at Bourdeaux.

“ There was a sweet and nameless grace,  
That wander'd o'er her lovely face ;  
And from her pensive eye of blue,  
Was magic in the glance which flew.  
Her hair of soft and gloomy shade,  
In rich luxuriance curling stray'd ;  
But when she spoke, or when she sung,  
Enchantment on her accents hung,  
Where is she now ?—where all must be—  
Sunk in the grave's obscurity.  
Yet never—never slumber'd there  
A mind more pure—a form more fair !”

The great Cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, was consecrated as a public place of sepulture in 1804 : it derived its present name from the favorite confessor to Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon. Within its boundaries formerly stood an establishment belonging to the Jesuits, called the “ *Maison de Mont Louis*,” subsequently, in 1763, on the suppression of the order, the estate was sold, and passing into the hands of the public authorities, it became applied to its present purpose. This cemetery occupies an area of one

hundred acres ; it is laid out in picturesque style ; its beautiful, rich foliage, and funereal flowers, have an effect solemn and deeply imposing, intersected as they are, by its variegated monumental structures ; albeit there are to be seen many painful indications of the mummeries of monkish affectation, and no lack of the silly vanities, and far-fetched conceits which alike disfigure most of the burial-grounds elsewhere.

The chapel, in which funeral ceremonies are performed, is about sixty feet in height ; it is chaste and imposing in its architectural proportions, and is lighted within by a window in the centre of the roof. Of the numerous interesting tombs which decorate these grounds, we can only mention a few. That of Abelard and Heloise represents a Gothic chapel of much beauty.

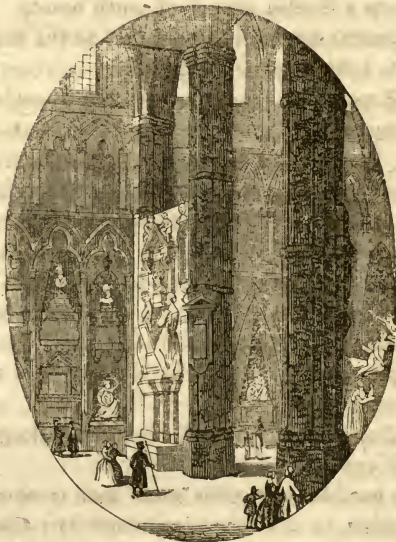
A large monument has been here erected to the memory of the French poet, De Lille, another to the chemist Foucroy, Madame Cottin, the authoress, La Fontaine, Molière, Joseph Bonaparte, Sonnini, the naturalist, St. Pierre, Langes, the Orientalist, Laplace, Cuvier, Denon, Volney, Talma, Haüy, Madame Dufresnoy (called the tenth Muse), and Madame Blanchard, who perished in 1819, by her balloon taking fire. The tomb of the unfortunate Madame Blanchard is surmounted by a globe in flames. On that of La Fontaine sits very composedly a black fox, while two *bas reliefs* in bronze represent, one his fable of the Wolf and Stork, and the other, that of the Wolf and the Lamb. Le Fevre has a magnificent sarcophagus, where two figures of Fame are crowning his bust, and a serpent, the emblem of immortality, encircling his sword ; while Ney, "the bravest of the brave," sleeps unmarked, save by a single cypress.

Some of the humbler memorials more than compensate for the absence of splendor, by their touching simplicity ; take the following specimens :—" *Pauvre Marie ! à 29 ans.*"—" *A ma Mère.*"—" *A mon Père.*" The reader must pardon the sudden transition, but we have another of a totally different character, which we may consider, for want of a better term, the Epitaph *prudential* ; it may

be rendered thus :—“ Here lies N., the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands ; *his disconsolate widow still keeps the fancy shop, Rue Richelieu, No. — !*” And, as a set-off to the above, please take the annexed, from the same cemetery :—

“ Ci git ma femme ; c'est bien,  
Pour son repose, et le mien !”

Much might be written respecting the tombs which are so thickly clustered within the vaulted aisles of Westminster Abbey, and beneath the vast dome of the great metropolitan Cathedral of London. On entering the Abbey at the south-east transept,



called “ Poets’ Corner,” the mind becomes overwhelmed with the stately grandeur and mournful magnificence of the “solemn temple ;” its lofty, gilded roof, its gloomy cloisters, and



“ Storied windows richly dight,  
 ~ Shedding a dim religious light,”

at once fill the mind with a solemn reverence and awe; as you find yourself surrounded with the sainted effigies of the mighty dead. The monument, to the memory of Spencer, originally erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, and having fallen into decay, was restored, in 1768, precisely in its old form :

“ Heare lyes (expecting the second  
 Comminge of our Saviour CHRIST  
 JESUS) the body of Edmond Spencer,  
 The Prince of Poets in his tyme,  
 Whose divine spirit needs noe  
 Other wisse than the works  
 Which he left behind him.  
 He was borne in London, in the yeare 1553,  
 And died in the year 1598.”

Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spencer lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Jonson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried at St. Giles' in the Fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St. Paul's Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edward Waller, in Beaconfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles', Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St. Paul's Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church-yard at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the church-yard of St. Peter's, Dublin; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector;

Thomson, in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's Church, at Chichester; Gray, in the church-yard at Stoke-Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill, in the church-yard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Ayrton, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crosthwaite church, near Keswich.

Passing over the rude figures of abbots in the cloisters, coeval with the time of William of Normandy, we come to St. Edward's Chapel, which is full of very ancient remains; the shrine of King Edward stands nearly in the centre. In the same chapel, a huge marble coffin containing the body of Edward, remarkable as having been opened in 1774, by a deputation of the Society of Antiquarians, when the body was found in a state of complete preservation, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the other of crimson velvet, a sceptre in each hand, a crown on his head, and many jewels still quite bright.

But we must not linger over the numerous ancient relics with which every niche of this vast abbey, and its several chapelries, are so rife. The Poets' Corner is indebted for its renown, less to the sculptor's skill, than the great names to whose memory it has sought to do homage. Pope, although he contributed more epitaphs, than any besides, for others, has no memorial here of his own. It is true he did not always confer these mournful tributes without due consideration for his poetic skill. We remember one instance in which he received twenty guineas for his effusion—a very laconic one, moreover, since it did not exceed as many words, although in this consisted its singular merits. It is as follows :

“ She was,—but words are wanting to say what ;  
Think what a wife should be, and she was that !”

Pope was fond of writing epitaphs. The most valuable is considered to be that on Mrs. Corbet. It is in the north aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster :—

“ Here rests a woman, good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain reason and with sober sense ;  
 No conquest she, but o'er herself desired ;  
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.  
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinced that virtue only is our own.  
 So unaffected, so composed a mind,  
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,  
 Heaven, as its purest gold by tortures tried ;  
 The saint sustained it, but the woman died.”

The character and most prominent discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which we give a translation :

“ Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had ever suspected, that the rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.”

Brief monumental inscriptions are, after all, the most eloquent. What can exceed that of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was the well known architect :

“ Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice !”

and we might add that to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton :

“ Isaacum Newton quem immortalem Testantur tempus, natura, cœlum,  
 mortalem hoc marmor Fatetur !”

One of the simplest epitaphs to be met with, perhaps, is that of Pope Adrian, said to have been written by himself:—

“Adrianus, Papa VI., hic situs est, que nihil sibi  
Infelicius in vita, quam quod imperaret duxit.”

And then, again, that ingenious and striking inscription, at Cracow, on Copernicus, in which the very words of Scripture, which were used as a pretext for the persecution of the great truth he discovered, are employed for his epitaph:—

“Sta, sol, ne moveare.”

Luther's last resting-place is marked by a plain marble slab, at Wirttemberg, bearing, simply, his name in Latin, with the date of his birth and death: also that memorialising that great hero of three revolutions—Lafayette.

Rural funerals in England are indicative of many provincial characteristics: yet they are, for the most part, calculated, from their combination of simplicity and seriousness, to stir the heart. The Scotch discover less of deep feeling, while the Irish evince this to a greater extent; their funeral processions being composed of a long retinue of men, women, and even children, clad in their rude yet variedly picturesque garbs; their stopping at cross-roads, and muttering of prayers, in their deep, slow, and modulated chant, known as the Irish cry, or *ululu*, strike the beholder as something remarkably imposing and effecting. In “the world of London,” it is, of course, far different, where an individual may die without scarcely his next door neighbor being aware of the fact; the usual indication is given by the *mutes*, with their muffled standards at the door. If there is less of real feeling exhibited, there is more of solemn pomp and parade: for instance, a pall is generally borne before the hearse, garnished with nodding plumes, which also deck the hearse itself, and the horses, which are always of a jet black; while the mourners are enveloped in sable cloaks, scarfs, and hat-bands.

The cemetery at Stoke Newington acquires peculiar interest, from the circumstance of its having been formed in Abney Park, where Dr. Watts so frequently strolled during his long residence at the hospitable mansion of Sir Thomas Abney. The west of London, and Westminster cemetery, differs from all the modern burial places around the metropolis. The grounds are very beautifully laid out in the Italian style: its chapel, monuments, and other buildings, are very imposing. The enclosure, in the neighborhood of Highgate, is the North London Cemetery. Its leading feature is a small abbey-like building, with an octangular and ornamental dome. A beautiful window of painted glass, representing the ascension of our Saviour, adorns its extremity. Column, pyramid, sarcophagus, tomb, vase, and sculptured stone, arrest the eye, while a gigantic mound is seen canopied with a goodly cedar; and the beautiful Gothic church crowning the brow of the hill, with its heaven-directed spire, peers above the upper verge of this sainted place of graves. Beauty and death appear, in this lovely spot, to have entered into a compact together; for, while the latter delves freely beneath the soil, the former reigns in undisputed possession of its surface. Art has done much, but nature scarcely less to render this place of sepulture beautiful. Flowers bloom in luxuriant profusion, while the mountain ash, the laburnum, sycamore, acacia, laurel, and rose-tree, all minister to the enchantment of the scene.

In musing over these memorials of the departed, the mind is intuitively impressed with the consciousness of our own mortality, coupled with the heart-inspiring hope of that day when the sleeping dead shall be restored, and our disunited atoms once more assume their wonted form and comeliness. Yes—

“ God formed them from the dust, and He once more  
 Will give them strength and beauty as before,  
 Though strewn as widely as the desert air,  
 As winds can waft them, or the waters bear.”

The grave of the “Dairyman’s Daughter,” in the old church-

yard of the hamlet of Arreton, Isle of Wight, has become endeared to the Christian heart by the magic pen of Legh Richmond. We visited the hallowed spot some years ago. The churchyard and parsonage are approached by one of the most enchanting rural lanes the fancy could conceive. The venerable church is five centuries old. The grave is indicated by a plain marble slab, with the following inscription:

" TO THE MEMORY OF  
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,  
' THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,'  
Who died, May 30, 1801, aged 31 years.

*' She being dead, yet speaketh.'*

Stranger, if e'er by chance or feeling led,  
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,  
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,  
And think of her whose spirit rests with God.  
Lowly her lot on earth; but He, who bore  
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,  
Gave her, His truth and faithfulness to prove,  
The choicest pleasures of His boundless love—  
Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom,  
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb  
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy  
And, love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.  
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,  
But tasted heaven e'en while she linger'd here.  
Oh! happy saint, may we, like thee, be blest—  
In life be faithful, and in death find rest."

This is the sainted shrine of one whose touching life story has been read in almost every language, in the palace and the cottage, shedding the fragrance of a holy religion on the hearts of thousands, and been the means of inciting others to emulate the possession of "a like precious faith."

Bunhill Fields, once known as the Artillery Grounds, in the

City Road, was first leased by the City of London, in 1665, to Dr. Tindall, who converted the grounds into a cemetery for the Dissenters. It is in the vicinity of the celebrated chapel, called the Tabernacle of good old Whitfield, the largest in the metropolis, and it contains an almost incalculable number of bodies; some who repose in its hallowed precincts, will always impart to it the most interesting and endearing associations. There sleep all that was mortal of John Bunyan,\* Dr. Watts, Howe, Bates, and Owen, with others of scarcely less enduring fame.

On a square marble monument, which covers the mortal remains of the world-renowned Christian poet, is the following inscription :

"ISAAC WATTS, D. D.  
November 25, 1748, Aet. 75.  
In uno Jesu Omnia."

How many pilgrim feet have turned towards this last resting-place of the gifted and the good.

A few words now respecting our own cemeteries. At Quincy, Massachusetts, is one of the earliest epitaphs of New England. It is inscribed to the memory of a distinguished clergyman of the olden time, Moses Fiske, who died August 10, 1808.

"Braintree, thy prophet's gone, this tomb inters  
The Rev. Moses Fiske his sacred hearse.  
Adore heaven's praiseful art, that formed the man,  
Who soules, not to himself, but Christ oft won :  
Sailed through the straits with Peter's family,  
Renowned, and Gaius' hospitality,  
Paul's patience, James' prudence, John's sweet love—  
Is landed, entered, cleared, and crowned above!"

In Roxbury churchyard, Massachusetts, we find the following

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\* Though there is nothing on the stone to mark it as a cenotaph, it is believed that Bunyan was not buried in Bunhill Fields, but this is said to be the only monument that was raised to his memory, except that more imperishable one, his immortal work.

quaint lines. They are inscribed to Thomas Dudley, a governor of the colony, who died 1653. æt. 77.

“THOMAS DUDLEY,

Ah! old must die.

A Death's head on your hand, you need not weare,  
 A dying head you on your shoulders beare.  
 You neede not one to mind you, you must dye,  
 You in your name may spell mortalitye.  
 Younge men may dye, but old men these dye must:  
 'Twill not be long before you turne to dust.  
 Before you turne to dust! ah! must! old! dye!  
 What shall younge doe, when old in dust doe lye?  
 When old in dust lye, what New England doe?  
 When old in dust doe lye, its best dye too.”

At Trenton, New Jersey, there may be seen the following beautifully expressive lines, inscribed over the tomb of Mrs. Mary Dunbar, who died in 1808:

“The meed of merit ne'er shall die,  
 Nor modest worth neglected lie.  
 The fame that pious virtue gives,  
 The Memphian monuments outlives.  
 Reader, wouldst thou secure such praise,  
 Go, learn Religion's pleasant ways.”

Another, equally touching, is sculptured on the grave-stone of the Rev. Daniel Little, who died at Kennebunk, in 1801. It is as follows:

“Memento mori! preached his ardent youth,  
 Memento mori! spoke maturer years;  
 Memento mori! sighed his latest breath,  
 Memento mori! now this stone declares!”

Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, at New Haven, Connecticut, lies buried at the church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:



" Born in America, in Europe bred,  
 In Afric traveled, and in Asia wed ;  
 Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.  
 Much good, some ill, he did ; so hope all's even,  
 And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.  
 You that survive, and read this tale, take care,  
 For this most certain exit to prepare,  
 Where blest in peace the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

In Concord, Massachusetts, there is the following remarkable antithetical inscription over one of the sable sons of Africa :

" God wills us free ; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills, God's will be done ! Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died March, 1773, aged 60 years. Though born in a land of slavery, he was born free ; though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave ; till by his honest, though stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his freedom, though not long before his death, the grand tyrant set him on a footing with kings. Though a slave to vice, he practised those virtues without which kings are but slaves."

At Springfield, Massachusetts, is a tombstone to the memory of Mary, wife of Ebenezer Holyoke, who died in 1657, inscribed as follows :

" She yt lyes here, was while she stood,  
 A very glorie of womanhoode :  
 Even here was sowne most pretious dust,  
 Which surely shall rise with the just."

The beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, occupying about twenty acres, presents the most picturesque alternations of hill and valley, whose labyrinthine shades make it the very beau ideal of a place of sepulture. Here repose the ashes of many a sainted name ; and here, too, may be found many a touching record of departed worth : Spurzheim's monument is the first that greets the eye of the visitor as he enters the enclosure. Laurel Hill Cemetery is to Philadelphia what Mount Auburn is to Boston :

its natural and artificial beauties bid fair to rival even those of the first named. Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, has been brought to this necropolis, and a handsome monument erected over his remains. Commodore Hull, also reposes here.

To the lovers of rural beauty, the sequestered shades of Greenwood have an indescribable fascination. The sad solemnity of its associations predisposes the mind for an appreciation of its exceeding loveliness. We pass from the city of the living into the city of the dead, as we would into another and a fairer world. Around us are still spires and towers and palaces, and humble homes, as in the thronged abodes of life, but oh, how silent! and our lips are still, here, as if we felt the presence of their spirits who are sleeping about us; their spirits, which in the beauty of the scene find fit changes for the margin of the river of life immortal.

