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THE DOCTOR,

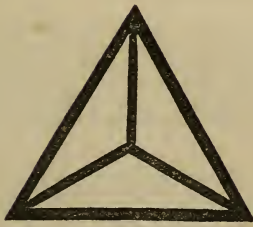
&c.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—**BUTLER'S REMAINS.**

W. J. Vassett

THE DOCTOR,

&c.



Robert Southey.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

...

NEW-YORK:

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W. Lang
Hampton Street
July 29, 27

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

Now they that like it may : the rest may choose.—G. WITHER.

Je veux à face découverte qu'on sçache que je fay le fol. Et pourquoy ne me le sera-t-il permis, si le grand Solon dans Athenes, ne douta de le faire pour apporter un grand bien à sa Republique ? La Republique dont j'ay charge, est ce petit monde que Dieu a estably en moy ; pour la conservation duquel je ne scay meilleur moyen que de tromper mes afflictions par quelques honnestes jeux d'esprit ; appelez-les bouffonneries si ainsi le voulez.—PASQUIER.

If you are so bold as to venture a blowing-up, look closely to it ! for the plot lies deadly deep, and 'twill be between your legs before you be aware of it. But of all things have a care of putting it in your pocket, for fear it takes fire, or runs away with your breeches. And if you can shun it, read it not when you are alone ; or at least not late in the evening ; for the venom is strongest about midnight, and seizes most violently upon the head when the party is by himself. I shall not tell you one line of what is in it ; and therefore consider well what you do, and look to yourself. But if you be resolved to meddle, be sure have a care of catching cold, and keep to a moderate diet ; for there is danger and jeopardy in it besides.—Dr. EACHARD.

—For those faults of barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dunghills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies, confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, phantasticall, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull, and dry :—I confess all ; ('tis partly affected ;) thou canst not think worse of me than I do of myself. 'Tis not worth the reading ! I yield it. I desire thee not to lose time in perusing so vain a subject. I should be peradventure loath myself to read him or thee so writing ; 'tis not *operæ pretium*. All I say is this, that I have precedents for it.—BURTON.

A foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions ; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of the occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—COWPER.

un boschetto,
 Donne per quello givan fior cogliendo,
 Con diletto, co' quel, co' quel dicendo;
 Eccolo, eccol! . . che à?—è fiordaliso!
 Va là per le viole;
 Più colà per le rose, cole, cole,
 Vaghe amorose.
 O me, che' l'prun mi punge!
 Quell' altra me v' aggiunge.
 U', ù, o, ch' è quel che salta?
 Un grillo! un grillo!
 Venite qua, correte,
 Ramponzoli coghete;
 E' non con essi!
 Sì, son!—colei o colei
 Vien qua, vien qua per funghi, un micolino
 Più colà, più cola per sermollino.

UGOLINO UBALDINI, *or*
 FRANCO SACCHETTI.

If the particulars seem too large, or to be over tediously insisted upon, consider in how many impertinent and trifling discourses and actions the best of us do consume far more hours than the perusal of this requires minutes, and yet think it no tediousness: and let them call to mind how many volumes this age imprints and reads which are foolish if not wicked. Let them be persuaded, likewise, that I have not written this for those who have no need thereof, or to show my own wit or compendiousness, but to instruct the ignorant; to whom I should more often speak in vain, if I did not otherwhile by repetitions and circumlocutions stir up their affections, and beat into their understandings the knowledge and feeling of those things which I deliver. Yea, let them know that I know those expressions will be both pleasing and profitable to some which they imagine to be needless and superabundant; and that I had rather twenty nice critics should censure me for a word here and there superfluous than that one of those other should want that which might explain my meanings to their capacities, and so make frustrate all my labour to those who have most need of it, and for whom it was chiefly intended.—G. WITHER.

Tempus ad hoc mecum latuit, portuque resedit,
 Nec fuit audaces impetus ire vias.
 Nunc animi venere; juvat nunc denique funem
 Solvere:—
 Ancora sublata est; terræ, portusque valet!
 Imus; habet ventos nostra caryna suos.

WALLIUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

THERE WAS a certain PIsonder whose name has been preserved in one of the proverbial sayings of the Greeks, because he lived in continual fear of seeing his own ghost. How often have I seen mine while arranging these volumes for publication, and carrying them through the press!

Twenty years have elapsed since the intention of composing them was conceived, and the composition commenced, in what manner and in what mood the reader will presently be made acquainted. The vicissitudes which in the course of those years have befallen every country in Europe are known to every one; and the changes which, during such an interval, must have occurred in a private family, there are few who may not from their own sad experience readily apprehend.

Circumstances which when they were touched upon in these volumes were of present importance, and excited a lively interest, belong now to the history of the past. They who were then the great performers upon the theatre of public life have fretted their hour and disappeared from the stage. Many who were living and flourishing when their names were here sportively or severely introduced, are gone to their account. The domestic circle which the introduction describes, has in the ordinary course of things been broken up; some of its members are widely separated from others, and some have been laid to rest. The reader may well believe that certain passages which were written with most joyousness of heart, have been rendered purely painful to the writer by time and change: and that some of his sweetest thoughts come to him in chewing the cud, like wormwood and gall. But it is a wholesome bitterness.

He has neither expunged nor altered anything on any of these accounts. It would be weakness to do this on the score of his own remembrances, and in the case of allusions to public affairs and to public men it would be folly. The almanac of the current year will be an old one as soon as next year begins.

It is the writer's determination to remain unknown; and they who may suppose that

“By certain signs here set in sundry place,”

they have discovered him, will deceive themselves. A Welsh triad says that the three unconcealable traits of a person by which he shall be known, are the glance of his eye, the pronunciation of his speech, and the mode of his self-motion; in briefer English, his look, his voice, and his gait. There are no such characteristics by which an author can be identified. He must be a desperate mannerist who can be detected by his style, and a poor proficient in his art if he cannot at any time so vary it, as to put the critic upon a false scent. Indeed, every day's experience shows that they who assume credit to themselves, and demand it from others for their discrimination in such things, are continually and ridiculously mistaken.

On that side the author is safe; he has a sure reliance upon the honour as well as the discretion of the very few to whom he is naturally or necessarily known; and if the various authors to whom the book will be ascribed by report, should derive any gratification from the perusal, he requests of them in return that they will favour his purpose by allowing such reports to pass uncontradicted.

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PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.—Page v.

POSTSCRIPT.—p. vii.

CHAPTER VII. A. I.—p. 21.

A FAMILY PARTY AT A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S.

Good sir, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastic thing
At first unfolding!

GEORGE WITHER *to the King.*

CHAPTER VI. A. I.—p. 23.

SHOWING THAT AN AUTHOR MAY MORE EASILY BE KEPT AWAKE
BY HIS OWN IMAGINATIONS THAN PUT TO SLEEP BY THEM
HIMSELF, WHATEVER MAY BE THEIR EFFECT UPON HIS READERS.

Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her
lodging in a cat's ear; a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie
with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

WEBSTER.

CHAPTER V. A. I.—p. 24.

SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS, AND THE
AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE IN AERIAL HORSEMANSHIP.

If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,
With a windmill on his head and bells at his beard,
Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your toes,
And your boots on your brows and your spurs on your nose?

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER IV. A. I.—p. 26.

A CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Te condamne mon coq-à-l'âne qui un jour en justifiera le bon sens.
LA PRETIEUSE.

CHAPTER III. A. I.—p. 27.

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS. A COMPLIMENT PROPERLY RECEIVED.

La tasca è propria cosa da Christiani.
BENEDETTO VARCHI.

CHAPTER II. A. I.—p. 30.

CONCERNING DEDICATIONS, PRINTERS' TYPES, AND IMPERIAL INK.

Il y aura des clefs, et des ouvertures de mes secrets.
LA PRETIEUSE.

DEDICATION.—p. 33.

CHAPTER I. A. I.—p. 35.

NO BOOK CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PREFACE.

I see no cause but men may pick their teeth,
Though Brutus with a sword did kill himself.
TAYLOR, THE WATER POET

ANTE-PREFACE.—p. 37.

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 thy 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.

PREFACE.—p. 39.

Oh for a quill plucked from a seraph's wing!—YOUNG.

INITIAL CHAPTER.—p. 43.

'Εξ ου δὴ τὰ πρῶτα.—HOMER.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

Eccoti il libro ; mettivi ben cura
Iddio t' ajuti e dia buona ventura.
Orl. Innam.

CHAPTER I. P. I.—p. 45.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS HISTORY AT HOME AND AT TEA.

If thou be a severe sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.—ISAAC WALTON.

CHAPTER II. P. I.—p. 46.

WHEREIN CERTAIN QUESTIONS ARE PROPOSED CONCERNING TIME,
PLACE, AND PERSONS.

Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?
Technical Verse.

CHAPTER III. P. I.—p. 47.

WHOLESOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE VANITY OF FAME.

Whosoever shall address himself to write of matters of instruction, or of any other argument of importance, it behooveth that before he enter thereinto, he should resolutely determine with himself in what order he will handle the same; so shall he best accomplish that he hath undertaken, and inform the understanding, and help the memory of the reader.—GWILIM's *Display of Heraldry*.

CHAPTER IV. P. I.—p. 50.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF DR. DOVE, WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF A YEOMAN'S HOUSE IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.

HORACE, l. 4, ode 9.

CHAPTER V. P. I.—p. 53.

EXTENSION OF THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE PRACTICAL USES OF CRANIOLOGY.

Hanc ergo scientiam blande excipiamus, hilariterque amplectamur, ut vere nostram et de nobismet ipsis tractantem; quam qui non amat, quam qui non amplectitur, nec philosophiam amat, neque suæ vitæ discrimina curat.—BAPTISTA PORTA.

CHAPTER VI. P. I.—p. 56.

A COLLECTION OF BOOKS, NONE OF WHICH ARE INCLUDED AMONG THE PUBLICATIONS OF ANY SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF KNOWLEDGE RELIGIOUS OR PROFANE—HAPPINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
 Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco
 Solicitudat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
 Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
 Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.

POLITIAN.

CHAPTER VII. P. I.—p. 61.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY—AN EXPERIMENT UPON MOONSHINE.

Quien comienza en juventud
 A bien obrar,
 Señal es de no errar
 En senetud.

Proverbios del Marques de Santillana.

CHAPTER VIII. P. I.—p. 64.

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOLBOY.

Though happily thou wilt say that wands be to be wrought when they are green, lest they rather break than bend when they be dry, yet know also that he that bendeth a twig because he would see if it would bow by strength may chance to have a crooked tree when he would have a straight.—EUPHUES.

INTERCHAPTER I.—p. 66

REMARKS IN THE PRINTING OFFICE—THE AUTHOR CONFESSES A DISPOSITION TO GARRULITY—PROPRIETY OF PROVIDING CERTAIN CHAPTERS FOR THE RECEPTION OF HIS EXTRANEOUS DISCOURSE—CHOICE OF AN APPELLATION FOR SUCH CHAPTERS.

Perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri
Non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures.

OVID.

CHAPTER IX. P. I.—p. 69.

EXCEPTIONS TO ONE OF KING SOLOMON'S RULES—A WINTER'S EVENING AT DANIEL'S FIRESIDE.

These are my thoughts ; I might have spun them out into a greater length ; but I think a little plot of ground, thick sown, is better than a great field, which, for the most part of it, lies fallow.—NORRIS.

CHAPTER X. P. I.—p. 72.

ONE WHO WAS NOT SO WISE AS HIS FRIENDS COULD HAVE WISHED, AND YET QUITE AS HAPPY AS IF HE HAD BEEN WISER—NEPOTISM NOT CONFINED TO POPES.

There are of madmen as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike. Some
Apish and fantastic ;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.

DEKKER

CHAPTER XI. P. I.—p. 75.

A WORD TO THE READER, SHOWING WHERE WE ARE, AND HOW WE CAME HERE, AND WHEREFORE ; AND WHITHER WE ARE GOING.

'Tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER XII. P. I.—p. 78.

A HISTORY NOTICED WHICH IS WRITTEN BACKWARD—THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES AN ESPECIAL EVIL FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

For never in the long and tedious tract
Of slavish grammar was I made to plod ;
No tyranny of Rules my patience rackt ;
I served no prenticehood to any Rod ;
But in the freedom of the Practic way
Learnt to go right, even when I went astray.

Dr. BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XIII. P. I.—p. 80.

A DOUBT CONCERNING SCHOOL BOOKS, WHICH WILL BE DEEMED HERETICAL ; AND SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUBSTITUTE FOR OVID OR VIRGIL.

They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone ; and there is no knowledge but in a skilful hand serves, either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge.—*Herbert's Remains*.

CHAPTER XIV. P. I.—p. 85.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

Is this then your wonder ?
Nay then you shall understand more of my skill.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER XV. P. I.—p. 87.

THE AUTHOR VENTURES AN OPINION AGAINST THE PREVAILING WISDOM OF MAKING CHILDREN PREMATURELY WISE.

Pray you, use your freedom ;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only ; not to be compelled
To take your moral potions.

MASSINGER.

CHAPTER XVI. P. I.—p. 89.

USE AND ABUSE OF STORIES IN REASONING, WITH A WORD IN BEHALF OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, AND IN REPROOF OF THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

My particular inclination moves me in controversy especially to approve his choice that said, *Fortia malleum quam formosa*.—Dr. JACKSON.

INTERCHAPTER II.—p. 91.

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

Io'l dico dunque e dicol che ognun m'ode.

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

CHAPTER XVII. P. I.—p. 94.

THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A CATHOLIC TASTE.

There's no want of meat, sir ;
Portly and curious viands are prepared
To please all kinds of appetites.

MASSINGER.

CHAPTER XVIII. P. I.—p. 97.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Τὰ δ' ἂν ἐπιμνησθῶ—ὕπὸ τοῦ λόγου ἐξαναγκαζόμενος ἐπιμνησθήσομαι.—HERODOTUS.

CHAPTER XIX. P. I.—p. 99.

A CONVERSATION WITH MISS GRAVEAIRS.

Operi suscepto inserviendum fuit: so Jacobus Mycillus pleadeth for himself in his translation of Lucian's Dialogues, and so do I; I must and will perform my task.—BURTON.

CHAPTER XX. P. I.—p. 102.

HOW TO MAKE GOLD.

L'alchimista non travaglia a voto
Ei cerca l'oro, ei cerca l'oro, io dico
Ch' ei cerca l'oro; e s' ei giungesse in porto
Fora ben per se stesso e per altrui.
L'oro e somma posanza infra mortali;
Chiedine a cavalier, chiedine a dame,
Chiedine a tutto il mondo.

CHIABRERA.

CHAPTER XXI. P. I.—p. 106.

A DOUBT CONCERNING THE USES OF PHILOSOPHY.

El comienzo de salud
 es el saber,
 distinguir y conocer
 qual es virtud.

Proverbios del Marques de Santillana.

CHAPTER XXII. P. I.—p. 107.

Τὸν ὁ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.

O felice colui, che intender puote
 Le cagion de le cose di natura,
 Che al piu di que' che vivon sono ignote ;
 E sotto il piè si mette ogni paura
 De fati, e de la morte, ch'è si trista,
 Ne di vulgo gli cal, nè d'altro ha cura.

TANSILLO.

CHAPTER XXIII. P. I.—p. 111.

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS.

Alli se ve tan eficaz el llanto,
 las fabulas y historias retratadas,
 que parece verdad, y es dulce encanto.

* * * *

Y para el vulgo rudo, que ignorante
 aborrece el manjar costoso, guisa
 el plato del gracioso extravagante ;
 Con que les hartas de contento y risa,
 gustando de mirar sayal grossero,
 mas que sutil y candida camisa.

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENA.

CHAPTER XXIV. P. I.—p. 116.

QUACK AND NO QUACK, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF DR. GREEN AND HIS
 MAN KEMP—POPULAR MEDICINE, HERBARY, THEORY OF SIGNA-
 TURES, WILLIAM DOVE, JOHN WESLEY, AND BAXTER.

Hold thy hand ! health's dear maintainer ;
 Life perchance may burn the stronger :
 Having substance to maintain her,
 She untouched may last the longer.
 When the artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

QUARLES.

CHAPTER XXV. P. I.—p. 128.

Hiatus valde lacrymabilis.

Time flies away fast,
 The while we never remember
 How soon our life here
 Grows old with the year
 That dies with the next December!
 HERRICK.

CHAPTER XXVI. P. I.—p. 129.

DANIEL AT DONCASTER; THE REASON WHY HE WAS DESTINED
 FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION RATHER THAN HOLY ORDERS;
 AND SOME REMARKS UPON SERMONS.

Je ne veux dissimuler, amy lecteur, que je n'aye bien préveu, et me tiens
 pour deüement adverty, que ne puis eviter la reprehension d'aucuns, et les
 calomnies de plusieurs—ausquels c'est écrit déplaira du tout.—CHRIS-
 TOFLE DE HERICOURT.

CHAPTER XXVII. P. I.—p. 135.

A PASSAGE IN PROCOPIUS IMPROVED—A STORY CONCERNING URIM
 AND THUMMIM; AND THE ELDER DANIEL'S OPINION OF THE PRO-
 FESSION OF THE LAW.

Here is Domine Picklock,
 My man of law, solicits all my causes,
 Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
 Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,
 And reaps them too, troubles the country for me,
 And vexes any neighbour that I please.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER XXVIII. P. I.—p. 137.

PETER HOPKINS—EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE—DESCRIPTION
 OF HIS DWELLINGHOUSE.

Combien de changemens depuis que suis au mcade,
 Qui n'est qu' un point du tems!

PASQUIER.

CHAPTER XXIX. P. I.—p. 139.

A HINT OF REMINISCENCE TO THE READER—THE CLOCK OF ST. GEORGE'S—A WORD IN HONOUR OF ARCHDEACON MARKHAM.

There is a ripe season for everything, and if you slip that or anticipate it, you dim the grace of the matter, be it never so good. As we say by way of proverb that a hasty birth brings forth blind whelps, so a good tale tumbled out before the time is ripe for it, is ungrateful to the heare: —
BISHOP HACKETT.

CHAPTER XXX. P. I.—p. 141.

THE OLD BELLS RUNG TO A NEW TUNE.

If the bell have any sides the clapper will find 'em.
BEN JONSON

CHAPTER XXXI. P. I.—p. 147.

MORE CONCERNING BELLS.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd ;
Jangled they have and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame ;
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them so, that they may chime all in !
HERBERT.

CHAPTER XXXII. P. I.—p. 149.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CERTAIN PRELIMINARIES ESSENTIAL TO THE PROGRESS OF THIS WORK.

Mas demos ya el asiento en lo importante,
Que el tiempo huye del mundo por la posta.
BALBUENA.

CHAPTER XXXIII. P. I.—p. 151.

DONCASTRIANA—THE RIVER DON.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first ; and great from abject things.
MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER XXXIV. P. I.—p. 155.

MORAL INTEREST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS—LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Let none our author rudely blame
 Who from the story has thus long digress'd ;
 But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
 For ever travel, while his ashes rest.
 Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.

INTERCHAPTER III.—p. 159.

THE AUTHOR QUESTIONS THE PROPRIETY OF PERSONIFYING CIRCUMSTANCE—DENIES THE UNITY AND INDIVISIBILITY OF THE PUBLIC, AND MAY EVEN BE SUSPECTED OF DOUBTING ITS OMNISCIENCE AND ITS INFALLIBILITY.

Ha forse
 Testa la plebe, ove si chiuda in vece
 Di senno, altro che nebbia ? o forma voce
 Chi sta più saggia, che un bebè d'armento ?
 CHIABRERA.

CHAPTER XXXV. P. I.—p. 160.

DONCASTRIANA—POTTERIC CARR—SOMETHING CONCERNING THE MEANS OF EMPLOYING THE POOR, AND BETTERING THEIR CONDITION.

Why should I sowen draf out of my fist,
 When I may sowen wheat, if that me list ?
 CHAUCER.

CHAPTER XXXVI. P. I.—p. 164.

REMARKS ON AN OPINION OF MR. CRABBE'S—TOPOGRAPHICAL POETRY—DRAYTON.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
 What they and what their children owe
 To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
 We recommend unto thy trust.
 Protect his memory, and preserve his story ;
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory ;
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim
 To be the treasurer of his name,
 His name that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.
Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XXXVII. P. I.—p. 166.

ANECDOTES OF PETER HEYLYN AND LIGHTFOOT, EXEMPLIFYING THAT GREAT KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ALWAYS APPLICABLE TO LITTLE THINGS; AND THAT AS CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, SO IT MAY WITH EQUAL TRUTH SOMETIMES BE SAID THAT KNOWLEDGE ENDS THERE.

A scholar in his study knows the stars,
Their motion and their influence, which are fix'd,
And which are wandering; can decipher seas,
And give each several land his proper bounds.
But set him to the compass, he's to seek,
Where a plain pilot can direct his course
From hence unto both the Indies.

HEYWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. P. I.—p. 170.

THE READER IS LED TO INFER THAT A TRAVELLER WHO STOPS UPON THE WAY TO SKETCH, BOTANIZE, ENTOMOLOGIZE, OR MINERALOGIZE, TRAVELS WITH MORE PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO HIMSELF THAN IF HE WERE IN THE MAIL COACH.

Non servio materiæ sed indulgeo; quæ quo ducit sequendum est, non quo invitat.—SENECA.

INTERCHAPTER IV.—p. 173.

ETYMOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE REMAINS OF VARIOUS TRIBES OR FAMILIES MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.

All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty if thou hast the vein.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER XXXIX. P. I.—p. 174.

A CHAPTER FOR THE INFORMATION OF THOSE WHO MAY VISIT DONCASTER, AND ESPECIALLY OF THOSE WHO FREQUENT THE RACES THERE.

My good lord, there is a corporation,
A body—a kind of body.

MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER XL. P. I.—p. 180.

REMARKS ON THE ART OF VERBOSITY—A RULE OF COCCEIUS, AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE LANGUAGE AND PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

If they which employ their labour and travail about the public administration of justice follow it only as a trade, with unquenchable and unconsionable thirst of gain, being not in heart persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves his agents in this business—the sentence of right God's own verdict, and themselves his priests to deliver it—formalities of justice do but serve to smother right, and that which was necessarily ordained for the common good, is through shameful abuse made the cause of common misery.—HOOKER.

CHAPTER XLI. P. I.—p. 181.

REVENUE OF THE CORPORATION OF DONCASTER WELL APPLIED—
DONCASTER RACES.

Play not for gain, but sport : who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart ;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.

HERBERT.

INTERCHAPTER V.—p. 184.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR MAKES KNOWN HIS GOOD INTENTIONS TO ALL READERS, AND OFFERS GOOD ADVICE TO SOME OF THEM.

I can write, and talk too, as soft as other men, *with submission to better judgments, and I leave it to you, gentlemen. I am but one, and I always distrust myself. I only hint my thoughts. You'll please to consider whether you will not think that it may seem to deserve your consideration.* This is a taking way of speaking. But much good may do them that use it !—ASGILL.

CHAPTER XLII. P. I.—p. 186.

DONCASTER CHURCH—THE RECTORIAL TITHES SECURED BY ARCH
BISHOP SHARP FOR HIS OWN FAMILY.

Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf in constant bud and fall ?
The generations of deciduous man
How often hast thou seen them pass away !

HURDIS.

CHAPTER XLIII. P. I.—p. 188.

ANTIQUITIES OF DONCASTER—THE DEÆ MATRES—SAXON FONT—
THE CASTLE—THE HALL CROSS.

Vieux monuments—

Las, peu à peu cendre vous devenez,
Fable du peuple et publiques rapines !
Et bien qu'au Temps pour un temps facent guerre
Les bastimens, si est ce que le Temps
Oeuvres et noms finablement atterre.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

CHAPTER XLIV. P. I.—p. 191.

HISTORICAL CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH DONCASTER—THOMAS,
EARL OF LANCASTER—EDWARD IV.—ASKE'S INSURRECTION
—ILLUSTRIOUS VISITERS—JAMES I.—BARNABEE—CHARLES I.—
CHURCH LIBRARY.

They unto whom we shall appear tedious, are in nowise injured by us,
because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not
willing to endure.—HOOKER.

CHAPTER XLV. P. I.—p. 194.

CONCERNING THE WORTHIES, OR GOOD MEN, WHO WERE NATIVES
OF DONCASTER OR OTHERWISE CONNECTED WITH THAT TOWN.

Vir bonus est quis ?

TERENCE.

INTERCHAPTER VI.—p. 196.

CONTINGENT CAUSES—PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS INDUCED BY RE-
FLECTING ON THEM—THE AUTHOR TREMBLES FOR THE PAST.

Vereis que no hay lazada desasida
De nudo y de pendencia soberana ;
Ni a poder trastornar la orden del cielo
Las fuerzas llegan, ni el saber del suelo.

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER XLVI. P. I.—p. 198.

DANIEL DOVE'S ARRIVAL AT DONCASTER—THE ORGAN IN ST
GEORGE'S CHURCH—THE PULPIT—MRS. NEALE'S BENEFACTION.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Dr. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XLVII. P. I.—p. 203.

DONCASTRIANA—GUY'S DEATH—SEARCH FOR HIS TOMBSTONE IN
INGLETON CHURCHYARD.

Go to the dull churchyard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality,
Where proudest man is only found
By a small hillock on the ground.

Tivall Poetry.

CHAPTER XLVIII. P. I.—p. 205.

A FATHER'S MISGIVINGS CONCERNING HIS SON'S DESTINATION—
PETER HOPKINS'S GENEROSITY—DANIEL IS SENT ABROAD TO
GRADUATE IN MEDICINE.

Heaven is the magazine wherein He puts
Both good and evil; Prayer's the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure: 'tis a key
Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
Wouldst thou present a judgment due to sin?
Turn but the key and thou mayst lock it in.
Or wouldst thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door, and it will shower on thee!

QUARLES.

CHAPTER XLIX. P. I.—p. 207.

CONCERNING THE INTEREST WHICH DANIEL THE ELDER TOOK IN
THE DUTCH WAR, AND MORE ESPECIALLY IN THE SIEGE AND
PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERY OF LEYDEN.

Glóry to thee in thine omnipotence,
O Lord who art our shield and our defence,
And dost dispense,
As seemeth best to thine unerring will,
(Which passeth mortal sense,)
The lot of victory still ;
Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust,
And bowing to the dust,
The rightful cause, that so such seeming ill
May thine appointed purposes fulfil ;
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked feel thy present power,
Glory to thee and praise,
Almighty God, by whom our strength was given !
Glory to thee, O Lord of earth and heaven !

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER L. P. I.—p. 210.

VOYAGE TO ROTTERDAM AND LEYDEN—THE AUTHOR CANNOT
TARRY TO DESCRIBE THAT CITY—WHAT HAPPENED THERE TO
DANIEL DOVE.

He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage. As who doth not that shall attempt the like ? For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same still ; still, still, the same, the same !—BURTON.

CHAPTER LI. P. I.—p. 213.

ARMS OF LEYDEN—DANIEL DOVE, M.D.—A LOVE STORY, STRANGE
BUT TRUE.

Oye el extraño caso, advierte y siente ;
Suceso es raro, mas verdad ha sido.

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER LII. P. I.—p. 216.

SHOWING HOW THE YOUNG STUDENT FELL IN LOVE—AND HOW HE MADE THE BEST USE OF HIS MISFORTUNE.

Il creder, donne vaghe, è cortesia,
 Quando colui che scrive o che favella,
 Possa essere sospetto di bugia,
 Per dir qualcosa troppo rara e bella.
 Dunque chi ascolta questa istoria mea
 E non la crede frottola o novella
 Ma cosa vera—come ella è di fatto,
 Fa che di lui mi chiami soddisfatto
 E pure che mi diate piena fede,
 De la dubbiezza altrui poco mi cale.

RICCIARDETTO.

CHAPTER LIII. P. I.—p. 218.

OF THE VARIOUS WAYS OF GETTING IN LOVE—A CHAPTER CONTAINING SOME USEFUL OBSERVATIONS, AND SOME BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

Let cavillers know, that as the Lord John answered the queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave, discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.—BURTON.

CHAPTER LIV. P. I.—p. 221.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE, AND MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
 Thou canst not fail to catch such fish as these.

QUARLES.

CHAPTER LV. P. I.—p. 223.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VISIT TO DONCASTER.

Fuere quondam hæc sed fuere ;
 Nunc ubi sint, rogitas? Id annos
 Scire hos oportet scilicet. O bonæ
 Musæ, O Lepôres—O Charites meræ!
 O gaudia offuscata nullis
 Litibus! O sine nube soles!

JANUS DOUZA.

CHAPTER LVI. P. I.—p. 226.

A TRUCE WITH MELANCHOLY—GENTLEMEN SUCH AS THEY WERE
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1747—A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES
CONCERNING THEIR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

Fashions that are now called new,
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have used the same,
Though these new ones get the name.

MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER LVII. P. I.—p. 228.

AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO REMOVE THE UNPLEASANT IMPRESSION
PRODUCED UPON THE LADIES BY THE DOCTOR'S TIE WIG AND
HIS SUIT OF SNUFF-COLOURED DITTO.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Twelfth Night.

CHAPTER LVIII. P. I.—p. 229.

CONCERNING THE PORTRAIT OF DR. DANIEL DOVE.

The sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.

HERBERT.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

CHAPTER VII. A. I.

A FAMILY PARTY AT A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S.

Good sir, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastic thing
At first unfolding!

GEORGE WITHER *to the King.*

I WAS in the fourth night of the story of the doctor and his horse, and had broken it off, not like Scheherezade because it was time to get up, but because it was time to go to bed. It was at thirty-five minutes after ten o'clock, on the 20th of July, in the year of our Lord 1813. I finished my glass of punch, tinkled the spoon against its side, as if making music to my meditations, and having my eyes fixed upon the Bhow Begum, who was sitting opposite to me at the head of her own table, I said, "It ought to be written in a book!"

There had been a heavy thunder storm in the afternoon; and though the thermometer had fallen from 78 to 70, still the atmosphere was charged. If that mysterious power by which the nerves convey sensation and make their impulses obeyed be (as experiments seem to indicate) identical with the galvanic fluid; and if the galvanic and electric fluids be the same, (as philosophers have more than surmised;) and if the lungs (according to a happy hypothesis) elaborate for us from the light of heaven this pabulum of the brain, and material essence, or essential matter of genius, it may be that the ethereal fire which I had inhaled so largely during the day produced the bright conception, or at least impregnated and quickened the latent seed. The punch, reader, had no share in it.

I had spoken as it were abstractedly, and the look which accompanied the words was rather cogitative than regardant.

The Bhow Begum laid down her snuffbox and replied, entering into the feeling, as well as echoing the words, "It *ought* to be written in a book—certainly it ought."

They may talk as they will of the dead languages. Our auxiliary verbs give us a power which the ancients, with all their varieties of mood, and inflections of tense, never could obtain. "It *must* be written in a book," said I, encouraged by her manner. The mood was the same, the tense was the same; but the gradation of meaning was marked in a way which a Greek or Latin grammarian might have envied as well as admired.

"Pshaw! nonsense! stuff!" said my wife's eldest sister, who was sitting at the right hand of the Bhow Begum; "I say write it in a book indeed!" My wife's youngest sister was sitting diagonally opposite to the last speaker: she lifted up her eyes and smiled. It was a smile which expressed the same opinion as the late vituperative tones; there was as much of incredulity in it; but more of wonder and less of vehemence.