Standing at the eastern verge of this Necropolis, on Ocean Hill, where the pious Abeel sleeps under a column, in white simplicity reflecting his experience, we look off through Sycamore Grove, and Grassy Dell, and beyond Highland Avenue, to the elevation, where death won so many, long ago, in the battle of Brooklyn; and where now sleep, with their brothers of the revolutionary strife, the heroes who fell in Mexico—all their conflicts ended now, and they in the rest which would be eternal but for that last trumpet which shall startle all the armies to the grand and ultimate review. A more pleasing emotion is awakened as we pause, in that vicinity, by the obelisk which marks the grave of Dr. Forry; or, not far from that, by the temple in which art has gathered her ministers to tell the mournful history of the sudden death of Miss Canda, with whom her friends' best joy and hope went from the world; or, near Sylvan Bluff, by the monument which the artist Catlin has reared over the gentle wife, who for seven years accompanied him on his wild and hazardous journeys in the wilderness, and finally died, some few years ago, in Paris. There are all conditions, all varieties, in death as in life, and the wanderer in Greenwood turns from the graves we have mentioned

to that of the beautiful Indian, *Do-hum-me*, who came to see the white man's palaces, with a delegation of his tribe, living beyond the prairies, and died here, a few years ago. It is down by the margin of Sylvan Lake, and close by it is the modest column erected to "poor MacDonald Clarke," in whose numbers, if there was "more of madness, and more of melancholy," there was also more of genius than glows in the works of some of greater genius.

Barry Cornwall thus beautifully moralizes upon the brevity of life :—

“ We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;  
 We love ; we droop ; we die !  
 Ah ! wherefore do we laugh or weep ?  
 Why do we live or die ?  
 Who knows that secret deep ?  
 Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring  
 Unseen by human eye !  
 Why do the radiant seasons bring  
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?  
 Why do our fond hearts cling  
 To things that die ?

We toil—through pain and wrong ;  
 We fight—and fly ;  
 We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,  
 Stone-dead we lie.  
 O life, is *all* thy song,  
 ‘ Endure and—die ! ’ ”

The grave of our great Washington, at Mount Vernon, is the shrine which the national heart most venerates, yet it is allowed to suffer the spoliation of time.

Jefferson lies in a church-yard at Monticello. The grave is marked by a granite obelisk, eight feet high, and on a piece of marble inserted in its southern face are inscribed the three acts for which he thought he best deserved to be remembered by posterity.

The inscription was found among his papers after his death, in his own handwriting, and is in these words :

“ Here lies buried

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

Author of the Declaration of American Independence,

Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,

And Father of the University of Virginia.

Madison sleeps in a country church-yard : so does Monroe ; so does John Quincy Adams. Jackson slumbers within the groves of the Hermitage, in the tomb erected by himself. General Taylor occupies an unpretending tomb in the public cemetery of Louisville. Aaron Burr's grave is at Princeton, New Jersey, but recently indicated by the erection of a monument. It is surrounded by the monuments of Jonathan Edwards, John Witherspoon, Ashbell Green, and other deceased officers of Princeton College, whereof Burr's father was once president. Calhoun's grave is in St. Philip's church-yard, Charleston.

It is worth while noting a few of the singularities of custom with regard to mourning for the deceased : in Europe as well as in our own country, black is, of course, considered the appropriate habiliment, as representing the eclipse of life, and the darkness of the tomb ; but in China white is used, as expressive of the belief that the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, again, the color is yellow, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers, while blue is sometimes employed in Turkey, to denote the sky as the place of departed spirits, etc. The ancient Scandinavians celebrated the entrance into life with mourning, and the departure out of it with rejoicing : and even in Scotland, the bagpipe and dance were used formerly at the latter ; we find it recorded that a piper officiated thus in Perthshire, as late as 1736. Equally ingenious and curious have been the expedients employed by individuals to secure a lasting memorial, or to defy the ravages of time, in all ages ; from the embalming process of the Egyptians to the modern mode of preventing decomposition by the infusion

of arsenic. Many remarkable things might also be cited, touching the eccentricities of men at, or previous to, their decease, respecting their frail tenement.

At Dorking, in Surrey, we remember visiting the spot on the summit of Box-hill, where a certain mad captain of the British army, ordained by his will that he should be buried head downwards, as his conceit was, that the world was crazy, or upside down, and when he expected to awake again, he thought his position would place him right. At Guy's Hospital, one of its attendant surgeons enjoined it upon his executors to have his body enclosed in a glass coffin, several inches thick, that the students might observe the gradual process of decomposition; and the remains of the so-called prophet, Mahomet, it is known, are poised in mid-air, between earth and heaven, suspended by a magnet: many other absurdities might be added, but it is needless; they proclaim no less truly, if not so manifestly, their folly, as did the illiterate sculptor who, having to inscribe the well-known admonitory line, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," with great self-complacency, presumed to change the last word to suit his purpose, as descriptive of the day of its inscription, and which he rendered as follows: *Sic transit gloria Tuesday (!)* Are we at liberty to add a single reflection deduced from the subject. It is related of the Empress Josephine, that her last words were to the effect that she never caused a single tear to flow: such a record is of itself a monument more enduring to the human heart than all the magnificence of the costly mausoleum, or the gilded shrine; and when the fame of the warrior's prowess shall have been forgotten, or the melodious measures of the poet's muse cease to be sung, the simple, silent appeals of modesty, virtue and heaven-born faith, will far out-live them all; it is over such the sweet lines of Bryant apply:

“ Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
 The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone:  
 And they who near the church-yard's willows stray,  
 And listen in the deepening gloom alone,

---

May think of gentle souls now passed away,  
Like the pure breath into the vast unknown,  
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,  
And gone into the boundless heaven again."

If pausing over some cherished dust, we recall the truth and beauty that once were associated with it, it is only that we may look thence into the future, where all sweet impulses shall be in perfect and perpetual bloom; that we may contrast the life, amid darkness and toil, that is passed, with the life that is to come, dimly seen, far away, by the "delectable mountains."

We close our chapter on these mementoes of mortality with the following impressive passage from the London Eclectic :

"How beautiful is the memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a chastening influence it sheds upon human life! How it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world! How it melts our unkindness, softens our pride, kindling our deepest love, and waking our highest aspirations! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone into the eternal world, with whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed and tranquil hours of existence, and call around him the face, the form, so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye that mirrored not more clearly his own face than the soul which he loves—to listen to the tones which he loves to listen to, the tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his ear since they were hushed to his senses? Is there a spirit to which heaven is not brought nearer, by holding some kindred soul? How friend follows friend into the happy dwelling-place of the dead, till we find at length that they who loved us on the heavenly shore are more than they who dwell among us! Every year witnesses the departure of some one whom we knew and loved; and when we recall the names of all who have been near to us in life, how many of them we see passed into that city which is imperishable.

“The blessed dead! how free from stain is our love for them! The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which was corruptible, and the divine flame in its purity illumines our breast. We have now no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our re-union. We shall find them waiting for us, in their garments of beauty. The glorious dead! how reverently we speak their names! Our hearts are sanctified by their words which we remember. How wise they have now grown in the limitless fields of truth! How joyous they have become by the undying fountains of pleasure! The immortal dead! how unchanging is their love for us! How tenderly they look down upon us, and how closely they surround our being! How earnestly they rebuke the evil of our lives.

“Let men talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear and the longings, the hope, and the terror, and the pain are past: the fruition of life has begun. How unkind, that when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted dead who struggle so in parting from us! why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy a higher love than ours, and their perfected souls might receive even our adoration! By their hearth-side, and by their grave-side, in solitude, and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.”

“ We die and disappear !

Of myriads passed within the veil, but one

Has e'er returned the mystery to clear !

He—God's incarnate Son !

Then was the dark obscure made light,

O'er Death and Grave the victory was won,

And life immortal brought to light !”



## THE SHRINES OF GENIUS.

“More sweet than odors caught by him who sails  
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,—  
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet  
The freight of holy feeling which we meet  
In thoughtful moments, wafted on the gales  
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.”

WORDSWORTH.

“The love  
Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core  
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall  
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous.”—BYRON.

How universal is the influence of association. The home of childhood—however humble—becomes invested with a thousand endearing charms, which cluster around the heart with sweet and enduring tenacity, compared with which, the most ravishing beauties of nature, or glittering blandishments of art, lose all



their witchery and force. This feeling, which seems closely allied to that of consanguinity, love, or friendship, transfers itself to inanimate objects, times, and places, which the presence of those once loved or venerated may have hallowed; thus transforming them into sainted shrines, at which memory loves to be the devoted worshipper. "One of the best secrets of our enjoyment," says Hazlitt, "lies in the art of cultivating pleasant associations." Everything connected with the children of genius awakens universal sympathy;—the places where they have dwelt and labored in thought, which have witnessed their sufferings and mental anguish, and given birth to the brilliant creations of intellect, necessarily acquire a sacredness and an interest unknown to any other.

Says a contemporary,—“The associations of literature are a world of pleasure in themselves. The cultivated mind finds beauty and delight everywhere that its bright presence has lingered; its sympathies will cling to the most barren rock, or the most desolate heath, where the shadow of genius has fallen, and its footsteps have trod. Greece is something more than Greece to him; it is the land of Homer and of song, of Plato and of the Academy, of Phidias and of sculpture. Italy is not so much the seat of the Cæsars, as it is the synonym of the Ciceros and the Virgils; and, more recently, of those great names in art, which have been well said to be the admiration and despair of all modern successors. And so it is still; for the truth is, that from genius embodying itself in literature, there emanates an all-hallowing influence, extending even to the inanimate of nature. Whatever it touches, it consecrates—whatever it breathes upon, it rescues from oblivion; the hamlet, which but for this, would never have looked out from its depth in the greenwood, has risen into the world’s regard, and becomes the Mecca and Medina of many a willing pilgrim. How many have passed the Janiculum hill since the eve of that day on which Tasso received the stroke of death, before the laurel could be wreathed on his brow! How many have stood, in

solemn musing, by the hamlet of Arqua, where the lover of Laura, freed from her ethereal passion, sleeps the unwaking sleep, though still felt to be the pervading spirit of these mountain solitudes. How many have wandered through the streets of Florence, in bootless quest of the localities of Dante and Boccaccio! Nor in our own country is the spell less powerful. Avon! the unconscious witness of the ever-waking fame of its Shakspeare; how sphere-like the music of its waters! how deeply consecrate by the most interesting of associations! Abbotsford! the residence of the northern Aristo; how ceaseless the march of that wondering retinue already begun to traverse its now spiritless halls! The low, thatched Cottage of Burns! has it not echoed the footsteps of many a wrapt admirer of its former inmate? And even the shady retreat of Drummond, and the pastoral solitude of Ramsay, have they not, too, participated in the tribute thus paid to genius, in all ages and climes!"

To begin with a few literary localities,—the first with which we commence, although somewhat inodorous in name, from its having long been considered as synonymous with poverty, wretchedness, and crime,—St. Giles—we might yet mention two names connected with it, rendered immortal in verse,—Chapman, the earliest, and perhaps one of the best translators of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the accomplished wit, poet, and patriot; all that was mortal of whom, reposes in a sepulchre of its parish church. Turn we to another classic ground,—the Borough of Southwark,—in its precincts once stood the well-remembered Globe Theatre, of which Shakspeare was at one time proprietor. Shakspeare's first appearance in public life was as attendant at the door of this theatre, which stood near Bankside. Bankside, Southwark, is also full of interest, from the fact of its being the spot where the great dramatist lived during his stay in London. "Stratford-on-Avon," (the birth-place of Shakspeare, and where he lies entombed,) says an eloquent writer in *Blackwood*, "does not contain the remains of mere English genius; it is the place of pilgrimage

to the entire human race. The names of persons of all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can—

“Rival all but Shakspeare's name below.”

Near the Globe were the Bear-Gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to solace their tender sensibilities with elegant sport—bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived near neighbors with the great dramatist. The mortal remains of Fletcher and Massinger rest within the time-honored walls of St. Saviour's. In this vicinity formerly stood that famous rendezvous of the wits of olden time—the Tabard, whence Chaucer set out with his “Pilgrims” on his route for Canterbury. Here, also, lived and died the contemporary of the latter—Gower.

The favorite resort of the learned of those days,—Raleigh, Spenser, Jonson, Philip Sydney, and others, was the *Mermaid Tavern*, Friday street, Cheapside; here Shakspeare and Jonson used to sharpen each other's wits. Dryden's dwelling was situated in Fetter lane, formerly called Fleur-de-Lis Court: this venerable pile is known to the curious by two grim-looking lions in stone, over the door-way. This spot witnessed most of the poets' toils and sufferings—till they ceased in the quiet of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Johnson's house, in Bolt Court, Fleet street, no longer exists. The accomplished author of the “Pleasures of Memory” relates, that when he was a boy of fourteen, he had a violent desire to see the great lexicographer, who was then the acknowledged head of English literature. He did not know him, nor was he acquainted with any one who had that advantage: and in this emergency he determined to introduce himself, with the hope that the visit of so young an admirer would prove its own excuse. He went accordingly, to Bolt Court; but when he got his hand upon the knocker,

his heart failed him, and he came away, and never renewed the attempt.

Goldsmith has hallowed a dirty spot in London, by his residence there ; it is called Green Arbor Court, Old Bailey. Here Oliver resided in the outset of his career, ere his fame dawned upon the world ; and here he completed his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," and wrote those amusing papers, which were afterwards collected, under the title of "The Citizen of the World." The author was writing his "Inquiry," in a wretched, dirty room, in which there was but one chair ; and when he, from civility, offered it to his visitors himself was obliged to sit in the window. This house was the last in the alley, looking on a descent, known by the name of "Break-neck-stairs."

East Smithfield was the birth-place of that rare poet of the elder school, Spenser. The chequered career of the gentle author of the *Faerie Queene* is familiar to the reader—his residence, Kilcolman Castle, Ireland—its being fired by the populace—his return to England—poverty and disasters, and subsequent death, in an obscure lodging-house in King street, Westminster. His death was more honored than his life ; for, says Camden, his hearse was attended by poets ; and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb—in Westminster Abbey.

Pope awoke to being in a place no less ante-poetic than Lombard street—a street where bankers and money-changers are as rife in that day as now. Pope's residence at Twickenham is well-known ; near his dwelling, the tree may be seen, inscribed with the words, "*Here Pope sung* ;" under whose shelter and shade he produced many of his effusions. He sleeps in the east end of Twickenham church.

John Milton's birth-place was in Bread street, Cheapside, at the "Spread Eagle ;" the house, however, was consumed in the Great Fire of London. Milton was proverbially addicted to changing

his abode; few more noted instances of the kind being upon record. He is believed to have written his "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*" at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; his great epic, at least the earlier portions, were penned at a house at Forest Hill, near Oxford. The poet afterwards resided in a large house in Aldersgate street, London, where he carried on the craft of a schoolmaster, politician, and philosopher. His noble advocacy of liberal opinions, it will be remembered, brought him little fame and less fortune. From this spot he removed to a house in Holborn, facing Lincoln's Inns Fields, thence to lodgings in Scotland Yard, near Whitehall, and finally, to the dwelling, still extant, in Westminster, looking into St. James' Park. Here he lost his sight, which his political opponents ascribed to the anger of Heaven for his abetting the popular cause. The ancient front of this memorable building forms now its back, and overlooks the fine garden of the late Jeremy Bentham. Near the top of this ancient front is a stone, bearing this inscription—

“Sacred to Milton, the prince of poets.”

This memento was put up by Hazlitt, who rented the house for some years, solely because it was once the abode of John Milton. Lest any tourist should be in quest of its *locale*, we will add, it stands in York street, west of Westminster Abbey, No. 19. At the commencement of the Plague, Milton lived in Bunhill Fields; he soon removed to the residence of a wealthy Quaker at Chalfont, at which place he doubtless dictated his "*Paradise Regained*," to his then wife, Elizabeth Minshall. The poet's last house—"the narrow house appointed for all living"—was a grave in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Lord Bacon has bequeathed the memory of his noble genius to Gray's Inn, where he lived and wrote. The corner of Fleet street and Chancery lane witnessed the advent of the poet Cowley. Two renowned painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth, immortalized their art in Leicester square, at the house since called the Sabloniere Hotel.

And again in St. James' square, with its neighborhood, we might mention several illustrious names as its inhabitants: Newton lived in St. Martin's street, on the south side of the square; and Steele, in Bury street. Byron first saw the light in Hollis street, Hanover square; he wrote his "Hours of Idleness" at Newark, his "Siege of Corinth" in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park. Cowper's rural retreat was at Olney, Buckinghamshire. Cave's house, the frequent resort of Johnson and Goldsmith, was at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell—a venerable relic, still extant. At No. 3 Ivy lane, leading to the great book mart, Paternoster row, there was formerly a tavern, frequented by the literati of those days, where, according to the *Spectator*, "was held the *Humdrum Club*, who used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight." Franklin worked at Wall's Printing-house in 1725, situate in Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; he lodged at a house facing the Catholic chapel, in Duke street. At the mention of such associations, how many reflections suggest themselves; but we refrain.

It is worthy of remark, that poets have all loved the rivers! Need we mention the banks of the Doon, or the braes of Yarrow, the lonely retirements of the Duddon, or the streams by which Edmund Spenser walked in his glory, "breathing bright dreams of hope and blessing, and murmuring, as he walked their margin, a music sweeter than their own!"

Alas! the cherished boon has been but too frequently denied to the majority of those who have sought "to build the lofty rhyme," for they have been generally found located in a *lofty* apartment, as if privation and poverty could best propitiate the muse.

Speaking of localities, we ought not to omit the mention of the too notorious Grub street, of poetical memory. "We never think of a garret," says Ryan, in his "Poetry and Poets," "but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poor poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All ideas of the sins of the flesh evaporate on our entrance, for if all the

flesh that ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of opinion that it would not amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness—the cradle and grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it in a sullen smile, or a flood of tears. How venerable does it appear, at least, if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face, its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig, and its numberless 'loopholes of retreat,' for the north wind to peep through and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude; it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intimate connection that genius holds with heaven."

It was in one of these aerial abodes that poor Otway conceived and penned that affecting tragedy, "Venice Preserved;" and also the facetious and witty Butler his "Hudibras," which, while it contributed to the convulsive merriment of the court and all classes of readers, its ill-fated author pined in his solitary attic, under the inconvenient pangs of starvation.

It is grateful to reflect, however, that *all* are not found domiciled in these upper regions. Some, on the contrary, moving among the upper circles of society instead; such as Pliny, in early times, and Voltaire, Pope, Rogers, and others, among the moderns. Others, again, have appeared under the most obscure circumstances, and bounded into notoriety by the force of their genius. Of this class, we might mention Keats, the most "poetical of poets," who was born in a stable at Moorfields, London. The history of this unfortunate yet brilliant writer exhibits a sad picture of the casualties which too frequently befall the devotees of the muse. Repairing to Italy for the recovery of his enfeebled health, he expired in the arms of a friend, in 1820, ere he had attained to the noontide of life. The same may be said of the no

less extraordinary, though erratic poet, Shelley. But the sorrows of both have long since been hushed ;—they sleep “beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding Rome :” and Keats beside him, “under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius.” The latter once said, in anticipation of his near approaching end, that he felt already the daisies growing over him—proving the deep love of poetic beauty which glowed in his heart.

Let us not omit a passing tribute to one of the most promising but ill-fated of the sons of song, poor Chatterton, who, on his arrival from Bristol, vainly struggling against the iron destiny that seemed to crush him—unpitied because unknown, and who immured himself in an obscure apartment in Brook street, Holborn. Here, after some days of starvation, he yielded to the demon of despair, and destroyed himself. We have paid the tribute of a tear at the shrine of his suffering, sorrow, and sin. Poor Chatterton, whom Wordsworth styles

“ The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride !”

He is buried near the workhouse, Shoe Lane, without a stone to point the spot. Wonder his memory should thus suffer desecration, while the magnificent mausoleum is erected to the honor of the titled ignoramus.

In Salisbury Court lived Thomas Sackvill, Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser. Here also resided Richardson, where he kept his printing-office. The Temple is eminently classic in its associations. Crown-office Row, Temple, was the birth-place of Charles Lamb: he styles it in his “*Elia*”—“Cheerful Crown-office Row, place of my kindly engender.” Many illustrious names clustre about these antique buildings. Raleigh, Seldon, Clarendon, Congreve, Wyckerly, Fielding, Burke, Johnson, Cowper, Rowe, Beaumont, Ford and Goldsmith, had chambers here. Then to think of the Boar’s Head, Eastcheap, the rendezvous of the departed worthies, wits and poets of olden times—Addison, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Pope and Butler, the last of whom lived



sometime, and died in Rose street, and was buried in Covent Garden church, where Peter Pindar also lies. Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney, both lived at their mansion on the north side of Leicester Square, at the back of which was Dryden's residence. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died at Holland House, Kensington.



Holland House is rife with historic incidents. The surrounding park includes about three hundred acres, of which sixty-three are laid out as pleasure grounds. Over a rural seat the following couplet is inscribed :

“ Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell  
With me those ‘Pleasures’ that he sang so well.”

It was at Holland House of which he became possessed by marriage, that Addison

“ Taught us how to live ; and, oh ! too high  
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die !”

Abraham Cowley's name is associated with Chertsey and Barn Elms, both in the county of Surrey. The house at Chertsey yet

remains, somewhat modernized. Over the door is a small tablet of stone, on which is inscribed,

“ Here the last accents fell from Cowley’s tongue.”

Close to the pretty lodge leading to Stoke church, and in a well-kept and enclosed garden, is a cenotaph erected to the memory of Gray. From the high bank on which it is placed, we look down into one of those deep lanes so full of beauty, and see pretty ferns growing out of the red sand-stone rocks, with wild violets, strawberries, and other plants intermixed. In another direction, and across a field, is Gray’s church-yard, almost surrounded with high fir-trees covered with ivy, which impart a pleasing gloom in summer to the spot. It is impossible to approach it without feeling that it is a spot calculated to have inspired the poet with those feelings which drew from him his beautiful and well-known “Elegy.” Here he wrote; here he wandered, and here he was buried. But where is his monument? We look for it in vain, either in the church or church-yard. There is, indeed, the tomb of “the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her.” That child was Thomas Gray, the poet. In that same simple tomb his ashes repose, with those of the mother he so affectionately loved.

Ireland claims a passing allusion: if its literary localities are less numerous, they are scarcely less interesting. To begin with the metropolis: there is Glasnevin, with its recollections of Tickell, Addison, Parnell, and the rest of that brilliant circle which there met; there is Swift’s birth-place in Hoey’s Court, and his tomb in St. Patrick’s; there is 12 Dorset street, where Sheridan first drew his breath, and Aungier street, where his biographer, Thomas Moore, was born. And how many a one—even the admirer of her poetry—passes 20 Dawson street, without thinking of Mrs. Hemans; yet in that house the “falcon-hearted dove” folded its wing and fell asleep, and in the vaults of St. Anne’s church, hard by, her mortal remains are laid.

Thompson's natal place was Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland; he removed thence to Southdean, where he is supposed to have indited his justly celebrated "Seasons;" afterwards he repaired to a house near Richmond, in what is called Kew-foot lane. His remains rest in Richmond church where, a brass tablet is erected to his memory. The dwelling-place of the great German poet, Schiller, where he lived and sung, is still extant, situate in the village of Gohlis, Leipsic. The rural cottage stands in a retired nook from the road. Says a modern tourist,—

"It is so modest, so humble, that it hardly seems to dare to look over the tall stone fence and lordly gate, which modern respect and enthusiasm have erected before it. Its narrow face of rude mortar is covered with a creeping vine, and over two little windows, which peep out from under the sharply-slanting roof, catching the rays of the evening's sun, are written the words, 'Schiller's Study.' The gate itself bears the following inscription :

' Here dwelt  
SCHILLER.  
and wrote the Song of Joy,  
in the year  
1785.'

"How simple and touching a moral is here! In poverty, in distress, in want of friends and bread—as yet unrenowned—as yet unpatronized by dukes, and unsolicited by kings—an exile—a stranger,—'here dwelt Schiller, and wrote the Song of Joy!' Blessed be the spirit of poetry, which can thus change sorrow into rejoicing. Next to the glorious hope whose consolation 'passeth all understanding,' this spirit of ideal beauty and happiness—this inward power of investing the outward life and its changing circumstances with hues of light and joy, this is the best gift of God to man. O, let us not despise the poet! His mission is holy and good. He teaches us to see fresh beauty in

the works and ways of God,—to wear the fetters of care more lightly about us, and to find roses in the rockiest path that duty and affliction ever trod.”

Rogers, the poet of two ages, still resides in his elegant mansion at St. James's Place. Barry Cornwall, lives in Harley-street, Cavendish Square; Walter Savage Landor, at Bath; Tennyson, at Twickenham; Carlyle, at Chelsea; and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at his splendid estate, Knebworth Park.

Franklin, lodged in Little Britain, and worked in Palmer's printing office, Bartholomew Close. He also lived at No. 7 Craven street, Strand: and in Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, opposite the Catholic Chapel. The house in which Franklin spent his early days is still extant, it is at the corner of Union and Hanover streets, Boston: a shrine of genius to tempt pilgrim feet. In Gray's Inn, Holborn, lived Pym and Hampden. John Howard spent his youth in Long lane, Smithfield, near Aldersgate street.

It is worthy of remark, that, as in Europe, so is it here in America—our northern cities have been more prolific in great men than any other section of country. Portland, in Maine, may boast of being the birth-place of the following distinguished American writers: Willis, Neal, Longfellow, and others.

Berkshire is also classic soil. In a little study, five feet by four, still pointed out in a wooden house at Stockbridge, Jonathan Edwards wrote his "Treatise on the Will." It stands directly opposite the mansion of the Sedgwick family.

"Bryant," says a contemporary, "must have caught, in these his native woods, that silent love of nature which prompted him to hold communion with her outward forms, and to record the various language which she speaks; while in return he has rendered classic the peak of Monument Mountain, the windings of Green river, and many other scenes less noted, but not a whit less beautiful." He now resides at Roslyn, Long Island.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is the home of Oliver Wendell

Holmes. Within sight of the house of Dr. Holmes, is that of Hermann Melville, the author of "Omoo," and "Typee."

At Lenox, lives Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, whose various tales are well and widely known. Many of them are founded on New England scenes, and one of them at least, the Boy of Mount Rhigi, is directly connected with the lofty mountains, and the Bash Bish waterfall in the southwestern corner of this country. It was here that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler spent so many months of her recent visit to America. G. P. R. James, the novelist, has a beautiful place in Stockbridge, near the Icy Glen.

Not far away is the summer residence of Maunsell B. Field. Hawthorne, resides at Concord.

Bancroft, the American historian, lived during his early days at Round Hill, Northampton; Dana, at Cape Ann, Massachusetts; Prescott's family mansion, rife with historic associations, is at Pepperell, Massachusetts. Cooper's residence was Otsego Hill, Cooperstown, New York; Everett resides in his own house in Summer street, Boston; Emerson at Concord; Longfellow at Craigie house, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Webster lived, died, and now reposes in his dreamless sleep, at Marshfield, Massachusetts; Simms resides on his southern plantation at Woodlands, South Carolina, and Kennedy at Ellicott's Mills, Maryland. Paulding still lives on the banks of the Hudson. Washington Irving, whose classic pen has invested this noble river with the witchery of romance, dwells in a little bijou of a vine-clad cottage—also rife with storied interest—at Sunny Side. The great American Naturalist, Audubon, lived, when not wandering amid the wild prairies of the west, at his beautiful villa at Bloomingdale.

Here we close our notes of the notable localities of the learned, although our list might well be expanded to double its extent.



## THE SELFISH AND THE SOCIAL.

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best ;  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.”

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE question whether man is capable of performing an act of pure disinterestedness, has long since furnished a theme rife with interest to the metaphysician and the moralist. Doubtless the most specious and plausible, as well as popular hypothesis, is that of the negative of the question, which has numbered among its more prominent defenders, Helvetius, Hobbes, and Lord Shaftesbury : the converse of the proposition, has enlisted the zealous advocacy of Hazlitt, who has brought to the discussion of the subject his usual analytic skill, ingenious reasoning, and apt illustration. Without intending to follow implicitly the ratiocinative process pursued by these learned disputants, we shall present a succinct view of the several arguments adduced by the respective writers. A due regard to one's own interest, it is admitted, is a duty of paramount importance—self-preservation is the first law of our being, and Shakspeare endorses the axiom when he says,—

“ Self-love is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.”

But there is certainly no necessity to carry out the rule to such extremes as to infringe upon the social rights of our fellow-men. It is true man is an individualism—a separate existence—a little

world in himself, but it is no less true that he is governed by the same gravitating laws that control the universe. Do not the starry hosts move in harmonious companionship, reciprocating the joyous radiance of their celestial light, and the blushing, many-tinted flowers diffuse around their rich and varied fragrance, mingling their honeyed breath in the glad anthems of their Maker's praise, while the luxuriant foliage of the forest trees bend their leafy branches, and sigh responsive to the whispers of the amorous wind? The fainting flowers drink in with delight the nectared dew, distilled at eventide with grateful, sympathetic joy, and they greet again with ecstatic smiles the dawn of the new-born day. The feathered choristers, as they carol forth their celestial minstrelsy, soar in sweet society as they sing, causing the welkin to resound with the varied strains of their delicious melody. In fine, the innumerable tenants of earth, sea and sky all proclaim to man the heaven-born truth that God is love, and that all the emanations of His beneficence and power are linked together by the golden chains of universal sympathy. On the other hand, such are the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed, that man is necessarily compelled to be, to a certain extent, selfish. If, therefore, it be an admitted truth, that man is the creature of circumstance, it would seem to follow that the characteristic becomes less a crime than a calamity. In civilized society, such is the apocryphal character of the world's charities, that forlorn and friendless indeed is the condition of the unendowed. "Help yourself, and your friends will love you," is the proverbial maxim of mankind, and it assuredly continues in full force at the present day. When the kindly offices of friendship are not required, how lavishly are they proffered, but let the dark shades of adversity gather thickly around us, and how vainly may we wait for the boasted sympathetic aid. The "battle of life" involves a constant struggle for the acquisition of wealth; while in the contest, cupidity, cunning and the caprices of fortune form the leading elements. To enter the lists successfully, a man must be fitly panoplied,—he

must bravely contend for the prize, for should he fall ingloriously in the strife, his fate is sealed, and he is soon trampled upon by the more daring and successful. Brilliant successes await but comparatively few, but in most well-regulated communities, fewer still are denied the necessaries and conveniences of life; and if any, through casualties or disasters, fail of securing these, the arena is still open to their renewed endeavors. The progressive tendency of the social spirit is to fraternize mankind, to equalize the distribution of property; but as at present constituted, the social system is to a great degree divided into the two great classes of the affluent and the poor,—the extremes of which may be seen in the great capital of modern refinement and civilization—London. In England, it is well known, the most sumptuous displays of magnificence and splendor are contrasted by the most appalling instances of the direst destitution and distress: while those whom an iron destiny has placed under its servile conditions are debarred access to the hearts of their opulent masters. The divine axiom, “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” is a precept little known to their refined code, and the benisons of benevolence are terms almost unknown to their polite vocabulary. The pampered and privileged patrician, surrounded by all the appliances of luxury and affluence, is too far removed by the artificial restrictions of caste, to heed the sighing and sorrowing of the suffering children of penury and want. There are, however, a few noble exceptions to this, and joy to the world, their number is on the increase. Nor are instances of public benefaction wanting in our own happy land, for if we have not in our own day a Howard to visit our lazarettos and prisons, we have yet many a self-sacrificing philanthropist seeking to mitigate the wants of the depressed and needy,—men, the noblest of their race, who delight in the luxury of doing good,—

“ Brave conquerors—for such they are,  
That war against their own affections,  
And the huge army of the world’s desires.”



The Deity has not only constituted man a social being, he has also ordained this moral attribute a source of his most exquisite enjoyment ; so that he who possesses a spirit of benevolence in its highest development, is necessarily the happiest of mortals.

“ Soft peace it brings, wherever it arrives,  
It builds our quiet, latent hope revives,  
Lays the rough paths of nature smooth and even,  
And opens in each heart a little heaven.”

Some generous-hearted beings there are who seem to devote their lives, and to derive their principal enjoyment in ministering to the happiness of their kind : these are the joyous spirits that ever

“ Make sunshine in a shady place,”

dispel from the suffering spirit the demon of despair, and reflect the radiance of celestial love all around,—changing the heart’s wilderness of worldly care into a cultured garden of all pleasant things. Says an anonymous writer, “ There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habit, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade.” Despite all efforts to meliorate their condition, however, some people there are who will not consent to be made happy : they find their greatest satisfaction in incessant grumbling, and repining against the decisions of their destiny. Discontent, like a murky cloud impervious to the light of heaven, broods ever upon their darkened horizon,—no matter whether their condition be one of privation or of prosperity, they are alike dissatisfied with their lot.