My wife was at my left hand, making a cap for her youngest daughter, and with her tortoise shell paper workbox before her. I turned towards her and repeated the words, "It *must* be written in a book!" But I smiled while I was speaking, and was conscious of that sort of meaning in my eyes, which calls out contradiction for the pleasure of sporting with it.

"Write it in a book?" she replied, "I am sure you won't!" and she looked at me with a frown. Poets have written much upon their ladies' frowns, but I do not remember that they have ever described the thing with much accuracy. When my wife frowns, two perpendicular wrinkles, each three quarters of an inch in length, are formed in the forehead, the base of each resting upon the top of the nose, and equi-distant from each other. The poets have also attributed dreadful effects to the frown of those whom they love. I cannot say that I ever experienced anything very formidable in my wife's. At present she knew her eyes would give the lie to it if they looked at me steadily for a moment; so they wheeled to the left about quick, off at a tangent, in a direction to the Bhow Begum, and then she smiled. She could not prevent the smile; but she tried to make it scornful.

My wife's nephew was sitting diagonally with her, and opposite his mother, on the left hand of the Bhow Begum. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "it ought to be written in a book! it will be a glorious book! write it, uncle, I beseech you!" My wife's nephew is a sensible lad. He reads my writings, likes my stories, admires my singing, and thinks as I do in politics: a youth of parts and considerable promise.

"He *will* write it!" said the Bhow Begum, taking up her

snuffbox, and accompanying the words with a nod of satisfaction and encouragement. "He will never be so foolish!" said my wife. My wife's eldest sister rejoined, "He is foolish enough for anything."

CHAPTER VI. A. I.

SHOWING THAT AN AUTHOR MAY MORE EASILY BE KEPT AWAKE BY HIS OWN IMAGINATIONS THAN PUT TO SLEEP BY THEM HIMSELF, WHATEVER MAY BE THEIR EFFECT UPON HIS READERS.

Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear; a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

WEBSTER.

WHEN I ought to have been asleep the "unborn pages crowded on my soul." The chapters ante-initial and post-initial appeared in delightful prospect "long drawn out:" the beginning, the middle, and the end were evolved before me: the whole spread itself forth, and then the parts unravelled themselves and danced the hays. The very types rose in judgment against me, as if to persecute me for the tasks which during so many years I had imposed upon them. Capitals and small letters, pica and long primer, brier and bourgeois, English and nonpareil, minion and pearl, Romans and Italics, black letter and red, passed over my inward sight. The notes of admiration!!! stood straight up in view as I lay on the one side; and when I turned on the other to avoid them, the notes of interrogation cocked up their hump backs!!! Then came to recollection the various incidents of the eventful tale. "Visions of glory spare my aching sight!" The various personages, like spectral faces in a fit of the vapours, stared at me through my eyelids. The doctor oppressed me like an incubus; and for the horse—he became a perfect nightmare. "Leave me, leave me to repose!"

Twelve by the kitchen clock!—still restless! One! oh, doctor, for one of thy comfortable composing draughts! Two! here's a case of insomnolence. I, who in summer close my lids as instinctively as the daisy when the sun goes down; and who in winter could hibernate as well as bruin, were I but provided with as much fat to support me during the season, and keep the wick of existence burning; I, who, if my pedigree were properly made out, should be found to

have descended from one of the seven sleepers, and from the sleeping beauty in the wood.

I put my arms out of bed. I turned the pillow for the sake of applying a cold surface to my cheek. I stretched my feet into the cold corner. I listened to the river, and to the ticking of my watch. I thought of all sleepy sounds and all soporific things: the flow of water, the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarin's head on the chimneypiece, a horse in a mill, the opera, Mr. Humdrum's conversation, Mr. Proser's poems, Mr. Laxative's speeches, Mr. Lengthy's sermons. I tried the device of my own childhood, and fancied that the bed revolved with me round and round. Still the doctor visited me as perseveringly as if I had been his best patient; and, call up what thoughts I would to keep him off, the horse charged through them all.

At last Morpheus reminded me of Dr. Torpedo's divinity lectures, where the voice, the manner, the matter, even the very atmosphere, and the streamy candlelight were all alike somnific; where he who by strong effort lifted up his head, and forced open the reluctant eyes, never failed to see all around him fast asleep. Lettuces, cowslip wine, poppy sirup, mandragora, hop pillows, spiders' web pills, and the whole tribe of narcotics, up to bang and the black drop, would have failed: but this was irresistible; and thus twenty years after date I found benefit from having attended the course.

CHAPTER V. A. I.

SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS, AND THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE IN AERIAL HORSEMANSHIP.

If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,
 With a windmill on his head and bells at his beard,
 Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your toes,
 And your boots on your brows and your spurs on your nose?

BEN JONSON.

THE wise ancients held that dreams are from Jove. Virgil hath told us from what gate of the infernal regions they go out, but at which of the five entrances of the town of Mansoul they get in, John Bunyan hath not explained. Some have conceited that unimbodied spirits have access to us during sleep, and impress upon the passive faculty, by divine permission, presentiments of those things whereof it is fitting that we should be thus dimly forewarned. This opinion is

held by Baxter, and to this also doth Bishop Newton incline. The old atomists supposed that the likenesses or spectres of corporeal things, (*exuvia scilicet rerum, vel effluvia*, as they are called by Vaninus, when he takes advantage of them to explain the *Fata Morgana*;) the atomists, I say, supposed that these spectral forms which are constantly emitted from all bodies,

Omne genus quoniam passim simulacra feruntur*

assail the soul when she ought to be at rest; according to which theory, all the lathered faces that are created every morning in the looking-glass, and all the smiling ones that my Lord Simper and Mr. Smallwit contemplate there with so much satisfaction during the day, must at this moment be floating up and down the world. Others again opine, as if in contradiction to those who pretend life to be a dream, that dreams are realities, and that sleep sets the soul free like a bird from the cage. John Henderson saw the spirit of a slumbering cat pass from her in pursuit of a visionary mouse; (I know not whether he would have admitted the fact as an argument for materialism;) and the soul of Hans Engelbrecht not only went to hell, but brought back from it a stench which proved to all the bystanders that it had been there. Faugh!

Whether then my spirit that night found its way out at the nose, (for I sleep with my mouth shut,) and actually sallied out seeking adventures; or whether the spectrum of the horse floated into my chamber; or some benevolent genius or demon assumed the well-known and welcome form; or whether the dream were merely a dream—

si fuè en espíritu, ò fuè
en cuerpo, no sè; que yo
solo sé, que no lo sè;*

so, however, it was that in the visions of the night I mounted Nobs. Tell me not of Astolfo's hippogriff, or Pacolet's wooden steed, nor

Of that wondrous horse of brass
Whereon the Tartar king did pass;

nor of Alborak, who was the best beast for a night journey that ever man bestrode. Tell me not even of Pegasus! I have ridden him many a time; by day and by night have I ridden him; high and low, far and wide, round the earth, and about it, and over it, and under it. I know all his earth paces and his sky paces. I have tried him at a walk, at an amble, at a trot, at a canter, at a hand gallop, at full gallop, and at full speed. I have proved him in the *manége* with single turns and the *manége* with double turns, his bounds, his curvets,

* Lucretius.

† Calderon.

his *pirouettes*, and his *pistes*, his *croupade* and his *balotade*, his gallop galliard and his capriole. I have been on him when he has glided through the sky with wings outstretched and motionless, like a kite or a summer cloud; I have bestrode him when he went up like a bittern, with a strong spiral flight, round, round and round, and upward, upward, upward, circling and rising still; and again when he has gone full sail or full fly, with his tail as straight as a comet's behind him. But for a hobby or a night horse, Pegasus is nothing to Nobs.

Where did we go on that memorable night? What did we see? What did we do? Or rather what did we not see! and what did we not perform!

CHAPTER IV. A. I.

A CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Tel condamne mon Coq-à-l'âne qui un jour en justifiera le bon sens.

LA PRETIEUSE.

I WENT down to breakfast as usual overflowing with joyous thoughts. For mirth and for music the skylark is but a type of me. I warbled a few wood notes wild, and then full of the unborn work, addressed myself to my wife's eldest sister, and asked if she would permit me to dedicate the book to her. "What book?" she replied. "The History," said I, "of Dr. Daniel Dove of Doncaster, and his horse Nobs." She answered, "No, indeed! I will have no such nonsense dedicated to me!" and with that she drew up her upper lip, and the lower region of the nose. I turned to my wife's youngest sister: "Shall I have the pleasure of dedicating it to you?" She raised her eyes, inclined her head forward with a smile of negation, and begged leave to decline the honour. "Commandante," said I, to my wife and commandress, "shall I dedicate it then to you?" My commandante made answer, "Not unless you have something better to dedicate."

"So, ladies!" said I, "the stone which the builders rejected"—and then looking at my wife's youngest sister—"Oh, it will be such a book!" The manner and the tone were so much in earnest that they arrested the bread and butter on the way to her mouth; and she exclaimed, with her eyes full of wonder and incredulity at the same time, "Why you never can be serious?" "Not serious," said I; "why I have done nothing but think of it and dream of it the whole night." "He told me so," rejoined my commandante, "the first thing in the morning." "Ah, Stupey!" cried my wife's eldest sister,

accompanying the compliment with a protrusion of the head, and an extension of the lips, which disclosed not only the whole remaining row of teeth, but the chasms that had been made in it by the tooth drawer; *hiatus valde lacrymabiles*.

“Two volumes,” said I, “and this in the title page!” So, taking out my pencil, I drew upon the back of a letter the mysterious monogram, erudite in its appearance as the digamma of Mr. A. F. Valpy.



It passed from hand to hand. “Why he is not in earnest?” said my wife’s youngest sister. “He never can be,” replied my wife. And yet beginning to think that peradventure I was, she looked at me with a quick turn of the eye—“A pretty subject, indeed, for you to employ your time upon! You—*vema whehaha yohu almad otenba twandri athancod!*” I have thought proper to translate this part of my commandante’s speech into the Garamna tongue.

CHAPTER III. A. I.

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS—A COMPLIMENT PROPERLY RECEIVED.

La tasca è propria cosa da Christiani.

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

My eldest daughter had finished her Latin lessons, and my son had finished his Greek; and I was sitting at my desk, pen in hand, and in mouth at the same time; (a substitute for biting the nails which I recommend to all onygraphists;) when the Bhow Begum came in with her black velvet reticule, suspended as usual from her arm by its silver chain.

Now of all the inventions of the tailor, (who is of all artists the most inventive,) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and saving the fig leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first or ante-stom-

ach; the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing makes for himself a pocket if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuffbox in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupee, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is—to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements; certes a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality are in proportion to their bulk, are said, upon the authority of tradition, when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth as a place of security till breakfast; whence it may be inferred that they are not liable to toothache, and that they make no use of toothpicks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity much might be said; for it would not be difficult to show, with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whitaker of Manchester to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood, that pockets are coeval with clothing: and, as erudite men have maintained that language and even letters are of divine origin, there might with like reason be a conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis, which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our diplomatists, the *sinequanonness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a stomach—and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*Saccus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla?*"

Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume—a wise custom; but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhouz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chymical experiments: among the rest so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the

middle of the tube, that, if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For mark me, gentle or ungentle reader! there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition: and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket handkerchief, and his pocketbook, and the key of his door, (if he be a bachelor living in chambers,) and his knife, and his loose pence and halfpence, and the letters which peradventure he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the postoffice, twopenny or general, as he passes by, and his snuff, if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits, or his tobacco-box, if he prefer the masticable to the pulverized weed; or his box of lozenges, if he should be troubled with a tickling cough; and the sugar plums and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design; who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first fated always to be undermost!—(Mr. Wilberforce knows the inconvenience:)—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocketbook, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters!

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this, (not to mention that the very name of commutation ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold daylight and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwellinghouses,) I abominate that bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And perceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping pitifully, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this further proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must therefore either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.

When the Bhow Begum had seated herself I told her how my proffered dedication had been thrice rejected with scorn, and repeating the offer I looked for a more gracious reply. But, as if scorn had been the influenza of the female mind that morning, she answered, "No; indeed she would not have it after it had been refused by everybody else." "Nay, nay," said I; "it is as much in your character to accept, as it was in their's to refuse." While I was speaking she took

a pinch of snuff; the nasal titillation co-operated with my speech, for when any one of the senses is pleased, the rest are not likely to continue out of humour. "Well," she replied, "I will have it dedicated to me, because I shall delight in the book." And she powdered the carpet with tobacco dust as she spake.

CHAPTER II. A. I.

CONCERNING DEDICATIONS, PRINTERS' TYPES, AND IMPERIAL INK.

Il y aura des clefs, et des ouvertures de mes secrets.

LA PRETIEUSE.

MONSIEUR DELLON, having been in the inquisition at Goa, dedicated an account of that tribunal, and of his own sufferings, to Mademoiselle Du Cambout de Coislin, in these words —

MADemoisELLE,

J'aurois tort de me plaindre des rigueurs de l'inquisition, et des mauvais traitemens que j'ay éprouvez de la part de ses ministres, puisqu'en me fournissant la matière de cet ouvrage, ils m'ont procuré l'avantage de vous le dédier.

This is the book which that good man Claudius Buchanan with so much propriety put into the hands of the grand inquisitor of India, when he paid him a visit at the inquisition, and asked him his opinion of the accuracy of the relation upon the spot!

The Frenchman's compliment may truly be said to have been far-fetched and dearly bought. Heaven forefend that I should either go so far for one, or purchase it at such a price!

A dedication has oftentimes cost the unhappy author a greater consumption of thumb and finger nail than the whole book besides, and all varieties of matter and manner have been resorted to. Mine must be so far in character with the delectable history which it introduces that it shall be unlike all which have ever gone before it. I knew a man (one he was who would have been an ornament to his country if methodism and madness had not combined to overthrow a bright and creative intellect) who, in one of his insaner moods, printed a sheet and a half of muddy rhapsodies with the title of the "Standard of God displayed:" and he prefaced it by saying that the price of a perfect book, upon a perfect subject, ought to be a perfect sum in a perfect coin; that is to say one guinea. Now, as Dr. Daniel Dove was a perfect

doctor, and his horse Nobs was a perfect horse, and as I humbly hope their history will be a perfect history, so ought the dedication thereunto to be perfect in its kind. Perfect therefore it shall be, as far as kalo-typography can make it. For though it would be hopeless to exceed all former dedications in the turn of a compliment or of a sentence, in the turn of the letters it is possible to exceed them all. It was once my fortune to employ a printer who had a love for his art; and having a taste that way myself, we discussed the merits of a new font one day when I happened to call in upon him. I objected to the angular inclination of a capital italic *A*, which stood upon its pins as if it were starting aghast from the next letter on the left, and was about to tumble upon that to the right; in which case down would go the rest of the word, like a row of soldiers which children make with cards. My printer was too deeply enamoured with the beauties of his font to have either ear or eye for its defects; and hastily waiving that point he called my attention to a capital *R* in the same line, which cocked up its tail just as if it had been nicked; that cock of the tail had fascinated him. "Look, sir," said he, while his eyes glistened with all the ardour of an amateur; "look at that turn!—that's sweet, sir!" and drawing off the hand with the fore finger of which he had indicated it, he described in the air the turn that had delighted him, in a sort of heroic flourish, his head with a diminished axis, like the inner stile of a pentagraph, following the movement. I have never seen that *R* since without remembering him. * * * * *

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He who can read the stars, may read in them the secret which he seeketh.

But the turns of my dedication to the Bhow Begum shall not be trusted to the letter founders, a set of men remarkable for involving their craft in such mystery that no one ever taught it to another, every one who has practised it having been obliged either surreptitiously to obtain the secret, or to invent a method for himself. It shall be in the old English letter, not only because that alphabet hath in its curves and angles, its frettings and redundant lines, a sort of picturesque similitude with Gothic architecture, but also because in its breadth and beauty it will display the colour of the ink to most advantage. For the dedication shall not be printed in black after the ordinary fashion, nor in white like the sermon upon the excise laws, nor in red after the mode of Mr. Dibdin's half titles, but in the colour of that imperial encaustic ink, which by the laws of the Roman empire it was death for any but the Roman emperor himself to use. We Britons live in a free country, wherein every man may use what coloured ink seemeth good to him, and put as much

gall in it as he pleases, or any other ingredient whatsoever.* Moreover, this is an imperial age, in which, to say nothing of M. Ingelby, the Emperor of the Conjurers, we have seen no fewer than four new emperors. Him of Russia, who did not think the old title of Peter the Great good enough for him; him of France, for whom any name but that of tyrant or murderer is too good; him of Austria, who took up one imperial appellation to cover over the humiliating manner in which he laid another down; and him of Hayti, who if he be wise will order all public business to be carried on in the talkee-talkee tongue, and make it high treason for any person to speak or write French in his dominions. We also must dub our old parliament imperial forsooth! that we may not be behindhand with the age. Then we have imperial dining tables! imperial oil for nourishing the hair! imperial liquid for boot tops! Yea, and by all the Cæsars deified and damned, imperial blacking! For my part I love to go with the stream, so I will have an imperial dedication.

Behold it, reader. Therein is mystery.

* In the English copy this dedication is printed, not with black ink, but with some pigment of a hue unknown in the printing office of the American publishers, and not to be imitated without some expense and more trouble and loss of time. They have, therefore, adventured to substitute for it plain honest sable, at the hazard even of spoiling the author's mysterious mystery.

To

The Show Begun

KEDOKA

NYABAKPA

CHAPTER I. A. I.

NO BOOK CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PREFACE.

I see no cause but men may pick their teeth
Though Brutus with a sword did kill himself.

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

WHO was the inventor of prefaces? I shall be obliged to the immortal Mr. Urban, (immortal, because like the king in law he never dies,) if he will propound this question for me in his magazine, that great lumber-room wherein small ware of all kinds has been laid up higgledy-piggledy by halfpenny-worths or farthing-worths at a time for fourscore years, till, like broken glass, rags, or rubbish, it has acquired value by mere accumulation. To send a book like this into the world without a preface, would be as impossible as it is to appear at court without a bag at the head and a sword at the tail; for as the perfection of dress must be shown at court, so in this history should the perfection of histories be exhibited. The book must be *omni genere absolutum*: it must prove and exemplify the perfectibility of books: yea, with all imaginable respect for the "Delicate Investigation," which I leave in undisputed possession of an appellation so exquisitely appropriate, I conceive that the title of THE BOOK, as a popular designation *κατ' ἐξοχην*, should be transferred from the edifying report of that inquiry to the present unique, unrivalled, and unrivalable production; a production, the like whereof hath not been, is not, and will not be. Here, however, let me warn my Greek and Arabian translators how they render the word, that if they offend the mufti or the patriarch, the offence as well as the danger may be theirs: I wash my hands of both. I write in plain English, innocently, and in the simplicity of my heart: what may be made of it in heathen languages concerns not me.

ANTE-PREFACE.

I have 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 thy 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.

PREFACES, said Charles Blount, Gent., who committed suicide because the law would not allow him to marry his brother's widow—a law, be it remarked in passing, which is not sanctioned by reason, and which, instead of being in conformity with Scripture, is in direct opposition to it, being in fact the mere device of a corrupt and greedy church—"prefaces," said this flippant, ill-opinioned, and unhappy man, "ever were, and still are but of two sorts, let other modes and fashions vary as they please. Let the profane long peruke succeed the godly cropped hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery presbytery again, yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of prefacing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he shall be hanged, or no; or else in a huffing manner he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of some friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual shams of all scribblers as well ancient as modern." This was not true then, nor is it now; but when he proceeds to say, "For my part I enter the lists upon another score," so say I with him; and my preface shall say the rest.

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible due to the low resolution and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document.]

P R E F A C E.

Oh for a quill plucked from a seraph's wing !—YOUNG.

So the poet exclaimed; and his exclamation may be quoted as one example more of the vanity of human wishes; for in order to get a seraph's quill it would be necessary, according to Mrs. Glasse's excellent item in her directions for roasting a hare, to begin by catching a seraph. A quill from a seraph's wing is, I confess, above my ambition; but one from a peacock's tail was within my reach; and be it known unto all people, nations, and languages, that with a peacock's quill this preface hath been penned—literally—truly, and *bona-fidely* speaking. And this is to write, as the learned old Pasquier says, *pavonesquement*, which in Latin minted for the nonce may be rendered *pavonicè*, and in English peacockically, or peacockishly, whichever the reader may like best. That such a pen has verily and indeed been used upon this occasion I affirm. I affirm it upon the word of a true man; and here is a captain of his majesty's navy at my elbow, who himself made the pen, and who, if evidence were required to the fact, would attest it by as round an oath as ever rolled over a right English tongue. Nor will the time easily escape his remembrance, the bells being at this moment ringing, June 4, 1814, to celebrate the king's birthday, and the public notification that peace has been concluded with France.

I have oftentimes had the happiness of seeing due commendation bestowed by gentle critics, unknown admirers, and partial friends upon my pen, which has been married to all amiable epithets: classical, fine, powerful, tender, touching, pathetic, strong, fanciful, daring, elegant, sublime, beautiful. I have read these epithets with that proper satisfaction which when thus applied they could not fail to impart, and sometimes qualified the pride which they inspired by looking at the faithful old tool of the muses beside me, worn to the stump in their service: the one end mended up to the quick in that spirit of economy which becomes a son of the Lackland family, and shortened at the other by the gradual and alternate processes of burning and biting, till a scant inch only is left above the finger place. Philemon Holland was but a type of me in this respect. Indeed I may be allowed

to say that I have improved upon his practice, or at least that I get more out of a pen than he did, for in the engraved title page to his *Cyropædia*, where there appears the portrait of the *interpres* marked by a great D enclosing the Greek letter ϕ (which I presume designates Doctor Philemon) *ætatis suæ* 80. A°. 1632, it may be plainly seen that he used his pen only at one end. Peradventure he delighted not, as I do, in the mitigated ammoniac odour.

But thou, oh gentle reader, who in the exercise of thy sound judgment and natural benignity wilt praise this preface, thou mayst with perfect propriety bestow the richest epithets upon the pen wherewith its immortal words were first clothed in material forms. Beautiful, elegant, fine, splendid, fanciful, will be to the very letter of truth: versatile it is as the wildest wit; flexible as the most monkeylike talent; and shouldst thou call it tender, I will whisper in thine ear—that it is only too soft. Yet softness may be suitable; for of my numerous readers one half will probably be soft by sex, and of the other half a very considerable proportion soft by nature. Soft, therefore, be the pen and soft the strain.

I have drawn up the window blinds (though sunshine at this time acts like snuff upon the mucous membrane of my nose) in order that the light may fall upon this excellent poet's wand as I wave it to and fro, making cuts five and six of the broadsword exercise. Every feather of its fringe is now lit up by the sun; the hues of green, and gold, and amethyst are all brought forth; and that predominant lustre which can only be likened to some rich metallic oxyde; and that spot of deepest purple, the pupil of an eye for whose glorious hue neither metals, nor flowers, nor precious stones afford a resemblance: its likeness is only to be found in animated life, in birds and insects whom nature seems to have formed when she was most prodigal of beauty: I have seen it indeed upon the sea, but it has been in some quiet bay, when the reflection of the land combined with the sky and the ocean to produce it.

And what can be more emblematical of the work which I am beginning than the splendid instrument wherewith the preface is traced? What could more happily typify the combination of parts, each perfect in itself when separately considered, yet all connected into one harmonious whole; the story running through like the stem or backbone, which the episodes and digressions fringe like so many featherlets, leading up to that catastrophe, the gem or eye-star, for which the whole was formed, and in which all terminate.

They who are versed in the doctrine of sympathies and the arcana of correspondences, as revealed to the Swedish Emanuel, will doubtless admire the instinct or inspiration which directed my choice to the Pavonian pen. The example should be followed by all consumers of ink and quill.

Then would the lover borrow a feather from the turtle dove. The lawyer would have a large assortment of kite, hawk, buzzard, and vulture: his clients may use pigeon or gull. Poets according to their varieties. Mr. —, the tomtit. Mr. —, the water wagtail. Mr. —, the crow. Mr. —, the mocking bird. Mr. —, the magpie. Mr. —, the skylark. Mr. —, the eagle. Mr. —, the swan. Lord —, the black swan. Critics, some the owl, others the butcher bird. Your challenger must endite with one from the wing of a game cock: he who takes advantage of a privileged situation to offer the wrong and shrink from the atonement, will find a white feather. Your dealers in public and private scandal, whether Jacobins or anti-jacobins, the pimps and panders of a profligate press, should use none but duck feathers, and those of the dirtiest that can be found in the purlieus of Pimlico or St. George's Fields. But for the editor of the Edinburgh Review, whether he dictates in morals or in taste, or displays his peculiar talent in political prophecy, he must continue to use goose quills. Stick to the goose, Mr. Jeffrey; while you live stick to the goose!

INITIAL CHAPTER.

Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα.—HOMER.

THEY who remember the year 1800 will remember also the great controversy whether it was the beginning of a century or the end of one ; a controversy in which all magazines, all newspapers, and all persons took part. Now, as it has been deemed expedient to divide this work, or to speak more emphatically this opus, or more emphatically still, this ergon, into chapters ante-initial and post-initial, a dispute of the same nature might arise among the commentators in after ages, if especial care were not now taken to mark distinctly the beginning. This, therefore, is the initial chapter, neither ante nor post, but standing between both ; the point of initiation—the goal of the *antes*, the starting-place of the *posts* ; the mark at which the former end their career, and from whence the latter take their departure.



THE DOCTOR,

&c.

Eccoti il libro; mettivi ben cura
Iddio t' ajuti e dia buona ventura.
Orl. Innam.

CHAPTER I. P. I.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS HISTORY AT HOME AND AT TEA.

If thou be a severe sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.—ISAAC WALTON.

THE clock of St. George's had struck five. Mrs. Dove had just poured out the doctor's seventh cup of tea. The doctor was sitting in his armchair. Sir Thomas was purring upon his knees; and Pompey stood looking up to his mistress, wagging his tail, sometimes whining with a short note of impatience, and sometimes gently putting his paw against her apron to remind her that he wished for another bit of bread and butter. Barnaby was gone to the farm, and Nobs was in the stable.

CHAPTER II. P. I.

WHEREIN CERTAIN QUESTIONS ARE PROPOSED CONCERNING TIME,
PLACE, AND PERSONS.

Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?
Technical Verse.

Thus have I begun according to the most approved forms, not like those who begin the Trojan war from Leda's egg, or the history of Great Britain from Adam, or the life of General Washington from the discovery of the New World; but in conformity to the Horatian precept, rushing into the middle of things. Yet the giant Moulineau's appeal to his friend the story-telling ram may well be remembered here: *Belier mon ami, si tu voulais commencer par le commencement tu me ferois grand plaisir.* For in the few lines of the preceding chapter how much is there that requires explanation! Who was Nobs? Who was Barnaby? Who was the doctor? Who was Mrs. Dove? The place, where? The time, when? The persons, who?

"I maie not tell you all at once;
But as I maie and can, I shall
By order tellen you it all."

So saith Chaucer; and in the same mind, *facilius discimus quæ congruo dicuntur ordine quam quæ sparsim et confusim*, saith Erasmus. Think a moment, I beseech thee, reader what order is! Not the mere word which is so often vociferated in the House of Commons, or uttered by the speaker *ore rotundo*, when it is necessary for him to assume the tone of *Zeus ὑψιβρεμέτης*; but order in its essence and truth, in itself and in its derivatives.

Waiving the orders in council, and the order of the day, a phrase so familiar in the disorderly days of the French National Convention, think, gentle reader, of the order of knight-hood, of holy orders, of the orders of architecture, the Linnæan orders, the orderly sergeant, the ordinal numbers, the ordinary of Newgate, the ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock in the environs of the metropolis, the ordinary faces of those who partake of what is ordinarily provided for them there, and under the auspices of government itself, and *par excellence* the Extraordinary Gazette. And as the value of health is never truly and feelingly understood except in sickness,

contemplate for a moment what the want of order is. Think of disorder in things remote, and then as it approaches thee. In the country wherein thou livest, bad; in the town whereof thou art an inhabitant, worse; in thine own street, worser; in thine own house, worst of all. Think of it in thy family, in thy fortune, in thine intestines. In thy affairs, distressing; in thy members, painful; in thy conduct, ruinous. Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. Abstract it from a dictionary, and thou mayst imagine the inextricable confusion which would ensue. Reject it from the alphabet, and Zerah Colburne himself could not go through the christcross-row. How then should I do without it in this history?

A Quaker by name Benjamin Lay (who was a little cracked in the head though sound at heart) took one of his compositions once to Benjamin Franklin that it might be printed and published. Franklin, having looked over the manuscript, observed that it was deficient in arrangement. "It is no matter," replied the author, "print any part thou pleasest first." Many are the speeches, and the sermons, and the treatises, and the poems, and the volumes which are like Benjamin Lay's book; the head might serve for the tail, and the tail for the body, and the body for the head—either end for the middle, and the middle for either end—nay, if you could turn them inside out like a polypus, or a glove, they would be no worse for the operation.

When the excellent Hooker was on his deathbed, he expressed his joy at the prospect of entering a world of order.

CHAPTER III. P. I.

WHOLESOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE VANITY OF FAME.

Whosoever shall address himself to write of matters of instruction, or of any other argument of importance, it behooveth that before he enter thereinto, he should resolutely determine with himself in what order he will handle the same; so shall he best accomplish that he hath undertaken, and inform the understanding, and help the memory of the reader.—GWILIM's *Display of Heraldry*.

Who was the doctor?

We will begin with the persons for sundry reasons, general and specific. Doth not the Latin grammar teach us so to do, wherein the personal verbs come before the impersonal,

and the *propria quæ maribus* precede all other nouns? Moreover, by replying to this question, all needful explanation as to time and place will naturally and of necessity follow in due sequence.

Truly I will deliver and discourse
The sum of all.*

Who was the doctor?

Can it, then, be necessary to ask? Alas, the vanity of human fame! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! "How few," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "have heard of the name of Veneatapadino Ragium! He imagined that there was no man in the world that knew him not: how many men can tell me that he was the king of Narsinga?" When I mention Arba, who but the practised textualist can call to mind that he was "a great man among the Anakim," that he was the father of Anak, and that from him Kirjath-Arba took its name? A great man among the giants of the earth, the founder of a city, the father of Anak!—and now there remaineth nothing more of him or his race than the bare mention of them in one of the verses of one of the chapters of the Book of Joshua: except for that only record it would not now be known that Arba had ever lived, or that Hebron was originally called after his name. *Vanitas Vanitatum! Omnia Vanitas.* An old woman in a village in the west of England was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederick was in the noonday of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fulness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, "Is a! is a! The Lord ha' mercy! Well, well! The King of Prussia! And who's he?" The "who's he?" of this old woman might serve as text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he?" may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac or Sir Humphrey. Who built the pyramids? Who ate the first oyster? *Vanitas Vanitatum! Omnia Vanitas*

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?

* G. Peela.

Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mear of the earth, and of their reign?*

Who was the doctor?