“ They err who say life it not sweet,  
Though cares are long and pleasures fleet ;  
Though smiles and tears, and sun and storm,  
Still change life’s ever-varying form.  
The mind that looks on things aright,  
Sees through the clouds the deep blue light.”

Cheerfulness is an amulet, a charm to make us permanently con-

tented and happy. "A cheerful man feels well, does well, and loves things which are good ; while he who is always sad, doeth ill in the very sorrow he evinceth." Long-faced, sanctimonious people are generally avoided, and very justly so, for who wishes to partake of their malady ? Whereas, those accustomed to look on the sunny side of life, are ever courted for the genial spirit they diffuse about them.

Says a sprightly writer,—“He who administers medicine to the sad heart, in the shape of wit and humor, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself ! Open, unrestrained merriment, is a safety valve to the heart and disposition. If overburdened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out go the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven. It is a fact beyond dispute, that mirth is as innate in the mind as any other quality that nature has planted there—it only wants cultivation, and the more we cultivate it, the more fruitful it becomes. Mirror-like, the world reflects back to us the picture which we present to its surface. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it—like a sunny landscape ; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness ; and thus chameleon-like, life takes its hue of light or shade from the soul on which it rests, dark or sunny, as the case may be.”

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, “for every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck !” When Fenelon’s library was on fire, “God be praised,” he exclaimed, “that it is not the dwelling of some poor man ! This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

“ A smile on the face and kind words on the tongue,  
Will serve you as passports all nations among ;  
A heart that is cheerful, a spirit that 's free,  
Will carry you bravely o'er life's stormy sea.

Talk not of fortune, talk not of fate—  
We make our own troubles, however we prate !  
This world would be honey where now it is gall,  
Were we but contented and merry withal !

In the midst of our song, in the midst of our cheer,  
We gratefully will our Creator revere ;  
And for ever and aye we 'll the grand secret prize,  
That unless we are merry, we cannot be wise.”

Too many people look upon half the vicissitudes of life as excessive bores ; and simply because, in their limited knowledge, they can see no essential use in a thing, which, for the moment, may cause them temporary annoyance, they unhesitatingly condemn it. But nothing is worthless ; it is only ignorance as to its appropriate use that renders anything of little value. Countless wealth lies hidden in all the creations of God, and every green herb and root contains uncounted riches for the use of man. How true it is, that in the perfect circle of creation, nothing could be spared, for there is design in all things. Man, in his weakness, would crush the myriads of insects that people the air, or fatten on decayed substances. He can see no use in the thistle that springs up spontaneously to mock the indolence of the husbandman ; he questions the wisdom of Divine Providence when the pestilence claimeth its victims, yet he knows not but it sweepeth away a mightier and unknown curse. It has been beautifully said that the foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king ; and doubtless the sailing of a cloud hath Providence for its pilot.

Of all the numerous bores with whom society is afflicted, none is more pestilential than the sour man—the fellow who is always dissatisfied, grumbling, and discontented. He is not satisfied with being uncomfortable himself, but he seeks to spread a shade of

discomfort all around him. If he would be content to confine his mutterings and murmurings to himself, and to maintain a strict seclusion, he might be pardoned and pitied; but when he thrusts his grievances upon society, he then becomes, as Dogberry eloquently observes, "most tolerable, and not to be endured."

"The sour man is always sour; the milk of human kindness in his breast is curdled—there is no sweetness in the acid principle of his composition, nature has given him a *quantum sufficit* of lemon-juice, but has forgotten the saccharine ingredient. He is sour from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; in sunshine and moonlight, twilight and gaslight. When he awakes in the morning, he grumbles because it is time to get up; his coffee is always too hot or too cold; his toast and steak either overdone or underdone; he finds nothing satisfactory in the morning papers; he is always in the opposition, let whatever party be in government. When he goes out he invariably grumbles at the weather; if it is a little cool, he calls it Arctic weather; if it is mild, he compares it to the tropics; if it drizzles, he declares it rains pitchforks, and a gentle breeze is a hurricane."

Those who assume a mournful and sad air, though they differ somewhat from the sour man, are much after the same school, save that the weeping philosopher is generally mourning for himself. He will never set out upon a journey without first fortifying himself, by bringing to mind all the horrible steamboat accidents, and stage-coach tragedies, and dismal robberies, and murders of travelers that have occurred within the last half century. He will thus be prepared to "sup full of horrors on the road."

When the engine whistles on approaching a crossing, he will immediately feel certain of a coming collision, and will screw his body into all manner of impossible shapes to meet it; while the ordinary signal of the engineer's bell, on board the boat, will instantly suggest the explosion of the boiler, and the destruction of all the passengers. The porter who takes his carpet bag will bear the aspect of a highway robber; and the pretty waiting-maid

at the hotel, as she hands him his sugar for the coffee, will be taken for a Lucretia Borgia in disguise, serving him with allopathic doses of arsenic or corrosive sublimate !

The laughing philosopher is the very antipodes of both the specimens referred to. He enjoys everything as he goes along ; he makes fun of every little mistake he encounters on life's pilgrimage ; and a tumble in a stage-coach, or a slip from a rail, are regarded as a matter of course. His flow of spirits never slackens till the tide of life has ceased to ebb ; hence he always appears ten years younger than he actually is. His hair never turns gray, or, at least, seems never to do so ; his step never loses its elasticity ; he trips through life as gaily and unconcernedly as he walks through a quadrille, and succeeds not only in making himself, but every one around him, happy ; and as the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, his philosophy, beyond a doubt, is the only true one. "They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly ; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink !"

Grumbling is said to be a characteristic of the English—a part of his very psychology ; nor is his near kinsman—the Yankee—far removed from the influence of a similar propensity, for he is rarely contented with his present *pecuniary* acquisitions. An opposite disposition is a far wiser one, as well as a happier ; and, since the longer we live in the world, and the more we test the value of mundane friendships, we prove their insincerity ; it is better to be fortified against surprisals and disappointments by cherishing a good opinion of, and maintaining a good acquaintance with—oneself. In the words of a contemporary:—

"You cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment.

Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. Yourself is likewise a jealous friend. If neglected and slighted, it becomes a *bore*, and to be left, even a short time, 'by yourself' is then regarded as actually a cruel penance, as many find when youth, health, or wealth have departed. How important is it then to 'know thyself,' to cultivate thyself, to respect thyself, to love thyself warmly but rationally. A sensible self is the best of guides, for few commit errors but in broad disregard of its admonitions. It tugs continually at the skirt of men to draw them from their cherished vices. It holds up its shadowy finger in warning when you go astray, and it sermonizes sharply on your sins after they have been committed. Our nature is twofold, and its noblest part is the self to which we refer. It stands on the alert to check the excess of the animal impulses, and though it becomes weaker in the fulfillment of its task by repeated disappointments, it is rarely so enfeebled as to be unable to rise up occasionally sheeted and pale, like Richard's victims, to overwhelm the offender with bitter reproaches. Study, therefore, to be on good terms with yourself—it is happiness to be truly pleased with yourself."

A man's life dvested of the social virtues must necessarily be one of wretchedness ; for they constitute as truly and essentially an integral part of his own happiness, as they confer happiness upon those around him : it is suicidal to neglect their cultivation. To yield oneself to the impulsive influences of blind caprice, humor, faction, or zeal, is to contravene self-interest ; since the claims of kindred and the common weal are inseparably connected with our own. Philosophers, however, have sought to urge this principle to an unreasonable extreme, by insisting that the univer-

sal love of our species was but a fuller development of self-love ; and that consequently no act of pure, disinterested benevolence could possibly exist. Magnanimity and courage, as well as philanthropy and patriotism have been classed together under the same category—as merely modifications of this universal self-love. It is the supremacy of wisdom to cherish this passion, or principle, and to submit to its rule under the guidance and authority of reason ; for rightly to estimate life is to value it in proportion to the amount of real good it confers. If happiness be the chief good, and of which all are in diligent pursuit, our reason would teach us, that not in blindly obeying the selfish impulses or passions of our nature should we attain its possession, but by simply submitting our conduct to the arbitration and test of that reason, irrespective of present, personal, or ostensible advantage. Lord Shaftesbury remarks that a great many people pass for very good-natured persons, for no other reason than because they care about nobody but themselves ; and consequently, as nothing annoys them but what touches their own interest, they never irritate themselves unnecessarily about what does not concern them, and seem to be made of the very milk of human kindness. This kind of good-nature is, of course, the most consummate selfishness, partaking, in no small degree, of a love of indolence and exclusive personal indulgence : such individuals are apparently inoffensive and harmless in society, but they are injurious, because in the way. They are drones in the hives of human industry, or if they accumulate, the common weal is little benefitted by their acquisition. Hazlitt has some remarks precisely in point : “ Your good-natured man is, generally speaking, one who does not like to be put out of his way ; and as long as he can help it, that is, till the provocation comes home to himself, will not. He does not create fictitious uneasiness out of the distresses of others ; he does not fret and fume, and make himself uncomfortable about things he cannot mend, and that no way concern him, even if he could : but then there is no one who is more apt to be disconcerted by what puts

him to any personal inconvenience, however trifling ; who is more tenacious of his self-indulgences, however unreasonable ; or who resents more violently any interruption of his ease and comforts—the very trouble he is put to in resenting it being felt as an aggravation of the injury. A person of this character feels no emotions of anger, if you tell him of the devastation of a province, or the massacre of the inhabitants of a town, or the enslaving of a people ; but if his dinner is spoiled, he is thrown into irretrievable consternation and confusion. He thinks nothing can go amiss, as long as he is at his ease, though possibly a pain in his little finger renders him so peevish and impatient that no one can approach his presence.” Such are the protean forms of human life that it is next to impossible for a man to assume the same aspect under its manifold phases, and yet be honest ; a disposition like that we have exhibited, cannot therefore consist with strict moral integrity. Such a jesuitical spirit is indeed far more to be deprecated than its opposite extreme, because of its deceit and hypocrisy. Good-nature, such as has been delineated, has been defined “humanity that costs nothing,” for it incurs no risk of martyrdom in any cause ; while it sacrifices all on the altar of self-interest.

“ Self is the medium least refined of all  
 Through which opinion’s searching beam can fall ;  
 And passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray  
 Will tinge its light, and turn its line astray.”

It is difficult to analyse the true motive which induces the patriot to serve his country’s interest at the seeming expense of his own ; it must be either a pure sentiment of disinterested patriotism, or that of an ardent love of popular renown. The same may be said of the philanthropist, and the pioneer missionary ; the latter, however, is doubtless actuated by the higher convictions of religious obligation. It is possible also for a man to prefer the interests of his friend to his own, from a feeling of pure benevolence ; although history and experience furnish but few



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instances of such exalted virtue. It is contended by writers adverse to the proposition, that this benevolence towards others is always found in proportion to the utility they are likely to be of to the party in return. We thus prefer our fellow-citizens to strangers, our friends to our fellow-citizens, and our family connexions above all: for the more intimate the relationship the more increased is the reflex influence and advantage to be derived. It is further urged that this is equally true irrespective of all collateral or accidental circumstances; if our friend or his family be wealthy, we share the advantages in proportion to his influence and power—or if in poverty, our sympathy and regard are not withdrawn, from the conviction that in the possible contingencies of fortune, we also may ourselves hereafter need succor. They also alledge that our sympathies become enlisted towards the suffering, not from a genuine desire to compassionate their distress, but from the remembrance of having endured the like ourselves, or in proportion to the fear we may cherish of becoming its victims. This is specious reasoning, fallacious and sophistical. The inference above deduced, that benevolence is merely a reflection of self-love, is founded on the assumption that we always feel for others in proportion to the advantage they are of to us—and this assumption is a false one. The argument of Hazlitt may be thus briefly stated—that the habitual or known connection between our own welfare and that of others, is one great source of our attachment to them, is not denied; but to insist that it is the exclusive one, and that benevolence has not a natural basis of its own to rest upon, as well as self-love, is contrary to the dictates of sound reason and human experience. Grant this, and the actual effects which we observe in human life, will follow, from both principles combined: for example, take that purest of all earthly loves—the affection of the mother for her child—it cannot be the effect of the good received or bestowed, or the child's power of conferring benefits, or its standing in need of assistance. Are not the fatigues which the mother undergoes for the child—its helpless condition,

its little vexations, its sufferings from ill-health or accidents, additional claims upon maternal tenderness, and act as so many causes that tend to increase its devotion?

“The domestic fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the heart. The learning of the university may fade from recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature, but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour, is a forgotten waste.”

Again, we not only participate in the successes of our friends, but also in their reverses and trials, not for the reason already assigned, so much as from real regard to their welfare: benevolence is not therefore a mere physical reflection of self-love: it is more the result of moral feeling, or at least a combination with this. It is the nature of compassion or pity, to forget self, in the commiseration of the sufferings of another.

“’Tis a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than where nectarian juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.”

Says Bishop Butler, there are three distinct perceptions, or inward feelings upon sight of persons in distress,—real sorrow or concern for the misery of our fellow-creatures,—some degree of satisfaction from a consciousness of our freedom from that misery,

and, as the mind passes on from one thing to another, it is not unnatural from such an occasion to reflect upon our own liability to the same, or other calamities. The two last frequently accompany the first, but it is the first *only*, which is properly compassion, of which the distressed are objects, and which directly carries us with calmness and thought to their assistance. Any one of these, from various and complicated reasons, may in particular cases prevail over the other two ; and there are, he supposes, instances where the bare sight of distress, without our feeling any compassion for it, may be the occasion of either, or both, of the two latter. Supposing, therefore, that our most generous feelings and actions were so far equivocal, the object only bearing a show of disinterestedness, the secret motive being always selfish, this would be no reason for rejecting the common use of the term disinterested benevolence, which expresses nothing more than an immediate reference of our actions to the good of others, as self-love expresses a conscious reference of them to our own good as means to an end. In other words, self-love can mean only one of these three things ;—the conscious pursuit of our own good as such,—the love of physical pleasure, and aversion to physical pain,—or the gratification derived from our sympathy with others : if all our actions do not proceed from one of these three principles, they are not all resolvable into self-love. The argument is susceptible of varied illustration, did our limits admit of amplification. In conclusion, we would venture to affirm, that as a general rule, there is no exclusive principle of self-love in the human mind, constantly impelling us, as a set purpose, to pursue our own advantage, and nothing but that. That since sympathy and self-love are inconsistent, and we invest man with the attribute of ideas of things out of himself, and to be influenced by them, he must necessarily cease to be a merely selfish agent. He is then under another law and another necessity, and in spite of himself is forced out of the direct line of his own interest, both future and present, by other principles inseparable from his nature

as an intelligent being. Our sympathy, therefore, is not the servile, ready tool of our self-love, but this latter principle is itself subservient to, and overruled by the former,—that is, an attachment to others is a real, independent principle of human action. The only sense, then, in which our sympathy with others can be construed into self-love, must be that the mind is so constituted, that without forethought, or any reflection in itself, or when seeming most occupied with others, it is still governed by the same universal feeling of which it is wholly unconscious; and that we indulge in compassion, only because, and in so far as it coincides with our own immediate gratification. It is doubtless in this sense we are to apply the lines of Pope:—

“Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,  
Another still, and still another speeds;  
Friend, parent, neighbor, first its will embrace;  
His country next—next the whole human race.”

In fine, the argument may be summed up in the Divine requirements, “love thy neighbor as thyself.” In proportion as we subordinate the selfish principle, we accelerate our personal enjoyment. The purest pleasure of life is the consciousness of loving and being beloved.

“Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—  
Whether life of ease or care  
Be the one to me assigned,  
That each coming year may find  
Loving thoughts and gentle words  
Twined within my bosom’s chords,  
And that age may but impart  
Riper freshness to my heart!”



## PLEASURES OF THE PEN.

“OF all writers, the poet,” says Washington Irving, “becomes the most fascinated with his gentle vocation. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful portrayer of Nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet every thing is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by every thing that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then

to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dullness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! What bogs of theological speculations! What dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely-separated heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age."

“ Thorow earth, and waters deepe,  
 The pen by skill doth passe;  
 And featly nyps the worlde’s abuse,  
 And shoes us in a glasse,  
 The vertu and the vice  
 Of every wight alyve;  
 The honey-combe the bee doth make,  
 Is not so sweet in hyve,  
 As are the golden leves  
 That drope from poet’s head;  
 Which doth surmount our common talke,  
 As farre as dross doth lead.”