Oh that thou hadst known him, reader! Then should I have answered the question—if orally, by an emphasis upon the article—the doctor; or if in written words, THE DOCTOR—thus giving the word that capital designation to which, as the head of his profession within his own orbit, he was so justly entitled. But I am not writing to those only who knew him, nor merely to the inhabitants of the West Riding, nor to the present generation alone. No! to all Yorkshire—all England; all the British empire; all the countries wherein the English tongue is, or shall be, spoken or understood: yea, to all places, and all times to come. *Para todos*, as saith the famous Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan *Natural de Madrid*, which is, being interpreted, a Spanish cockney—*para todos; porque es un aparato de varias materias, donde el Filosofo, el Cortesano, el Humanista, el Poeta, el Predicador, el Teologo, el Soldado, el Devoto, el Jurisconsulto, el Matematico, el Medico, el Soltero, el Casado, el Religioso, el Ministro, el Plebeyo, el Señor, el Oficial, y el Entretenido, hallaran juntamente utilidad y gusto, erudicion y divertimiento, doctrina y desahogo, recreo y enseñanza, moralidad y alivio, ciencia y descanso, provecho y passatiempo, alabanzas y reprehensiones, y ultimamente exemplos y donaires, que sin ofender las costumbres delecten el animo, y sazonen el entendimiento.*

Who was the doctor?

The doctor was Doctor Daniel Dove.

* Spenser.

cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side, the brook, the common with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

The turf was as fine and soft as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which had been placed there were now themselves half buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung.

The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants. You entered between two yew trees clipped to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. Over the door was a stone with these letters.

D
D + M
A.D
1608.

The A was in the Saxon character. The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry bushes, a few apple trees, pot herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips, and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts: and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six beehives, which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden beehive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat

with a back to it, the seats serving as chests, in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest in the best kitchen which held the house linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon, the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the magi or of the Vestal virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half-way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. The other print which ornamented the room had been purchased from a like feeling, though the cause was not so immediately apparent. It represented a ship in full sail, with Joseph and the Virgin Mary, and the Infant on board, and a dove flying behind as if to fill the sails with the motion of its wings. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls, and lozenges, and embossments; and the legs and crossbars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely thus described by Landor—

"Of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,
 His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave,
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

There was also a head of Indian corn there, and a back scratcher, of which the hand was ivory and the handle black. This had been a present of Daniel the grandfather to his wife. The three apartments above served equally for storerooms and bedchambers. William Dove the brother slept in one, and Agatha the maid, or Haggy, as she was called, in another.

CHAPTER V. P. I.

EXTENSION OF THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE PRACTICAL USES OF CRANIOLOGY.

Hanc ergo scientiam blande excipiamus, hilariterque amplectamur, ut vere nostram et de nobismet ipsis tractantem; quam qui non amat, quam qui non amplectitur, nec philosophiam amat, neque suæ vitæ discrimina curat.—BAPTISTA PORTA.

THEY who know that the word physiognomy is not derived from phiz, and infer from that knowledge that the science is not confined to the visage alone, have extended it to handwritings also, and hence it has become fashionable in this age of collectors to collect the autographs of remarkable persons. But now that Mr. Rapier has arisen, "the reformer of illegible hands," he and his rival Mr. Carstairs teach all their pupils to write alike. The countenance, however, has fairer play in our days than it had in old times, for the long heads of the sixteenth century were made by the nurses, not by nature. Elongating the nose, flattening the temples, and raising the forehead are no longer performed by manual force, and the face undergoes now no other artificial modelling than such as may be impressed upon it by the aid of the looking-glass. So far physiognomy becomes less difficult, the data upon which it has to proceed not having been falsified *ab initio*; but there arises a question in what state ought they to be examined? Dr. Gall is for shaving the head, and overhauling it as a Turk does a Circassian upon sale, that he may discover upon the outside of the scull the organs of fighting, murder, cunning, and thieving, (near neighbours in his *mappa cerebri*;) of comparing colours, of music, of sexual instinct, of philosophical judgment &c., &c.; all which, with all other qualities, have their latitudes and longitudes in the brain, and are conspicuous upon the outward scull, according to the degree in which they influence the character of the individual.

It must be admitted that if this learned German's theory of craniology be well founded, the gods have devised a much surer, safer, and more convenient means for discovering the

real characters of the lords and ladies of the creation, than what Momus proposed, when he advised that a window should be placed in the breast. For if his advice had been followed, and there had actually been a window in the sternum, it is I think beyond all doubt that a window shutter would soon have been found indispensably necessary in cold climates, more especially in England, where pulmonary complaints are so frequent; and, secondly, the wind would not be more injurious to the lungs in high latitudes, than the sun would be to the liver in torrid regions; indeed, everywhere during summer it would be impossible to exist without a green curtain, or Venetian blinds to the window; and after all, take what precautions we might, the world would be ten times more bilious than it is. Another great physical inconvenience would also have arisen; for if men could peep into their insides at any time, and see the motions and the fermentations which are continually going on, and the rise and progress of every malady distinctly marked in the changes it produced, so many nervous diseases would be brought on by frequent inspection, and so many derangements from attempting to regulate the machine, that the only way to prevent it from making a full stop would be to put a lock upon the shutter, and deliver the key to the physician.

But upon Dr. Gall's theory how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purpose of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory as applied to practice offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gases, and with the commencement of the French revolution, and in these later days with the progress of the Bible Society. In courts of justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment, or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention. Think also in state trials what infinite advantages an attorney-general might derive from the opinion of a regius professor of craniology! Even these are but partial benefits. Our generals, ministers, and diplomatists would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which parents or guardians might think proper to bespeak. The doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth by his skill in mechanics devise with

characteristic ingenuity the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born, the professional cap, medical, military, theological, commercial, or legal, would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no further than just to hint that the materials of the mould may operate sympathetically, and therefore that for a lawyer in *rus* the cap should be made of brass, for a divine of lead, for a politician of base metal, for a soldier of steel, and for a sailor of heart of English oak.

Dr. Gall would doubtless require the naked head to be submitted to him for judgment. Contrariwise I opine—and all the ladies will agree with me in this opinion—that the head ought neither to be stripped, nor even examined in undress, but that it should be taken with all its accompaniments, when the owner has made the best of it; the accompaniments being not unfrequently more indicative than the features themselves. Long ago the question whether a man is most like himself dressed or undressed, was propounded to the British Apollo: and it was answered by the oracle that a man of God Almighty's making is most like himself when undressed; but a man of a tailor's, periwig-maker's, and seamstress's making, when dressed. The oracle answered rightly; for no man can select his own eyes, nose, or mouth; but his wig and his whiskers are of his own choosing. And to use an illustrious instance, how much of character is there in that awful wig which always in its box accompanies Dr. Parr upon his visits of ceremony, that it may be put on in the hall, with all its feathery honours thick upon it, not a curl deranged, a hair flattened, or a particle of powder wasted on the way!

But if we would form a judgment of the interior of that portentous head which is thus formidably obumbrated, how could it be done so well as by beholding the doctor among his books, and there seeing the food upon which his terrific intellect is fed. There we should see the accents, quantities, dialects, digammas, and other such small gear as in these days constitute the complete armour of a perfect scholar; and by thus discovering what goes into the head we might form a fair estimate of what was likely to come out of it. This is a truth which, with many others of equal importance, will be beautifully elucidated in this nonpareil history. For Daniel Dove the father had a collection of books; they were not so numerous as those of his contemporary Harley, famous for his library, and infamous for the peace of Utrecht; but he was perfectly conversant with all their contents, which is more than could be said of the Earl of Oxford.

Reader, whether thou art man, woman, or child, thou art doubtless acquainted with the doctrine of association as in-

culcated by the great Mr. Locke and his disciples. But never hast thou seen that doctrine so richly and so entirely exemplified as in this great history, the association of ideas being, in oriental phrase, the silken thread upon which its pearls are strung. And never wilt thou see it so clearly and delightfully illustrated, not even if the ingenious Mr. John Jones should one day give to the world the whole twelve volumes in which he has proved the authenticity of the Gospel History, by bringing the narratives of the four evangelists to the test of Mr. Locke's metaphysics.

"Desultoriness," says Mr. Danby, "may often be the mark of a full head; connection must proceed from a thoughtful one."

CHAPTER VI. P. I.

A COLLECTION OF BOOKS, NONE OF WHICH ARE INCLUDED AMONG THE PUBLICATIONS OF ANY SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF KNOWLEDGE RELIGIOUS OR PROFANE—HAPPINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
 Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco
 Solicitudat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
 Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
 Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.

POLITIAN.

HAPPY for Daniel, he lived before the age of magazines, reviews, cyclopædias, elegant extracts, and literary newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vender. His books were few in number, but they were all weighty either in matter or in size. They consisted of the *Morte d'Arthur* in the fine black-letter edition of Copland; Plutarch's *Morals*, and Pliny's *Natural History*, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat, and both translated by that old worthy, Philemon, who, for the service which he rendered to his contemporaries and to his countrymen, deserves to be called the best of the Hollands, without disparaging either the lord or the doctor of that appellation. The whole works of Joshua Sylvester; (whose name, let me tell thee, reader, in passing, was accented upon the first syllable by his contemporaries, not as now upon the second;) Jean Petit's *History of the Netherlands*, translated and continued by Edward Grimeston, another worthy of the Philemon order; Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourses*; Stowe's *Chronicle*; Joshua Barnes's *Life of Edward III.*; "*Ripley Revived*, by Eirenæus Philale-

thes, an Englishman styling himself Citizen of the World," with its mysterious frontispiece representing the *Domus Naturæ*, to which, *Nil deest nisi clavis*: the Pilgrim's Progress; two volumes of Ozell's translation of the Rabelais; Latimer's Sermons; and the last volume of Fox's Martyrs, which latter book had been brought him by his wife. The Pilgrim's Progress was a godmother's present to his son: the odd volumes of Rabelais he had picked up at Kendal, at a sale, in a lot with Ripley Revived and Plutarch's Morals: the others he had inherited.

Daniel had looked into all these books, read most of them, and believed all that he read, except Rabelais, which he could not tell what to make of. He was not, however, one of those persons who complacently suppose everything to be nonsense which they do not perfectly comprehend, or flatter themselves that they do. His simple heart judged of books by what they ought to be, little knowing what they are. It never occurred to him that anything would be printed which was not worth printing, anything which did not convey either reasonable delight or useful instruction: and he was no more disposed to doubt the truth of what he read, than to question the veracity of his neighbour, or any one who had no interest in deceiving him. A book carried with it to him authority in its very aspect. The Morte d'Arthur, therefore, he received for authentic history, just as he did the painful chronicle of honest John Stowe, and the Barnesian labours of Joshua the self-satisfied: there was nothing in it indeed which stirred his English blood like the battles of Cressy, and Poitiers, and Najara; yet, on the whole, he preferred it to Barnes's story, believed in Sir Tor, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Lamorack as entirely as in Sir John Chandos, the Captal de Buche, and the Black Prince, and liked them better.

Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth, and poets derive any satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it, Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester, however, was reserved for a Sabbath book; as a weekday author Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a sillabub. He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves; the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar, that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim which will

not in all cases hold good. There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art—with whatsoever is truly great and excellent. Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated, (as such things always are,) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers, with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

But the author in whom he delighted most was Plutarch, of whose works he was lucky enough to possess the worthier half: if the other had perished, Plutarch would not have been a popular writer, but he would have held a higher place in the estimation of the judicious. Daniel could have posed a candidate for university honours, and perhaps the examiner too, with some of the odd learning which he had stored up in his memory from these great repositories of ancient knowledge. Refusing all reward for such services, the strangers to whom he officiated as a guide, though they perceived that he was an extraordinary person, were little aware how much information he had acquired, and of how strange a kind. His talk with them did not go beyond the subjects which the scenes they came to visit naturally suggested, and they wondered more at the questions he asked, than at anything which he advanced himself: for his disposition was naturally shy, and that which had been bashfulness in youth assumed the appearance of reserve as he advanced in life; for having none to communicate with upon his favourite studies, he lived in an intellectual world of his own, a mental solitude as complete as that of Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe. Even to the curate, his conversation, if he had touched upon his books, would have been heathen Greek; and to speak the truth plainly, without knowing a letter of that language, he knew more about the Greeks than nine tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine tenths of the schoolmasters also.

Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men. In fact, he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement, not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself anything. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterward; and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to

be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows, and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun, and wind, and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought, indeed, that if he had had grammar learning in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining in this natural reflection.

Never, indeed, was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. And well he might be so, for no man ever passed through the world with less to disquiet or to sour him. Bred up in habits which secured the continuance of that humble but sure independence in which he was born, he had never known what it was to be anxious for the future. At the age of twenty-five he had brought home a wife, the daughter of a little landholder like himself, with fifteen pounds for her portion; and the truelove of his youth proved to him a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. If at any time there had been some alloy in his happiness, it was when there appeared reason to suppose that in him his family would be extinct: for though no man knows what parental feelings are till he has experienced them, and Daniel therefore knew not the whole value of that which he had never enjoyed, the desire of progeny is natural to the heart of man; and though Daniel had neither large estates nor an illustrious name to transmit, it was an unwelcome thought that the little portion of the earth which had belonged to his fathers time out of mind, should pass into the possession of some stranger, who would tread on their graves and his own without any regard to the dust that lay beneath. That uneasy apprehension was removed after he had been married fifteen years, when to the great joy of both parents, because they had long ceased to entertain any hope of such an event, their wishes were fulfilled in the birth of a son. This their only child was healthy, apt, and docile, to all appearance as happily disposed in mind and body as a father's heart could wish. If they had fine weather for winning their hay or shearing their corn, they thanked God for it; if the season proved unfavourable the labour was only a little the

more, and the crop a little the worse. Their stations secured them from want, and they had no wish beyond it. What more had Daniel to desire ?

The following passage in the divine Du Bartas he used to read with peculiar satisfaction, applying it to himself:—

“ Oh thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city troubles, and of state affairs ;
And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team
His own *free land*, left by his friends to him !

Never pale Envy's poisonous heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart : nor vulture Avarice :
His fields' bounds bound his thoughts : he never sups,
For nectar, poison mixed in silver cups ;
Neither in golden platters doth he lick,
For sweet ambrosia, deadly arsenic ;
His hand's his bowl, (better than plate or glass,)
The silver brook his sweetest hippocrass ;
Milk, cheese, and fruit, (fruits of his own endeavour,)
Dress'd without dressing, hath he ready ever.

False counsellors, (concealers of the law,)
Turncoat attorneys that with both hands draw
Sly pettifoggers, wranglers at the bar,
Proud purse leeches, harpies of Westminster,
With feigned chiding, and foul jarring noise,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joys ;
But cheerful birds chirping him sweet good-morrows
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows ;
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day
The diapason of their heavenly lay.

His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On th' ireful ocean, (as the winds do blow,)
With sudden tempest is not overwhirled,
To seek his sad death in another world :
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas,
No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
Than that which waters with its silver current
His native meadows ; and that very earth
Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy seed ;
Nor keep in consort (as Mæcenus did)
Luxurious Villains—(Viols I should have said ;)
But on green carpets thrum'd with mossy bever,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Drum, fife, and trumpet, with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to arms ;
Nor dear respect of some great general,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The crested cock sings “ *Hunt-is-up* ” to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the mountains and the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears which great Aurora sheds.

Never gross air poisoned in stinking streets,
 To choke his spirit, his tender nostril meets ;
 But th' open sky where at full breath he lives,
 Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives.
 And death, dread sergeant of the Eternal Judge,
 Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge."

CHAPTER VII. P. I.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY—AN EXPERIMENT UPON MOONSHINE.

Quien comienza en juventud
 A bien obrar,
 Señal es de no errar
 En senetud.

Proverbios del Marques de Santillana.

IT is not, however, for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations as the sparks fly upward, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion. Having nothing to desire for himself, Daniel's ambition had taken a natural direction and fixed upon his son. He was resolved that the boy should be made a scholar; not with the prospect of advancing him in the world, but in the hope that he might become a philosopher, and take as much delight in the books which he would inherit as his father had done before him. Riches, and rank, and power appeared in his judgment to be nothing when compared to philosophy; and herein he was as true a philosopher as if he had studied in the Porch, or walked the groves of Academus.

It was not, however, for this—for he was as little given to talk of his opinions as to display his reading—but for his retired habits, and general character, and some odd practices into which his books had led him, that he was commonly called Flossofer Daniel by his neighbours. The appellation was not affixed in derision, but respectfully and as his due; for he bore his faculties too meekly ever to excite an envious or an ill-natured feeling in any one. Rural flossofers were not uncommon in those days, though in the progress of society they have disappeared like crokers, bowyers, lorimers, armourers, running footmen, and other descriptions of men whose occupations are gone by. But they were of a different order from our Daniel. They were usually philomaths, students in astrology, or the celestial science, and not unfrequently empirics or downright quacks. Between twenty and thirty almanacs used to be published every year by men of this description, some of them versed enough in

mathematics to have done honour to Cambridge, had the fates allowed; and others such proficient in roguery, that they would have done equal honour to the whipping post.

A man of a different stamp from either came in declining life to settle at Ingleton in the humble capacity of school-master, a little before young Daniel was capable of more instruction than could be given him at home. Richard Guy was his name; he is the person to whom the lovers of old rhyme are indebted for the preservation of the old poem of Flodden Field, which he transcribed from an ancient manuscript, and which was printed from his transcript by Thomas Gent of York. In his way through the world, which had not been along the king's high Dunstable road, Guy had picked up a competent share of Latin, a little Greek, some practical knowledge of physic, and more of its theory; astrology enough to cast a nativity, and more acquaintance with alchymy than has often been possessed by one who never burnt his fingers in its processes. These acquirements were grafted on a disposition as obliging as it was easy; and he was beholden to nature for an understanding so clear and quick that it might have raised him to some distinction in the world if he had not been under the influence of an imagination at once lively and credulous. Five-and-fifty years had taught him none of the world's wisdom; they had sobered his mind without maturing it; but he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.

Daniel was too far advanced in life to fall in friendship; he felt a certain degree of attractiveness in this person's company; there was, however, so much of what may better be called reticence than reserve in his own quiet habitual manners, that it would have been long before their acquaintance ripened into anything like intimacy, if an accidental circumstance had not brought out the latent sympathy which on both sides had till then rather been apprehended than understood. They were walking together one day when young Daniel, who was then in his sixth year, looking up in his father's face, proposed this question: "Will it be any harm, father, if I steal five beans when next I go into Jonathan Douthwaites, if I can do it without any one's seeing me?"

"And what wouldst thou steal beans for," was the reply, "when anybody would give them to thee, and when thou knowest there are plenty at home?"

"But it won't do to have them given, father," the boy replied. "They are to charm away my warts. Uncle William says I must steal five beans, a bean for every wart, and tie them carefully up in paper, and carry them to a place where two roads cross, and then drop them, and walk away without ever once looking behind me. And then the warts will go away from me, and come upon the hands of the person that picks up the beans."

"Nay, boy," the father made answer; "that charm was never taught by a white witch! If thy warts are a trouble to thee, they would be a trouble to any one else; and to get rid of an evil from ourselves, Daniel, by bringing it upon another, is against our duty to our neighbour. Have nothing to do with a charm like that!"

"May I steal a piece of raw beef then," rejoined the boy, "and rub the warts with it and bury it? For uncle says that will do, and as the beef rots, so the warts will waste away."

"Daniel," said the father, "those can be no lawful charms that begin with stealing; I could tell thee how to cure thy warts in a better manner. There is an infallible way, which is by washing the hands in moonshine, but then the moonshine must be caught in a bright silver basin. You wash and wash in the basin, and a cold moisture will be felt upon the hands, proceeding from the cold and moist rays of the moon."

"But what shall we do for a silver basin?" said little Daniel.

The father answered, "A pewter dish might be tried if it were made very bright; but it is not deep enough. The brass kettle, perhaps, might do better."

"Nay," said Guy, who had now begun to attend with some interest, "the shape of a kettle is not suitable. It should be a concave vessel, so as to concentrate the rays. Joshua Wilson, I dare say, would lend his brass basin, which he can very well spare at the hour you want it, because nobody comes to be shaved by moonlight. The moon rises early enough to serve at this time. If you come in this evening at six o'clock, I will speak to Joshua in the mean time, and have the basin as bright and shining as a good scouring can make it. The experiment is curious, and I should like to see it tried. Where, Daniel, didst thou learn it?" "I read it," replied Daniel, "in Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourses, and he says it never fails."

Accordingly the parties met at the appointed hour. Mambrino's helmet when new from the armourers, or when furnished for a tournament, was not brighter than Guy had rendered the inside of the barber's basin. Schoolmaster, father and son retired to a place out of observation, by the side of the river, a wild stream tumbling among the huge stones which it had brought down from the hills. On one of these stones sat Daniel the elder, holding the basin in such an inclination towards the moon that there should be no shadow in it; Guy directed the boy where to place himself so as not to intercept the light, and stood looking complacently on, while young Daniel revolved his hands one in another within the empty basin, as if washing them. "I feel them cold and clammy, father!" said the boy. (It was the beginning of November.) "Ay," replied the father, "that's

the cold moisture of the moon!" "Ay!" echoed the schoolmaster, and nodded his head in confirmation.

The operation was repeated on the two following nights; and Daniel would have kept up his son two hours later than his regular time of rest to continue it on the third if the evening had not set in with clouds and rain. In spite of the patient's belief that the warts would waste away and were wasting, (for Prince Hohenlohe could not require more entire faith than was given on this occasion,) no alteration could be perceived in them at a fortnight's end. Daniel thought the experiment had failed because it had not been repeated sufficiently often, and perhaps continued long enough. But the schoolmaster was of opinion that the cause of failure was in the basin: for that silver being the lunar metal would by affinity assist the influential virtues of the moonlight, which finding no such affinity in a mixed metal of baser compounds, might contrariwise have its potential qualities weakened, or even destroyed, when received in a brazen vessel, and reflected from it. Flossofer Daniel assented to this theory. Nevertheless, as the child got rid of his troublesome excrescences in the course of three or four months, all parties, disregarding the lapse of time at first, and afterward fairly forgetting it, agreed that the remedy had been effectual, and Sir Kenelm, if he had been living, might have procured the solemn attestation of men more veracious than himself that moonshine was an infallible cure for warts.

CHAPTER VIII. P. I.

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOL BOY.

Though happily thou wilt say that wands be to be wrought when they are green, lest they rather break than bend when they be dry, yet know also that he that bendeth a twig because he would see if it would bow by strength, may chance to have a crooked tree when he would have a straight.—EUPHUES.

FROM this time the two flossofers were friends. Daniel seldom went to Ingleton without looking in upon Guy, if it were between school hours. Guy on his part would walk as far with him on the way back as the tether of his own time allowed, and frequently on Saturdays and Sundays he strolled out and took a seat by Daniel's fireside. Even the wearying occupation of hearing one generation of urchins after another repeat *a-b-ab*, hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and pacing like a horse in a mill the same dull dragging round day after day, had neither diminished

Guy's good nature, nor lessened his love for children. He had from the first conceived a liking for young Daniel, both because of the right principle which was evinced by the manner in which he proposed the question concerning stealing the beans, and of the profound gravity (worthy of a flossifer's son) with which he behaved in the affair of the moonshine. All that he saw and heard of him tended to confirm this favourable prepossession; and the boy, who had been taught to read in the Bible and in Stowe's Chronicle, was committed to his tuition at seven years of age.

Five days in the week (for in the North of England Saturday as well as Sunday is a sabbath to the schoolmaster) did young Daniel, after supping his porringer of oat-meal pottage, set off to school, with a little basket containing his dinner in his hand. This provision usually consisted of oatcake and cheese, the latter in goodly proportion, but of the most frugal quality, whatever cream the milk afforded having been consigned to the butter tub. Sometimes it was a piece of cold bacon or cold pork; and in winter there was the luxury of a shred pie, which is a coarse north country edition of the pie abhorred by Puritans. The distance was in those days called two miles; but miles of such long measure that they were for him a good hour's walk at a cheerful pace. He never loitered on the way, being at all times brisk in his movements, and going to school with a spirit as light as when he returned from it, like one whose blessed lot it was never to have experienced, and therefore never to stand in fear of severity or unkindness. For he was not more a favourite with Guy for his docility, and regularity, and diligence, than he was with his schoolfellows for his thorough good nature and a certain original oddity of humour.

There are some boys who take as much pleasure in exercising their intellectual faculties, as others do when putting forth the power of arms and legs in boisterous exertion. Young Daniel was from his childhood fond of books. William Dove used to say he was a chip of the old block; and this hereditary disposition was regarded with much satisfaction by both parents, Dinah having no higher ambition nor better wish for her son, than that he might prove like his father in all things. This being the bent of his nature, the boy having a kind master as well as a happy home, never tasted of what old Lily calls (and well might call) the wearisome bitterness of the scholar's learning. He was never subject to the brutal discipline of the Udals, and Busbys, and Bowers, and Parrs, and other less notorious tyrants who have trodden in their steps; nor was any of that inhuman injustice ever exercised upon him to break his spirit, for which it is to be hoped Dean Colet has paid in purgatory: to be hoped, I say, because if there be no purgatory, the dean may have gone farther and fared worse. Being the only *Latiner*

in the school, his lessons were heard with more interest and less formality. Guy observed his progress with almost as much delight and as much hope as Daniel himself. A school-master who likes his vocation feels towards the boys who deserve his favour something like a thrifty and thriving father towards the children for whom he is scraping together wealth; he is contented that his humble and patient industry should produce fruit, not for himself, but for them, and looks with pride to a result in which it is impossible for him to partake, and which in all likelihood he may never live to see. Even some of the old phlebotomists have had this feeling to redeem them.

“Sir,” says the compositor to the corrector of the press, “there is no heading in the copy for this chapter. What must I do?”

“Leave a space for it,” the corrector replies. “It is a strange sort of book; but I dare say the author has a reason for everything he says or does, and most likely you will find out his meaning as you set up.”

Right, Mr. Corrector! you are a judicious person, free from the common vice of finding fault with what you do not understand. My meaning will be explained presently. And having thus prologized, we will draw a line, if you please, and begin.

TEN measures of garrulity, says the Talmud, were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine.

I have known in my time eight terrific talkers; and five of them were of the masculine gender.

But supposing that the rabbis were right in allotting to the women a ninefold proportion of talkativeness, I confess that I have inherited my mother's share.

I am liberal of my inheritance, and the public shall have the full benefit of it.

And here, if my gentle public will consider to what profitable uses this gift might have been applied, the disinterestedness of my disposition in having thus benevolently dedicated it to their service will doubtless be appreciated as it deserves by their discrimination and generosity. Had I carried it to the pulpit, think now how I might have filled the seats, and raised the prices of a private chapel! Had I taken it to

the bar, think how I could have mystified a judge, and bamboozled a jury! Had I displayed it in the senate, think how I could have talked against time, for the purpose of delaying a division, till the expected numbers could be brought together; or how efficient a part I could have borne in the patriotic design of impeding the business of a session, prolonging and multiplying the debates, and worrying a minister out of his senses and his life.

Diis aliter visum. I am what I was to be, what it is best for myself that I should be, and for you, my public, also. The rough-hewn plans of my destination have been better shaped for me by Providence than I could have shaped them for myself.

But to the purpose of this chapter, which is as headless as the whigs—observe, my public, I have not said as brainless. If it were, the book would be worth no more than a new tragedy of Lord Byron's; or an old number of Mr. Jeffrey's Review, when its prophecies have proved false, its blunders have been exposed, and its slander stinks.

Everything here shall be in order. The digressions into which this gift of discourse may lead me must not interrupt the arrangement of our history. Never shall it be said of the unknown, that "he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." We have a journey to perform from Dan to Beersheba, and we must halt occasionally by the way. Matter will arise contingent to the story, correlative to it, or excrescent from it; not necessary to its progress, and yet indispensable for your delight, my gentle public, and for mine own ease. My public would not have me stifle the *afflatus* when I am labouring with it, and in the condition of Elihu as described by himself in the 18th and 19th verses of the xxxii. chapter of the book of Job.

*Quemadmodum cælator oculos diu intentos ac fatigatos remittit atque avocat, et, ut dici solet, pascit; sic nos animum aliquando debemus relaxare et quibusdam oblectamentis reficere. Sed ipsa oblectamenta opera sint; ex his quoque si observaveris, sumes quod possit fieri salutare.**

But that the beautiful structure of this history may in no wise be deranged, such matter shall be distributed into distinct chapters in the way of intercalation; a device of which, as it respects the year, Adam is believed to have been the inventor; but according to the author of the book of Jalkut, it was only transmitted by him to his descendants, being one of the things which he received by revelation.

How then shall these chapters be annominated? Intercalary they shall not. That word will send some of my readers to Johnson's Dictionary for its meaning, and others

* Seneca, epistle 58.

to Sheridan or Walker for its pronunciation. Besides, I have a dislike to all mongrel words, and an especial dislike for strange compounds into which a preposition enters. I owe them a grudge. They make one of the main difficulties in Greek and German.

From our own calendars we cannot borrow an appellation. In the republican one of our neighbours, when the revolutionary fever was at its height, the supplemental days were called *sansculottedes*. The Spaniards would call them *dias descamisados*. The holders of liberal opinions in England would call them radical days. A hint might be taken hence, and we might name them radical chapters, as having the root of the matter in them; or *ramal*, if there were such a word, upon the analogy of the branch Bible societies. Or *ramage*, as the King of Cockayne hath his foliage. But they would not be truly and philosophically designated by these names. They are not branches from the tree of this history, neither are they its leaves; but rather choice garlands suspended there to adorn it on festival days. They may be likened to the waste weirs of a canal, or the safety valves of a steam engine, (my gentle public would not have me stife the *afflatus*!) interludes, symphonies between the acts, voluntaries during the service, resting-places on the ascent of a church tower, angular recesses of an old bridge, into which foot passengers may retire from carriages or horsemen; houses of call upon the road; seats by the wayside, such as those which were provided by the Man of Ross, or the not less meritorious Woman of Chippenham, Maud Heath, of Langley Burrel; hospices on the passages of the Alps; capes of Good Hope, or isles of St. Helena—yea, islands of Tinian or Juan Fernandez, upon the long voyage whereon we are bound.

Leap chapters they cannot properly be called; and if we were to call them *ha has!* as being chapters which the reader may leap if he likes, the name would appear rather strained than significant, and might be justly censured as more remarkable for affectation than for aptness. For the same reason I reject the designation of intermeans, though it hath the sanction of great Ben's authority.

Among the requisites for an accomplished writer, Steele enumerates the skill whereby common words are started into new significations. I will not presume so far upon that talent—modesty forbids me—as to call these intervening chapters either interpellations, or interpositions, or interlocutions, or intervals. Take this, reader, for a general rule, that the readiest and plainest style is the most forcible; (if the head be but properly stored;) and that in all ordinary cases the word which first presents itself is the best; even as in all matters of right and wrong, the first feeling is that which the heart owns and the conscience ratifies.

But for a new occasion, a new word, or a new composite must be formed. Therefore I will strike one in the mint of analogy, in which alone the king's English must be coined, and call them interchapters. And thus endeth

INTERCHAPTER I.

REMARKS IN THE PRINTING OFFICE—THE AUTHOR CONFESSES A DISPOSITION TO GARRULITY—PROPRIETY OF PROVIDING CERTAIN CHAPTERS FOR THE RECEPTION OF HIS EXTRANEOUS DISCOURSE—CHOICE OF AN APPELLATION FOR SUCH CHAPTERS.

Perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri
Non sinat, in medium vacuas referemus ad aures.

OVID.

CHAPTER IX. P. I.

EXCEPTIONS TO ONE OF KING SOLOMON'S RULES—A WINTER'S EVENING AT DANIEL'S FIRESIDE.

These are my thoughts ; I might have spun them out into a greater length ; but I think a little plot of ground, thick sown, is better than a great field, which, for the most part of it, lies fallow.—NORRIS.

“ TRAIN up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Generally speaking, it will be found so ; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions ?

Ask the serious Christian, as he calls himself, or the professor, (another and more fitting appellative which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves,) ask him whether he has found it hold good. Whether his sons, when they attained to years of discretion, (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life,) have profited as he expected by the long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened night and morning, the sad Sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days. Ask them if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age—from being birdlimed by dissipation—or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief. “ It is no doubt a true observation,” says Bishop Patrick, “ that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom.”

Ask the old faithful servant of Mammon, whom Mammon has rewarded to his heart's desire, and in whom the acquisition of riches has only increased his eagerness for acquiring more—ask him whether he has succeeded in training up his heir to the same service. He will tell you that the young man is to be found upon race grounds, and in gaminghouses, that he is taking his swing of extravagance and excess, and is on the high road to ruin.

Ask the wealthy Quaker, the pillar of the meeting—most orthodox in heterodoxy—who never wore a garment of forbidden cut or colour, never bent his body in salutation, or his knees in prayer—never uttered the heathen name of a day or month, nor ever addressed himself to any person without religiously speaking illegitimate English—ask him how it has happened that the tailor has converted his sons. He will fold his hands, and twirl his thumbs mournfully in silence. It has not been for want of training them in the way wherein it was his wish that they should go.

You are about, sir, to send your son to a public school; Eton or Westminster; Winchester or Harrow; Rugby or the Charterhouse, no matter which. He may come from either an accomplished scholar to the utmost extent that school education can make him so; he may be the better both for its discipline and its want of discipline; it may serve him excellently well as a preparatory school for the world into which he is about to enter. But also he may come away an empty coxcomb or a hardened brute—a spendthrift—a profligate—a blackguard or a sot.

To put a boy in the way he should go, is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain; but there are rocks and shallows in her course, winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and perils of the sea.

How often has it been seen that sons, not otherwise deficient in duty towards their parents, have, in the most momentous concerns of life, taken the course most opposite to that in which they were trained to go, going wrong where the father would have directed them aright, or taking the right path in spite of all inducements and endeavours for leading them wrong! The son of Charles Wesley, born and bred in Methodism, and bound to it by all the strongest ties of pride and prejudice, became a Papist. This, indeed, was but passing from one erroneous persuasion to another, and a more inviting one. But Isaac Casaubon also had the grief of seeing a son seduced into the Romish superstition, and on the part of that great and excellent man, there had been no want of discretion in training him, nor of sound learning and sound wisdom. Archbishop Leighton, an honour to his church, his country, and his kind, was the child of one of those firebrands who kindled the Great Rebellion. And

Franklin had a son, who, notwithstanding the example of his father, (and such a father !) continued steadfast in his duty as a soldier and a subject; he took the unsuccessful side—but

nunquam successu crescat honestum.*

No such disappointment was destined to befall our Daniel. The way in which he trained up his son was that into which the bent of the boy's own nature would have led him; and all circumstances combined to favour the tendency of his education. The country abounding in natural objects of sublimity and beauty (some of these singular in their kind) might have impressed a duller imagination than had fallen to his lot; and that imagination had time enough for its workings during his solitary walks to and from school morning and evening. His home was in a lonely spot; and having neither brother nor sister, nor neighbours near enough in any degree to supply their place as playmates, he became his father's companion imperceptibly as he ceased to be his fondling. And the effect was hardly less apparent in Daniel than in the boy. He was no longer the same taciturn person as of yore; it seemed as if his tongue had been loosened, and when the reservoirs of his knowledge were opened they flowed freely.

Their chimney corner on a winter's evening presented a group not unworthy of Sir Joshua's pencil. There sat Daniel, richer in marvellous stories than ever traveller who in the days of mendacity returned from the East; the peat fire shining upon a countenance which, weather hardened as it was, might have given the painter a model for a patriarch, so rare was the union which it exhibited of intelligence, benevolence, and simplicity. There sat the boy with open eyes and ears, raised head, and fallen lip, in all the happiness of wonder and implicit belief. There sat Dinah, not less proud of her husband's learning than of the towardly disposition and promising talents of her son—twirling the thread at her spinning wheel, but attending to all that passed; and when there was a pause in the discourse, fetching a deep sigh, and exclaiming "Lord bless us! what wonderful things there are in the world!" There also sat Haggy, knitting stockings, and sharing in the comforts and enjoyments of the family when the day's work was done. And there sat William Dove—but William must have a chapter to himself.

* Lucan.

CHAPTER X. P. I.

ONE WHO WAS NOT SO WISE AS HIS FRIENDS COULD HAVE WISHED,
AND YET QUITE AS HAPPY AS IF HE HAD BEEN WISER—NEPOTISM
NOT CONFINED TO POPES.

There are of madmen as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike. Some
Apish and fantastic ;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.

DEKKER.

WILLIAM DOVE was Daniel's only surviving brother, seven years his junior. He was born with one of those heads in which the thin partition that divides great wits from folly is wanting. Had he come into the world a century sooner, he would have been taken *volens volens* into some baron's household, to wear motley, make sport for the guests and domestics, and live in fear of the rod. But it was his better fortune to live in an age when this calamity rendered him liable to no such oppression, and to be precisely in that station which secured for him all the enjoyments of which he was capable, and all the care he needed. In higher life, he would probably have been consigned to the keeping of strangers who would have taken charge of him for pay ; in a humbler degree he must have depended upon the parish for support ; or have been made an inmate of one of those moral lazarettos in which age and infancy, the harlot and the idiot, the profligate and the unfortunate are herded together.

William Dove escaped these aggravations of calamity. He escaped also that persecution to which he would have been exposed in populous places where boys run loose in packs, and harden one another in impudence, mischief, and cruelty. Natural feeling, when natural feeling is not corrupted, leads men to regard persons in his condition with a compassion not unmixed with awe. It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons to point significantly at the head and say, '*Tis not all there* : words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. No outward and visible deformity can make them so truly apprehend how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

William Dove's was not a case of fatuity. Though *all*

was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half saved*. Some of his faculties were more acute than ordinary, but the power of self-conduct was entirely wanting in him. Fortunately, it was supplied by a sense of entire dependance which produced entire docility. A dog does not obey his master more dutifully than William obeyed his brother; and in this obedience there was nothing of fear; with all the strength and simplicity of a child's love, it had also the character and merit of a moral attachment.

The professed and privileged fool was generally characterized by a spice of knavery, and not unfrequently of maliciousness: the unnatural situation in which he was placed tended to excite such propensities, and even to produce them. William had shrewdness enough for the character, but nothing of this appeared in his disposition; ill usage might perhaps have awakened it, and to a fearful degree, if he had proved as sensible to injury as he was to kindness. But he had never felt an injury. He could not have been treated with more tenderness in Turkey (where a degree of holiness is imputed to persons in his condition) than was uniformly shown him within the little sphere of his perambulations. It was surprising how much he had picked up within that little sphere. Whatever event occurred, whatever tale was current, whatever traditions were preserved, whatever superstitions were believed, William knew them all; and all that his insatiable ear took in, his memory hoarded. Half the proverbial sayings in Ray's volume were in his head, and as many more with which Ray was unacquainted. He knew many of the stories which our children are now reading as novelties in the selections from Grimm's *Kinder-und Haus-Marchen*, and as many of those which are collected in the Danish Folk Sagn. And if some zealous lover of legendary lore (like poor John Leyden, or Sir Walter Scott) had fallen in with him, the Shaksperian commentators might perhaps have had the whole story of St. Withold; the Wolf of the World's End might have been identified with Fenris, and found to be a relic of the Scalds: and Rauf Collyer and John the Reeve might still have been as well known as Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.

William had a great fondness for his nephew. Let not Protestants suppose that Nepotism is an affection confined to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. In its excess, indeed, it is peculiarly a Papal vice, which is a degree higher than a Cardinal one; but like many other sins, it grows out of the corruption of a good feeling. It may be questioned whether fond uncles are not as numerous as unkind ones, notwithstanding our recollections of King Richard and the Children in the Wood. We may use the epithet nepotious for those who carry this fondness to the extent of

doting, and as expressing that degree of fondness it may be applied to William Dove: he was a nepotious uncle. The father regarded young Daniel with a deeper and more thoughtful, but not with a fonder affection, not with such a doting attachment. Dinah herself, though a fond as well as careful mother, did not more thoroughly

Delight to hear
Her early child misspeak half-uttered words ;*

and perhaps the boy, so long as he was incapable of distinguishing between their moral qualities, and their relative claims to his respect, and love, and duty, loved his uncle most of the three. The father had no idle hours; in the intervals, when he was not otherwise employed, one of his dear books usually lay open before him, and if he was not feeding upon the page, he was ruminating the food it had afforded him. But William Dove from the time that his nephew became capable of noticing and returning caresses seemed to have concentrated upon him all his affections. With children, affection seldom fails of finding its due return; and if he had not thus won the boy's heart in infancy, he would have secured it in childhood by winning his ear with these marvellous stories. But he possessed another talent which would alone have made him a favourite with children—the power of imitating animal sounds with singular perfection. A London manager would have paid him well for performing the cock in Hamlet. He could bray in octaves to a nicety, set the geese gabbling by addressing them in their own tongue, and make the turkey cock spread his fan, brush his wing against the ground, and angrily gob-gobble in answer to a gobble of defiance. But he prided himself more upon his success with the owls, as an accomplishment of more difficult attainment. In this Mr. Wordsworth's boy of Winander was not more perfect. Both hands were used as an instrument in producing the notes: and if Pope could have heard the responses which came from barn, and doddered oak, and ivied crag, he would rather (satirist as he was) have left Ralph unsatirised, than have vilified one of the wildest and sweetest of nocturnal sounds.

He was not less expert to a human ear in hitting off the woodpigeon's note, though he could not in this instance provoke a reply. This sound he used to say ought to be natural to him, and it was wrong in the bird not to acknowledge his relation. Once when he had made too free with a lass's lips, he disarmed his brother of a reprehensive look, by pleading that as his name was William Dove it behooved him both to *bill* and to *coo*.

* Donne.

CHAPTER XI. P. I.

A WORD TO THE READER, SHOWING WHERE WE ARE, AND HOW WE
CAME HERE, AND WHEREFORE; AND WHITHER WE ARE GOING.

'Tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom.

BEN JONSON.

READER, you have not forgotten where we are at this time: you remember, I trust, that we are neither at Dan nor Beer-sheba; nor anywhere between those two celebrated places: nor on the way to either of them: but that we are in the doctor's parlour, that Mrs. Dove has just poured out his seventh cup of tea, and that the clock of St. George's has struck five. In what street, parade, place, square, row, terrace, or lane, and in what town, and in what county; and on what day, and in what month, and in what year will be explained in due time. You cannot but remember what was said in the second chapter *postinitium* concerning the importance and the necessity of order in an undertaking like this. "All things," says Sir Thomas Brown, "began in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order, and mystical mathematics of the city of Heaven:" This awful sentence was uttered by the philosopher of Norwich upon occasion of a subject less momentous than that whereon we have entered, for what are the mysteries of the *Quincunx* compared to the delineation of a human mind? Be pleased only at present to bear in mind where we are. Place but as much confidence in me as you do in your review, your newspaper, and your apothecary; give me but as much credit as you expect from your tailor; and if your apothecary deserves that confidence as well, it will be well for you, and if your credit is as punctually redeemed, it will be well for your tailor. It is not without cause that I have gone back to the doctor's childhood and his birthplace. Be thou assured, oh reader! that he never could have been seated thus comfortably in that comfortable parlour where we are now regarding him—never by possibility could have been at that time in that spot, and in those circumstances—never could have been the doctor that he was—nay, according to all reasonable induction, all tangible or imaginable probabilities—never would have been a doctor at all—consequently thou never couldst have had the happiness of reading this delectable history, nor I the happiness of writing it for thy benefit, and information, and delight—had it not been for his father's character, his father's books, his schoolmaster Guy, and his Uncle William,

with all whom and which, it was therefore indispensable that thou shouldst be made acquainted.

A metaphysician, or as some of my contemporaries would affect to say, a psychologist, if he were at all a master of his art bablative (for it is as much an *ars bablativa* as the law, which was defined to be so by that old traitor and time-server Sergeant Maynard)—a metaphysician I say, would not require more than three such octavo volumes as those of Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population, to prove that no existing circumstance could at this time be what it is unless all preceding circumstances had from the beginning of time been precisely what they were. But, my good reader, I have too much respect for you, and too much regard for your precious time, and too much employment, or amusement (which is a very rational kind of employment) for my own, to waste it in demonstrating a truism. No man knows the value of time more feelingly than I do!

Man's life, sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.*

It is my wish and intention to make you acquainted with a person most worthy to be known, for such the subject of this history will be admitted to be: one whom, when you once know him, it will be impossible that you should ever forget; one for whom I have the highest veneration and regard; and, though it is not possible that your feelings towards him should be what mine are, one who, the more he is known, will and must be more and more admired. I wish to introduce this person to you. Now, sir, I appeal to your good sense, and to your own standard of propriety, should I act with sufficient respect either to yourself or him, if, without giving you any previous intimation, any information, concerning his character and situation in life; or in any way apprizing you who and what he was, I were to knock at your door and simply present him to you as Doctor Dove? No, my dear sir! it is indispensable that you should be properly informed who it is whom I thus introduce to your acquaintance; and if you are the judicious person that I suppose you to be, you will be obliged to me as long as you live. "For why," as old Higgs hath it—

"For why, who writes such histories as these
Doth often bring the reader's heart such ease
As when they sit and see what he doth note,
Well fare his heart, they say, this book that wrote!"

Ill fare that reader's heart who of this book says otherwise! "*Tam suavia dicam facinora, ut malè sit ei qui talibus*

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

non delectetur !" said a very different person from old Higgins, writing in a different vein, I have not read his book, but so far as my own is concerned, I heartily adopt his malediction.

Had I been disposed, as the Persians say, to let the steed of the pen expatiate in the plains of prolixity, I should have carried thee farther back in the generations of the Doves. But the good garrulous son of Garcilasso my lord, (Heaven rest the soul of the princess who bore him—for Peru has never produced anything else half so precious as his delightful books,) the Inca-blooded historian himself, I say, was not more anxious to avoid that failing than I am. Forgive me, reader, if I should have fallen into an opposite error; forgive me if, in the fear of saying too much, I should have said too little. I have my misgivings—I may have run upon Scylla while striving to avoid Charybdis. Much interesting matter have I omitted; much have I passed by on which I "cast a longing, lingering look behind;" much which might worthily find a place in the history of Yorkshire—or of the West Riding, if that history were tripartitively distributed—or in the Gentleman's Magazine—or in John Nichol's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century: (I honour John Nichols, I honour Mr. Urban!) much more might it have had place—much more might it be looked for here.

I might have told thee, reader, of Daniel the grandfather, and of Abigail his second wife, who once tasted tea in the housekeeper's apartments at Skipton Castle; and of the great-grandfather who at the age of twenty-eight died of the smallpox, and was the last of the family that wore a leathern jerkin; and of his father Daniel the *atavus*, who was the first of the family that shaved, and who went with his own horse and arms to serve in that brave troop, which during the wreck of the king's party the heir of Lowther raised for the loyal cause: and of that Daniel's grandfather (the *tritavus*) who going to Kentmere to bring home a wife, was converted from the popish superstition by falling in with Bernard Gilpin on the way. That apostolic man was so well pleased with his convert, that he gave him his own copy of Latimer's sermons—that copy which was one of our Daniel's Sunday books, and which was religiously preserved in reverence for this ancestor, and for the apostle of the North (as Bernard Gilpin was called) whose autograph it contained.

The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than could be done by the most elaborate dissertation. And the history of the Doves might be rendered as interesting and as instructive as that of the Seymours or the Howards. Frown not, my Lord of Norfolk, frown not, your grace of Somerset, when I add, that it would contain less for their descendants to regret.

CHAPTER XII. P. I.

A HISTORY NOTICED WHICH IS WRITTEN BACKWARD—THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES AN ESPECIAL EVIL FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

For never in the long and tedious tract
Of slavish grammar was I made to plod;
No tyranny of Rules my patience rackt;
I served no prenticehood to any Rod;
But in the freedom of the Practic way
Learnt to go right, even when I went astray.

Dr. BEAUMONT.

It has been the general practice of historians, from the time of Moses, to begin at the beginning of their subject: but as a river may be traced either from its sources or its mouth, so it appears that a history may be composed in the reversed order of its chronology; and a French author of very considerable ability and great learning has actually written a history of the Christian religion from his own time upward. It forms part of an elaborate and extensive work entitled *Parallele des Religions*, which must have been better known than it appears to be at present if it had not happened to be published in Paris during the most turbulent year of the revolution. Perhaps if I had carried back the memoirs of the Dove family, I might have followed his example in choosing the up-hill way, and have proceeded from son to father in the ascending line. But having resolved (whether judiciously or not) not to go farther back in these family records than the year of our Lord 1723, being the year of the doctor's birth, I shall continue in the usual course, and pursue his history *ab incunabulis* down to that important evening on which we find him now reaching out his hand to take that cup of tea which Mrs. Dove has just creamed and sugared for him. After all the beaten way is usually the best, and always the safest. "He ought to be well mounted," says Aaron Hill, "who is for leaping the hedges of custom." For myself I am not so adventurous a horseman as to take the hazards of a steeple chase.

Proceeding, therefore, after the model of a Tyburn biography—which, being an ancient as well as popular form, is likely to be the best—we come after birth and parentage to education. "That the world from Babel was scattered into divers tongues, we need not other proof," says a grave and good author, "than as Diogenes proved that there is motion—by walking, so we may see the confusion of languages by our

confused speaking. Once all the earth was of one tongue, one speech, and one consent; for they all spake in the holy tongue wherein the world was created in the beginning. But *pro peccato dissentionis humanæ*, as saith St. Austin—for the sin of men's disagreeing, not only different dispositions, but also different languages came into the world. They came to Babel with a disagreeing agreement; and they came away punished with a speechless speech. They disagree among themselves, while every one strives for dominion. They agree against God in their *Nagavad lan Liguda*—we will make ourselves a rendezvous for idolatry. But they come away speaking to each other, but not understood of each other; and so speak to no more purpose than if they spake not at all. This punishment of theirs at Babel is like Adam's corruption, hereditary to us; for we never come under the rod at the grammar school, but we smart for our ancestor's rebellion at Babel."

Light lie the earth upon the bones of Richard Guy, the schoolmaster of Ingleton! He never consumed birch enough in his vocation to have made a besom; and his ferula was never applied unless when some moral offence called for a chastisement that would be felt. There is a closer connection between good nature and good sense than is commonly supposed. A sour, ill-tempered pedagogue would have driven Daniel through the briers and brambles of the grammar and foundered him in its sloughs; Guy led him gently along the greensward. He felt that childhood should not be made altogether a season of painful acquisition, and that the fruits of the sacrifices then made are uncertain as to the account to which they may be turned, and are also liable to the contingencies of life at least, if not otherwise jeopardized. "*Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons le un peu jouir de l'Aurore!*" The precept which warmth of imagination inspired in Jean Jacques was impressed upon Guy's practice by gentleness of heart. He never crammed the memory of his pupil with such horrific terms as prothesis, aphæresis, epenthesis, syncope, paragoge, and apocope; never questioned him concerning appositio, evocatio, syllepsis, prolepsis, zeugma, synthesis, antiptosis, and synecdoche; never attempted to deter him (as Lily says boys are above all things to be deterred) from those faults which Lily also says, seem almost natural to the English—the heinous faults of iota-cism, lambdacism, (which Alcibiades effected,) ischnotesism, traulism, and plateasm. But having grounded him well in the nouns and verbs, and made him understand the concords, he then followed in part the excellent advice of Lily thus given in his address to the reader:—

"When these concords be well known unto them, (an easy and pleasant pain, if the foregrounds be well and thoroughly beaten in,) let them not continue in learning of the rules

orderly, as they lie in their syntax, but rather learn some pretty book, wherein is contained not only the eloquence of the tongue, but also a good plain lesson of honesty and godliness; and thereof take some little sentence as it lieth, and learn to make the same first out of English into Latin, not seeing the book, or construing it thereupon. And if there fall any necessary rule of the syntax to be known, then to learn it, as the occasion of the sentence giveth cause that day; which sentence once made well, and as nigh as may be with the words of the book, then to take the book and construe it; and so shall he be less troubled with the parsing of it, and easiliest carry his lesson in mind."

Guy followed this advice in part, and in part he deviated from it, upon Lily's own authority, as "judging that the most sufficient way which he saw to be the readiest mean;" while, therefore, he exercised his pupil in writing Latin pursuant to this plan, he carried him on faster in construing, and promoted the boy's progress by gratifying his desire of getting forward. When he had done with Cordery, Erasmus was taken up; for some of Erasmus's colloquies were in those days used as a school book, and the most attractive one that could be put into a boy's hands. After he had got through this, the aid of an English version was laid aside. And here Guy departed from the ordinary course, not upon any notion that he could improve upon it, but merely because he happened to possess an old book composed for the use of schools, which was easy enough to suit young Daniel's progress in the language, and might, therefore; save the cost of purchasing Justin, or Phædrus, or Cornelius Nepos, or Eutropius—to one or other of which he would otherwise have been introduced.

CHAPTER XIII. P. I.

A DOUBT CONCERNING SCHOOL BOOKS, WHICH WILL BE DEEMED HERETICAL; AND SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUBSTITUTE FOR OVID OR VIRGIL.

They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but in a skilful hand serves, either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge.—*Herbert's Remains.*

I AM sometimes inclined to think that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system than boys at a grammar school. The pig is allowed to feed upon any kind of offal, however coarse.

on which he can thrive, till the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon, and then he is fed daintily. Now it has sometimes appeared to me, that, in like manner, boys might acquire their first knowledge of Latin from authors very inferior to those which are now used in all schools; provided the matter was unexceptionable and the Latinity good; and that they should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity till they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.

Understand me, reader, as speaking doubtfully—and that, too, upon a matter of little moment; for the scholar will return in riper years to those authors which are worthy of being studied; and as for the blockhead, it signifies nothing whether the book which he consumes by thumbing it in the middle and dog-earing it at the corners, be worthy or not of a better use. Yet if the dead have any cognizance of post-humous fame, one would think it must abate somewhat of the pleasure with which Virgil and Ovid regard their earthly immortality, when they see to what base purposes their productions are applied. That their verses should be administered to boys in regular doses, as lessons or impositions, and some dim conception of their meaning whipped into the tail when it has failed to penetrate the head, cannot be just the sort of homage to their genius which they anticipated or desired.

Not from any reasonings or refinements of this kind, but from the mere accident of possessing the book, Guy put into his pupil's hands the Dialogues of Johannes Ravisius Textor. Jean Tixier, Seigneur de Ravisy, in the Nivernois, who thus Latinized his name, is a person whose works, according to Baillet's severe censure, were buried in the dust of a few petty colleges and unfrequented shops, more than a century ago. He was, however, in his day, a person of no mean station in the world of letters, having been rector of the university of Paris, at the commencement of the sixteenth century; and few, indeed, are the writers whose books have been so much used; for perhaps no other author ever contributed so largely to the manufacture of exercises, whether in prose or verse, and of sermons also. Textor may be considered as the first compiler of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and that collection of apothegms was originally formed by him, which Conrade Lycosthenes enlarged and rearranged; which the Jesuits adopted after expurgating it; and which, during many generations, served as one of the standard commonplace books for commonplace divines in this country as well as on the Continent.

But though Textor was continually working in classical literature with a patience and perseverance which nothing but the delight he experienced in such occupations could have

sustained, he was without a particle of classical taste. His taste was that of the age wherein he flourished, and these his dialogues are moralities in Latin verse. The designs and thoughts, which would have accorded with their language had they been written either in old French or old English, appear, when presented in Latinity, which is always that of a scholar, and largely interwoven with scraps from familiar classics, as strange as Harlequin and Pantaloon would do in heroic costume.

Earth opens the first of these curious compositions with a bitter complaint for the misfortunes which it is her lot to witness. Age (*Ætas*) overhears the lamentation, and inquires the cause; and after a dialogue, in which the author makes the most liberal use of his own commonplaces, it appears that the perishable nature of all sublunary things is the cause of this mourning. *Ætas* endeavours to persuade *Terra* that her grief is altogether unreasonable by such brief and cogent observations as *Fata jubent, Fata volunt, Ita Diis placitum*. Earth asks the name of her philosophic consoler, but upon discovering it, calls her *falsa virago*, and *meretrix*, and abuses her as being the very author of all the evils that distress her. However, *Ætas* succeeds in talking *Terra* into better humour, advises her to exhort man that he should not set his heart upon perishable things, and takes her leave as *Homo* enters. After a recognition between mother and son, *Terra* proceeds to warn *Homo* against all the ordinary pursuits of this world. To convince him of the vanity of glory she calls up in succession the ghosts of Hector, Achilles, Alexander, and Samson, who tell their tales and admonish him that valour and renown afford no protection against Death. To exemplify the vanity of beauty, Helen, Lais, Thisbe, and Lucretia are summoned, relate in like manner their respective fortunes, and remind him that *pulvis et umbra sumus*. Virgil preaches to him upon the emptiness of literary fame. Xerxes tells him that there is no avail in power, Nero that there is none in tyranny, Sardanapalus that there is none in voluptuousness. But the application which *Homo* makes of all this, is the very reverse to what his mother intended: he infers that seeing he must die at last, live how he will, the best thing he can do is to make a merry life of it, so away he goes to dance and revel, and enjoy himself: and *Terra* concludes with the mournful observation that men will still pursue their bane, unmindful of their latter end.

Another of these moralities begins with three worldlings (*tres mundani*) ringing changes upon the pleasures of profligacy, in *Textor's* peculiar manner, each in regular succession saying something to the same purport in different words. As thus:—

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Si breve tempus abit,

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Si vita caduca recedit,

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Si cadit hora.

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Dies abeunt,

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Perit Omne,

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Venit Mors,

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset fati meminisse futuri?

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset lachrymis consumere vitam?

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset tantis incumbere curis?

Upon which an unpleasant personage, who has just appeared to interrupt their dialogue, observes—

“*Si breve tempus abit, si vita caduca recedit,
Si cadit hora, dies abeunt, perit Omne, venit Mors,
Quidnam lethiferæ Mortis meminisse nocebit?*”

It is *Mors* herself who asks the question. The three worldlings, however, behave as resolutely as Don Juan in the old drama; they tell Death that they are young, and rich, and active, and vigorous, and set all admonition at defiance. Death, or rather Mrs. Death, (for *Mors* being feminine is called *læna*, and *meretrix*, and *virago*.) takes all this patiently, and letting them go off in a dance, calls up Human Nature, who has been asleep meantime, and asks her how she can sleep in peace while her sons are leading a life of dissipation and debauchery. Nature very coolly replies by demanding why they should not: and Death answers, because they must go to the infernal regions for so doing. Upon this Nature, who appears to be liberally inclined, asks if it is credible that any should be obliged to go there: and Death, to convince her, calls up a soul from bale to give an account of his own sufferings. A dreadful account this *Damnatus* gives; and when Nature, shocked at what she hears, inquires if he is the only one who is tormented in *Orcus*, *Damnatus* assures her that hardly one in a thousand goes to heaven, but that his fellow sufferers are in number numberless; and he specifies among them kings and popes, and senators and severe schoolmasters—a class of men whom *Textor* seems to have held in great and proper abhorrence—as if, like poor Thomas Tusser, he had suffered under their inhuman discipline.

Horrified at this, Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* advises her to send a son of Thunder round the world, who should reprove the nations for their sins, and sow the seeds

of virtue by his preaching. *Peregrinus* goes upon this mission, and returns to give an account of it. Nothing can be worse than the report. As for the kings of the earth, it would be dangerous, he says, to say what they were doing. The popes suffered the ship of Peter to go wherever the winds carried it. Senators were won by intercession, or corrupted by gold. Doctors spread their nets in the temples for prey, and lawyers were dumb unless their tongues were loosened by money. Had he seen the Italians?—Italy was full of dissensions, ripe for war, and defiled by its own infamous vice. The Spaniards?—They were suckled by Pride The English?—

“ Gens tacitis prægnans arcanis, ardua tentans,
Edita tartareis mihi creditur esse tenebris.”

In short, the missionary concludes that he has found everywhere an abundant crop of vices, and that all his endeavours to produce amendment have been like ploughing the seashore. Again afflicted Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* recommends that she should call up Justice, and send her abroad with her scourge to repress the wicked. But Justice is found to be so fast asleep that no calling can awaken her. *Mors* then advises her to summon *Veritas*—alas! unhappy *Veritas* enters complaining of pains from head to foot, and in all the intermediate parts, within and without; she is dying, and entreats that Nature will call some one to confess her. But who shall be applied to? Kings?—They will not come. Nobles?—*Veritas* is a hateful personage to them. Bishops, or mitred abbots?—They have no regard for Truth. Some saint from the desert?—Nature knows not where to find one! Poor *Veritas* therefore dies “unhoused, disappointed, unannealed;” and forthwith three demons enter rejoicing that Human Nature is left with none to help her, and that they are kings of this world. They call in their ministers, *Caro*, and *Voluptas*, and *Vitium*, and send them to their work among mankind. These successful missionaries return, and relate how well they have sped everywhere; and the demons being by this time hungry, after washing in due form, and many ceremonious compliments among themselves, sit down to a repast which their ministers have provided. The bill of fare was one which Beelzebub’s court of aldermen might have approved. There were the brains of a fat monk—a roasted doctor of divinity who afforded great satisfaction—a king’s sirloin—some broiled pope’s flesh, and part of a schoolmaster; the joint is not specified, but I suppose it to have been the rump. Then came a senator’s lights and a lawyer’s tongue.

When they have eaten of these dainties till the distended stomach can hold no more, *Virtus* comes in, and seeing them send off the fragments to their Tartarean den, calls upon man-

kind to bestow some sustenance upon her, for she is tormented with hunger. The demons and their ministers insult her and drive her into banishment; they tell Nature that to-morrow the great King of Orcus will come and carry her away in chains; off they go in a dance, and Nature concludes the piece by saying that what they have threatened must happen, unless Justice shall be awakened, Virtue fed, and *Veritas* restored to life by the sacred book.

There are several other dialogues in a similar strain of fiction. The rudest and perhaps oldest specimen of this style is to be found in *Pierce Ploughman*, the most polished in Calderon, the most popular in John Bunyan's *Holy War*, and above all in his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It appears from the dialogues that they were not composed for the use of youth alone as a school book, but were represented at college; and poor as they are in point of composition, the oddity of their combinations, and the wholesome honesty of their satire, were well adapted to strike young imaginations, and make an impression there which better and wiser works might have failed to leave.

A schoolmaster who had been regularly bred would have regarded such a book with scorn, and discerning at once its obvious faults, would have been incapable of perceiving anything which might compensate for them. But Guy was not educated well enough to despise a writer like old Textor. What he knew himself, he had picked up where and how he could, in byways and corners. The book was neither in any respect above his comprehension, nor below his taste; and Joseph Warton never rolled off the hexameters of Virgil or Homer, *ore rotundo*, with more delight, when expatiating with all the feelings of a scholar and a poet upon their beauties, to such pupils as Headly, and Russell, and Bowles, than Guy paraphrased these rude but striking allegories to his delighted Daniel.