“ He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature,” says Johnson, “ demonstrably multiplies the inlets of happiness; therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, remembering that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatory to autumnal fruits.” The works of genius are full of magic; rings upon which the genii ever wait; such books, in a pre-eminent sense combine the *utile et dulce*.

“ Books are not seldom talismans and spells.” There is a kind of analogy between the love of certain books, and that of particular individuals,—derived, doubtless, from associations common to all. This feeling often dims the eye of riper years, when it chances to wander again over the favorite pages of our school days,—over

such works as *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Vicar of Wakefield*,—each leaf then brings back from the well-guarded stores of memory the cherished forms, now passed away, of those who shared with us the relish of their first perusal. How tenaciously the pleasant recollection of some choice books will stick to us through life; we feel more than a fraternal love for them. It is not surprising, therefore, that the true devotees of literature and literary pursuits should become the willing, if not eager victims of the passion, in a still stronger degree. If men are characterized by their company, why then may they not be by their choice of books? Doubtless many a dormant genius has received its first impulse and direction from some particular author; and in some cases, to this cause may be primarily ascribed the beneficial and important purposes to which that genius has been applied. Our allusion to that old favorite, *Robinson Crusoe*, reminds us of many illustrious men of letters with whom it became a first and favorite book. Among these might be named Marmontel, Rousseau, Blair, Beattie, Johnson, Chalmers, Scott, Clare, and Charles Lamb; the last of whom, in his confession of the fact, says, "That its deep interest and familiar style, render it alike delightful to all ranks and classes." Johnson also admitted more, adding, he believed "Nobody ever laid down the book without wishing it longer;" and Marmontel's testimony is no less decidedly approving; for he states that *Robinson Crusoe* was the first book he ever read with exquisite pleasure.

"*The Pilgrim's Progress*" is another universal favorite—perhaps the most perfect and picturesque specimen of allegorical writing in any language; the peculiarity of which is its striking versimilitude, imparting to the pure creations of the author's rich, exuberant imagination, the impress of truth. Modern criticism, indeed, has ventured to assign to this work a rank even equal with that of Homer, the sublime epic of Milton, and the mighty genius of the world's great poet! Coleridge, referring to Bunyan's "*Pilgrim*," observes, that "though composed in the lowest

style of English, it is without slang or false grammar. This wonderful work is one of the few which may be read repeatedly and each time with new pleasure. "I read it once," he says; "as a theologian, and let me assure you there is great theological acumen in the work; once with devotional feeling, and once as a poet. I would not have believed beforehand, that Calvanism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors. I know of no book, (the Bible being excepted, as above all comparison,) which, according to my judgment and experience, I could so safely recommend, as teaching and enforcing the whole system of saving truth, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I am convinced that it is incomparably the best summary of evangelical Christianity ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." Little dreamed the poor, despised tinker, what an almost superhuman influence his humble pen was destined to exert in all after time. What an incalculable amount of copies of this production, have been printed in the several languages of the civilized world.

Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the pure fount of song of that "true and gentle poet," Spenser, were the well-known chosen associates of many master minds of old—such as Milton, Shakspeare, Waller, Cowley, etc. Dr. Johnson loved Walton's life of Dr. Donne, and Lady Montague's Letters. He says, according to Boswell, that the reader who does not relish the first named work is no philosopher, and he who does not enjoy the second is no Christian.

Benjamin Franklin says that Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and a work entitled Essays to do Good, were his three favorite books, and those from which he derived the most advantage. Speaking of the last, he states, "When I was a boy, I met this book, which was written, I think, by the father of Dr. Mather, of Boston. It gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin, again,



has been the favorite of many young persons, who have had to thank his sagacious pages and his maxims of industry and economy for their success in life. It is beautiful thus to see wisdom become traditionary. "When at school," writes Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated orientalist, "I read *Paradise Lost*, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. I cannot describe the ardor or various feelings with which I perused, studied, and admired that first-rate work."

Speaking of this sublime production of Milton—a work every body admires, but scarce any body reads—what a vast mine of poetic wealth does it enclose! Fuseli thought the second book of *Paradise Lost* the grandest effort of the human mind, the deep treasures of which appear altogether too massive and gorgeous for the purpose of our modern mercenary and unpoetic age.

Ossian was the favorite of two distinguished characters, who certainly appear very dissimilar in all other respects, except in that of their literary tastes—Napoleon and Dr. Parr. The latter says, "I read Ossian when a boy, and was enamored with it. When at college, I again read Ossian with increased delight. I now, although convinced of the imposture, find pleasure in reading Macpherson." *Hudibras* was a great favorite with Dr. Blair, the theologian.

Chaucer's text book was Aristotle's *Philosophy*: Shelley's *Sophocles*, and Keat's, also—a copy of which was found clasped to his breast when he was drowned. Homer, Virgil and Horace have charmed and inspired a host of illustrious men. Bossuet, the French divine, was once found with Homer on his table, while preparing one of his famous orations, when he exclaimed to his visitor, "I have always Homer beside me when I compose my sermons; for I love to light my lamp at the sun." Hume and Fox both sought their relaxation from severer toil, in luxuriating over the glowing pages of Virgil and Euripides. Burns' first and fondly cherished tome was the *Life of William Wallace*, and his next the *Life of Hannibal*. "Hannibal," says he, "gave my

young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Shakspeare has been the universal favorite of the sons of genius; but the enthusiasm of one humble admirer, Joseph Blacket, the shoemaker poet, is too interesting to be passed over. In his twelfth year, Blacket witnessed Kemble's performance of Richard III. Before this he had neither read nor beheld a play; but thenceforth Shakspeare was his favorite author. "I robbed the pillow of its due," says he, "and in the summer season, would read till the sun had retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In consequence of this close study of Shakspeare, a dramatic tone, observes his biographer, "pervaded the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, backs of letters, shoe-patterns, slips of paper-hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St. Pancras, wherein he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts, yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined."

Hazlitt's pet book was Rousseau's "Confessions." He confesses the intense delight he derived from its perusal at an early age. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was the singular choice of Cobbett.\*

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\* He gives the following account of his first meeting with it:—"When only eleven years old, with three pence in my pocket—my whole fortune—I perceived, at Richmond, in a book-seller's window, this little book, marked, 'Price, three pence.' Its odd title excited my curiosity; I bought it in place of my supper. So impatient was I to examine it, that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, and sat down to read, on the shady side of a hay-stack. The book was so different from anything I had read before—it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some parts of it, still it delighted me beyond measure, and produced, what I have always considered, a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put it into my pocket, and fell asleep beside the stack, till

Thompson's *Seasons* was Bloomfield's favorite selection : it was also Clare's ; and even the celebrated bibliographer, Dr. Dibdin, admits that he enjoyed many quiet readings of the latter, while seated in the deepening glooms of Bagley Wood. He designates the "Castle of Indolence" as one of the most enchanting poems in the language. Lord Byron's greatest favorites were Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, D'Israeli's *Illustrations of the Literary Character*, and Scott's novels. The first work, he says, contains more solid information than any twenty other works ever compiled in the English language ; the second, he says, he read, perhaps, oftener than any, and that it had often been to him a consolation and a pleasure ; of the last named, Scott's novels, he tells us—"I never travel without them ; they are a perfect library in themselves, a perfect literary treasure ; I could read them once a year with fresh pleasure." Johnson confessed that Old Burton was the first book that ever compelled him to rise from his bed earlier than he otherwise wished. How many, like Lord Oxford, have enjoyed the delicious humor of "Don Quixotte?"

Among the pleasures of the pen, may be classed the love of study, and a passion for reading. Says Burton on this head : "Looking about this world of books, I could even live and die among such meditations, and take more delight and true comfort of mind in them, than in all wealth or sport. There is a sweetness, which, as Circe's cup, bewitcheth a student : he cannot leave off, as well may witness those laborious hours, days and nights, spent in their voluminous treatises. So sweet is the delight of study." Richard de Bury was so enamored of his literary collections, that he gave utterance to his love of books, under the title of his "*Philobiblion*."

Good old Bishop Hall thus writes on the pleasure of study :—

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the birds awaked me in the morning ; and then I started off, still reading my little book. I could relish nothing beside ; I carried it about with me wherever I went, till, when about twenty years old, I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the bay of Fundy."

“What a heaven lives the scholar in, that at once, in one close room, can daily converse with all the glorious Martyrs and Fathers!—that can single out, at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, or, who alone is all these, heavenly Augustine; and talk with them, and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, and resolutions. \* \* \*

Let the world condemn us; while we have these delights, we cannot envy them; we cannot wish ourselves other than we are.

\* \* \* Study itself is our life: from which we would not be barred for a world: how much sweeter, then, is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge! in comparison whereof, the soul that hath once tasted it easily contemns all human comfort.

“Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund, if you were not so ignorant: if you did not want knowledge, you would not overlook him that hath it. For me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess *I would as lief be a brute beast, as an ignorant rich man.*”

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reason, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The Scholar, in Chaucer, would rather have

“At his bedde’s head  
A twenty bokes, clothed in blacke and red,  
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,  
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psalterie.”

Holman, of the British navy, who, though wholly blind, produced several amusing books of travels; some years since he returned to England, from a tour of six years in Spain, Portugal, Egypt, etc. His notes of travel were usually put together by any fellow-traveler who would confer the service.

“My great stimulus in writing,” says Shelley, in one of his let-

ters, "is to have the approbation of those who feel kindly towards me." Buffon says, his hours of composition were the most luxurious and delightful of his life. The agonies and raptures of composition are thus described by one who probably experienced both :—

"When happiest fancy has inspired the strain,  
How oft the malice of one luckless word  
Pursues the enthusiast, to the social bound,  
Haunts him, belated, on the silent plains;  
Yet he repines not, if his thoughts stand clear,  
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,  
Fresh as the star that crowns the hour of morn."

The pleasures of writing are among the chief incentives to authorship. There are millions of men, says Byron, who have never written a book, but few who have written only one.

"Literature," says a modern essayist, "has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are *many*; it has also its *social* pleasures, and they are *more*. The Persian poet, Sardi, teaches a moral in one of his apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; *one* satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the *other* filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil, and this application of it."

The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. Who would not like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends, in his favorite grotto; and Sterne, when by his own fireside with his daughter copying, and his wife knitting. He thus portrays the scene :—

"I am scribbling away at my *Tristram*. These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live; it is, in fact, my

hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginative character, that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters."

The domestic history of the amiable Cowper, notwithstanding his abiding melancholy, presents us with some placid and even glowing pictures:—when contemplated seated on his sofa, rehearsing each newly constructed passage to his faithful Mary Unwin.

In their method of economizing time, we find a certain uniformity in the practice of authors and students, of gathering up their spare minutes. Some writers yielding to their pleasing toils over the midnight lamp; others, again, devoting the early dawn of day to the sweet and silent communings of their muse. Says an anonymous writer:—

"The morning has been especially consecrated to study by the example of the Christian scholar. Hackett calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley, or Carew, the 'the mother of honey dews and pearls, which drop upon the paper from the student's pen.' The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an English scholar, who not only lived among his books, but among men. He commonly rose at four o'clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals, his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; at these times, for the most part, he dispatched all those businesses which either his place or others' importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of this time for his study. About the hour of nine at night, he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accord

ingly. 'From this examination, to his study, (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after midnight,) and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest.'

"An acquaintance with the biography of illustrious musicians, proves that they reason incoherently, and with a short sight, who eternally talk of having the path of genius smoothed, and of setting it above circumstances; for the lives of eminent men of this class display the most admirable energies developed, and the most enthusiastic projects brought to bear, purely by the pressure of the very annoyances sought to be removed. Possession of the creative faculty pre-supposes a superiority to adverse circumstances and 'low-thoughted care.'

So it was with Fielding, Goldsmith, Steele, and many others honorable in literature: so also with Handel, Mozart, and Weber, in music; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of nature, by which she contrives to adjust, so equitably, the good and evil in this life. We owe that magnificent oratorio, the "Messiah," and others of his masterly productions, to the author's most adverse circumstances; and it is doubted, whether men of genius generally, would have achieved half as much as they have, had their circumstances in life been more propitious. Sir Walter Scott wrote his "Waverly," however, for love—not of self, but his pen. Not so his subsequent romances. Beaumont was of opinion that a man of genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a traveler in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water.

A word about book-stalls—establishments which, humble in themselves, have been the resort in past days of many a true son of genius. Our collective literary spoils are not exclusively to be found garnishing the shelves of the library, or the bookseller's store; there are sundry other interesting little nooks and corners in the wide world as attractive to the real book-worm as

the honey-pot to bees, where learned personages seek their literary aliment, and with as eager an appetite.

Book-stalls were the cheap literature of a former age. Ben Jonson was probably a haunter of them, when a working bricklayer, he used to be seen with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other. Lackington was a constant frequenter of these lowly depositories of literary wares. The amusing anecdote of his book versus a leg of mutton, which his spouse commissioned him to purchase, his process of reasoning the matter, and final decision in favor of the food intellectual, reveals the first glimpses of his character. Charles Lamb relates a somewhat similar story of his purchase of a folio, "Beaumont and Fletcher," at a book-stall. He had marked it longingly, but was delayed by want of money. He almost daily passed the place to see if the book was still there, fearful lest it should be gone. At length, late one Saturday night, having mustered the necessary sum—thirteen shillings—off he set to the shop, never dreaming of the possibility of its being shut. Finding this the case, and the worthy proprietor gone to his nocturnal repose, he was not yet, however, to be balked of his prey, for he presently commenced a rapping at the door, sufficient to have awakened the seven sleepers. The bookseller came out, at length, in the direst alarm, half-clad, and grumblingly took the thirteen pieces of silver in exchange for the twin dramatists, whom the delighted author carried away in high exultation and rapture.

Stall-readers—a class of porers who don't buy—are as old as the days of John Milton, if not of still more remote origin, for he alludes to such. To quote the phrase of the London Quarterly, "to poor lovers of learning, old and young, these stalls are to the famishing, as tables spread in the wilderness."

An early habit of frequenting book-stalls is never quite overcome, even after one has long become a purchaser in higher fields of literature. Leigh Hunt pleasantly confesses to this weakness, if such it be:



“We still find ourselves halting (says he) at the humblest book-stall, as we used to do when fresh from school. In vain have we got cold feet at it, shivering, wind-beaten sides, and black-fingered gloves. The dusty old siren still delays us, charming with immortal beauty inside her homely attire, and singing songs of old poets. We still find ourselves diving into the sixpenny or threepenny box in spite of eternal disappointment, and running over whole windows of books, which we saw but three days before, for the twentieth time, and of which we could repeat by heart a good third of the titles. Nothing disconcerts us but absolute dirt, or an ill-tempered looking woman. We have ourselves precisely the same habits. Nothing delights us more than to overhaul some dingy tome, and read a chapter gratuitously. Occasionally, when we have opened some very attractive old book, we have stood reading for hours at the stall, lost in a brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and should probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vender of published wisdom offered, in a satirically polite way, to bring us out a chair.—‘Take a chair, sir: you must be tired.’”

How many of the illustrious among the bibliographic fraternity in our own land, as well as in England, date their rise from these young beginnings. The grand recommendation of the book is its economy and accessibility. Those of small means know well how to appreciate all this, who, perhaps, when unable to replenish their slender collections, even on these advantageous terms, may, in the words of Kenyon, console themselves—

“Oh, sweet ’t will be—or hope would so believe—  
 When close round life its fading tints of eve,  
 To turn again our earlier volumes o’er,  
 And love them then, because we’ve loved before, —  
 And inly bless the waning hour that brings  
 A will to lean once more on simple things.  
 If this be weakness, welcome life’s decline;  
 If this be second childhood, be it mine.”

Sometimes rare *specs* are to be met with in the way of black

letter books at these stalls. The veritable book-collectors know this.

Irving observes in his paper on the mutations of literature :

“The fact that every age receives the impress of some peculiar development in its literary taste from its writers, cannot, we think, be denied. If we turn to that age so rife with noble authors—the Elizabethan—we have the distinctive features of terseness and vigor, combined with lofty beauty of imagination—a species of the arabesque in literature, peculiar to its great epoch. Fictitious writing, the drama, and poetry: seem to acquire a certain hue and character from the dominant habits and tastes of the times, in succession, unless, as is sometimes the case, they give form to *new conceptions*, which, in their turn, become extinct, and are usurped by new modes of expression, thought and feeling. The production of Edgeworth, Austin, and Mrs. Sherwood, made way for those of Scott, Bulwer, and James—works of a totally different school. And in poetry, in place of Milton, Quarles, Pope, Dryden, and Cowper, we have had Moore, Byron, and Wordsworth; while instead of Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Wycherley, we have a host of dramatists, who, however much below their grade of merit, yet they differ in many of their essential characteristics. But perhaps the most obvious dissimilarity of style is observable among the essayists and graver writers—in philosophy, science, ethics, and religion, of which the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’—almost the only conspicuous specimen that has descended to us from the wreck of the arch-despoiler—affords a sufficient proof; while the same is seen in the Addisonian school of essayists, compared with our modern Hazlitts and Leigh Hunts. In spite of all mutations, the cadences of the true muse must live still in the sweet echoes that reverberate through the caverns of human thought. The poet’s forms of speech are deathless, for in him

‘Language was a perpetual Orphic song,  
Which ruled, with Doedal harmonie, a throng  
Of thoughts and forms.’”

Let us note some of the curious modes in which writers have indulged their quaint conceits and felicitous thoughts.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the scribes, or rather those whose ambition was not of the most soaring order, used to divert themselves, and rack their inventive powers by torturing and twisting their verses into odd devices and shapes, expressive of the themes they discussed—as might be expected, to the serious detriment of their poetic merit. Many of these fantastic performances were of grotesque or even ludicrous description—such as fans and toilet-glasses and frocks, for love songs ; wine-glasses, bottles and flagons, for drinking songs ; pulpits, altars and tombstones, for religious verses and epitaphs, and even flying angels, Grecian temples and Egyptian Pyramids, for patriotic effusions. We read of one, much renowned in his day for the fabrication of these curious literary wares, yclept Benlowes, styled by his Cambridge contemporaries “the excellently learned.” Of this eccentric knight of the quill Butler has some rather caustic criticisms. He says :

“There is no feat of activity, nor gambols of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebusses, chronograms, etc. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way ; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise made by these utensils ! When he was a captain he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion to the sense of the thing : as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy* ; so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass.”

Specimens of this species of *emblematic* poetry of the seventeenth

century may be familiar to many ; yet we venture to subjoin a modern imitation in our own vernacular, which, we presume, will please not only the general reader, but all patrons of pure water :—

THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ?  
 Who hath contentions ? Who  
 hath wounds without cause ?  
 Who hath redness of eyes ?  
 They that tarry long at the  
 wine ! They that go to  
 seek mixed wine ! Look  
 not thou upon the  
 wine when it is red  
 when it giveth its  
 colour in the  
 CUP ;  
 when it  
 moveth itself  
 aright.  
 At  
 the last  
 it biteth like a  
 serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

The reader will pardon our indulging an extract or two from productions which, for their exquisite melody or ideal beauty, are præeminently poetic : we give the following lines from Suckling's beautiful ode,—

“ Pr'ythee why so pale, fond lover,  
 Pr'ythee why so pale ?” etc.,

has been quoted by Congreve as one of the most excellent in our tongue.

The following, given in Lord Oxford's works by an old English writer, is unquestionably one of the most exquisite and regular odes extant :

“ Only tell her that I love,  
 Leave the rest to her and fate,  
 Some kind planet from above,  
 May perhaps her pity move ;  
 Lovers on their stars must wait,  
 Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh, why should I despair,  
 Mercy's pictured in her eye ;  
 If she once vouchsafe to hear,  
 Welcome hope and welcome fear ;  
 She's too good to let me die,  
 Why, oh, why should I despair.”

The subjoined stanzas also speak for themselves in their delicacy of feeling and refined taste; the author is Samuel Daniel, who lived in the year of grace 1590 :

“ Love is a sickness full of woes,  
 All remedies refusing ;  
 A plant that most with cutting grows,  
 Most barren with best using.  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoyed it sighing cries,  
 Heigh ho !

Love is a torment of the minde,  
 A tempest everlasting ;  
 And Jove hath made it of a kinde,  
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,  
 Heigh ho !”

Coleridge pronounced the following sonnet on *Night*, by the Rev. Blanco White, the finest and most grandly conceived in our language :—

" Mysterious Night! when our first parents knew  
     Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
     Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
 Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,  
     Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
     Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,  
 And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,  
     Within thy beams, O sun? or, who could find,  
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
     That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
 Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—  
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

The favorite lines of Coleridge, on "Youth and Age," cannot fail to be read with pleasure :—

" Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
     Where hope clung feeding like a bee—  
 Both were mine! Life went a maying  
     With Nature, Hope and Poesy,  
     When I was young!  
 When I was young! ah, woeful when!  
 Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
     This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
     How lightly then it flashed along—  
 Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,  
     On winding lakes, and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
     That fear no spite of wind or tide.  
     \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Oh, youth! for years so many and sweet,  
     'T is known that thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
     It cannot be that thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled,  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!

What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone?"

Of the echo-poems, D'Israeli has some amusing specimens: the wit of these performances consisted in the construction of the last syllables, so that on being repeated, as if by an echo, it should convey a separate and pointed meaning. At times, this fancied repetition had an effect corresponding with that of the Irishman's echo, which not merely repeated his sentences, but varied them to make more fun, and even answered them: for when he said—

“How—do—you—do?”

*his* echo replied,

“Pretty—well—I—thank you.”

Another species of literary diversion may be noticed in the curious combinations of words, mostly in Latin, by some of the early writers, in which, however, their wit is less discernible than their patient ingenuity. One of these has calculated that the following verses might be changed in their order, and re-combined in thirty-nine million nine hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred different ways; and that to complete the writing out of this series of combinations, it would occupy a man ninety-one years and forty-nine days, if he wrote at the rate of twelve hundred verses daily. This is the wondrous distich :

“Lex, grex, rex, spes, res, jus, thus, sal, sol bona lux, laus !

Mars, mors, sors, fraus, fœx, styx, nox, crux, pus, mala cis, lis !”

This singular jumble in poetry has been thus rendered into English :

“Law, flocks, king, hopes, riches, right, incense, salt, sun good  
torch, praise to you,

Mars, death, destiny, fraud, impurity, Styx, night, the cross,  
bad humors, and evil power, may you be condemned.”

Among the ingenious pastimes of poets, we must notice the following, which is unique in its way—each word reads the same backwards and forwards :

“ Odo tenet mulum,  
Madidam mappam tenet anna.”

This couplet cost the author, says an old book, a world of foolish labor.

The following Latin verse, which is composed with much ingenuity, affords two very opposite meanings by merely transposing the order of the words :—

“ Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempore longo,  
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet.”

“ Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo,  
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.”

Among our collection of ingenious literary productions, Dean Swift's celebrated Latin puns deserve a place; they will live with the language, for they have never been excelled. This species of composition, consists of Latin words, and allowing for false spelling, and the running the words into each other, contain good sense in English as well as Latin. For example,

“ Apud in is almi de si re,  
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,  
Alo veri findit a gestis,  
His miseri ne ver at restis.”

“ A pudding is all my desire,  
My mistress I never require,  
A lover I find it a jest is,  
His misery never at rest is.”

“ Mollis abuti,  
Has an acuti,  
No lasso finis,  
Omni de armistress,  
Cantu disco ver,  
Meas alo ver ?”

“ Moll is a beauty,  
Has an acute eye,  
No lass so fine is,  
Oh my dear mistress,  
Can't you discover  
Me as a lover ?”

A very learned Frenchman, in conversatioa with Dr. Wallace, of Oxford, about the year 1650, and author of a grammar of the English language written in Latin, after expatiating with the Doctor on the copiousness of the French language, and its richness in derivations and synonymes, produced, by way of illustration, the following four lines on rope-making :



“ Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder un corde ;  
 Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons ill accord ;  
 Mais, si un des cordons de la corde decorde,  
 Le cordon decordand fait decorder la corde.”

To show that the English language was at least equally rich and copious, Dr. Wallace immediately translated the French into as many lines of English, word for word, using the word *twist* to express the French *corde* :

“ When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist ;  
 For the twisting his twist, he three twines doth entwist ;  
 But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,  
 The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.”

Here were verbs, nouns, participles and synonymes to match the French. To show farther the power and versatility of the English, the doctor added the four following lines, which continue the subject :

“ Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,  
 He twirls with his twister the two in a twine ;  
 Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,  
 He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.”

The French funds had been exhausted at the outset. Not so with the English; for Dr. Wallace, pushing his triumph, added yet four other lines, which follow :

“ The twain that in twining before in the twine,  
 As twins were intwisted, he now doth entwine ;  
 ‘Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,  
 He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.”

Dr. Adam Clarke, to whom we are indebted for the record of the preceding trial of skill between the two philologists, adds in conclusion, that “ he questions whether there is another language in the universe capable of such a variety of flections, or which

can afford so many terms and derivatives, all legitimate, coming from the same radix, without borrowing a single term from another tongue, or coining one for the sake of the sound; for there is not a word used by Dr. Wallace in these lines which is not purely Anglo-Saxon, not one exotic being entertained."

The following lines, from Gray, "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way," has been found to admit of eighteen transpositions, without destroying the rhyme or altering the sense; the reader will be content with the following :

" The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.  
 The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.  
 The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.  
 The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.  
 Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.  
 Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.  
 Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.  
 Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.  
 Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.  
 The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.  
 The homeward ploughman plods his weary way."

Southey, it may be remembered, so highly esteemed Cowper's beautiful Lines to his Mother's Portrait, that he is reported to have said, he would willingly barter all he had written for their authorship. This is high tribute to the amiable yet melancholy muse of Cowper; but we are digressing. We therefore return to our anomalous and curious selections; and first, beg to present an ingenious piece of literary Mosaic :

" The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;  
 To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,  
 The proper study of mankind is man.

Tell! for you can, what is it to be wise,  
 Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?

'The man of Ross!' each lisp'ing babe replies,  
 And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
 Far as the solar walk or milky-way?  
 Procrastination is the thief of time,  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may.

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul;  
 I must be cruel only to be kind,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone,  
 Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
 In maiden meditation fancy free.

Farewell! and whereso'er thy voice be tried,  
 Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
 Man never is, but always to be blest."

The following is another specimen of literary ingenuity. Two words of opposite meanings, spelled with exactly the same letters, form a Telestick; that is, the letters beginning the lines—when united—were to give one of the words, and the letters at the end were to produce the other—thus:

"U-nite and untie are the same—so say yo-U  
 N-ot in wedlock, I wean, has the unity bee-N  
 I-n the drama of marriage, each wandering gou-T  
 T-o a new face would fly—all except you and I,  
 E-ach seeking to alter the *spell* in their scen-E."

The following specimen of alliteration evinces more ingenuity than anything else of the kind extant:

## THE SEIGE OF BELGRADE.

" An Austrian Army, Awfully Arrayed,  
 Boldly, By Battery, Beseiged Belgrade;  
 Cossack Commanders Cannonading Come,  
 Dealing Destruction's Devastating Doom;  
 Every Endeavor Engineers Essay,  
 For Fame, For Fortune Fighting—Furious Fray!  
 Generals 'Gainst Generals Grapple—Gracious God!  
 How Honors Heav'n Heroic Hardihood!  
 Infuriate, Indiscriminate, In Ill,  
 Kinsmen Kill Kindred, Kindred Kinsmen Kill!  
 Labor Low Levels Longest, Loftiest Lines;—  
 Men March 'Mid Mounds, 'Mid Moles, 'Mid Murd'rous Mines;  
 Now Noisy, Noxious Numbers Notice Naught  
 Of Outward Obstacles Opposing Ought;  
 Poor Patriots! Partly Purchas'd, Partly Press'd,  
 Quite Quaking, Quickly 'Quarter, Quarter' Quest.  
 Reason Returns, Religious Right Redounds,  
 Suwarrow Stops Such Sanguinary Sounds;  
 Truce To Thee Turkey! Triumph To Thy Train!  
 Unjust, Unwise, Unmerciful Ukraine!  
 Vanish Vain Victory!—Vanish Victory Vain!  
 Why Wish We Warfare? Wherefore Welcome Were  
 Xerxes, Ximenas, Xanthus, Xavier,  
 Yield, Yield, Ye Youths! Ye Yoemen Yield Your Yell!  
 Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's Zeal;  
 Attracting All, Arms Against Acts Appeal.

As affording an illustration of the union of sound and sense, take the following well-known lines :

" When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The words, too, labor, and the line moves slow :  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,—  
 Flies o'er the imbending corn, and skims along the main."

Our last will not be deemed the least in wit, point or power. It is from the pen of the well-known, and lamented Thomas Hood; and it is worthy of the inimitable humorist. The subject is the

month, *November*,—in England synonymous with fogs, long visages, and suicides. Every line begins with the first syllable of the word, which, after so many lispings, the last line spells outright :

“ No sun—no moon!  
 No morn—no noon—  
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
 No sky—no earthly view—  
 No distance looking blue—

No roads—no streets—no 'tother side the way—  
 No end to any row—  
 No indication where the crescents go—  
 No tops to any steeple—

No recognition of familiar people—  
 No courtesies for showing 'em—  
 No knowing 'em—

No travelers at all—no locomotion—  
 No inkling of the way—no motion—  
 ‘ No go ’ by land or ocean—  
 No mail—no post—  
 No news from any foreign coast—

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
 No company—no nobility—

No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—  
 No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—  
 No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—  
 No-venber !

We close our citations with a remarkable instance of involuntary poetic prose ; it is from the distinguished author of the “ *Sketch Book*.” The passage occurs near the commencement of the sixth book of his humorous *History of New York*, where it stands as plain prose :

"The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,  
 From golden visions and voluptuous ease ;  
 Where, in the dulcet ' piping time of peace,'  
 He sought sweet solace after all his toils.  
 No more in Beauty's syren lap reclined,  
 He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows ;  
 No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,  
 Nor through the live-long summer's day  
 Chaunts forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.  
 To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,  
 Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,  
 And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel.  
 O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved,  
 Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,  
 He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume ;  
 Grasps the bright shield and ponderous lance,  
 Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed,  
 And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

A recent Scottish critic, referring to authorship, and its revenue of literary pleasures, says :

"The blind bard, who 'on the Chian strand beheld the Iliad and Odyssey rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,' still, after thousands of years, is listened to with reverence, and the soul of Homer is born again in every school boy who devours him. Plato, down the dark avenue of centuries, still speaks with a tone of authority ; and his works, though seldom read at one time by more than twenty persons in the whole earth, 'Yet,' says Emerson, 'for the sake of those few persons, they come duly down to us, as if God brought them in his hand.' Shakspeare's dust is in Stratford ; his genius is shaking the stages of the world. Scott lies helpless and solitary in Dryburgh ; but his works have wings ; and where the spot so secret, or the isle so isolated, which they have not visited ? To attempt to portray the joys its possessors feel were a presumptuous task. But who has not felt the pleasure it imparts—the rapture into which it sometimes elevates the self-possession into which it sometimes calms—the sublime sorrow, not

to be exchanged for a millenium of common delights, into which it often melts—the mirth into which it sometimes kindles?— Or, if you would see the pleasures of genius, as felt in their most ecstastic form, see Burns striding along the banks of the Nith, composing Tam O'Shanter, or rather that poem coming upon him, the tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, and every feature and every tone testifying to the truth of the inspiration; or if you would see them in all their pensive grandeur, behold the same poet in the cold September barn-yard, on the eve commemorative of that on which his 'Mary from his soul was torn;' when from the stack-side he eyed the planet which shone above him like another moon, and poured out his impassioned song 'To Mary in Heaven.' One such example is worth a thousand abstract assertions."





## SLEEP AND ITS MYSTERIES.

“Sleep is Death’s younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.”—SIR T. BROWNE.

“Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,  
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.”—SHAKESPEARE.

A SUBJECT so trite, we fear, will be likely to inspire the reader, at the very outset, with a feeling of drowsiness ; so that if no other object shall be attained by its presentation, it may possibly serve to lull some wearied one to oblivious repose, and thus beguile him of a portion of the irksome realities of life which may have proved even less endurable. The indulgence of the habit of sleep is coeval with the existence of man—Adam, it will be remembered, was quietly enjoying a “deep sleep,” when his *rib* was transformed into the glorious creature Eve, his espoused wife. This is, of course, the most remarkable instance of *sound* sleeping upon record : we have read of many extraordinary cases of trance, somnambulism and dreams, but none to be compared with his. When, wearied with the day’s drudgery and toil, many have, with Sancho, exclaimed, “blessings on him that first invented sleep ; it wraps a man all round like a cloak !” Sleep is a common blessing, none the worse for being common. Animals as well



as man participate in the luxury of "solemn night's repose." After the day's dusty toils, how grateful is it

"To stretch the tired limbs and aching head  
Upon our own delightful bed."