CHAPTER XIV. P. I.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

Is this then your wonder?
Nay then you shall understand
more of my skill.

BEN JONSON.

“THIS account of Textor's Dialogues,” says a critical reader, “might have done very well for the *Retrospective Review*, or one of the magazines, or D'Israeli's *Curiosities*

of Literature. But no one would have looked for it here, where it is completely out of place."

"My good sir, there is quite enough left untouched in Textor to form a very amusing paper for the journal which you have mentioned, and the editor may thank you for the hint. But you are mistaken in thinking that what has been said of those dialogues is out of place here. May I ask what you expected in these volumes?"

"What the title authorized me to look for."

"Do you know, sir, what mutton broth means at a city breakfast on the lord mayor's day, mutton broth being the appointed breakfast for that festival? It means, according to established usage—by liberal interpretation—mutton broth and everything else that can be wished for at a breakfast. So, sir, you have here not only what the title seems to specify, but everything else that can be wished for in a book. In treating of the doctor, it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is the doctor, &c.; and that &c., like one of Lyttleton's, implies everything that can be deduced from the words preceding.

"But I maintain that the little which has been said of comical old Textor (for it is little compared to what his dialogues contain) strictly relates to the main thread of this most orderly and well compacted work. You will remember that I am now replying to the question proposed in the third chapter P. I., 'Who was the doctor?' And as he who should undertake to edit the works of Chaucer, or Spenser, or Shakespeare, would not be qualified for the task unless he had made himself conversant with the writings of those earlier authors, from whose storehouses (as far as they drew from books) their minds were fed, so it behooved me (as far as my information and poor ability extend) to explain in what manner so rare a character as Dr. Dove's was formed.

"*Quo semel est imbuta recens*—you know the rest of the quotation, sir. And perhaps you may have tasted water out of a beery glass—which it is not one or two rinsings that can purify.

"You have seen yew trees cut into the forms of pyramids, chess kings, and peacocks: nothing can be more unlike their proper growth—and yet no tree except the yew could take the artificial figure so well. The garden passes into the possession of some new owner who has no taste for such ornaments: the yews are left to grow at their own will; they lose the preposterous shape which had been forced upon them, without recovering that of their natural growth, and what was formal becomes grotesque—a word which may be understood as expressing the incongruous combination of formality with extravagance or wildness."

The intellectual education which young Daniel received at home was as much out of the ordinary course as the book

in which he studied at school. Robinson Crusoe had not yet reached Iugleton. Sandford and Merton had not been written, nor the history of Pecksey and Flapsey and the Robin's Nest, which is the prettiest fiction that ever was composed for children, and for which its excellent authoress will one day rank high among women of genius when time shall have set its seal upon desert. The only book within his reach, of all those which now come into the hands of youth, was the Pilgrim's Progress, and this he read at first without a suspicion of its allegorical import. What he did not understand was as little remembered as the sounds of the wind, or the motions of the passing clouds; but the imagery and the incidents took possession of his memory and his heart. After a while Textor became an interpreter of the immortal Tinker, and the boy acquired as much of the meaning by glimpses as was desirable, enough to render some of the personages more awful by spiritualizing them, while the tale itself remained as a reality. Oh! what blockheads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads!

CHAPTER XV. P. I.

THE AUTHOR VENTURES AN OPINION AGAINST THE PREVAILING WISDOM OF MAKING CHILDREN PREMATURELY WISE.

Pray you, use your freedom;
 And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
 To hear you only; not to be compelled
 To take your moral potions.

MASSINGER.

"WHAT, sir," exclaims a lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and woad-stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full die—"what, sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?" And she casts her eyes complacently towards an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female, some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools have composed for the laudable purpose of enabling children to understand everything. "What, sir," she repeats, "are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?"

"Yes, madam, in very many cases."

"I should like, sir, to be instructed why."

She says this in a tone, and with an expression both of

eyes and lips which plainly show, in direct opposition to the words, that the lady thinks herself much fitter to instruct than to be instructed. It is not her fault. She is a good woman, and naturally a sensible one, but she has been trained up in the way women should not go. She has been carried from lecture to lecture, like a student who is being crammed at a Scotch university. She has attended lectures on chymistry, lectures on poetry, lectures on phrenology, lectures on mnemonics; she has read the latest and most applauded essays on taste; she has studied the newest and most approved treatises, practical and theoretical, upon education; she has paid sufficient attention to metaphysics to know as much as a professed philosopher about matter and spirit; she is a proficient in political economy, and can discourse upon the new science of population. Poor lady, it would require large draughts of Lethe to clear out all this indigested and indigestible trash, and fit her for becoming what she might have been! Upon this point, however, it may be practicable to set her right.

“You are a mother, madam, and a good one. In caressing your infants you may perhaps think it unphilosophical to use what I should call the proper and natural language of the nursery. But doubtless you talk to them; you give some utterance to your feelings; and whether that utterance be in legitimate and wise words, or in good extemporaneous nonsense, it is alike to the child. The conventional words convey no more meaning to him than the mere sound; but he understands from either all that is meant, all that you wish him to understand, all that is to be understood. He knows that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it.

“So, too, it continues after he is advanced from infancy into childhood. When children are beginning to speak they do not and cannot affix any meaning to half the words which they hear; yet they learn their mother tongue. What I say is, do not attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat till they have teeth to masticate it.

“There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered when they were with most dexterity put aside! Let me tell you a story which the Jesuit Manuel de Vergara used to tell of himself. When he was a little boy, he asked a Dominican friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The friar, not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look round the room, and thinking he had found a safe reply, pointed to a kettle on the fire, and said the commandment meant that he must never put his hand in the pot while it was boiling. The very

next day, a loud scream alarmed the family, and behold there was little Manuel running about the room, holding up his scalded finger, and exclaiming, 'Oh dear! oh dear! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery!'"

CHAPTER XVI. P. I.

USE AND ABUSE OF STORIES IN REASONING, WITH A WORD IN BEHALF OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, AND IN REPROOF OF THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

My particular inclination moves me in controversy especially to approve his choice that said, *Fortia mallem quam formosa*.—DR. JACKSON.

I ENDED that last chapter with a story, and though "I say it who should not say it," it is a good story well applied. Of what use a story may be even in the most serious debates, may be seen from the circulation of old Joes in parliament, which are as current there as their sterling namesakes used to be in the city some three score years ago. A jest, though it should be as stale as last week's newspaper, and as flat as Lord Flounder's face, is sure to be received with laughter by the collective wisdom of the nation; nay, it is sometimes thrown out like a tub to the whale, or like a trail of carrion to draw off hounds from the scent.

The bill which should have put an end to the inhuman practice of employing children to sweep chimneys was thrown out on the third reading in the House of Lords (having passed the Commons without a dissentient voice) by a speech from Lord Lauderdale, the force of which consisted in, literally, a Joe Miller jest. He related that an Irishman used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it. A neighbour to whom he recommended this as a convenient mode, objected to it upon the score of cruelty to the goose, upon which he replied that a couple of ducks might do as well. Now, if the bill before the house had been to enact that men should no longer sweep chimneys, but that boys should be used instead, the story would have been applicable. It was no otherwise applicable than as it related to chimney-sweeping; but it was a joke, and that sufficed. The lords laughed; his lordship had the satisfaction of throwing out the bill, and the home negro trade has continued from that time, now seven years, till this day, and still continues. His lordship had his jest; and it is speak-

ing within compass to say, that in the course of those seven years two thousand children have been *sacrificed* in consequence.

The worst actions of Lord Lauderdale's worst ancestor admit of a better defence before God and man.

Had his lordship perused the evidence which had been laid before the House of Commons when the bill was brought in, upon which evidence the bill was founded? Was he aware of the shocking barbarities connected with the trade, and inseparable from it? Did he know that children inevitably lacerate themselves in learning this dreadful occupation? that they are frequently crippled by it? frequently lose their lives in it by suffocation, or by slow fire? that it induces a peculiar and dreadful disease? that they who survive the accumulated hardships of a childhood during which they are exposed to every kind of misery, and destitute of every kind of comfort, have at the age of seventeen or eighteen to seek their living how they can in some other employment, for it is only by children that this can be carried on? Did his lordship know that girls as well as boys are thus abused? that their sufferings begin at the age of six, sometimes a year earlier? finally, that they are sold to this worst and most inhuman of slaveries, and sometimes stolen for the purpose of being sold to it?

I bear no ill-will towards Lord Lauderdale, either personally or politically: far from it. His manly and honourable conduct on the queen's trial, when there was such an utter destitution of honour in many quarters where it was believed to exist, and so fearful a want of manliness where it ought to have been found, entitles him to the respect and gratitude of every true Briton. But I will tell his lordship that rather than have spoken as he did against an act which would have lessened the sum of wickedness and suffering in this country—rather than have treated a question of pure humanity with contempt and ridicule—rather than have employed my tongue for such a purpose, and with such success, I would—but no: I will not tell him how I had concluded. I will not tell him what I had added in the sincerity of a free tongue and an honest heart. I leave the sentence imperfect rather than that any irritation which the strength of my language might excite should lessen the salutary effects of self-condemnation.

James Montgomery! these remarks are too late for a place in thy Chimney-sweepers' Friend: but insert them, I pray thee, in thy newspaper, at the request of one who admires and loves thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit at this moment a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good-will.

My compliments to you, Mr. Bowring! Your little poem in Montgomery's benevolent album is in a strain of true

poetry and right feeling. None but a man of genius could have struck off such stanzas upon such a theme. But when you wrote upon humanity at home, the useful reflection might have occurred that patriotism has no business abroad. Whatever cause there may be to wish for amendment in the government and institutions of other countries, keep aloof from all revolutionary schemes for amending them, lest you should experience a far more painful disappointment in their success than in their failure. No spirit of prophecy is required for telling you that this must be the result. Lay not up that cause of remorse for yourself, and time will ripen in you what is crude, confirm what is right, and gently rectify all that is erroneous: it will abate your political hopes, and enlarge your religious faith, and stablish both upon a sure foundation. My good wishes and sincere respects to you, Mr. Bowring!

INTERCHAPTER II.

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

Io'l dico dunque e dicol che ognun m'ode.

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

WHETHER the secret of the freemasons be comprised in the mystic word above is more than I think proper to reveal at present. But I have broken no vow in uttering it.

And I am the better for having uttered it.

Mohammed begins some of the chapters of the Koran with certain letters of unknown signification; and the commentators say that the meaning of these initials ought not to be inquired. So Gelaleddin says; so sayeth Taleb. And they say truly. Some begin with A. L. M.; some with K. H. I. A. S.; some with T. H.; T. S. M.; T. S. or I. S.; others with K. M.; H. M. A. S. K.; N. M.; a single *Kaf*, a single *Nun*, or a single *Sad*—and *sad* work would it be either for *Kaffer* or Mussulman to search for meaning where *none* is. Gelaleddin piously remarks that there is only One who knoweth the import of these letters: I reverence the name which he uses too much to employ it upon this occasion. Mohammed himself tells us that they are the signs of the book which teacheth the true doctrine; the book of the wise; the book of evidence; the book of instruction. When he speaketh thus of the Koran, he lieth, like an impostor as he is: but what he has said falsely of that false book may be applied truly to this. It is the book of instruction inasmuch as every individual reader, among the thousands and tens of

thousands who peruse it, will find something in it which he did not know before. It is the book of evidence, because of its internal truth. It is the book of the wise, because the wiser a man is the more he will delight therein; yea, the delight which he shall take in it will be the measure of his intellectual capacity. And that it teacheth the true doctrine is plain from this circumstance; that I defy the British Critic, the Antijacobin, the Quarterly and the Eclectic Reviews—ay, and the Evangelical, the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, with the Christian Observer to boot, to detect any one heresy in it. Therefore, I say again—

Aballiboozobanganorribo ;

and, like Mohammed, I say that it is the sign of the book—and therefore it is that I have said it :

Nondimen ne' la lingua degli Hebrei
Nè la Latina, ne la Greca antica,
Ne' quella forse ancor degli Aramei.*

Happen it may—for things no less strange have happened; and what has been may be again—for may be and has been are only tenses of the same verb, and that verb is eternally being declined—happen, I say, it may—and, peradventure, if it may it must, and certainly if it must it will: but, what with indicatives and subjunctives, presents, preterperfects, and paulo-postfutura, the parenthesis is becoming too long for the sentence, and I must begin it again. A prudent author should never exact too much from the breath or the attention of his reader—to say nothing of the brains.

Happen then it may that this book may outlive Lord Castlereagh's peace, Mr. Pitt's reputation, (we will throw Mr. Fox's into the bargain,) Mr. Locke's metaphysics, and the regent's bridge in St. James's Park. It may outlive the eloquence of Burke, the discoveries of Davy, the poems of Wordsworth, and the victories of Wellington. It may outlive the language in which it is written; and, in Heaven knows what year of Heaven knows what era, be discovered by some learned inhabitant of that continent which the insects that make coral and madrepora are now, and from the beginning of the world have been, fabricating in the Pacific Ocean. It may be dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred island of the west; for I cannot but hope that some reverence will always be attached to this most glorious and most happy island when its power, and happiness, and glory, like those of Greece, shall have passed away. It may be deciphered and interpreted, and give occasion to a new religion called

* Molza.

Doverly, or Danielism ; which may have its chapels, churches, cathedrals, abbeys, priories, monasteries, nunneries, seminaries, colleges, and universities ; its synods, consistories, convocations, and councils ; its acolytes, sacristans, deacons, priests, archdeacons, rural deans, chancellors, prebends, canons, deans, bishops, archbishops, prince bishops, primates, patriarchs, cardinals, and popes ; its most Catholic kings, and its kings most Dovish, or most Danielish. It may have commentators and expounders, (who can doubt that it will have them ?) who will leave unenlightened that which is dark, and darken that which is clear. Various interpretations will be given, and be followed by as many sects. Schisms must ensue ; and the tragedies, comedies, and farces, with all the varieties of tragi-comedy, and tragi-farce, or farcico-tragedy, which have been represented in this old world, be enacted in that younger one. Attack on the one side, defence on the other ; high Dovers and low Dovers ; Danielites of a thousand unimagined and unimaginable denominations ; schisms, heresies, seditions, persecutions, wars—the dismal game of puss-catch-corner played by a nation instead of a family of children, and in dreadful earnest, when power, property, and life are to be won and lost !

But without looking so far into the future history of Doverly, let me exhort the learned Australian to whom the honour is reserved of imparting this treasure to his countrymen, that he abstain from all attempts at discovering the mysteries of *Aballiboozobanganorribo* ! The unapocalyptic arcana of that stupendous vocable are beyond his reach ; so let him rest assured. Let him not plunge into the fathomless depths of that great world, let him not attempt to soar to its unapproachable heights. Perhaps—and surely no man of judgment will suppose that I utter anything lightly—perhaps, if the object were attainable, he might have cause to repent its attainment. If too “ little learning be a dangerous thing,” too much is more so ;

*Il saper troppo qualche volta nuoce.**

“ Curiosity,” says Fuller, “ is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.”

There is a knowledge which is forbidden because it is dangerous. Remember the apple ! Remember the beautiful tale of Cupid and Psyche ! Remember Cornelius Agrippa’s library ; the youth who opened in unhappy hour his magical volume ; and the choice moral which Southey, who always writes so morally, hath educed from that profitable story ! Remember Bluebeard ! But I am looking far into futurity. Bluebeard may be forgotten ; Southey may be for-

* Molza.

gotten; Cornelius Agrippa may be no more remembered, Cupid and Psyche may be mere names which shall have outlived all tales belonging to them; Adam and Eve—enough.

Eat beans, if thou wilt, in spite of Pythagoras. Eat bacon with them, for the Levitical law hath been abrogated: and indulge in black puddings, if thou likest such food, though there be Methodists who prohibit them as sinful. But abstain from Aballiboozobanganorribo.

CHAPTER XVII. P. I.

THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A CATHOLIC TASTE.

There's no want of meat, sir ;
Portly and curious viands are prepared
To please all kinds of appetites.

MASSINGER.

A FASTIDIOUS taste is like a squeamish appetite; the one has its origin in some disease of mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach. Your true lover of literature is never fastidious. I do not mean the *helluo librorum*, the swinish feeder, who thinks that every name which is to be found in a title page, or on a tombstone, ought to be rescued from oblivion; nor those first cousins of the moth, who labour under a bulimy for black letter, and believe everything to be excellent which was written in the reign of Elizabeth. I mean the man of robust and healthy intellect, who gathers the harvest of literature into his barns, thrashes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it at his own mill, bakes it in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of knowledge. If he bake his loaf upon a cabbage leaf, and eat onions with his bread and cheese, let who will find fault with him for his taste—not I!

The Doves, father as well as son, were blessed with a hearty intellectual appetite, and a strong digestion: but the son had the more catholic taste. He would have relished caviare; would have ventured upon laver undeterred by its appearance—and would have liked it.

What an excellent thing did God bestow on man
When he did give him a good stomach!*

He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, Sally Luns at Bath, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon haddocks at Aberdeen,

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

and drunk punch with beef steaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a *dejeûner à l'Angloise*.

A good digestion turneth all to health.*

He would have eaten squab pie in Devonshire, and the pie which is squabber than squab in Cornwall; sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland; frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sourkrout with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, anise-seed with the Spaniards, garlic with anybody; horse flesh with the Tartars; ass flesh with the Persians; dogs with the northwestern American Indians, curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds' nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, pismire cakes on the Orinoco, and turtle and venison with the lord mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though catholic, was not indiscriminating. He would have tried all, tasted all, thriven upon all, and lived contentedly and cheerfully upon either, but he would have liked best that which was best. And his intellectual appetite had the same happy catholicism.

He would not have said with Euphues, "If I be in Crete, I can lie; if in Greece, I can shift; if in Italy, I can court it:" but he might have said with him, "I can carouse with Alexander; abstain with Romulus; eat with the epicure; fast with the stoic; sleep with Endymion; watch with Chrysippus."

The reader will not have forgotten, I trust, (but if he should I now remind him of it,) that in the brief inventory of Daniel's library there appeared some odd volumes of that "book full of Pantagruelism," the inestimable life of the great Gargantua. The elder Daniel could make nothing of this book; and the younger, who was about ten years old when he began to read it, less than he could of the Pilgrim's Progress. But he made out something.

Young Daniel was free from all the *isms* in Lily, and from rhotacism to boot; he was clear too of schism, and all the worse *isms* which have arisen from it: having by the blessing of Providence been bred up not in any denomination ending in *ist* or *inian*, or *erian* or *arian*, but as a dutiful and contented son of the church of England. In humour, however, he was by nature a Pantagruelist. And, indeed, in his mature years he always declared that one of the reasons which had led him to reject the old humoral pathology was that it did not include Pantagruelism, which he insisted depended neither upon heat nor cold, moisture nor dryness, nor upon any combination of those qualities; but was itself a peculiar and elementary humour; a truth, he said, of which

* Herbert.

he was feelingly and experimentally convinced, and lauded the gods therefore.

Mr. Wordsworth, in that poem which Mr. Jeffrey has said *won't do*—(Mr. Jeffrey is always lucky in his predictions, whether as a politician or a critic—bear witness, Wellington! bear witness, Wordsworth and Southey! bear witness, Elia and Lord Byron!) Mr. Wordsworth, in that poem which

“The high and tender muses shall accept
With gracious smile deliberately pleased,
And listening time reward with sacred praise :”

Mr. Wordsworth, in that noble poem, observes—

“Oh many are the poets that are sown
By nature !”

Among the emblems of Daniel Heinsius—look at his head, reader, if thou hast a collection of portraits to refer to, and thou wilt marvel how so queer a conceit should have entered it, for seldom has there been a face more gnarled and knotted with crabbed cogitations than that of this man, who was one of the last of the giants—among his emblems, I say, is one which represents Cupid sowing a field, and little heads springing out of the ground on all sides, some up to the neck, others to the shoulders, and some with the arms out. If the crop were examined, I agree with Mr. Wordsworth that poets would be found there as thick as darnel in the corn; and grave counsellors would not be wanting whose advice would be that they should be weeded out.

The Pantagruelists are scarcer. Greece produced three great tragic poets, and only one Aristophanes. The French had but one Rabelais when the seven pleiades shone in their poetical hemisphere. We have seen a succession of great tragedians from Betterton to the present time; and in all that time there has been but one Grimaldi in whom the Pantagruelism of pantomime has found its perfect representative.

And yet the reader must not hastily conclude that I think Pantagruelism a better thing than poetry, because it is rarer; that were imputing to me the common error of estimating things by their rarity rather than their worth, an error more vulgar than any which Sir Thomas Brown has refuted. But I do hold this, that all the greatest poets have had a spice of Pantagruelism in their composition, which I verily believe was essential to their greatness. What the world lost in losing the Margites of Homer we know not, we only know that Homer had there proved himself a Pantagruelist. Shakespeare was a Pantagruelist; so was Cervantes; and till the world shall have produced two other men in whom that humour has been wanting equal to these, I hold my point established.

Some one objects Milton. I thank him for the exception; it is just such an exception as proves the rule; for look only at Milton's Limbo and you will see what a glorious Pantagruelist he might have been—if the Puritans had not spoiled him for Pantagruelism.

CHAPTER XVIII. P. I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Τὰ δ' ἂν ἐπιμνησθῶ—ὑπὸ τοῦ λόγου ἐξαναγκαζόμενος ἐπιμνησθήσομαι.—HERODOTUS.

IF William Dove had been installed in office with cap and bells and bawble, he would have been a professor of Pantagruelism, and might have figured in Flögel's history of such professors with Tyll Eulenspiegel, Piovano Arlotto, and Peter the Lion; and in Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare with Muckle John, Rees Pengelding and Robin Rush. The humour lay latent till the boy his nephew hit the spring by reading to him some of those chapters in Rabelais which, in their literal grotesqueness, were level to the capacity of both. These readings led to a piece of practical Pantagruelism, for which William would have been whipped if he had worn a fool's coat.

One unlucky day, Dan was reading to him that chapter wherein young Gargantua relates the course of experiments which he had made with a velvet mask, a leaf of vervain, his mother's glove, a lappet worked with gold thread, a bunch of nettles, and other things more or less unfit for the purpose to which they were applied. To those who are acquainted with the history of Grandgousier's royal family, I need not explain what that purpose was; nor must I to those who are not, (for reasons that require no explanation,) further than to say, it was the same purpose for which that wild enigma (the semi-composition of the Sphinx's Ghost) was designed—that enigma of all enigmas the wildest,

“ On which was written Πῆγμα ἄρωλ.”

William had frequently interrupted him with bursts of laughter; but when they came to that crowning experiment in which Gargantua thought he had found the *beau ideal* of what he was seeking, William clapped his hands, and with an expression of glee in his countenance worthy of Eulenspiegel himself exclaimed, “Thou shalt try the goose, Dan! thou shalt try the goose!”

So with William's assistance, the goose was tried. They began with due prudence, according to rule, by catching a goose. In this matter a couple of ducks Lord Lauderdale knows would not have answered as well. The boy then, having gone through the ceremony which the devotees of Baal are said to have performed at the foot of his image, as the highest act of devotion, (an act of super-reverence it was,) and for which the Jews are said to have called him in mockery Baalzebul, instead of Baalzebub, cried out that he was ready. He was at that moment in the third of those eight attitudes which form a *Rik'ath*. My readers who are versed in the fashionable poets of the day—(this day I mean—their fashion not being ensured for to-morrow)—such readers, I say, know that a rose is called a ghul, and a nightingale a bulbul, and that this is one way of dressing up English poetry in Turkish costume. But if they desire to learn a little more of what Mohammedan customs are, they may consult D'Ohsson's *Tableau* of the Ottoman Empire, and there they may not only find the eight attitudes described, but see them represented. Of the third attitude, or *Rukeou* as it is denominated, I shall only say that the ancients represented one of their deities in it, and that it is the very attitude in which *As in presenti* committed that notorious act for which he is celebrated in scholastic and immortal rhyme, and for which poor Syntax bore the blame. *Verbum sit sat sapienti*. During the reign of liberty and equality, a Frenchman was guillotined for exemplifying it under Marat's monument in the *Place du Carrousel*.

The bird was brought, but young Daniel had not the strength of young Gargantua; the goose, being prevented by William from drawing back, pressed forward; they were by the side of the brook, and the boy, by this violent and unexpected movement, was, as the French would say in the politest and most delicate of all languages, *culbuté*, or, in sailors' English, capsized into the water. The misfortune did not end there; for falling with his forehead against a stone, he received a cut upon the brow which left a scar as long as he lived.

It was not necessary to prohibit a repetition of what William called the *speriment*. Both had been sufficiently frightened; and William never felt more pain of mind than on this occasion, when the father, with a shake of the head, a look of displeasure, and a low voice, told him he ought to have known better than to have put the lad upon such pranks!

The mishap, however, was not without its use. For in after life, when Daniel felt an inclination to do anything which might better be left undone, the recollection that he had *tried the goose* served as a salutary memento, and saved him, perhaps, sometimes from worse consequences.

CHAPTER XIX. P. I.

A CONVERSATION WITH MISS GRAVEAIRS.

Operi suscepto inserviendum fuit: so Jacobus Mycillus pleadeth for himself in his translation of Lucian's Dialogues, and so do I: I must and will perform my task.—BURTON.

"It does not signify, Miss Graveairs! you may flirt your fan, and overcloud that white forehead with a frown; but I assure you the last chapter could not be dispensed with. The doctor used to relate the story himself to his friends; and often alluded to it as the most wholesome lesson he had ever received. My dear Miss Graveairs, let not those intelligent eyes shoot forth in anger, arrows which ought to be reserved for other execution. You ought not to be displeased; ought not, must not, cannot, shall not!"

"But you ought not to write such things, Mr. Author; really you ought not. What can be more unpleasant than to be reading aloud, and come unexpectedly upon something so strange that you know not whether to proceed or make a full stop, or where to look, or what to do? It is too bad of you, sir, let me tell you! and if I come to anything more of the kind, I must discard the book. It is provoking enough to meet with so much that one does not understand: but to meet with anything that one ought not to understand is worse. Sir, it is not to be forgiven; and I tell you again, that if I meet with anything more of the same kind I must discard the book."

"Nay, dear Miss Graveairs!"

"I must, Mr. Author; positively I must."

"Nay, dear Miss Graveairs! Banish Tristram Shandy! banish Smollett, banish Fielding, banish Richardson! But for the doctor—sweet Doctor Dove, kind Dr. Dove, true Doctor Dove, banish not him! Banish Doctor Dove, and banish all the world! Come, come, good sense is getting the better of preciseness. That stitch in the forehead will not long keep the brows in their constrained position; and the incipient smile which already brings out that dimple, is the natural and proper feeling."

"Well, you are a strange man!"

"Call me a rare one, and I shall be satisfied. 'O rare Ben Jonson' you know was epitaph enough for one of our greatest men."

"But seriously, why should you put anything in your book, which, if not actually exceptionable, exposes it at least to that sort of censure which is most injurious?"

“That question, dear madam, is so sensibly proposed that I will answer it with all serious sincerity. There is nothing exceptionable in these volumes; ‘Certes,’ as Euphues Lily has said, ‘I think there be more speeches here which for gravity will mislike the foolish, than unseemly terms which for vanity may offend the wise.’ There is nothing in them that I might not have read to Queen Elizabeth if it had been my fortune to have lived in her golden days; nothing that can by possibility taint the imagination, or strengthen one evil propensity, or weaken one virtuous principle. But they are not composed like a forgotten novel of Dr. Towers’s to be read aloud in dissenting families instead of a moral essay or a sermon; nor like Mr. Kett’s Emily to complete the education of young ladies by supplying them with an abstract of universal knowledge. Neither have they any pretensions to be placed on the same shelf with Cœlebs. But the book is a moral book; its tendency is good, and the morality is ooth the wholesomer and pleasanter because it is not administered as physic, but given as food. I don’t like morality in doses.”

“But why, my good Mr. Author, why lay yourself open to censure?”

“Miss Graveairs, nothing excellent was ever produced by any author who had the fear of censure before his eyes. He who would please posterity must please himself by choosing his own course. There are only two classes of writers who dare do this, the best and the worst—for this is one of the many cases in which extremes meet. The mediocres in every grade aim at pleasing the public, and conform themselves to the fashion of their age, whatever it may be.”

My doctor, like the Matthew Henderson of Burns, was a queer man, and in that respect I, his friend and biographer, humbly resemble him. The resemblance may be natural, or I may have caught it—this I pretend not to decide, but so it is. Perhaps it might have been well if I had resolved upon a further designation of chapters, and distributed them into masculine and feminine; or into the threefold arrangement of virile, feminine and puerile; considering the book as a family breakfast, where there should be meat for men, muffins for women, and milk for children. Or I might have adopted the device of the Porteusian Society, and marked my chapters as they (very usefully) have done the Bible, pointing out what should be read by all persons for edification, and what may be passed over by the many, as instructive or intelligible only to the learned.

Here, however, the book is—

An orchard bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste.*

* Middleton and Rowley’s Spanish Gipsy.

Ladies and gentlemen, my gentle readers, one of our liveliest and most popular old dramatists knew so well the capricious humour of an audience that he made his prologue say

“ He'd rather dress upon a triumph day
My lord mayor's feast, and make them sauces too,
Sauce for each several mouth ; nay further go,
He'd rather build up those invincible pies
And castle custards that affright all eyes—
Nay, eat them all and their artillery—
Than dress for such a curious company,
One single dish.”

But I, gentle readers, have set before you a table liberally spread. It is not expected or desired that every dish should suit the palate of all the guests, but every guest will find something that he likes. You, madam, may prefer those boiled chickens, with stewed celery—or a little of that fricandeau ; the lady opposite will send her plate for some pigeon pie. The doctor has an eye upon the venison—and so I see has the captain. Sir, I have not forgotten that this is one of your fast days—I am glad, therefore, that the turbot proves so good—and that dish has been prepared for you. Sir John, there is garlic in the fricassee. The Hungarian wine has a bitterness which everybody may not like ; the ladies will probably prefer Malmsey. The captain sticks to his Port, and the doctor to his Madeira. Sir John, I shall be happy to take Sauterne with you. There is a splendid trifle for the young folks, which some of the elders also will not despise : and I only wish my garden could have furnished a better dessert ; but considering our climate, it is not amiss. Is not this entertainment better than if I had set you all down to a round of beef and turnips ?

If anything be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat there, but the mouth's displaced ;
Remove but that sick palate all is well.*

Like such a dinner I would have my book—something for everybody's taste, and all good of its kind.

It ought also to resemble the personage of whom it treats ; and

If any whiggish whingin sot
To blame the doctor dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For the doctor was a rare man ! †

Some whiggish sots I dare say will blame him, and whiggish sots they will be who do !

“ En un mot ; mes amis, je n'ai entrepris de vous contenter tous en general, ainsi uns et autres en particulier ; et par special, moy-même.” ‡

* Ben Jonson.

† Burns.

‡ Pasquier.

CHAPTER XX. P. I.

HOW TO MAKE GOLD.

L'alchimista non travaglia a voto ;
 Ei cerca l'oro, ei cerca l'oro, io dico
 Ch' ei cerca l'oro ; e s' ei giungesse in porto
 Fora ben per se stesso e per altrui.
 L'oro e somma posanza infra mortali ;
 Chiedine a cavalier, chiedine a dame,
 Chiedine a tutto il mondo.