There is something inexpressibly grateful in the feeling that superinduces the sweet oblivion called sleep—the spirit jaded with the excitement and stir of life, and the body wearied with the busy doings of the day, the quiet hour of wonted repose steals upon us like a charm, and we yield ourselves to its mollifying and soothing influence as the panacea of every ill. It is, moreover, as Young styles it :

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play  
The various movements of this nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair,  
When tired with vain rotations of the day,  
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn."

That genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, furnishes some pleasant thoughts upon the subject, from which we cannot refrain citing a passage. "It is a delicious moment, certainly," he writes, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid over it, like the eye; 'tis closing—more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds."

Richerand observes, "the exciting causes to which our organs

are subject during the day, tend progressively to increase their action. The throbbings of the heart, for instance, are more frequent at night than in the morning : and this action gradually accelerated, would soon be carried to such a degree of activity as to be inconsistent with life, if its velocity were not moderated at intervals by the recurrence of sleep."

The day emphatically belongs to earth : we yield it without reluctance to care and labor. We toil, we drudge, we pant, we play the hack-horse ; we do things smilingly from which we recoil in secret ; we pass by sweet spots and rare faces that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effect it costs ; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside. But the night is the gift of heaven ; it brings freedom and repose ; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body ; and when drops the extinguisher upon the light which glimmers upon the round, untouched pillow, we, at the same time, put out a world of cares and perplexities.

But for this wonted repose how monotonous and wearisome would life become ; not man alone ; but all nature would begin to faint and die, like the seared foliage of autumn. This necessity for periodical repose seems to be an essential law of all animated life, with scarce a single exception. The feathered tribe cease their minstrelsy as the shades of eventide spread over the face of all things—a type of sleep itself with its closed eyelids, all seek their needed rest, as the poet sings :

“ All but the wakeful nightingale—

Who all night long her am'rous discant sings.”

The wearied sons of toil, as well as the pampered minions of luxury, alike demand this quiet respite from the cares and business of the feverish day.

“Come, with thy soft embrace,  
 Fair solace of a toiling race,  
 And hush the tumult of the heart to peace;  
 Draw thy warm folds together,  
 Kiss me, thou dearest almoner,  
 And tell the storm that howls without, to cease.

Upon thy loving breast  
 Pale sorrow sinks to rest,  
 And thou art she who dries the mourner's tears,  
 Hushing the bereaved one's sigh,  
 And with thine own sweet melody  
 Lulling to kind repose the heart's unquiet fears.

How soft thy kind arms are!  
 And like sweet warbling sounds afar  
 That steal upon the night's breath to the soul,  
 Melting its fire to tenderness:  
 So, to thine own pure gentleness,  
 We yield as loving slaves to thy serene control.”

Some indolent folk, however, are not content with the just limitation of Heaven with respect to the allotment of its indulgence, they are for abridging the hours that should be devoted to the duties of active life. Says Dr. Robertson:

“Habit influences, in some degree, the amount of sleep that is required. It should be said, however, that it is never well to withhold any of the revenue that is justly due to the drowsy god. A man may accustom himself to take so little sleep, as to be greatly the loser thereby in his waking moments. It may be commonly observed, that those persons who spend less time in sleep than is usually found needful by others of the same age, and strength, and occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days than others do in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual inactivity of mind and body.”

The hours expended in sleep are not the only hours that might be justifiably deducted from the sum total of the life, as having been lost to it; numbers of moments are daily spent in an abso-

lute inaction of mind and body, and sleep cannot be robbed of its dues without adding largely, and in a greater proportion than the time habitually stolen from the sleep, to that which is wasted in such waking reveries.

In fact, sleep once in twenty-four hours is as essential to the existence of mammalia as the momentary respiration of fresh air. The most unfavorable condition for sleep cannot prevent its approach. Coachmen slumber on their coaches, and couriers on their horses, while soldiers fall asleep on the field of battle, amidst all the noise of artillery and the tumult of war. During the retreat of Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers were reported to have fallen asleep on the march, and yet they continued walking onward. The most violent passions and excitement of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arabela, and Napoleon on that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to sleep on the rack. Noises, which serve at first to drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage-coach, stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights till the mill resumed its noise. Homer, in the *Iliad*, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, except Jupiter alone.

A remarkable instance of death, caused by want of sleep, was recently reported by a British officer. It was of a Chinese merchant, who had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of his necessary sleep. This singular and painful mode of extinguishing an earthly existence, was carried into execution at Amoy, under the following circumstances:

The condemned was placed in prison under care of three of

the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep for a single moment, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days, without enjoying any repose. At the commencement of the eighth day his sufferings were so severe, that he implored the authorities to kill him.

There are, it is true, many provoking causes that might be adduced in extenuation of the weakness; such, for instance, as excessive bodily or mental exertion, a very dry argument, an imperfect state of health, or a very prolix and prosy preacher. Some one of these inflictions may have beset the reader, who, perhaps, has had to confess their somniferous tendency. There are others, again, who, from the too free use of the knife and fork, become, after their hearty repast, the unconscious victims of similar narcotic influence; these, however, ought to be treated with little leniency, they should rather be subjected to a deduction from the night's repose, in the exact ratio of the time they thus filch from the day's active duties. There are others who enjoy their quiet *siesta* in an easy chair with great relish; the process saves the necessity of locomotion, and the trouble of divesting oneself of our superincumbent drapery. This mode is not, however, exactly orthodox, and therefore we need not weary the reader with any common-place discussion upon it. Sleep has many vagaries, one of which is the strange fancy everybody yields to, of throwing one's limbs into all imaginable postures and fantastic attitudes in bed: nobody ever thinks of passing a night with his body straight, the oblique curvature, or semi-circular form, being far more generally adopted. Sleep has been styled a type of death, but it has its aspects of comedy and farce also. There are said to be some who sleep with one eye open; others with both, occasionally. The story of the Irishman who took a small mirror to bed with him, favors the conceit: he stated as the reason of his so doing, that he wished to see how he looked when asleep. There are some persons who sleep with their eyes open; and a man may

stand before another man in such a situation, with a lighted candle in his hand, so that the image of that person who has the light may be vividly depicted on the retina of the sleeping man; but does he see?—is he sensible of it? No! This has been magnified into a wonder; whereas, it only proves what Dr. Darwin long since asserted, that sensation does not depend upon impressions made upon the nerves, but upon actions excited in them. Arouse the slumberer; awake him that sleepeth; bring in the natural excitement into his nerves and muscles, and he would exclaim! “Bless me! how came you here at this time of night!”

What shall we say about snorers,—those nuisances of drowsy neighbors. They will most frequently be found to be those who have failed to make “a noise in the world” in their waking moments.

If there are few who sleep with their eyes open, there are more who sometimes shut their eyes to open their mouth; and consequently they generally cry out for water in the morning. We had forgot, in speaking of such as divert themselves by curious attitudinizing, to refer to the great class of desperate kickers: those strange bipeds who—cold weather or warm—will kick the clothes from their bed, and who seem to suppose that the bed was designed for muscular exercise, instead of repose.

People fall asleep with more or less rapidity, according to their constitutional pre-disposition to somnolency, and state of health. There is one peculiarity connected with the phenomenon called sleep,—we refer to the fact that the very effort we make to induce repose, invariably tends to prevent its indulgence, while the moment we cease to make the effort, is the time when it usually overtakes us.

There is, moreover, something very mysterious about this apparent suspension of conscious existence; indeed almost all we know about this physiological mystery is of a negative kind,—writers on the subject finding it difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to its characteristics, or the nature of the physical

change in the nervous system by which it is produced. While under its influence the will seems to be in a state of suspension, both the imagination and memory often still retain their sway. In the functions which serve for the support of life there is no material interruption; while the physical frame itself becomes insensible, to a great extent, to external objects. Thought makes excursions without limitation, and travels with wonderful velocity; and yet the voluntary functions seem powerless.

“Sleep,” says Mr. McNish, “produces rather important changes in the system. The rapidity of the circulation is diminished, and, as a natural consequence, that of respiration: the force of neither function, however is impaired; but, on the contrary, rather increased. Vascular action is diminished in the brain and organs of volition; while digestion and absorption all proceed with increased energy. Sleep lessens all the secretions, with one exception—that of the skin. Sleep produces peculiar effects on the organs of vision. On opening the eyelids cautiously, the pupil is seen to be contracted; it then quivers with an irregular motion, as if disposed to dilate; but at length ceases to move, and remains in a contracted state till the person awakes.”

Whatever we may be left to *guess* about the nature of sleep, the fact that it is a necessary part of our existence is abundantly evident; and the more uninterruptedly we enjoy the peaceful oblivion, the greater is the amount of recruited strength and vigor we derive from it. It is during the hours of sleep that the electric battery of the nervous system becomes replenished with invigorated powers, and the body with renewed vital force: To ensure the full immunities of refreshing slumber, two things especially are requisite—a regularity as to the time of its indulgence, which should always commence an hour or two before midnight; and the most rigid abstinence from “hearty suppers.” “An hour’s sleep before midnight is worth two after,” and the maxim is easily to be verified and tested. It is according to the analogy of all nature, and it is better to obey nature’s law than to infringe it. The gay

rotary of fashion and folly, barter health and real enjoyment for a pallid cheek and wasted form, simply because the arbitrary usage of polite life, in seeking to adopt some exclusive code, pervert the order of nature, by converting the hours beneficently assigned to repose to the fascinations of the ball, the theatre, and the brilliant soiree. Such persons usually are not only late in going to their bed, but late also in leaving it.

The habit of early rising is not only conducive to health, but it has been as clearly shown to tend to longevity;—numerous instances in proof of this are upon record. Some even carry the practice to the extreme. Frederic II., King of Prussia, rose very early in the morning, and, in general gave a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed; and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his usual early hour of rising. This loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning, at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his service, came to his bed and awoke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch; "I am still much fatigued." "Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page. "But another quarter of an hour more." "Not one minute," said the page: "it has struck four; I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising." "Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect." Dean Swift says that "he never knew any man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning;" and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, further remarks, that "he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

Perhaps the most concise rule for limiting the hours of sleep, may be found in the following :



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“ Nature requires five,  
 Custom gives seven,  
 Laziness takes nine,  
 And wickedness eleven.”

It requires some strength of resolution to turn out of one's warm bed of a cold winter morning, it must be confessed: we have, it is true, to argue the case in our mind, and then prepare for the encounter. The great danger, however, usually consists in our entertaining the reasoning process to too great a length, while comfortably ensconced beneath the warm bed covering. Those too, who give advice on this matter, with the full consciousness of its verity, are not unfrequently found among delinquents in its practical application. Who would think, for example, that Thomson was such an inveterate sluggard, who exclaims in his Seasons:

“ Falsely luxurious ! will not man awake ?  
 And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent morn,  
 To meditation due, and sacred song ?  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half the fleeting moments  
 Of too short a life ? Total extinction of the enlightened soul ?  
 Who would in such a glooming state remain  
 Longer than nature craves, while every muse,  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk !”

Sir Thomas Brown, in a hymn he composed on the subject, has the following lines :

“ Sleep is a death : O make me try,  
 By sleeping, what it is to die ;  
 And as at last I lay my head  
 Upon my grave, as now my bed,  
 Where'er I rest, great God let me  
 Awake again, at last with thee.  
 And thus assured behold I lie  
 Securely, or to wake or die,

---

These are my drowsy days; in vain  
 I now do wake to sleep again.  
 O come that hour, when I shall never  
 Know sleep again, but wake for ever."

Thus much for the subject of sleep: we now have a few things to say on that of dreams. The phenomena of dreaming which are so remarkable, and in some respects so inexplicable, seem to be a species of pastime or relaxation of the mental powers during the temporary suspension or repose of those of the body. This subject has engaged the curious speculations of writers of every age; and various and conflicting have been the hypotheses deduced concerning it. Dreams seem to have been the divinely appointed media of communication in the patriarchal age, and it was doubtless owing to these *real* events, that a superstitious veneration for dreams has obtained in all times among the nations of the world.

The Greeks and Romans divided the action of the mind, in sleep, into classes,—the dream, the vision, the oracle, the *insomnium*, and the phantasm, of which the three first were supposed to be divinely inspired. To such height had the superstitious feeling with regard to dreams arisen in Rome, in the age of Augustus Cæsar, that this monarch procured the passage of a law, obliging all who had dreamed any thing respecting the State, to make it publicly known.

Campbell has some expressive lines on the subject, which we quote from memory:

" Well may sleep present us fictions,  
 Since our waking moments teem  
 With such fanciful convictions  
 As make life itself a dream?  
 Half our daylight faith's a fable,—  
 Sleep disports with phantoms too,  
 Seeming in their turn, as stable  
 As the world we wake to view!"

Dreams are said to be in part a reflex of our waking thoughts;

yet while the imagination is allowed to indulge without the restraint of reason, its wildest freaks, they present but rarely a true transcript of reality. Says a recent writer on this topic:

“Dreams dispute with our waking thoughts, the empire of the soul; and though the world may hang about that soul the fetters of avarice, or surround it with the strong meshes of guilty habit, the body’s torpor relieves it of the checks and controlling powers of its waking activity. Thus it conjures up its unsubstantial pageants; the hopes and phantasies of untold aspirations take unto themselves forms and fashions of beauty and reality, which delude the sleeper for awhile, then give place to shapes as shadowy and transitory as themselves.

“But over the pathway of our dreams pass visions of evil as well as good. To the person of low principles, and a life conforming, they come in shapes that threaten and appeal. Lean over the sleeping culprit, and watch his writhings, as he listens to the accusations that come to him in his dreams; the dark deeds of crime and profligacy which memory bring up before him in their horrid array; then turn to the cradle of the infant, who smiles while sleeping, to the angels that hover round and guard it.

“These dreams are the exponents of the soul’s character, and let us look well to our lives if we would have them pleasant.”

We may here just mention, in passing, that Lord Brougham deduces an argument from the phenomena of dreaming for the mind’s independence of matter, and capacity of existence without it. This process of reasoning, however, has been deemed liable to objections, since, upon the same hypothesis, the souls of some of the lower animals, many of which are known also to dream, may be immortal also. Without noticing the several philosophical theories suggested by this mysterious condition of the mental functions, we shall simply enumerate a few brief facts and opinions respecting dreams and dreamers which we glean from reliable sources. The clearness of some person’s nocturnal impressions appear very remarkable, and even the reasoning and inventive

powers are no less astonishing. Thus Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusions of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations, in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which in his waking moments, sorely puzzled him. Dreams are, according to physiologists, akin to delirium.

Dr. Abercombie states, that there is a strange analogy between dreaming and insanity; and he defines the difference between the two states to be, that, in the latter, the erroneous impression being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas, in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. "This definition," says Macnish, "is nearly, but not wholly, correct; for, in somnambulism and sleep-talking, the conduct is influenced by the prevailing dream. Dr. Rush, remarks, that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream."

Dr. Winslow observes: "Lively dreams are a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often in nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams of blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes, and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions, and disorder of the liver. Dreams, in which the patient sees any part especially suffering, indicate diseases of that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest."

To prove that, in the sleeping state, the several senses and organs often successively become dormant, and in a very unusual degree, it has been alledged that a slight heat applied to the soles of the feet will excite dreams of burning coals, fires, volcanoes, etc.

A person who had a blister applied to his head dreamed of scalping by the Indians. Dr. Smellie gives several facts with regard to persons in whom dreams would be excited by whispering in their ears. Dr. Beattie adds similar testimony.

The stomach has often considerable influence in producing dreams: persons who have been deprived of their usual food generally dream of eating. Baron Trenck, when confined in his dungeon, and almost dead with hunger, every night in his dreams, beheld the luxurious and hospitable tables of Berlin. The dreams of persons who have been nearly starved to death are described as being peculiarly brilliant and delightful. Byron, when in Italy, with some of the authors of the liberal school, used to abstain from food for some days, with a view to produce the same effect on their imaginations. Opium and other soporifics produce dreams; and it has been observed that the sanguine more frequently dream than the phlegmatic; and that the nature of the dreams generally partakes of the temperament of the dreamer.

The dreams of those born blind are very curious; and they have much difficulty in describing the sensations they experience during sleep. Dr. Blacklock described it thus: "When awake, he could distinguish persons in three ways: by hearing them speak, by feeling their heads and shoulders, or by attending, without the aid of speech, to the sound and manner of their breathing; But in sleep the objects which presented themselves were more vivid, and without the intervention of any of the three modes."

And not only are dreams affected by the state of the body, but it is certain that the action of mind, when asleep, may have a very considerable and permanent effect upon the body. Thus, in 1748, Archdeacon Squire read before the Royal Society an account of the case of Henry Axford, of Devizes, in Wiltshire, who, at twenty-eight years of age, through a violent cold, became speechless, and continued dumb for four years, until July, 1741, when, being asleep, he dreamed that "he was fallen into a furnace of boiling wort: this put him into so great an agony of fright,

that, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever.

Bishop Sanderson quaintly thus moralizes upon dreams: "There is to be made a lawful, yea, and a very profitable use, even of our ordinary dreams, and of the observing thereof. Not at all by foretelling particulars of things to come, but by taking from them some reasonable conjectures in the general of the present estate both of our bodies and souls."

Dreamland is one of the mysteries of sleep—its domain is vast and independent of time and space. In a moment the mental vision leaps over broad seas and inaccessible mountains; our antipodes become our near neighbors, and the dead of by-gone years, by some strange incantation, re-visit us. We run over a life-story in a few seconds of time, and we seem to be invested with the attribute of ubiquity—thus we annihilate both time and distance. Dreams are sometimes felicitous and sometimes terrific. Some foreshadow our earnest wishes, others our direst fears and forebodings. Some are of a texture so delicate and delicious, that we fain would surrender ourselves to their seductive illusion, although conscious they are but ideal fancies.

The physiology of dreams, says Ollier, has puzzled the most profound inquirers, who, after all manner of ingenious conjectures, have left the subject just where they found it. Aristotle, Macrobius, Lucretius, Democritus, and other ancients; and Wolfius, Locke, Hartley, Baxter, etc. of the moderns, have speculated in vain—one theory having been uniformly upset by another. Physics are fairly baffled and confounded in the investigation; and psychology is forced to acknowledge in dreams a mystery beyond her solution:—

"Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,  
And Metaphysic calls for aid *on Sense!*"

Some notable guesses have nevertheless been made; among others, that life itself is but a dream, dimly and feebly heralding the reali-

ties to come. The high-priest of English mystics, Sir Thomas Brown, discourses on dreams in his "Religio Medici," after this fashion :

"There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses : without this I were unhappy ; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend : but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness ! *and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as more dreams to those of the next ; as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other.* We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul : it is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason : and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep. At my nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius ; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. — I am in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and gilliardize of company ; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams ; and this time also would I choose for my devotions ; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular Tract of Sleep, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it : nor yet Galen, though he seems to have corrected it : for noctambuloes and night walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses ;

we must therefore say that there is something in us *that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpse, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes upon the hour of their departure do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

But it is not so much in reference to the causes and general nature of dreams, as to their supposed power of divination, that a few words are devoted to them in the present pages. "We know, pretty well now," says Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, "that dreams which used to pass for predictions, are imperfect recollections." Be this as it may, the oneirocritics, when baffled in their attempts to establish any *similitude* between the "auguries" of sleep and subsequent or preceding facts, turn about, and vindicate the prophetic character of dreams by *dissimilitude* and *contrariety*. Thus, they are certain to be right, one way or the other.

That many remarkable and well-attested dreams have been reconcileable to after events, is beyond question—night visions and and night promptings which could not be explained by any theory of connection of ideas, or "imperfect recollections," or revival of associations utterly forgotten by the waking senses. On the contrary, *new images* have been evolved in slumber, apparently pointing towards future events, or seeming to convey awful warnings against unsuspected dangers, or suggesting remedies for evils long endured; and numerous are the cases wherein results have been in unison with the supposed augury. Almost every person has had some such experience. Credulity, therefore, is seldom at a loss for food.

Instead of assigning to dreams the character of divine interposi-



tions, Milton presents Satan as their prompter when, disguised as a reptile, he instils his poison into the ear of the sleeping Eve :

“ Him there they found  
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, *phantoms and dreams.*”

“ A belief in the prophetic power of dreams,” says Dr. Pinkerton, “ was universal amongst the ancients, and has been more or less continued to the present time, sometimes even amongst persons of education. Thus, we occasionally hear of individuals having had mysterious communications in their dreams, and events prophesied to them, which have actually come to pass. That such dreams have occurred, and do yet occur, we have no doubt, but we must regard the fulfilment of them as being entirely the result of accident : for, as Dr. Macnish observes—‘ any person who examines the nature of the human mind, and the manner in which it operates in dreams, must be convinced that, under no circumstances, except those of a miracle, in which the ordinary laws of nature are triumphed over, can such an event ever take place. The Sacred Writings testify that miracles were common in former times ; but I believe, no man of sane mind will contend, that they ever occur in the present state of the world. In judging of these things as now constituted, we must discard supernatural influence altogether, and estimate events according to the general laws, which the Great Ruler of nature has appointed for the guidance of the universe. If, in the present day, it were possible to conceive a suspension of these laws, it must, as in former ages, be in reference to some great event, and to serve some mighty purpose connected with the general interests of the human race ; but if faith is to be placed in modern miracles, we must suppose that God suspended the above laws for the most trivial and useless of purposes.’ ”

Shelley was a great dreamer, and at one time kept a record of his dreams ; whether with a view to the so-called *science* of oneiro-criticism, is not known.

Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," who was a pious clergyman, thus quaintly discourses, in many parts of his book, against greedy credulity. "They that are superstitious," observes he, "are still fearing, suspecting, vexing themselves with auguries, prodigies, false tales, dreams, idle works, unprofitable labors ; as Boterus observes, *curâ mentis ancipite versantur* : enemies to God and to themselves. In a word, as Seneca concludes, *Religio Deum colit, superstitio destruit* : superstition destroys, but true religion honors God."

Montaigne, also, an author whose wisdom has been recognized between two and three centuries, is equally strong in denouncing credulity and superstition.

"There yet remain amongst us," says he, "some practises of divination from the stars, from spirits, from the shapes and complexions of men, from dreams and the like, (a notable example of the *wild curiosity* of our nature to grasp at and anticipate future things, as if we had not enough to do to digest the present.)"

The most dismal of all night-noises—one of which the ghostly import is fully believed by scores of unreflecting persons—but which is among the most innocent things in the world, is the "Death-watch." This curious sound has been held to announce the speedy decease of some inmate of the house wherein it is heard ; and overwhelming is the dread, and torturing are the heart-throes, occasioned by the ticking of this supposed fatal watch. Though natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house. Even those who have been brought to credit the fact, that the ticking in question is made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and

therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of death, for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying, and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead.

Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former ; but as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state that the insect in question is *not* a spider, but "*pediculus* of old wood, a species of *termes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnaean system." It is very diminutive.

There are two kinds of death-watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time : the latter will beat some hours together, more deliberately, and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having aught to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove.

It is to be regretted that Science, to which we owe so many blessings,—so much of health, both bodily and mental,—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with Superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature, "*Mortisaga*."\*

Burton demonstrates the delusions of those who affirm that they see supernatural visions, and hear supernatural noises :

"That they see and hear so many phantasms, chimeras, visions, noises, etc., as Fienus hath discoursed at large in his book of Imagination, and Lavater *de Spectris*, their corrupt phantasy makes them see and hear that which is indeed neither heard nor seen. They that much fast, or *want sleep*, as melancholy or sick men commonly do, see visions ; or such as are weak-sighted, very timorous by nature, mad, distracted, earnestly seek. *Sabini quod volunt somniant*, as the saying is, they dream of that they desire."

Again : "As Nercatus proves, by reason of inward vapors, and humors from blood, choler, etc., diversely mixed, they apprehend and see outwardly, *as they suppose*, divers images, which indeed are

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\* Ollier.

*not.* As they that drink wine think all runs round, when it is in their own brain, so it is with these men; the fault and cause is *inward*. As Galen affirms, mad men, and such as are near death, *quas extra se videre putant imagines, intra oculos habent*, 't is in their brain, that which seems to be before them; as a concave glass reflects solid bodies. \* \* Weak sight and a vain persuasion withal, may effect as much, and second causes concurring, as an oar in the water makes a refraction, and seems bigger, bended double, etc. The thickness of the air may cause such effects; or any object not well discerned in the dark, fear and phantasy will suspect to be a ghost, a devil, etc. *Quod nimis miseri timent, hoc facile credunt*, we are apt to believe and mistake in such cases. Marcellus Donatus brings in a story out of Aristotle, of one Antepharon, who supposed he saw, wheresoever he was, his own image in the air, as in a glass. Vitellio hath such another instance of a familiar acquaintance of his, that, after the want of three or four nights' sleep, as he was riding by a river-side, saw another riding with him, and using all such gesture as he did; but when more light appeared, it vanished. Eremites and anchorites have frequently such absurd visions and revelations, by reason of much fasting and bad diet. Many are deceived by legerdemain, as Reginald Scot hath well shewed in his book of the discovery of witchcraft."

Again: "The hearing is as frequently deluded as the sight, from the same causes almost: as he that hears bells, will make them sound what he list." [Whittington to wit]. "As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh." Theophilus, in Galen, thought he heard music in vapors, which made his ears sound, etc. \* \* Cardan mentioneth a woman that still supposed she heard the devil call her, and speaking to her; she was a painter's wife in Milan. Many such illusions and voices proceed from a corrupt imagination."\*

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\* Ollier.

In Hone's "Year Book," a story is related to the following effect: Peter Priestly, a gravestone-cutter of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, desiring to finish the epitaph on a certain tombstone, left his home one evening for the church, in which he was permitted occasionally to work. Having arrived there, he set down his lantern, and, lighting another candle, resumed his rather gloomy task. Midnight approached, and still his work was not completed. On a sudden, a strange noise, as of the utterance of "hiss!" or "hush!" startled him. He looked round, but nothing was seen—not even a bat, or owl, flitting athwart the upper darkness.

Recovering from his surprise, Peter concluded he had been deceived, and plied his chisel with fresh vigor. In a few minutes, however, the ominous word was again audible. He once more searched, but in vain, for the cause of so uncommon a sound; and, being at length terrified, was about to quit the church, when a sense of duty withheld him, and he renewed his work, which was completed as the clock struck twelve. While, with downcast head, intently examining the epitaph he had cut, the dreadful word, "hush!" came louder than ever on his ear. Peter was now fairly appalled. He concluded that he himself was summoned to the grave—that in fact he had been carving his own "HIC JACET." Tottering home, he went to bed, but could not sleep.

Next morning, his wife, happening to observe his wig, exclaimed, "O, Peter! what hast thou been doing to burn all the hair off one side of thy wig?"

"Ah, God bless thee!" vociferated the stone-cutter, jumping out of bed, "thou hast cured me with that word."

The mysterious midnight sound was occasioned by the frizzling of Peter's wig, as it accidentally came in contact with the candle, while he bent over his work; and the discovery thus made, afforded many a jest and laugh.

Somnambulism appears to differ from dreaming chiefly in the degree in which the bodily functions are affected; in the former the will seems to control the body, and its organs are more suscep-

tible of the mental impressions. The incipient form of somnambulism shows itself in talking in sleep: this is sometimes a dangerous disease, as occasionally the most important secrets are, by the very party himself, involuntarily revealed—which in his waking moments he would reserve with especial care. The second stage of the phenomena, from which indeed it derives its name, is that of walking during sleep. Numerous remarkable instances of sleep-walking are to be met with—one of the most singular of which we remember to have read, years ago—was that of a certain restless youth, who, so impetuous was he to obey the impulse of his nocturnal vision, that he rushed from his bed to the street, clad only in the usual drapery of the dormitory, and was found pursuing his route in the London streets at midnight, till some humane guardian of a policeman startled him from his state of dreamy complacency, and remonstrated with him as to the paucity of his apparel, etc. A remarkable case of somnambulism is related in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, concerning Dr. Blacklock, whose accomplishments, as a poet and a clergyman, though struggling from his early infancy with all the privations of blindness, are well known to the literary world. This excellent man had received a presentation to the living of Kirkcudbright, and his settlement was violently opposed. He became deeply agitated with the hostility exhibited against him, and after dining with some friends on the day of his ordination, finding rest necessary for the restoration of his exhausted spirits, he left the table and retired to bed, when the following extraordinary circumstance occurred:

One of his companions, uneasy at his absence from the company, went into his bedroom a few hours afterwards, and finding him, as he supposed, awake, prevailed on him to return again into the dining room. When he entered the room, two of his acquaintances were engaged in singing, and he joined in the concert, modulating his voice, as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note or syllable; and, after the words of the song were

ended, he continued to sing, adding an *extempore* verse, which appeared to the company full of beauty, and quite in the spirit of the original. He then partook of supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be occasionally absent and inattentive. By and bye, he was heard speaking to himself, but in so low and confused a manner as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly aroused by Mrs. Blacklock, who began to be alarmed for his intellect, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, having been the whole time fast asleep.

Dr. Abercrombie relates some curious instances of persons having performed literary exploits during a state of somnolency ; among others he speaks of a certain member of a foreign university, who, after having devoted himself during his waking hours to the composition of some verses, which, however, he had not been able to complete, seems to have been honored with more success in a visitation from his muse during his nocturnal slumbers ; for the following night he arose in his sleep, finished his poetic performance, and exulting in his success returned again contentedly to his couch—all in a state of unconsciousness.

Take another case, and it is the only one we shall cite : it is one even more remarkable,—and we might add a tax upon credulity were it not given by so respectable an authority. It is that of a young botanical student who resided at the house of his professor in London ; and who was zealously devoted to his pursuit, having indeed just received the highest botanical prize from a public institution. One night, about an hour after he had gone to bed, having returned from a long botanical excursion, his master, who was sitting in his room below, heard a person coming down stairs with a heavy measured step, and on going into the passage, found his pupil with nothing on him but his hat and his shirt, his tin case swung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. “His eyes were even more open than usual,” says the narrator, “but I observed he never directed them to me or to the candle which I

held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Going by water, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'May I go with you, sir?' 'Yes, sir; but I am going directly, therefore please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed, I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing, 'he knew my face very well,—he had often seen me at the river's side.' A long conversation then ensued between him and the supposed boatman, in which he understood all that was said to him, and answered quite correctly respecting botanical excursions to Greenwich made by the professor and his pupils: and named a rare plant he had lately had, of which the superintendent of the botanic garden had seen only one specimen in his life, and the professor only two. After some further conversation, he was asked whether he knew who had gained the highest botanical prize; when he named a gentleman, but did not name himself. 'Indeed,' was the reply, 'did he gain the highest prize?' To this he made no answer. He was then asked, 'Do you know Mr. —,' naming himself: after much hesitation he replied, 'If I must confess it, my name is —.' This conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour, during which time he never made an irrelevant answer, and never hesitated, excepting about the prize and his own name. He then lay down in bed saying, 'he was tired, and would lie upon the grass till the professor came:' but he soon sat up again, and held a long conversation with another gentleman who then came into the room; when he again understood everything that was said to him, to which he answered no less readily and accurately; sometimes uttering long sentences without the least hesitation. After a conversation of about an hour, he said, 'It is very cold on this grass, but I am so tired I must lie down.' He soon after lay down and remained quiet during the rest of the



night. Next morning he had not the least knowledge of what had passed, and was not even aware of having dreamt of anything whatever." Some find their wits much keener while fast asleep than when "wide awake." "Mankind," says a quaint writer, "are so generally indisposed to think, that such drowsy souls really make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven appointed destiny under which they are placed, seems to protect them from reflection ; there is an *opium* sky stretched over all the world which continually rains soporifics." As this is the boasted age of progress, sleepers will probably be aroused by the din of the locomotive, and the world in its dotage at last begin to think. Undue indulgence of sleep may cheat us of much of our brief life ; but the listlessness of an undisciplined mind, may accomplish as great a wrong upon us, and with as wily an artifice.

An admonitory paragraph from a recent homilist, and the reader may dream over our dissertation, if found to be sufficiently soporific :

"The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep ; to be exposed to darkness and the light ; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth ; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened ; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence ; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears which freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that end in being."

Shakspeare says, "Our little life is bounded by a sleep :—" it is well, therefore, to yield ourselves to its activities in an earnest spirit, that the respite of repose may be the sweeter. The Irish-

man who surrendered himself to the "sweet oblivious antidote," must have understood the matter, for, on being asked the secret of his enjoyment, he replied that "he bent his mind to it."

Here, then, gentle reader, we reach the terminus of our excursion among the by-ways of literature. We presented at the outset the various edibles with which epicures delight to regale their palate: and now, at parting, a "sleeping potion." Possibly our progress may have been marked by many dull and drowsy passages,—we can scarcely hope to plead innocent to this transgression against good manners, yet, leaving our misdemeanors with thy clemency and candor, we cherish the hope that if our efforts have failed of imparting pleasure, they have at any rate been unproductive of its opposite.



















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