CHIABRERA.

WILLIAM had heard so much about experiments that it is not surprising he should have been for making some himself. It was well indeed for his family that the speculative mind, which lay covered rather than concealed under the elder Daniel's ruminating manners, and quiet, contented course of life, was not quickened by his acquaintance with the school-master into an experimental and dangerous activity, instead of being satisfied with theoretical dreams. For Guy had found a book in that little collection which might have produced more serious consequences to the father than the imitation of Gargantua had done to the son.

This book was the exposition of Eirenæus Philalethes upon Sir George Ripley's hermetico-poetical works. Daniel had formerly set as little value upon it as upon Rabelais. He knew indeed what its purport was, thus much he had gathered from it ; but although it professed to contain "the plainest and most excellent discoveries of the most hidden secrets of the ancient philosophers that were ever yet published," it was to him as unintelligible as the mysteries of Pantagruelism. He could make nothing of the work that was to ascend in *bus* and *nubi* from the moon up to the sun, though the expositor had expounded that this was in *nubibus* ; nor of the lake which was to be boiled with the ashes of Hermes's tree, day and night without ceasing, till the heavenly nature should ascend and the earthly descend ; nor of the crow's bill, the white dove, the sparkling cherubim, and the soul of the green lion. But he took those cautions simply and honestly as cautions, which were in fact the lures whereby so many infatuated persons had been drawn on to their own undoing. The author had said that his work was not written for the information of the illiterate, and illiterate Daniel knew himself to be. "Our writings," says the dark expositor, "shall prove as a curious edged knife : to some they shall carve out dainties, and to others it shall serve only

to cut their fingers. Yet we are not to be blamed; for we do seriously profess to any that shall attempt the work, that he attempts the highest piece of philosophy that is in nature; and though we write in English, yet our matter will be as hard as Greek to some, who will think they understand us well, when they misconstrue our meaning most perversely; for is it imaginable that they who are fools in nature should be wise in our books, which are testimonies unto nature?" and again: "Make sure of thy true matter, which is no small thing to know; and though we have named it, yet we have done it so cunningly, that thou mayst sooner stumble at our books than at any thou ever didst read in thy life. Be not deceived either with receipt or discourse; for we verily do not intend to deceive you; but if you will be deceived, be deceived! Our way, which is an easy way, and in which no man may err—our broad way, our *linear* way, we have vowed never to reveal but in metaphor. I, being moved with pity, will hint it to you. Take that which is not yet perfect, nor yet wholly imperfect, but in a way to perfection, and out of it make what is most noble and most perfect. This you may conceive to be an easier receipt than to take that which is already perfect, and extract out of it what is imperfect and make it perfect, and after out of that perfection to draw a *plusquam* perfection: and yet this is true, and we have wrought it. But this last discovery which I hinted in few words is it which no man ever did so plainly lay open; nor may any make it more plain upon pain of an anathema."

All this was heathen Greek to Dániel, except the admonition which it contained. But Guy had meddled with this perilous pseudo science, and used to talk with him concerning its theory, which Daniel soon comprehended, and which, like many other theories, wanted nothing but a foundation to rest upon. That everything had its own seed as well as its own form, seemed a reasonable position; and that the fermental virtue, "which is the wonder of the world, and by which water becomes herbs, trees, and plants, fruits, flesh, blood, stones, minerals, and everything," works only in kind. Was it not then absurd to allow the fermentive and multiplicative power existed in almost all other things, and yet deny it to gold, the most perfect of all sublunary things? The secret lay in extracting from gold its hidden seed.

Ben Jonson has with his wonted ability presented the theory of this delusive art. His knavish alchemist asks of an unbeliever—

"Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art
Seems so impossible?"

Surlly. But your whole work, no more!
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt.

Subtle. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so ?

Surly. If I should ?

Subtle. Why I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Surly. That cannot be.
The egg's ordained by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

Subtle. The same we say of lead, and other metals,
Which would be gold if they had time.

Mammon. And that
Our art doth further.

Subtle. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant : something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Surly. Ay, what is that ?

Subtle. Marry we say—

Mammon. Ay, now it heats ; stand, father ;
Pound him to dust.

Subtle. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water ;
On the other part a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth ; both which concoordinate
Do make the elementary matter of gold ;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones ;
For where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone ;
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engendered ;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part ; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female in all metals.
Some so believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these too
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are ; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them ;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence than nature doth in earth."

I have no cause to say here, with Scheick Mohammed Ali Hazin, that "taste for poetical and elegant composition has turned the reins of my ink-dropping pen away from the road which lay before it;" for this passage of learned Ben lay directly in the way ; and nowhere, reader, couldst thou find the theory of the alchymists more ably epitomized.

"Father," said the boy Daniel one day, after listening to a

conversation upon this subject, "I should like to learn to make gold."

"And what wouldst thou do, Daniel, if thou couldst make it?" was the reply.

"Why, I would build a great house, and fill it with books, and have as much money as the king, and be as great a man as the squire."

"Mayhap, Daniel, in that case thou wouldst care for books as little as the squire, and have as little time for them as the king. Learning is better than house or land. As for money, enough is enough; no man can enjoy more; and the less he can be contented with, the wiser and better he is likely to be. What, Daniel, does our good poet tell us in the great verse book?"

'Nature's with little pleased; enough's a feast:
A sober life but a small charge requires:
But man, the author of his own unrest,
The more he hath, the more he still desires.'

No, boy, thou canst never be as rich as the king, nor as great as the squire; but thou mayst be a philosopher, and that is being as happy as either."

"A great deal happier," said Guy. "The squire is as far from being the happiest man in the neighbourhood as he is from being the wisest or the best. And the king, God bless him! has care enough upon his head to bring on early gray hairs.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

"But what does a philosopher do?" rejoined the boy. "The squire hunts, and shoots, and smokes, and drinks punch, and goes to justice meetings. And the king goes to fight for us against the French, and governs the parliament, and makes laws. But I cannot tell what a philosopher's business is. Do they do anything else besides making almanacs and gold?"

"Yes," said William, "they read the stars."

"And what do they read there?"

"What neither thou nor I can understand, Daniel," replied the father, "however nearly it may concern us?"

CHAPTER XXI. P. I.

A DOUBT CONCERNING THE USES OF PHILOSOPHY.

El comienzo de salud
es el saber,
distinguir y conocer
qual es virtud.

Proverbios del Marques de Santillana.

THAT grave reply produced a short pause. It was broken by the boy, who said, returning to the subject, "I have been thinking, father, that it is not a good thing to be a philosopher."

"And what, my son, has led thee to that thought?"

"What I have read at the end of the dictionary, father. There was one philosopher that was pounded in a mortar."

"That, Daniel," said the father, "could neither have been the philosopher's fault nor his choice."

"But it was because he was a philosopher, my lad," said Guy, "that he bore it so bravely, and said, 'Beat on; you can only bruise the shell of Anaxarchus!' If he had not been a philosopher they might have pounded him just the same, but they would never have put him in the dictionary. Epictetus in like manner bore the torments which his wicked master inflicted upon him without a groan, only saying, 'Take care, or you will break my leg;' and when the leg was broken, he looked the wretch in the face, and said, 'I told you you would break it.'"

"But," said the youngster, "there was one philosopher who chose to live in a tub; and another, who, that he might never again see anything to withdraw his mind from meditation, put out his eyes by looking upon a bright brass basin, such as I cured my warts in."

"He might have been a wise man," said William Dove, "but not wondrous wise; for if he had, he would not have used the basin to put his eyes out. He would have jumped into a quickset hedge, and scratched them out, like the man of our town; because, when he saw his eyes were out, he might then have jumped into another hedge and scratched them in again. The man of our town was the greatest philosopher of the two."

"And there was one," continued the boy, "who had better have blinded himself at once, for he did nothing else but cry at everything he saw. Was not this being very foolish?"

"I am sure," says William, "it was not being merry and wise."

"There was another who said that hunger was his daily food."

"He must have kept such a table as Duke Humphrey," quoth William; "I should not have liked to dine with him."

"Then there was Crates," said the persevering boy; "he had a good estate, and sold it, and threw the money into the sea, saying, 'Away, ye paltry cares! I will drown you, that you may not drown me.'"

"I should like to know," said William, "what the overseers said to that chap, when he applied to the parish for support."

"They sent him off to bedlam, I suppose," said the mother; "it was the fit place for him, poor creature."

"And when Aristippus set out upon a journey, he bade his servants throw away all their money, that they might travel the better. Why, they must have begged their way, and it cannot be right to beg if people are not brought to it by misfortune. And there were some who thought there was no God. I am sure they were fools, for the Bible says so."

"Well, Daniel," said Guy, "thou hast studied the end of the dictionary to some purpose!"

"And the Bible, too, Master Guy!" said Dinah, her countenance brightening with joy at her son's concluding remark.

"It's the best part of the book," said the boy, replying to his schoolmaster; "there are more entertaining and surprising things there than I ever read in any other place, except in my father's book about Pantagruel."

CHAPTER XXII. P. I.

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.

O felice colui, che intender puote
 Le cagion de le cose di natura,
 Che al piu di que' che vivon sono ignote;
 E sotto il piè si mette ogni paura
 De fati, e de la morte, ch'è si trista,
 Ne di vulgo gli cal, nè d'altro ha cura.

TANSILLO.

THE elder Daniel had listened to this dialogue in his usual quiet way, smiling sometimes at his brother William's observations. He now stroked his forehead, and looking mildly but seriously at the boy, addressed him thus:—

"My son, many things appear strange or silly in themselves if they are presented to us simply, without any notice

when and where they were done, and upon what occasion. If any strangers, for example, had seen thee washing thy hands in an empty basin, without knowing the philosophy of the matter, they would have taken thee for an innocent, and thy master and me for little better; or they might have supposed some conjuring was going on. The things which the old philosophers said and did, would appear, I dare say, as wise to us as they did to the people of their own times, if we knew why and in what circumstances they were done and said.

“Daniel, there are two sorts of men in all ranks and ways of life, the wise and the foolish; and there are a great many degrees between them. That some foolish people have called themselves philosophers, and some wicked ones, and some who were out of their wits, is just as certain as that persons of all these descriptions are to be found among all conditions of men.

“Philosophy, Daniel, is of two kinds: that which relates to conduct, and that which relates to knowledge. The first teaches us to value all things at their real worth, to be contented with little, modest in prosperity, patient in trouble, equal-minded at all times. It teaches us our duty to our neighbour and ourselves. It is that wisdom of which King Solomon speaks in our rhyme book. Reach me the volume.” Then turning to the passage in his favourite *Du Bartas*, he read these lines:—

“She’s God’s own mirror; she’s a light whose glance
Ssprings from the lightning of his countenance.
She’s mildest heaven’s most sacred influence;
Never decays her beauties’ excellence,
Aye like herself; and she doth always trace
Not only the same path but the same pace.
Without her honour, health and wealth would prove
Three poisons to me. Wisdom from above
Is the only moderatrix, spring and guide,
Organ and honour, of all gifts beside.’

“But let us look in the Bible: ay, this is the place:—

“For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtile, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good;

“Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtile spirits.

“For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

“For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence, flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

“For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the un

spotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.

“ ‘ And being but one she can do all things ; and remaining in herself she maketh all things new : and in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

“ ‘ For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom.

“ ‘ For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars : being compared with the light she is found before it.

“ ‘ For after this cometh night : but vice shall not prevail against wisdom.’ ”

He read this with a solemnity that gave weight to every word. Then closing the book, after a short pause, he proceeded in a lower tone—

“ The philosophers of whom you have read in the dictionary possessed this wisdom only in part, because they were heathens, and therefore could see no further than the light of mere reason could show the way. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they had not that to begin with. So the thoughts which ought to have made them humble produced pride, and so far their wisdom proved but folly. The humblest Christian who learns his duty, and performs it as well as he can, is wiser than they. He does nothing to be seen of men ; and that was their motive for most of their actions.

“ Now for the philosophy which relates to knowledge. Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing when we look around us in this wonderful world to understand something of what we see : to know something of the earth on which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made : to comprehend the motions of the moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons : to observe the laws which sustain the universe by keeping all things in their courses : to search into the mysteries of nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shown us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

“ Wisdom and knowledge, Daniel, make the difference between man and man, and that between man and beast is hardly greater.

“ These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in charity with his neighbours, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he

who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing; and yet the further he advances in knowledge the better he understands how little he can attain, and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of an immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy."

Then opening the Bible which lay before him, he read these verses from the Proverbs:—

"My son, if thou wilt receive my words—

"So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

"Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

"If thou seekest after her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

"Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

"For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

"He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

"He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints.

"Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path.

"When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul;

"Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee,

"To deliver thee from the way of the evil."

"Daniel, my son," after a pause he pursued, "thou art a diligent and good lad. God hath given thee a tender and dutiful heart; keep it so, and it will be a wise one, for thou hast the beginning of wisdom. I wish thee to pursue knowledge, because in pursuing it, happiness will be found by the way. If I have said anything now which is above thy years, it will come to mind in after time, when I am gone, perhaps, but when thou mayst profit by it. God bless thee, my child!"

He stretched out his right hand at these words, and laid it gently upon the boy's head. What he said was not forgotten, and throughout life the son never thought of that blessing without feeling that it had taken effect.

CHAPTER XXIII. P. I.

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS.

Alli se ve tan eficaz el llanto,
 las fabulas y historias retratadas,
 que parece verdad, y es dulce encanto.

* * * *

Y para el vulgo rudo, que ignorante
 aborrece el manjar costoso, guisa
 el plato del gracioso extravagante ;
 Con que les hartas de contento y risa,
 gustando de mirar sayal grossero,
 mas que sutil y candida camisa.

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENA.

WERE it not for that happy facility with which the mind in such cases commonly satisfies itself, my readers would find it more easy to place themselves in imagination at Ingleton a hundred years ago, than at Thebes or Athens, so strange must it appear to them that a family should have existed in humble but easy circumstances, among whose articles of consumption neither tea nor sugar had a place, who never raised potatoes in their garden nor saw them at their table, and who never wore a cotton garment of any kind.

Equally unlike anything to which my contemporaries have been accustomed, must it be for them to hear of an Englishman whose talk was of philosophy, moral or speculative, not of politics ; who read books in folio, and had never seen a newspaper ; nor ever heard of a magazine, review, or literary journal of any kind. Not less strange must it seem to them who if they please may travel by steam at the rate of thirty miles an hour upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway, or at ten miles an hour by stage upon one of the more frequented roads, to consider the little intercourse which in those days was carried on between one part of the kingdom and another. During young Daniel's boyhood, and for many years after he had reached the age of manhood, the whole carriage of the northern counties, and, indeed, of all the remoter parts, was performed by pack horses, the very name of which would long since have been as obsolete as their use, if it had not been preserved by the sign or appellation of some of those inns at which they were accustomed to put up. Rarely, indeed, were the roads about Ingleton marked by any other wheels than those of its indigenous carts.

That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days as being the home and head quarters of Row-

land Dixon, the gesticulator maximus, or puppet showmaster-general, of the North; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel whom the Spectator has immortalized.

My readers must not form their notion of Rowland Dixon's company from the ambulatory puppet shows which of late years have added new sights and sounds to the spectacles and cries of London. Far be it from me to depreciate those peripatetic street exhibitions, which you may have before your window at a call, and by which the hearts of so many children are continually delighted. Nay, I confess that few things in that great city carry so much comfort to the cockles of my own, as the well-known voice of Punch—

“The same which in my school-boy days
I listened to,”

as Wordsworth says of the cuckoo;

“And I can listen to it yet—
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.”

It is a voice that seems to be as much in accord with the noise of towns, and the riotry of fairs, as the note of the cuckoo, with the joyousness of spring fields and the fresh verdure of the vernal woods.

But Rowland Dixon's company of puppets would be pitifully disparaged, if their size, uses, or importance were to be estimated by the street performances of the present day.

The dramatis personæ of these modern exhibitions never, I believe, comprehends more than four characters, and these four are generally the same, to wit, Punch, Judy, as she who used to be called Joan is now denominated, the devil, and the doctor, or sometimes the constable in the doctor's stead. There is, therefore, as little variety in the action as in the personages. And their dimensions are such that the whole company and the theatre in which they are exhibited are carried along the streets at quick time and with a light step by the two persons who manage the concern.

But the Rowlandian, Dixonian, or Ingletonian puppets were as large as life; and required for their removal a caravan, (in the use to which that word is now appropriated,) a vehicle of such magnitude and questionable shape, that if Don Quixote had encountered its like upon the highway, he would have regarded it as the most formidable adventure which had ever been presented to his valour. And they went as far beyond our street puppets in the sphere of their subjects as they exceeded them in size; for in that sphere *quicquid agunt homines* was included—and a great deal more.

In no country and in no stage of society has the drama ever existed in a ruder state than that in which this com-

pany presented it. The drolls of Bartholomew fair were hardly so far below the legitimate drama, as they were above that of Rowland Dixon; for the drolls were written compositions; much ribaldry might be, and no doubt was, interpolated as opportunity allowed or invited; but the main dialogue was prepared. Here, on the contrary, there was no other preparation than that of frequent practice. The stock pieces were founded upon popular stories or ballads, such as Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and Bateman who hanged himself for love; with Scriptural subjects for Easter and Whitsun week, such as the Creation, the Deluge, Susannah and the Elders, and Nebuchadnezzar, or the Fall of Pride. These had been handed down from the time of the old mysteries and miracle plays, having, in the progress of time and change, descended from the monks and clergy to become the property of such managers as Powel and Rowland Dixon. In what manner they were represented when thus

“ Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate,”

may be imagined from a playbill of Queen Anne’s reign, in which one of them is thus advertised:—

“ At Crawley’s booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew fair, will be presented a little opera, called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah’s flood. Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air are seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels, ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham’s bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall.”

I have not found it anywhere stated at what time these irreverent representations were discontinued in England, nor whether (which is not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks.

and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for saints and images as for the great object of Romish idolatry. These probably will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Delilah clipped him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

That Punch made his appearance in the puppet show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "Hazy weather, Master Noah," having been preserved by tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupæ gesticulantes*, which may be found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum Latina*, edited by Mr. Popham.

" Ecce tamen subito, et medio discrimine rerum,
Ridiculus vultu procedit homuncio, tergum
Cui riget in gibbum, immensusque protruditur alvus:
PUNCHIUS huic nomen, nec erat petulantior unquam
Ullus; quinetiam media inter seria semper
Importunus adest, lepidusque et garrulus usque
Perstat, permiscetque jocos, atque omnia turbat.
Sæpe puellarum densa ad subsellia sese
Convertens—sedet en! pulchras mea, dixit, amica
Illic inter eas! Oculo simul improbus uno
Convivens aliquam illarum quasi noverat, ipsam
Quæque pudens se signari pudefacta rubescit;
Totaque subridet juvenumque virumque corona.
Cum vero ambiguis obscœnas turpia dictis
Innuat, effuso testantur gaudia risu."

In one particular only this description is unlike the Punch of the Ingleton company. He was not a *homuncio*, but a full grown personage, who had succeeded with little alteration either of attributes or appearance to the vice of the old mysteries, and served like the clown of our own early stage, and the *Gracioso* of the Spaniards, to scatter mirth over the serious part of the performance, or turn it into ridicule. The wife was an appendage of later times, when it was not thought good for Punch to be alone; and when, as these performances had fallen into lower hands, the quarrels between such a pair afforded a standing subject equally adapted to the capacity of the interlocutor and of his audience.

A tragic part was assigned to Punch in one of Rowland Dixon's pieces, and that one of the most popular, being the celebrated tragedy of *Jane Shore*. The beadle in this piece, after proclaiming in obvious and opprobrious rhyme the offence which had drawn upon Mistress Shore this public punishment, prohibited all persons from relieving her on pain of death, and turned her out, according to the common story, to die of hunger in the streets. The only person who ventured to disobey this prohibition was Punch the baker; and the reader may judge of the dialogue of these pieces by this baker's words, when he stole behind her, and nudging her furtively while he spake, offered her a loaf, saying, "*Tak it Jenny, tak it!*" for which act, so little consonant with his general character, Punch died a martyr to humanity by the hangman's hands.

Dr. Dove used to say he doubted whether Garrick and Mrs. Cibber could have affected him more in middle life, than he had been moved by Punch the baker, and this wooden *Jane Shore* in his boyhood. For rude as were these performances, (and nothing could possibly be ruder,) the effect on infant minds was prodigious, from the accompanying sense of wonder, an emotion which of all others is at that time of life the most delightful. Here was miracle in any quantity to be seen for twopence, and be believed in for nothing. No matter how confined the theatre, how coarse and inartificial the scenery, or how miserable the properties; the mind supplied all that was wanting.

"Mr. Guy," said young Daniel to the schoolmaster, after one of these performances, "I wish Rowland Dixon could perform one of our Latin dialogues!"

"Ay, Daniel," replied the schoolmaster, entering into the boy's feelings; "it would be a grand thing to have the *Three Fatal Sisters* introduced, and to have them send for *Death*; and then for *Death* to summon the *Pope* and jugulate him; and invite the *Emperor* and the *King* to dance; and disarm the *soldier*, and pass sentence upon the *Judge*; and stop the *Lawyer's* tongue; and feel the *Physician's* pulse; and make the *Cook* come to be killed; and send the *Poet* to the shades; and give the *Drunkard* his last draught. And then to have *Rhadamanthus* come in and try them all! Methinks, Daniel, that would beat *Jane Shore* and *Fair Rosamond* all to nothing, and would be as good as a sermon to boot."

"I believe it would indeed!" said the boy: "and then to see *MORS* and *NATURA*; and have *DAMNATUS* called up; and the three *cacodemions* at supper upon the *sirloin* of a king, and the roasted doctor of divinity, and the cruel schoolmaster's rump! Would not it be nice, Mr. Guy?"

"The pity is, Daniel," replied Guy, "that Rowland Dixon is no Latiner, any more than those who go to see his performances."

“But could not you put it into English for him, Mr. Guy?”

“I am afraid, Daniel, Rowland Dixon would not thank me for my pains. Besides, I could never make it sound half so noble in English as in those grand Latin verses, which fill the mouth, and the ears, and the mind—ay, and the heart and soul too. No, boy! schools are the proper places for representing such pieces; and, if I had but Latiners enough, we would have them ourselves. But there are not many houses, my good Daniel, in which learning is held in such esteem as it is at thy father’s: if there were, I should have more Latin scholars; and, what is of far more consequence, the world would be wiser and better than it is!”

CHAPTER XXIV. P. I.

QUACK AND NO QUACK, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF DR. GREEN AND HIS MAN KEMP—POPULAR MEDICINE, HERBARY, THEORY OF SIGNATURES, WILLIAM DOVE, JOHN WESLEY, AND BAXTER.

Hold thy hand! health’s dear maintainer;
 Life perchance may burn the stronger:
 Having substance to maintain her,
 She untouched may last the longer.
 When the artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

QUARLES.

It was not often that Rowland Dixon exhibited at Ingleton. He took his regular circuits to the fairs in all the surrounding country far and wide; but, in the intervals of his vocation, he who, when abroad, was the servant of the public, became his own master at home. His puppets were laid up in ordinary, the voice of Punch ceased, and the master of the motions enjoyed *otium cum dignitate*. When he favoured his friends and neighbours with an exhibition, it was *speciali gratia*, and in a way that rather enhanced that dignity than derogated from it.

A performer of a very different kind used in those days to visit Ingleton, in his rounds, where his arrival was always expected by some of the community with great anxiety. This was a certain Dr. Green, who, having been regularly educated for the profession of medicine, and regularly graduated in it, chose to practise as an itinerant, and take the field with a merry-andrew for his aid-de-camp. He was of a respectable and wealthy family in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, which neighbourhood, on their account, he never approached in his professional circuits; though for himself he

was far from being ashamed of the character that he had assumed. The course which he had taken had been deliberately chosen, with the twofold object of gratifying his own humour and making a fortune; and in the remoter, as well as in the immediate purpose, he succeeded to his heart's content.

It is not often that so much worldly prudence is found connected with so much eccentricity of character. A French poetess, Madame de Villedieu, taking as a text for some verses the liberal maxim *Que la vertu dépend autant du temperament que des loix*, says—

“ Presque toujours chacun suit son caprice ;
Heureux est le mortel que les destins amis
Ont partagé d'un caprice permis.”

He is indeed a fortunate man who, if he *must* have a hobby-horse—which is the same as saying if he *will* have one—keeps it not merely for pleasure, but for use, breaks it in well, has it entirely under command, and gets as much work out of it as he could have done out of a common roadster. Dr. Green did this: he had not taken to this strange course because he was impatient of the restraints of society, but because he fancied that his constitution, both of body and of mind, required an erratic life, and that, within certain bounds which he prescribed for himself, he might indulge in it, both to his own advantage, and that of the community; that part of the community, at least, among whom it would be his lot to labour. Our laws had provided itinerant courts of justice for the people. Our church had formerly provided itinerant preachers; and after the Reformation, when the mendicant orders were abolished, by whom this service used to be performed, such preachers have never failed to appear during the prevalence of any religious influenza. Dr. Green thought that itinerant physicians were wanted; and that, if practitioners regularly educated and well qualified would condescend to such a course, the poor ignorant people would no longer be cheated by travelling quacks, and sometimes poisoned by them!

One of the most reprehensible arts to which the reformers resorted in their hatred of popery, was that of adapting vulgar verses to church tunes, and thus associating, with ludicrous images, or with something worse, melodies which had formerly been held sacred. It is related of Whitefield, that he, making a better use of the same device, fitted hymns to certain popular airs, because, he said, “there was no reason why the devil should keep all the good tunes to himself.” Green acted upon a similar principle when he took the field as a physician errant, with his man Kemp, like another Sancho, for his squire. But the doctor was no Quixote;

and his merry-andrew had all Sancho's shrewdness, without any alloy of his simpleness.

In those times medical knowledge among the lower practitioners was at the lowest point. Except in large towns the people usually trusted to domestic medicine, which some Lady Bountiful administered from her family receipt book; or to a village doctress, whose prescriptions were as likely sometimes to be dangerously active as at others to be ridiculous and inert. But while they held to their garden physic, it was seldom that any injury was done, either by exhibiting wrong medicines or violent ones.

Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal man could know your properties!*

There was at one time abundant faith in those properties. The holy shepherdess in Fletcher's fine pastoral drama, which so infinitely surpasses all foreign compositions of that class, thus apostrophizes the herbs which she goes out to cull:—

“ Oh you best sons of earth,
You only brood unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her firstborn and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you, you that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time !”

So abundantly was the English garden stocked in the age of the Tudors, that Tusser, after enumerating in an appendix to one of his chapters two-and-forty herbs for the kitchen, fourteen others for sallads or sauces, eleven to boil or butter, seventeen as strewing herbs, and forty “herbs, branches, and flowers for windows and pots,” adds a list of seventeen herbs “to still in summer,” and of five-and-twenty “necessary herbs to grow in the garden for physic, not rehearsed before;” and after all advises his readers to seek more in the field. He says—

“ The nature of flowers Dame Physic doth shew ;
She teacheth them all to be known to a few.”

Elsewhere he observes that

“ The knowledge of stilling is one pretty feat,
The waters be wholesome, the charges not great.”

In a comedy of Lord Digby's, written more than a hundred years after Tusser's didactics, one of the scenes is laid in a lady's laboratory, “with a fountain in it, some stills, and many shelves, with pots of porcelain and glasses;” and when

* Fletcher.

the lady wishes to keep her attendant out of the way, she sends her there, saying

“ I have a task to give you—carefully
 To shift the oils in the perfuming room,
 As in the several ranges you shall see
 The old begin to wither. To do it well
 Will take you up some hours, but 'tis a work
 I oft perform myself.”

And Tusser, among “ the points of housewifery united to the comfort of husbandry,” includes good housewifely physic, as inculcated in these rhymes :—

“ Good housewife provides ere an sickness do come,
 Of sundry good things in her house to have some ;
 Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
 Rose water, and treacle to comfort the heart ;
 Cold herbs in her garden for agues that burn,
 That overstrong heat to good temper may turn ;
 White endive, and succory, with spinage enow,
 All such with good pot herbs should follow the plough.
 Get water of fumitory liver to cool,
 And others the like, or else go like a fool ;
 Conserves of barberry, quinces and such,
 With syrups that easeth the sickly so much.”

Old Gervase Markham, in his “ approved book called the English Housewife, containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman,” places her skill in physic as one of the most principal ; “ you shall understand,” he says, “ that sith the preservation and care of the family touching their health and soundness of body consisteth most in her diligence, it is meet that she have a physical kind of knowledge, how to administer any wholesome receipts or medicines for the good of their healths, as well to prevent the first occasion of sickness, as to take away the effects and evil of the same, when it hath made seizure upon the body.” And “ as it must be confessed that the depths and secrets of this most excellent art of physic are far beyond the capacity of the most skilful woman,” he relates for the housewife’s use some “ approved medicines and old doctrines, gathered together by two excellent and famous physicians, and in a manuscript given to a great worthy countess of this land.”

The receipts collected in this and other books for domestic practice are some of them so hypercomposite that even Tusser’s garden could hardly supply all the indigenous ingredients ; others are of the most fantastic kind, and for the most part they were as troublesome in preparation, and many of them as disgusting, as they were futile. That “ sovereign water” which was invented by Dr. Stephens was composed of almost all known spices, and all savoury and odorous herbs, distilled

in Claret. With this Dr. Stephens "preserved his own life until such extreme old age that he could neither go nor ride; and he did continue his life, being bedrid five years, when other physicians did judge he could not live one year; and he confessed a little before his death, that if he were sick at any time, he never used anything but this water only. And also the Archbishop of Canterbury used it, and found such goodness in it that he lived till he was not able to drink out of a cup, but sucked his drink through a hollow pipe of silver."

Twenty-nine plants were used in the composition of Dr. Adrian Gilbert's most sovereign cordial water, besides harts-horn, figs, raisins, gillyflowers, cowslips, marygolts, blue violets, red rose buds, ambergris, bezoar stone, sugar, aniseed, liquorice, and to crown all, "what else you please." But then it was sovereign against all fevers; and one who in time of plague should take two spoonfuls of it in good beer, or white wine, "he might walk safely from danger, by the leave of God." The water of life was distilled from nearly as many ingredients, to which were added a fleshy running capon, the loins and legs of an old coney, the red flesh of the sinews of a leg of mutton, four young chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve eggs, and a loaf of white bread, all to be distilled in white wine.

For consumption there were pills in which powder of pearls, of white amber and of coral, were the potential ingredients; there was cock water, the cock being to be chased and beaten before he was killed, or else plucked alive! and there was a special water procured by distillation, from a peck of garden shell snails and a quart of earth worms, besides other things; this was prescribed, not for consumption alone, but for dropsy and all obstructions. For all faintness, hot agues, heavy fantasies, and imaginations, a cordial was prepared in tabulates, which were called *Manus Christi*: the true receipt required one ounce of prepared pearls to twelve of fine sugar, boiled with rose water, violet water, cinnamon water, "or howsoever one would have them." But apothecaries seldom used more than a drachm of pearls to a pound of sugar, because men would not go to the cost thereof; and the *Manus Christi simplex* was made without any pearl at all. For broken bones, bones out of joint, or any grief in the bones or sinews, oil of swallows was pronounced exceedingly sovereign, and this was to be procured by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar with about as many different herbs! A mole, male or female according to the sex of the patient, was to be dried in an oven whole as taken out of the earth, and administered in powder for the falling evil. A gray eel with a white belly was to be closed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dunghill, and at the end of a fortnight its oil might be collected to "help hearing." A mix-

ture of rose leaves and pigeon's dung quilted in a bag, and laid hot upon the parts affected, was thought to help a stitch in the side; and for the quinsy, "give the party to drink," says Markham, "the herb mouse-ear, steeped in ale or beer; and look when you see a swine rub himself, and there upon the same place rub a slick stone, and then with it slick all the swelling, and it will cure it."

To make hair grow on a bald part of the head, garden snails were to be plucked out of their houses, and pounded with horse leeches, bees, wasps, and salt, an equal quantity of each; and the baldness was to be anointed with the moisture from this mixture after it had been buried eight days in a hotbed. For the removal and extirpation of superfluous hairs, a depilatory was to be made by drowning in a pint of wine as many green frogs as it would cover, (about twenty was the number,) setting the pot forty days in the sun, and then straining it for use.

A water specially good against gravel or dropsy might be distilled from the dried and pulverized blood of a black buck or he goat, three or four years old. The animal was to be kept by himself, in the summertime when the sun was in Leo, and dieted for three weeks upon certain herbs given in prescribed order, and to drink nothing but red wine, if you would have the best preparation, though some persons allowed him his fill of water every third day. But there was a water of man's blood which in Queen Elizabeth's days was a new invention, "whereof some princes had very great estimation, and used it for to remain thereby in their force, and, as they thought, to live long." A strong man was to be chosen, in his flourishing youth, and of twenty-five years, and somewhat choleric by nature. He was to be well dieted for one month with light and healthy meats, and with all kinds of spices, and with good strong wine, and moreover to be kept with mirth; at the month's end, veins in both arms were to be opened, and as much blood to be let out as he could "tolerate and abide." One handful of salt was to be added to six pounds of this blood, and this was to be seven times distilled, pouring the water upon the residuum after every distillation, till the last. This was to be taken three or four times a year, an ounce at a time. One has sight of a theory here; the life was thought to be in the blood, and to be made transferable, when thus extracted.

Richard Brathwait, more famous since Mr. Haslewood has identified him with Drunken Barnaby, than as author of "The English Gentleman and the English Gentlewoman, presented to present times for ornaments, and commended to posterity for precedents," says of this gentlewoman, "Herbals she peruseth, which she seconds with conference; and by degrees so improves her knowledge, as her cautelous care perfits many a dangerous cure." But herbals were not bet-

ter guides than the medical books of which specimens have just been set before the reader, except that they did not lead the practitioner so widely and perilously astray. "Had Solomon," says the author of *Adam in Eden, or the Paradise of Plants*, "that great proficient in all sublunary experiments, preserved those many volumes that he wrote in this kind, for the instruction of future ages, so great was that spaciousness of mind that God had bestowed on him, that he had immediately under the Deity been the greatest of doctors for the preservation of mankind: but with the loss of his books, so much lamented by the rabbins and others, the best part of this herbarary art hath since groaned under the defects of many unworthy authors, and still remains under divers clouds and imperfections." This writer, "the ingeniously learned and excellent herbarist Mr. William Coles," professing as near as possible to acquaint all sorts of people with the very pith and marrow of herbarism, arranges his work according to the anatomical application of plants, "appropriating," says he, "to every part of the body (from the crown of the head, with which I begin, and proceed till I come to the sole of the foot) such herbs and plants whose grand uses and virtues do most specifically, and by signature thereunto belong, not only for strengthening the same, but also for curing the evil effects whereunto they are subjected: the signatures being as it were the books out of which the ancients first learned the virtue of herbs; nature, or rather the God of nature, having stamped on divers of them legible characters to discover their uses, though he hath left others without any, that after he had showed them the way, they, by their labour and industry, which renders everything more acceptable, might find out the rest." It was an opinion often expressed by a physician of great and deserved celebrity, that in course of time, specifics would be discovered for every malady to which the human frame is liable. He never supposed (though few men have ever been more sanguine in their hopes and expectations) that life was thus to be indefinitely prolonged, and that it would be man's own fault, or his own choice, if he did not live for ever; but he thought that when we should thus have been taught to subdue those diseases which cut our life short, we should, like the patriarchs, live out the number of our days and then fall asleep—man being by this physical redemption restored to his original corporeal state.

Then shall, like four straight pillars, the four elements
 Support the goodly structure of mortality;
 Then shall the four complexions, like four heads
 Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
 Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew:
 No sickness of contagion, no grim death,
 Or deprivation of health's real blessings,

Shall then affright the creature, built by Heaven,
Reserved for immortality.*

He had not taken up this notion from any religious feeling; it was connected in him with the pride of philosophy, and he expected that this was one of the blessings which we were to obtain in the progress of knowledge.

Some specific remedies being known to exist, it is indeed reasonable to suppose that others will be found. Old theorists went further; and in a world which everywhere bears such undeniable evidences of design in everything, few theories should seem more likely to be favourably received than the one which supposed that every healing plant bears, in some part of its structure, the type or signature of its peculiar virtues: now this could in no other way be so obviously marked, as by a resemblance to that part of the human frame for which its remedial uses were intended. There is a fable, indeed, which says that he who may be so fortunate as to taste the blood of a certain unknown animal, would be enabled thereby to hear the voice of plants and understand their speech; and if he were on a mountain at sunrise, he might hear the herbs which grow there, when freshened with the dews of night they open themselves to the beams of the morning, return thanks to the Creator for the virtues with which he has endued them, each specifying what those virtues were, *le quali veramente son tante e tali che beati i pastori che quelle capessero*. A botanical writer who flourished a little before the theory of signatures was started complains that herbal medicine had fallen into disuse; he says, "*Antequam chemia patrum nostrorum memoriâ orbi restitueretur, contenti vivebant* $\delta\iota$ $\tau\omega\nu$ $\lambda\alpha\rho\omega\nu$ $\kappa\omicron\mu\psi\delta\iota$ $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\chi\alpha\rho\iota\sigma\tau\alpha\tau\omicron\iota$ *pharmacis ex vegetabilium regno accersitis parum solliciti de Solis sulphure et oleo, de Lunæ sale et essentiâ, de Saturni saccaro, de Martis tincturâ et croco, de vitriolo Veneris, de Mercurio præcipitato, et Antimonii floribus, de Sulphuris spiritu et Tartari crystallis: nihilominus masculè debellabant morbos, et tutè et jucundè. Nunc sæculi nostri infelicitas est, quod vegetabilibus contemptim habitis, plerique nihil aliud spirant præter metallica ista, et extis parata horribilia secreta.*"† The new theory came in timely aid of the Galenists; it connected their practice with a doctrine hardly less mysterious than those of the Paracelsists, but more plausible because it seemed immediately intelligible, and had a natural religious feeling to strengthen and support it.

The author of Adam in Eden refers to Oswald Crollius as "the great discoverer of signatures," and no doubt has drawn from him most of his remarks upon this theory of physical correspondence. The resemblance is in some cases very obvious; but in many more the Swedenborgian

* Ford.

† Petri Laurebergii Rostochiensis Horticultura—Præloquium, p. 10.

correspondences are not more fantastic; and where the resemblances exist the inference is purely theoretical.

Walnuts are said to have the perfect signature of the head; the outer husk or green covering represents the *pericranium*, or outward skin of the skull, whereon the hair groweth; and therefore salt made of those husks is exceedingly good for wounds in the head. The inner woody shell hath the signature of the skull, and the little yellow skin or peel, that of the *dura* and *pia mater* which are the thin scarfs that envelope the brain. The kernel hath "the very figure of the brain; and therefore it is very profitable for the brain, and resists poisons." So, too, the piony, being not yet blown, was thought to have "some signature and proportion with the head of man, having sutures and little veins dispersed up and down, like unto those which environ the brain: when the flowers blow they open an outward little skin representing the skull:" the piony, therefore, besides its other virtues, was very available against the falling sickness. Poppy heads with their crowns somewhat represent the head and brain, and therefore decoctions of them were used with good success in several diseases of the head. And lilies of the valley, which in Coles's days grew plentifully upon Hampstead heath, were known by signature to cure the apoplexy; "for as that disease is caused by the dropping of humours into the principal ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lily hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use herein."

All capillary herbs were of course sovereign in diseases of the hair; and because the purple and yellow spots and stripes upon the flowers of eyebright very much resemble the appearance of diseased eyes, it was found out by that signature that this herb was very effectual "for curing of the same." The small stoncrop hath the signature of the gums, and is therefore good for scurvy. The exquisite Crollius observed that the woody scales of which the cones of the pine tree are composed, resemble the fore teeth; and therefore pine leaves boiled in vinegar make a gargle which relieves the toothache. The pomegranate has a like virtue for a like reason. Thistles and holly leaves signify by their prickles that they are excellent for pleurisy and stitches in the side. Saxifrage manifesteth in its growth its power of breaking the stone. It had been found experimentally that all roots, barks, and flowers which were yellow, cured the yellow jaundice; and though kidney beans as yet were only used for food, yet, having so perfect a signature, practitioners in physic were exhorted to take it into consideration, and try whether there were not in this plant some excellent faculty to cure nephritic diseases. In pursuing this fantastic system examples might be shown of that mischief which, though it may long remain latent, never fails at some time

or other to manifest itself as inherent in all error and falsehood.

When the mistresses of families grounded their practice of physic upon such systems of herbary, or took it from books which contained prescriptions like those before adduced, (few being either more simple or more rational,) Dr. Green might well argue that when he mounted his hobby and rode out seeking adventures as a physician errant, he went forth for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. 'The guidance of such works, or of their own traditional receipts, the people in fact then generally followed. Burton tells us that Paulus Jovius, in his description of Britain, and Levinus Lemnius, have observed, of this our island, how there was of old no use of physic among-us, and but little at this day, except, he says, "it be for a few nice idle citizens, surfeiting courtiers, and stall-fed gentlemen lubbers. The country people use kitchen physic." There are two instances among the papers of the Berkeley family, of the little confidence which persons of rank placed upon such medical advice and medicinal preparations as could be obtained in the country, and even in the largest of our provincial cities. In the second year of Elizabeth's reign, Henry, Lord Berkeley "having extremely heated himself by chasing on foot a tame deer in Yate Park, with the violence thereof fell into an immoderate bleeding of the nose, to stay which, by the ill counsel of some about him, he dipped his whole face into a basin of cold water, whereby," says the family chronicler, "that flush and fulness of his nose which forthwith arose could never be remedied, though for present help he had physicians in a few days from London, and for better help came thither himself not long after to have the advice of the whole college, and lodged with his mother at her house in Shoe-lane." He never afterward could sing with truth or satisfaction the old song—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose."

A few years later, "Langham, an Irish footman of this lord, upon the sickness of the Lady Catharine, this lord's wife, carried a letter from Callowdon to old Dr. Fryer, a physician dwelling in Little Britain in London; and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor for the recovery of her health, a journey of a hundred and forty-eight miles, performed by him in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's and apothecary's houses, which no one horse could have so well and safely performed." No doubt it was for the safer conveyance of the bottle, that a footman was sent on this special

errand, for which, the historian of that noble family adds, "the lady shall after give him a new suit of clothes."

In those days, and long after, they who required remedies were likely to fare ill, under their own treatment, or that of their neighbours; and worse under the travelling quack, who was always an ignorant and impudent impostor, but found that human sufferings and human credulity afforded him a never-failing harvest. Dr. Green knew this: he did not say with the Romish priest, *populus vult decipi, et decipietur!* for he had no intention of deceiving them; but he saw that many were to be won by buffoonery, more by what is called *palaver*, and almost all by pretensions. Condescending, therefore, to the common arts of quackery, he employed his man Kemp to tickle the multitude with coarse wit; but he stored himself with the best drugs that were to be procured, distributed as general remedies such only as could hardly be misapplied and must generally prove serviceable; and brought to particular cases the sound knowledge which he had acquired in the school of Boerhaave, and the skill which he had derived from experience aided by natural sagacity. When it became convenient for him to have a home, he established himself at Penrith, in the county of Cumberland, having married a lady of that place; but he long continued his favourite course of life, and accumulated in it a large fortune. He gained it by one maggot, and reduced it by many; nevertheless there remained a handsome inheritance for his children. His son proved as maggoty as the father, ran through a good fortune, and when confined in the King's Bench prison for debt, wrote a book upon the art of cheap living in London!

The father's local fame, though it has not reached to the third and fourth generation, survived him far into the second; and for many years after his retirement from practice, and even after his death, every travelling mountebank in the northern counties adopted the name of Dr. Green.

At the time to which this chapter refers, Dr. Green was in his meridian career, and enjoyed the highest reputation throughout the sphere of his itinerancy. Ingleton lay in his rounds, and whenever he came there he used to send for the schoolmaster to pass the evening with him. He was always glad if he could find an opportunity also of conversing with the elder Daniel, as the flossofer of those parts. William Dove could have communicated to him more curious things relating to his own art; but William kept out of the presence of strangers, and had happily no ailments to make him seek the doctor's advice; his occasional indispositions were but slight, and he treated them in his own way. That way was sometimes merely superstitious, sometimes it was whimsical, and sometimes rough. If his charms failed when he tried them upon himself, it was not for want of

faith. When at any time it happened that one of his eyes was bloodshot, he went forthwith in search of some urchin whose mother, either from laziness or in the belief that it was wholesome to have it in that state, allowed his ragged head to serve as a free warren for certain "small deer." One of these hexapeds William secured, and "using him as if he loved him," put it into his eye; when, according to William's account, the insect fed upon what it found, cleared the eye, and disappearing he knew not where nor how, never was seen more.

His remedy for the colic was a pebble posset; white pebbles were preferred, and of these what was deemed a reasonable quantity was taken in some sort of milk porridge. Upon the same theory he sometimes swallowed a pebble large enough, as he said, to clear all before it; and for that purpose they have been administered of larger calibre than any bolus that ever came from the hands of the most merciless apothecary, as large, indeed, sometimes, as a common sized walnut. Does the reader hesitate at believing this of an ignorant man, living in a remote part of the country? Well might William Dove be excused, for, a generation later than his, John Wesley in his primitive physic prescribed quicksilver, to be taken ounce by ounce, to the amount of one, two, or three pounds, till the desired effect was produced. And a generation earlier, Richard Baxter, of happy memory and unhappy digestion, having read in Dr. Gerhard "the admirable effects of the swallowing of a gold bullet upon his father," in a case which Baxter supposed to be like his own, got a gold bullet of between twenty and thirty shillings weight, and swallowed it. "Having taken it," says he, "I knew not how to be delivered of it again. I took clysters and purges for about three weeks, but nothing stirred it; and a gentleman having done the like, the bullet never came from him till he died, and it was cut out. But at last my neighbours set a day apart to fast and pray for me, and I was freed from my danger in the beginning of that day."

CHAPTER XXV. P. I.

Hiatus valde lacrymabilis.

Time flies away fast,
 The while we never remember
 How soon our life here
 Grows old with the year
 That dies with the next December!
 HERRICK.

I MUST pass over fourteen years, for were I to pursue the history of our young Daniel's boyhood and adolescence into all the ramifications which a faithful biography requires, fourteen volumes would not contain it. They would be worth reading, for that costs little; they would be worth writing, though that costs much. They would deserve the best embellishments that the pencil and the graver could produce. The most poetical of artists would be worthily employed in designing the sentimental and melancholy scenes; Cruikshank for the grotesque; Wilkie and Richter for the comic and serio-comic; Turner for the actual scenery; Bewick for the head and tail pieces. They ought to be written; they ought to be read. They should be written, and then they would be read. But time is wanting:

"Eheu! fugaces posthume, posthume,
 Labuntur anni!"

and time is a commodity of which the value rises as long as we live. We must be contented with doing, not what we wish, but what we can—our *possible*, as the French call it.

One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now*. If such a condition of existence were offered to us in this world, and it were put to the vote whether we should accept the offer, and fix all things immutably as they are, who are they whose voices would be given in the affirmative?

Not those who are in pursuit of fortune, or of fame, or of knowledge, or of enjoyment, or of happiness; though with regard to all of these, as far as any of them are attainable, there is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the attainment

Not those who are at sea, or travelling in a stage coach.

Not the man who is shaving himself.

Not those who have the toothache, or who are having a tooth drawn.

The fashionable beauty might, and the fashionable singer,

and the fashionable opera dancer, and the actor who is in the height of his power and reputation. So might the alderman at a city feast. So would the heir who is squandering a large fortune faster than it was accumulated for him. And the thief who is not taken, and the convict who is not hanged, and the scoffer at religion whose heart belies his tongue.

Not the wise and the good.

Not those who are in sickness or in sorrow.

Not I.

But were I endowed with the power of suspending the effect of time upon the things around me, methinks there are some of my flowers which should neither fall nor fade: decidedly my kitten should never attain to cathood; and I am afraid my little boy would continue to "misspeak half-uttered words;" and never, while I live, outgrow that epicene dress of French gray, half European, half Asiatic in its fashion.

CHAPTER XXVI. P. I.

DANIEL AT DONCASTER; THE REASON WHY HE WAS DESTINED FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION RATHER THAN HOLY ORDERS; AND SOME REMARKS UPON SERMONS.

Je ne veux dissimuler, amy lecteur, que je n'aye bien préveu, et me tiens pour deüement adverty, que ne puis eviter la reprehension d'aucuns, et les calomnies de plusieurs—ausquels c'est écrit désplaira du tout.—CHRISTOFLE DE HERICOURT.

FOURTEEN years have elapsed since the scene took place which is related in the twenty-second chapter: and Daniel the younger, at the time to which this present chapter refers, was residing at Doncaster with Peter Hopkins, who practised the medical art in all its branches. He had lived with him eight years, first as a pupil, latterly in the capacity of an assistant, and afterward as an adopted successor.

How this connection between Daniel and Peter Hopkins was brought about, and the circumstances which prepared the way for it, would have appeared in some of the non-existent fourteen volumes, if it had pleased fate that they should have been written.

Some of my readers, and especially those who pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, or their success in it, will think it strange, perhaps, that the elder Daniel, when he resolved to make a scholar of his son, did not determine upon breeding him either to the church or the law, in either of which professions the way was easier and more inviting.

Now though this will not appear strange to those other readers who have perceived that the father had no knowledge of the world, and could have none, it is nevertheless proper to enter into some explanation upon that point.

If George Herbert's Temple, or his Remains, or his life by old Izaak Walton, had all or any of them happened to be among those few but precious books which Daniel prized so highly and so well, it is likely that the wish of his heart would have been to train up his son for a priest to the temple. But so it was, that none of his reading was of a kind to give his thoughts that direction; and he had not conceived any exalted opinion of the clergy from the specimens which had fallen in his way. A contempt which was but too general had been brought upon the order by the ignorance or the poverty of a great number of its members. The person who served the humble church which Daniel dutifully attended was almost as poor as a capuchin, and quite as ignorant. This poor man had obtained in evil hour from some easy or careless bishop a license to preach. It was reprehensible enough to have ordained one who was destitute of every qualification that the office requires; the fault was still greater in promoting him from the desk to the pulpit.

"A very great scholar," is quoted by Dr. Eachard, as saying, "that such preaching as is usual is a hinderance of salvation rather than the means to it." This was said when the fashion of conceited preaching which is satirised in Frey Gerundio had extended to England, and though that fashion has so long been obsolete that many persons will be surprised to hear it had ever existed among us, it may still reasonably be questioned whether sermons such as they commonly are, do not quench more devotion than they kindle.

My lord! put not the book aside in displeasure! (I address myself to whatever bishop may be reading it.) Unbiased I will not call myself, for I am a true and orthodox churchman, and have the interests of the church zealously at heart, because I believe and know them to be essentially and inseparably connected with those of the commonwealth. But I have been an attentive observer, and as such, request a hearing. Receive my remarks as coming from one whose principles are in entire accord with your lordship's, whose wishes have the same scope and purport, and who, while he offers his honest opinion, submits it with proper humility to your judgment.

The founder of the English church did not intend that the sermon should invariably form a part of the Sunday services. It became so in condescension to the Puritans, of whom it has long been the fashion to speak with respect, instead of holding them up to the contempt, and infamy, and abhorrence which they have so richly merited. They have been extolled by their descendants and successors as models of

patriotism and piety ; and the success with which this delusion has been practised is one of the most remarkable examples of what may be effected by dint of effrontery and persevering falsehood.

That sentence I am certain will not be disapproved at Fulham or Lambeth. Dr. Southey or Dr. Phillpots might have written it.

The general standard of the clergy has undoubtedly been very much raised since the days when they were not allowed to preach without a license for that purpose from the ordinary. Nevertheless it is certain that many persons who are, in other and more material respects, well, or even excellently qualified for the ministerial functions, may be wanting in the qualifications for a preacher. A man may possess great learning, sound principles, and good sense, and yet be without the talent of arranging and expressing his thoughts well in a written discourse : he may want the power of fixing the attention or reaching the hearts of his hearers ; and in that case the discourse, as some old writer has said in serious jest, which was designed for edification turns to *tedification*. The evil was less in Addison's days, when he who distrusted his own abilities availed himself of the compositions of some approved divine, and was not disparaged in the opinion of his congregation, by taking a printed volume into the pulpit. This is no longer practised ; but instead of this, which secured wholesome instruction to the people, sermons are manufactured for sale, and sold in manuscript, or printed in a cursive type imitating manuscript. The articles which are prepared for such a market, are for the most part copied from obscure books, with more or less alteration of language, and generally for the worse ; and so far as they are drawn from such sources they are not likely to contain anything exceptionable on the score of doctrine : but the best authors will not be resorted to, for fear of discovery, and therefore when these are used, the congregation lose as much in point of instruction, as he who uses them ought to lose in self-esteem.

But it is more injurious when a more scrupulous man composes his own discourses, if he be deficient either in judgment or learning. He is then more likely to entangle plain texts than to unravel knotty ones ; rash positions are sometimes advanced by such preachers, unsound arguments are adduced by them in support of momentous doctrines, and though these things neither offend the ignorant and careless, nor injure the well minded and well informed, they carry poison with them when they enter a diseased ear. It cannot be doubted that such sermons act as corroboratives for infidelity.

Nor when they contain nothing that is actually erroneous, but are merely unimproving, are they in that case altogether

harmless. They are not harmless if they are felt to be tedious. They are not harmless if they torpify the understanding: a chill that begins there may extend to the vital regions. Bishop Taylor (the great Jeremy) says of devotional books that "they are in a large degree the occasion of so great indevotion as prevails among the generality of nominal Christians, being," he says, "represented naked in the conclusions of spiritual life, without or art or learning; and made apt for persons who can do nothing but believe and love, not for them that can consider and love." This applies more forcibly to bad sermons than to commonplace books of devotion; the book may be laid aside if it offend the reader's judgment, but the sermon is a positive infliction upon the helpless hearer.

The same bishop—and his name ought to carry with it authority among the wise and the good—has delivered an opinion upon this subject, in his admirable apology for authorized and set forms of liturgy. "Indeed," he says, "if I may freely declare my opinion, I think it were not amiss, if the liberty of making sermons were something more restrained than it is; and that such persons only were intrusted with the liberty, for whom the church herself may be safely responsive—that is, men learned and pious; and that the other part, the *vulgus cleri*, should instruct the people out of the fountains of the church and the public stock, till, by so long exercise and discipline in the schools of the prophets, they may also be instructed to minister of their own unto the people. This I am sure was the practice of the primitive church."

"I am convinced," said Dr. Johnson, "that I ought to be at divine service more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often disturb the mental calm which otherwise would succeed to prayer. I am apt to whisper to myself on such occasions, 'How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention after we have been listening to the sublimest truths, conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a liturgy which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom!'" "Take notice, however," he adds, "though I make this confession respecting myself, I do not mean to recommend the fastidiousness that sometimes leads me to exchange congregational for solitary worship."

The saintly Herbert says—

"Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
 If thou mislike him thou conceiv'st him not.
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
 God takes a text and preacheth patience.
 He that gets patience, and the blessing which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

This sort of patience was all that Daniel could have derived from the discourses of the poor curate; and it was a lesson of which his meek and benign temper stood in no need. Nature had endowed him with this virtue, and this Sunday discipline exercised without strengthening it. While he was, in the phrase of the religious public, *sitting under* the preacher, he obeyed to a certain extent George Herbert's precept—that is, he obeyed it as he did other laws with the existence of which he was unacquainted—

“Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.”

Pleasure made no part of his speculations at any time. Plots he had none. For the plough, it was what he never followed in fancy, patiently as he plodded after the furrow in his own vocation. And then for worldly thoughts they were not likely in that place to enter a mind, which never at any time entertained them. But to that sort of thought (if thought it may be called) which cometh as it listeth, and which, when the mind is at ease and the body in health, is the forerunner and usher of sleep, he certainly gave way. The curate's voice passed over his ear like the sound of the brook with which it blended, and it conveyed to him as little meaning and less feeling. During the sermon, therefore, he retired into himself, with as much or as little edification as a Quaker finds at a silent meeting.

It happened, also, that of the few clergy within the very narrow circle in which Daniel moved, some were in no good repute for their conduct, and none displayed either that zeal in the discharge of their pastoral functions, or that earnestness and ability in performing the service of the church, which are necessary for commanding the respect and securing the affections of the parishioners. The clerical profession had never presented itself to him in its best, which is really its true light; and for that cause he would never have thought of it for the boy, even if the means of putting him forward in this path had been easier and more obvious than they were. And for the dissenting ministry, Daniel liked not the name of a nonconformist. The Puritans had left behind them an ill savour in his part of the country, as they had done everywhere else; and the extravagances of the primitive Quakers, which during his childhood were fresh in remembrance, had not yet been forgotten.

It was well remembered in those parts that the Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, through the malignity of some of his Puritanical parishioners, had been taken out of his bed—from his wife, who was then big with child, and hurried away to Lancaster jail, where he was imprisoned three years for no other offence than that of fidelity to his church and his king. And

that the man who was a chief instigator of this persecution, and had enriched himself by the spoil of his neighbour's goods, though he flourished for a while, bought a field and built a fine house, came to poverty at last, and died in prison, having for some time received his daily food there from the table of one of this very vicar's sons. It was well remembered, also, that, in a parish of the adjoining county palatine, the Puritanical party had set fire in the night to the rector's barns, stable, and parsonage; and that he and his wife and children had only as it were by miracle escaped from the flames.

William Dove had also among his traditional stores some stories of a stranger kind concerning the Quakers, these parts of the North having been a great scene of their vagaries in their early days. He used to relate how one of them went into the church at Brough, during the reign of the Puritans, with a white sheet about his body, and a rope about his neck, to prophesy before the people and their whig priest (as he called him) that the surplice, which was then prohibited, should again come into use, and that the gallows should have its due! And how when their ringleader, George Fox, was put in prison at Carlisle, the wife of Justice Benson would eat no meat unless she partook it with him at the bars of his dungeon, declaring she was moved to do this; wherefore it was supposed he had bewitched her. And not without reason; for when this old George went, as he often did, into the church to disturb the people, and they thrust him out, and fell upon him and beat him, sparing neither sticks nor stones if they came to hand, he was presently, for all that they had done to him, as sound and as fresh as if nothing had touched him; and when they tried to kill him, they could not take away his life! And how this old George rode a great black horse, upon which he was seen, in the course of the same hour, at two places three score miles distant from each other! And how some of the women who followed this old George, used to strip off all their clothes, and in that plight go into the church at service time on the Sunday, to bear testimony against the pomps and vanities of the world; "and to be sure," said William, "they must have been witched, or they never would have done this." "Lord deliver us!" said Dinah; "to be sure they must!" "To be sure they must—Lord bless us all!" said Haggy.

CHAPTER XXVII. P. I.

A PASSAGE IN PROCOPIUS IMPROVED—A STORY CONCERNING URIM AND THUMMIM; AND THE ELDER DANIEL'S OPINION OF THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW.

Here is Domine Picklock,
 My man of law, solicits all my causes,
 Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
 Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,
 And reaps them too, troubles the country for me,
 And vexes any neighbour that I please.

BEN JONSON.

AMONG the people who were converted to the Christian faith during the sixth century, were two tribes or nations called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it had been better if they had been left unconverted; for they have multiplied prodigiously among us, so that between the Lazy Christians and the Zany ones, Christianity has grievously suffered.

It was one of the Zany tribe whom Guy once heard explaining to his congregation what was meant by Urim and Thummim, and in technical phrase *improving* the text. Urim and Thummim, he said, were two precious stones, or rather stones above all price, the Hebrew names of which have been interpreted to signify light and perfection, or doctrine and judgment, (which Luther prefers in his Bible, and in which some of the Northern versions have followed him,) or the shining and the perfect, or manifestation and truth, the words in the original being capable of any or all of these significations. They were set in the high priest's breastplate of judgment; and when he consulted them upon any special occasion to discover the will of God, they displayed an extraordinary brilliancy if the matter which was referred to this trial were pleasing to the Lord Jehovah, but they gave no lustre if it were disapproved. "My brethren," said the preacher, "this is what learned expositors, Jewish and Christian, tell me concerning these two precious stones. The stones themselves are lost. But, my Christian brethren, we need them not, for we have a surer means of consulting and discovering the will of God; and still it is by Urim and Thummim, if we alter only a single letter in one of those mysterious words. Take your Bible, my brethren; *use him and thumb him—use him and thumb him well*, and you will discover the will of God as surely as ever the high priest did by the stones in his breastplate!"

What Daniel saw of the Lazi, and what he heard of the Zani, prevented him from ever forming a wish to educate his son for a north-country cure, which would have been all the preferment that lay within his view. And yet if any person to whose judgment he deferred had reminded him that Bishop Latimer had risen from as humble an origin, it might have awakened in him a feeling of ambition for the boy, not inconsistent with his own philosophy.

But no suggestions could ever have induced Daniel to choose for him the profession of the law. The very name of lawyer was to him a word of evil acceptation. Montaigne has a pleasant story of a little boy, who when his mother had lost a lawsuit which he had always heard her speak of as a perpetual cause of trouble, ran up to him in great glee, to tell him of the loss as a matter for congratulation and joy; the poor child thought it was like losing a cough, or any other bodily ailment. Daniel entertained the same sort of opinion concerning all legal proceedings. He knew that laws were necessary evils; but he thought they were much greater evils than there was any necessity that they should be; and believing this to be occasioned by those who were engaged in the trade of administering them, he looked upon lawyers as the greatest pests in the country—

Because, their end being merely avarice,
Winds up their wits to such a nimble strain
As helps to blind the judge, not give him eyes.*

He had once been in the courts at Lancaster, having been called upon as a witness in a civil suit, and the manner in which he was cross-examined there by one of those "young spruce lawyers," whom Donne has so happily characterized as being

"all impudence and tongue,"

had confirmed him in this prejudice. What he saw of the proceedings that day induced him to agree with Beaumont and Fletcher, that

Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheesemonger,
Weighed nothing to the world but mites and maggots
And a main stink; law, like a horse courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribands,
And pampered up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.*

His was too simple and sincere an understanding to admire in any other sense than that of wondering at them.

Men of that large profession that can speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,

* Lord Brooke.

* Woman Pleas'd.

Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law!
 That with most quick agility can turn
 And re-return; can make knots and undo them,
 Give forked counsel, take provoking gold
 On either hand, and put it up. These men
 He knew would thrive;*

but far was he from wishing that a son of his should thrive by such a perversion of his intellectual powers, and such a corruption of his moral nature.

On the other hand, he felt a degree of respect amounting almost to reverence for the healing art, which is connected with so many mysteries of art and nature. And, therefore, when an opportunity offered of placing his son with a respectable practitioner, who he had every reason for believing would behave towards him with careful and prudent kindness, his entire approbation was given to the youth's own choice.

CHAPTER XXVIII. P. I.

PETER HOPKINS—EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE—DESCRIPTION OF HIS DWELLINGHOUSE.

Combien de changemens depuis que suis au monde,
 Qui n'est qu' un point du tems!

PASQUIER.

PETER HOPKINS was a person who might have suffered death by the laws of Solon, if that code had been established in this country; for though he lived in the reigns of George I. and George II., he was neither whig nor tory, Hanoverian nor Jacobite. When he drank the king's health with any of his neighbours, he never troubled himself with considering which king was intended, nor to which side of the water their good wishes were directed. Under George or Charles he would have been the same quiet subject, never busying himself with a thought about political matters, and having no other wish concerning them than that they might remain as they were; so far he was a Hanoverian, and no farther. There was something of the same temper in his religion; he was a sincere Christian; and had he been born to attendance at the mass or the meetinghouse, would have been equally sincere in his attachment to either of those extremes, for his whole mind was in his profession. He was learned in its

* Ben Jonson.

history, fond of its theories, and skilful in its practice, in which he trusted little to theory and much to experience.

Both he and his wife were at this time well stricken in years; they had no children, and no near kindred on either side, and being both kindhearted people, the liking which they soon entertained towards Daniel for his docility, his simplicity of heart, his obliging temper, his original cast of mind, and his never-failing good humour, ripened into a settled affection.

Hopkins lived next door to the Mansionhouse, which edifice was begun a few years after Daniel went to live with him. There is a view of the Mansionhouse in Dr. Miller's History of Doncaster, and in that print the dwelling in question is included. It had undergone no other alteration at the time this view was taken than that of having had its casements replaced by sash windows, an improvement which had been made by our doctor, when the framework of the casements had become incapable of repair. The gilt pestle and mortar also had been removed from their place before the door. Internally the change had been greater; for the same business not being continued there after the doctor's decease, the shop had been converted into a sittingroom, and the very odour of medicine had passed away. But I will not allow myself to dwell upon this melancholy subject. The world is full of mutations, and there is hardly any that does not bring with it some regret at the time—and alas! more in the retrospect! I have lived to see the American colonies separated from Great Britain, the kingdom of Poland extinguished, the republic of Venice destroyed, its territory seized by one usurper, delivered over in exchange to another, and the transfer sanctioned and confirmed by all the powers of Europe in congress assembled! I have seen Heaven knows how many little principalities and states, proud of their independence, and happy in the privileges connected with it, swallowed up by the Austrian or the Prussian eagle, or thrown to the Belgic lion, as his share in the division of the spoils. I have seen constitutions spring up like mushrooms, and kicked down as easily. I have seen the rise and fall of Napoleon.

I have seen cedars fall,
And in their room a mushroom grow;
I have seen comets, threatening all,
Vanish themselves;*

wherefore then should I lament over what time and mutability have done to a private dwellinghouse in Doncaster?

It was an old house, which when it was built had been one of the best in Doncaster; and even after the great improvements, which have changed the appearance of the town, had

* Habington.

an air of antiquated respectability about it. Had it been near the church it would have been taken for the vicarage; standing where it did, its physiognomy was such that you might have guessed it was the doctor's house, even if the pestle and mortar had not been there as his insignia. There were eight windows and two doors in the front. It consisted of two stories, and was oddly built; the middle part having, something in the Scotch manner, the form of a gable end towards the street. Behind this was a single chimney, tall, and shaped like a pillar. In windy nights the doctor was so often consulted by Mrs. Dove concerning the stability of that chimney, that he accounted it the plague of his life. But it was one of those evils which could not be removed without bringing on a worse, the alternative being whether there should be a tall chimney or a smoky house. And after the Mansionhouse was erected, there was one wind which in spite of the chimney's elevation drove the smoke down—so inconvenient is it sometimes to be fixed near a great neighbour.

This unfortunate chimney, being in the middle of the house, served for four apartments; the doctor's study and his bed-chamber on the upper floor, the kitchen and the best parlour on the lower; that parlour, yes, reader, that very parlour wherein, as thou canst not have forgotten, Mrs. Dove was making tea for the doctor on that ever memorable afternoon with which our history begins.

CHAPTER XXIX. P. I.

A HINT OF REMINISCENCE TO THE READER—THE CLOCK OF ST. GEORGE'S—A WORD IN HONOUR OF ARCHDEACON MARKHAM.

There is a ripe season for everything, and if you slip that or anticipate it, you dim the grace of the matter, be it never so good. As we say by way of proverb that a hasty birth brings forth blind whelps, so a good tale tumbled out before the time is ripe for it, is ungrateful to the hearer.—
BISHOP HACKETT.

THE judicious reader will now have perceived that in the progress of this narrative, which may be truly said to

“bear
A music in the ordered history
It lays before us,”

we have arrived at that point which determines the scene, and acquaints him with the local habitation of the doc-

tor. He will perceive also that in our method of narration nothing has been inartificially anticipated; that there have been no premature disclosures, no precipitation, no hurry or impatience on my part; and that on the other hand there has been no unnecessary delay, but that we have regularly and naturally come to this development. The author who undertakes a task like mine

“must nombre al the hole cyrcumstance
Of hys matter with brevycacion,”

as an old poet says of the professors of the rhyming art, and must moreover be careful

“That he walke not by longe continuance
The perambulate way,”

as I have been, oh reader! and as it is my fixed intention still to be. Thou knowest, gentle reader, that I have never wearied thee with idle and worthless words; thou knowest that the old comic writer spake truly when he said, that the man who speaks little says too much, if he says what is not to the point; but that he who speaks well and wisely will never be accused of speaking at too great length,

Τὸν μὴ λέγοντα τῶν δέοντων μηδὲ ἐν
Μακρῶν νόμιζε, κἄν δὲ εἴπη συλλαβάς.
Τὸν δ' εὖ λέγοντα, μὴ νόμιζε εἶναι μακρῶν,
Μηδ' ἂν σφόδρ' εἴπη πολλά, ραὶ πολὺν χρόνον.*

My good readers will remember that, as was duly noticed in our first chapter P. I., the clock of St. George's had just struck five, when Mrs. Dove was pouring out the seventh cup of tea for her husband, and when our history opens. I have some observations to make concerning both the tea and the tea service, which will clear the doctor from any imputation of intemperance in his use of that most pleasant, salutiferous, and domesticizing beverage, but it would disturb the method of my narration were they to be introduced in this place. Here I have something to relate about the clock. Some forty or fifty years ago, a butcher being one of the churchwardens of the year, and fancying himself in that capacity invested with full power to alter and improve anything in or about the church, thought proper to change the position of the clock, and accordingly had it removed to the highest part of the tower, immediately under the battlements. Much beautiful Gothic work was cut away to make room for the three dials, which he placed on three sides of this fine tower; and when he was asked what had induced him thus doubly to disfigure the edifice by misplacing the dials, and destroying so much of the ornamental part, the great and

* Philemon.

greasy killcow answered, that by fixing the dials so high, he could now stand at his own shop door and see what it was o'clock ! That convenience this arrant churchwarden had the satisfaction of enjoying for several years, there being no authority that could call him to account for the insolent mischief he had done. But Archdeacon Markham (to his praise be it spoken) at the end of the last century prevailed on the then churchwardens to remove two of the dials, and restore the architectural ornaments which had been defaced.

This was the clock which, with few intervals, measured out by hours the life of Daniel Dove from the seventeenth year of his age, when he first set up his rest within its sound.

Perhaps of all the works of man sun dials and church clocks are those which have conveyed most feeling to the human heart ; the clock more than the sun dial, because it speaks to the ear as well as to the eye, and by night as well as by day. Our forefathers understood this, and therefore they not only gave a tongue to time, but provided that he should speak often to us, and remind us that the hours are passing. Their quarter-boys and their chimes were designed for this moral purpose, as much as the memento which is so commonly seen upon an old clock face—and so seldom upon a new one. I never hear chimes that they do not remind me of those which were formerly the first sounds I heard in the morning, which used to quicken my step on my way to school, and which announced my release from it, when the same tune methought had always a merrier import. When I remember their tones, life seems to me like a dream, and a train of recollections arises, which if it were allowed to have its course would end in tears.

CHAPTER XXX. P. I.

THE OLD BELLS RUNG TO A NEW TUNE.

If the bell have any sides the clapper will find 'em.

BEN JONSON.

THAT same St. George's Church has a peal of eight tunable bells, in the key of E. b. ; the first bell weighing seven hundred, one quarter, and fourteen pounds.

Tra tutte quante le musiche humane,
O signor mio gentil, tra le più care
Gioje del mondo, è 'l suon delle campane ·
Don don don don don, che ve ne pare ?*

* Agnolo Firenzuola.

They were not christened, because they were not Roman Catholic bells; for in Roman Catholic countries church bells are christened with the intention of causing them to be held in greater reverence—

però ordinò n'un consistoro
 Un certo di quei buon papi all' antica,
 Che non ci lavoravan di straforo,
 Che la campana si, si benedica,
 Poi si battezzi, e se le ponga il nome,
 Prima che' in campanii l' ufizio dica.
 Gli organi, ch' anco lor san si ben come
 Si dica il vespro, e le messe cantate,
 Non hanno questo honor sopra le chiome.
 Che le lor canne non son battezzate,
 Ne' nome ha l' una Pier, l' altra Maria
 Come hanno le campane prelibate.*

The bells of St. George's, Doncaster, I say, were not christened, because they were Protestant bells; for distinction's sake, however, we will name them as the bells stand in the dirge of that unfortunate cat whom Johnny Green threw into the well.

But it will be better to exhibit their relative weights in figures, so that they may be seen synoptically. Thus then:

	Cwt.	qr.	lb.
Bim the first	7	1	14
Bim the second	8	0	18
Bim the third	8	2	6
Bim the fourth	10	3	15
Bim the fifth	13	1	0
Bim the sixth	15	2	16
Bom	22	1	0
Bell	29	1	20

I cannot but admit that these appellations are not so stately in appearance as those of the peal which the Bishop of Chalons recently baptized, and called a "happy and holy family" in the edifying discourse that he delivered upon the occasion. The first of these was called Marie, to which—or to whom—the Duke and Duchess of Danderville (so the newspapers give this name) stood sponsors. "It is you, Marie," said the bishop, "who will have the honour to announce the festivals, and proclaim the glory of the Lord! You appear among us under the most happy auspices, presented by those respectable and illustrious hands to which the practices of piety have been so long familiar. And you, Anne," he pursued, addressing the second bell—"an object worthy of the zeal and piety of our first magistrate, (the pre-

* Agnolo Firenzuola.

fect,) and of her who so nobly shares his solicitude—you shall be charged with the same employment. Your voice shall be joined to Marie's upon important occasions. Ah! what touching lessons will you not give in imitation of her whose name you bear, and whom we reverence as the purest of virgins! You also, Deodate, will take part in this concert, you whom an angel, a newborn infant, has conjointly with me consecrated to the Lord! Speak, Deodate! and let us hear your marvellous accents." This angel and god mother in whose name the third bell was given was Mademoiselle Deodate Boisset, then in the second month of her age, daughter of Viscount Boisset. "And you, Stephanie, crowned with glory," continued the orator, in learned allusion to the Greek word *σεβανος*, "you are not less worthy to mingle your accents with the melody of your sisters. And you lastly, Seraphine and Pudentienne, you will raise your voices in this touching concert, happy all of you in having been presented to the benedictions of the church, by these noble and generous souls, so praiseworthy for the liveliness of their faith, and the holiness of their example." And then the bishop concluded by calling upon the congregation to join with him in prayer, that the Almighty would be pleased to preserve from all accidents this "happy and holy family of the bells."

We have no such sermons from our bishops! The whole ceremony must have been as useful to the bells as it was edifying to the people.

Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth. There has been a bull so called, and a bull it was of great merit. But if it were the great bell, then it should be called Andrew, in honour of Dr. Bell; and that bell should call the children to school.

There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom; but Great Tom of Oxford, which happens to be much the smaller of the two, was christened in the feminine gender, being called Mary, in the spirit of catholic and courtly adulation at the commencement of the bloody queen's reign. Tresham the vice chancellor performed the ceremony, and his exclamation when it first summoned him to mass has been recorded: "Oh delicate and sweet harmony! Oh beautiful Mary! how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!"

In spite of this christening, the object of Dr. Tresham's admiration is as decidedly a Tom Bell, as the puss in boots that appeared at a masquerade (Theodore Hook remembers when and where) was a tom cat. Often as the said Tom Bell has been mentioned, there is but one other anecdote recorded of him; it occurred on Thursday, the thirteenth day

of March, 1806, and was thus described in a letter written two hours after the event: "An odd thing happened to-day about half-past four, Tom suddenly went mad; he began striking as fast as he could about twenty times. Everybody went out doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the dean was dead, or the college on fire. However, nothing was the matter but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels: in other words something had happened to the works, but it was not of any serious consequence, for he has struck six as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night as well as he did before the attack."

This was written by a youth of great natural endowments, rare acquirements, playful temper, and affectionate heart. If his days had been prolonged, his happy industry, his inoffensive wit, his sound judgment, and his moral worth, favoured as they were by all favourable circumstances, must have raised him to distinction, and the name of Barrè Roberts, which is now known only in the little circle of his own and his father's friends, would have had its place with those who have deserved well of their kind and reflected honour upon their country.

But I return to a subject, which would have interested him in his antiquarian pursuits—for he loved to wander among the ruins of time. We will return, therefore, to that ceremony of christening church bells, which, with other practices of the holy Roman Catholic and apostolic church, has been revived in France.

Bells, say those theologians in *issimi* who have gravely written upon this grave matter—bells, say they, are not actually baptized with that baptism which is administered for the remission of sins; but they are said to be christened because the same ceremonies which are observed in christening children are also observed in consecrating them, such as the washing, the anointing, and the imposing of a name; all which, however, may more strictly be said to represent the signs and symbols of baptism, than they may be called baptism itself.

Nothing can be more candid! Bells are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the priest undertakes to remove. There was, however, a previous ceremony of blessing the furnace when the bells were cast within the precincts of a monastery, as they most frequently were in former times, and this may have been intended for the prevention of such defects. The brethren stood round the furnace ranged in processional order, sang the 150th Psalm, and then after certain prayers blessed the molten metal, and called upon the Lord to infuse into it his grace and overshadow it with his power, for the

honour of the saint, to whom the bell was to be dedicated and whose name it was to bear.

When the time of christening came, the officiating priest and his assistant named every bell five times, as a sort of prelude, for some unexplained reason which may perhaps be as significant and mystical as the other parts of the ceremony. He then blessed the water in two vessels which were prepared for the service. Dipping a clean linen cloth in one of these vessels he washed the bell within and without, the bell being suspended over a vessel wider in circumference than the bell's mouth, in order that no drop of the water employed in this washing might fall to the ground; for the water was holy. Certain psalms were said or sung (they were the 96th and the four last in the psalter) during this part of the ceremony and while the officiating priest prepared the water in the second vessel: this he did by sprinkling salt in it, and putting holy oil upon it, either with his thumb or with a stick; if the thumb were used, it was to be cleaned immediately by rubbing it well with salt over the same water. Then he dipped another clean cloth in this oiled and salted water, and again washed the bell, within and without: after the service the cloths were burned lest they should be profaned by other uses. The bell was then authentically named. Then it was anointed with chrism in the form of a cross four times on the broadest part of the outside, thrice on the smaller part, and four times on the inside, those parts being anointed with most care against which the clapper was to strike. After this the name was again given. Myrrh and frankincense were then brought, the bell was incensed while part of a psalm was recited, and the bell was authentically named a third time; after which the priest carefully wiped the chrism from the bell with tow, and the tow was immediately burned in the censer. Next the priest struck each bell thrice with its clapper, and named it again at every stroke; every one of the assistants in like manner struck it and named it once. The bells were then carefully covered each with a cloth, and immediately hoisted that they might not be contaminated by an irreverent touch. The priest concluded by explaining to the congregation, if he thought proper, the reason for this ceremony of christening the bells: which was that they might act as preservatives against thunder and lightning, and hail, and wind, and storms of every kind, and moreover that they might drive away evil spirits. To these and their other virtues the Bishop of Chalons alluded in his late truly Gallican and Roman Catholic discourse. "The bells," said he, "placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray

for us in our troubles ; they inform Heaven of the necessities of the earth."

Now were this edifying part of the Roman Catholic ritual to be reintroduced in the British dominions—as it very possibly may be now that Lord Peter has appeared in his robes before the king, and been introduced by his title—the opportunity would no doubt be taken by the bishop or Jesuit who might direct the proceedings, of complimenting the friends of their cause by naming the first "holy and happy union of sentiment which that cause has brought about between persons not otherwise remarkable for any similitude of feelings or opinions, they might unite two or more names in one bell, (as is frequently done in the human subject,) and thus with a peculiar felicity of compliment, show who and who upon this great and memorable occasion have *pulled together*. In such a case the names selected for a peal of eight tunable bells might run thus :—

Bim 1st.	. . .	Canning O'Connel.
Bim 2d.	. . .	Plunkett Shiel.
Bim 3d.	. . .	Augustus Frederick Cobbett.
Bim 4th.	. . .	Williams Wynn Burdett Waithman
Bim 5th.	. . .	Grenville Wood.
Bim 6th.	. . .	Palmerston Hume.
Bom	. . .	Lawless Brougham.
Bell	. . .	Lord King, <i>per se</i> ;—

—alone *par excellence*, as the thickest and thinnest friend of the cause, and moreover because

None but himself can be his parallel ;

and last in order because the base note accords best with him ; and because for the decorum and dignity with which he has at all times treated the bishops, the clergy, and the subject of religion, he must be allowed to bear the bell not from his compeers alone but from all his contemporaries.

middle of the peal, and another at the conclusion which brought the bells home. Distinct leads and exact divisions were observed throughout the whole, and the performance was completed in three hours and twenty minutes. A like performance took place in the same month at Kidderminster in three hours and fourteen minutes. Stephen Hill composed and called the peal, it was conducted through with one single, which was brought to the 4984th change, viz., 1,267,453. This was allowed by those who were conversant in the art to exceed any peal ever yet rung in this kingdom by that method.

Paulo majora canamus. The society of Cambridge youths that same year rang in the Church of St. Mary the Great, a true and complete peal of Bob-maximus, in five hours and five minutes. This consisted of 6600 changes, and for regularity of striking and harmony throughout the peal was allowed by competent judges to be a very masterly performance. In point of time the striking was to such a nicety that in each thousand changes the time did not vary one sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the last thousand was exactly equal to the first.

Eight Birmingham youths (some of them were under twenty years of age) attempted a greater exploit, they ventured upon a complete peal of 15,120 bob-major. They failed indeed, *magnis tamen ausis*. For after they had rung upward of eight hours and a half, they found themselves so much fatigued that they desired the caller would take the first opportunity to bring the bells home. This he soon did by omitting a bob, and so brought them round, thus making a peal of 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes, the longest which was ever rung in that part of the country, or perhaps anywhere else.

In that same year died Mr. Patrick, the celebrated composer of church-bell music, and senior of the Society of Cumberland Youths—an Hibernian sort of distinction for one in middle or latter life. He is the same person whose name was well known in the scientific world as a maker of barometers; and he it was who composed the whole peal of Stedman's triples, 5,040 changes; (which his obituarist says had till then been deemed impracticable, and for the discovery of which he received a premium of 50*l.* offered for that purpose by the Norwich amateurs of the art;) "his productions of real Double and treble bob-royal being a standing monument of his unparalleled and superlative merits." This Mr. Patrick was interred on the afternoon of Sunday, June 26, in the churchyard of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; the corpse was followed to the grave by all the ringing societies in London and its environs, each sounding hand bells with muffled clappers, the church bells at the same time ringing a dead peal—

“Ως οὖν ἀφίεπον τάφον Πατρικός βομβοδάμοιο.”

James Ogden was interred with honours of the same kind at Ashton under Line, in the year of this present writing, 1827. His remains were borne to the grave by the ringers of St. Michael's Tower in that town, with whom he had rung the tenour bell for more than fifty years, and with whom he performed "the unprecedented feat" of ringing five thousand on that bell (which weighed 28 cwt.) in his sixty-seventh year. After the funeral his old companions rang a dead peal for him of 828 changes, that being the number of the months of his life. Such in England are the funeral honours of the

Βελησιολ.

It would take 91 years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; the changes upon fourteen could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years; and upon four-and-twenty they would require more than 117,000 billions of years.

Great then are the mysteries of bellringing! And this may be said in its praise, that of all devices which men have sought out for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world, it is the most harmless.

CHAPTER XXXII. P. I.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CERTAIN PRELIMINARIES ESSENTIAL TO THE
PROGRESS OF THIS WORK.

Mas demos ya el asiento en lo importante,
Que el tiempo huye del mundo por la posta.

BALBUENA.

THE subject of these memoirs heard the bells of St. George's ring for the battles of Dettingen and Culloden; for Commodore Anson's return and Admiral Hawke's victory; for the conquest of Quebec; for other victories, important in their day, though in the retrospect they may seem to have produced little effect; and for more than one peace; for the going out of the old style, and for the coming in of the new; for the accession, marriage, and coronation of George the Third; for the birth of George the Fourth; and that of all his royal brethren and sisters: and what was to him a subject of nearer and dearer interest than any of these events—for his own wedding.

What said those bells to him on that happy day? for that bells can convey articulate sounds to those who have the gift of interpreting their language, Whittington, lord mayor of London town, knew by fortunate experience.

So did a certain father confessor in the Netherlands whom a buxom widow consulted upon the perilous question whether she should marry a second husband, or continue in widowed blessedness. The prudent priest deemed it too delicate a point for him to decide; so he directed her to attend to the bells of her church when next they chimed, (they were but three in number,) and bring him word what she thought they said; and he exhorted her to pray in the mean time earnestly for grace to understand them rightly, and in the sense that might be most for her welfare here and hereafter, as he on his part would pray for her. She listened with mouth and ears, the first time that the bells struck up; and the more she listened, the more plainly they said, "*Nempt een man, Nempt een man!*"—"Take a spouse, take a spouse!" "Ay, daughter!" said the confessor, when she returned to him with her report, "if the bells have said so, so say I; and not I alone, but the apostle also, and the spirit who through that apostle hath told us when it is best for us to marry!" Reader, thou mayst thank the Leonine poet Gummarus Van Craen for this good story.

What said the bells of Doncaster to our dear doctor on that happy morning which made him a whole man by uniting to him the rib that he till then had wanted? They said to him as distinctly as they spoke to Whittington, and to the Flemish Widow—

Daniel Dove brings Deborah home.
Daniel Dove brings Deborah home



Daniel Dove brings Deborah home.

But whither am I hurrying? It was not till the year 1761 that that happy union was effected; and the fourteen years whose course of events I have reluctantly, yet of necessity, pretermitted, bring us only to 1748, in which year the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was made. Peter Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins were then both living, and Daniel had not attained to the honours of his diploma. Before we come to the day on which the bells rung that joyful peal, I must enter into some details for the purpose of showing how he became qualified for his degree, and how he was enabled to take it; and it will be necessary, therefore, to say something of the opportunities of instruction which he enjoyed under Hopkins, and of the state of society in Doncaster at that time. And pre-

liminary to, as preparatory for all this, some account is to be given of Doncaster itself.

Reader, you may skip this preliminary account if you please, but it will be to your loss if you do! You, perhaps, may be one of those persons who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and neither make inquiry concerning, nor take notice of, anything on the way; but, thank Heaven, I cannot pass through Doncaster in any such mood of mind. If, however, thou belongest to a better class, then may I promise that in what is here to follow, thou wilt find something to recompense thee for the little time thou wilt employ in reading it, were that time more than it will be, or more valuable than it is. For I shall assuredly either tell thee of something which thou didst not know before, (and let me observe, by-the-by, that I never obtained any information of any kind, which did not on some occasion or other prove available,) or I shall waken up to pleasurable consciousness thy napping knowledge. Snuff the candles, therefore, if it be candle-light, and they require it; (I hope, for thine eyes' sake, thou art not reading by a lamp!) stir the fire, if it be winter, and it be prudent to refresh it with the poker; and then comfortably begin a new chapter—

*Faciam ut hujus loci semper memineris.**

CHAPTER XXXIII. P. I.

DONCASTRIANA—THE RIVER DON.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first; and great from abject things.

MIDDLETON.

How would it have astonished Peter Hopkins if some one gifted with the faculty of second sight had foretold to him that, at the sale of pews in a new church at Doncaster, eighteen of those pews should produce upward of sixteen hundred pounds, and that one of them should be bought at the price of 138*l.*; a sum for which in his days lands enough might have been purchased to have qualified three men as Yorkshire freeholders! How would it have surprised him to have been told that Doncaster races would become the greatest meeting in the North of England; that princes would attend them, and more money would annually be won and lost there than might in old times have sufficed for a king's

* Terence.

ransom! But the Doncaster of George the Fourth's reign is not more like the Doncaster of George the Second's than George the Fourth himself, in manners, habit, character, and person, is like his royal great-grandfather; not more like than to the Doncaster of the United States, if such a place there be there; or to the Doncaster that may be in New South Wales, Van Diemen's or Swan-river Land. It was a place of considerable importance when young Daniel first became an inhabitant of it; but it was very far from having attained all the advantages arising from its well-endowed corporation, its race ground, and its position on the great north road.

It is beyond a doubt that Doncaster may be identified with the Danum of Antoninus and the Notitia, the Caer Daun of Nennius, and the Dona-cestre of the Saxons: whether it were the Campo-donum of Bede, a royal residence of the Northumbrian kings, where Paulinus the Romish apostle of Northumbria built a church, which with the town itself was burnt by the Welsh king Cadwallon and his Saxon ally the pagan Penda, after a battle in which Edwin fell, is not so certain; antiquaries differ upon this point, but they who maintain the affirmative appear to have the strongest case. In the charter granted to it by Richard Cœur de Lion the town is called Danecastre.

The name indicates that it was a Roman station on the river Dan, Don, or Dun, "so called," says Camden, "because 'tis carried in a low deep channel, for that is the signification of the British word dan." I thank Dr. Prichard for telling me what it was not possible for Camden to know, that don in the language of the Ossetes, a Caucasian tribe, means water; and that in a country so remote as New Guinea, dan has the same meaning. Our doctor loved the river for its name's sake; and the better because the river Dove falls into it. Don, however, though not without some sacrifice of feeling, he was content to call it, in conformity to the established usage. A more satisfactory reason to him would have been that of preserving the identity of name with the Don of Aberdeenshire and of the Cossacks, and the relationship in etymology with the Donau, but that the original pronunciation which was, as he deemed, perverted in that latter name was found in Danube; and that by calling his own river Don it ceased to be homonymous with that Dan which adds its waters and its name to the Jor.

But the Yorkshire Don might be liked also for its own sake. Hear how its course is described in old prose and older verse! "The river Don or Dun," says Dodsworth in his Yorkshire collections, "riseth in the upper part of Pennystone parish near Lady's Cross; (which may be called our Apennines, because the rain water that falleth sheddeth from sea to sea;) cometh to Birchworth, so to Pennystone, thence to Boleterstone by Medop, leaveth Wharnclyffe Chase

(stored with roebucks, which are decayed since the great frost) on the north, (belonging to Sir Francis Wortley, where he hath great iron works—the said Wharnccliffe affordeth two hundred dozen of coal for ever to his said works—in this chase he had red and fallow deer and roes,) and leaveth Bethuns, a chase and tower of the Earl of Salop, on the south side. By Wortley to Waddesley, where in times past Everingham of Stainber had a park, now disparked. Thence to Sheffield, and washeth the castle wall; keepeth its course to Attercliffe, where is an iron forge of the Earl of Salop; from thence to Winkebank, Kymberworth, and Eccles, where it entertaineth the Rother; cometh presently to Rotherham, thence to Aldwark Hall, the Fitzwilliams' ancient possession; then to Thriberg Park, the seat of Reresbyes Knights; then to Mexborough, where hath been a castle; then to Conisborough Park and Castle of the earls of Warrens, where there is a place called Horsas Tomb. From thence to Sprotebrough, the ancient seat of the famous family of Fitzwilliam who have flourished since the conquest. Thence by Newton to Doncastre, Wheatley and Kirk Sandal to Barnby-Dunn; by Bramwith and Stainforth to Fishlake; thence to Turnbrig, a port town serving indifferently for all the west parts, where he pays his tribute to the Ayre."

Hear Michael Drayton next, who being as determined a personificator as Darwin himself, makes "the wide West Riding" thus address her favourite River Don:

"Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do bound my south,
 And offerest up thy stream to mighty Humber's mouth;
 Of yew and climbing elm that crown'd with many a spray,
 From thy clear fountain first through many a mead dost play,
 Till Rother, whence the name of Rotherham first begun,
 At that her christened town doth lose her in my Don;
 Which proud of her recourse, towards Doncaster doth drive,
 Her great and chiefest town, the name that doth derive,
 From Don's near bordering banks; when holding on her race,
 She, dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
 Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank:
 When Sherwood sends her in slow Iddle that, made rank
 With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
 On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such abundance flows,
 As that her battenng breast her fatlings sooner feeds,
 And with more lavish waste than oft the grazier needs;
 Whose soil, as some reports, that be her borderers, note,
 With water under earth undoubtedly doth float,
 For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
 High, while the floods are high, and when they fall again,
 It falleth: but at last when as my lively Don
 Along by Marshland side her lusty course hath run,
 The little wandering Trent, won by the loud report
 Of the magnificent state and height of Humber's court,
 Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire."

Seldon's rich commentary does not extend to that part of

the Polyolbion in which these lines occur, but a comment upon the supposed rising and falling of the Marshland with the waters, is supplied by Camden. "The Don," he says, after it has passed Hatfield Chase, "divides itself, one stream running towards the river Idel which comes out of Nottinghamshire; the other towards the river Aire; in both which they continue till they meet again, and fall into the estuary of Humber. Within the island, or that piece of ground encompassed by the branches of these two rivers, are Dikemarsh and Marshland, fenny tracts, or rather river islands, about fifteen miles round, which produce a very green rank grass, and are as it were set round with little villages. Some of the inhabitants imagine the whole island floats upon the water; and that sometimes when the waters are increased 'tis raised higher; just like what Pomponius Mela tells us of the Isle of Autrum in Gaul." Upon this passage Bishop Gibson remarks, "As to what our author observes of the ground being heaped up, Dr. Johnston affirms he has spoke with several old men who told him, that the turf moor between Thorne and Gowle was so much higher before the draining, especially in winter time, than it is now, that before they could see little of the church steeple, whereas now they can see the churchyard wall."

The poet might linger willingly with Ebenezer Elliott amid

"rock, vale, and wood—
Haunts of his early days, and still loved well—
And where the sun, o'er purple moorlands wide,
Gilds Wharnccliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below;
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side,
And where time spares the age of Conisbro';"

but we must proceed with good matter of fact prose.

The river has been made navigable to Tinsley, within three miles of Sheffield, and by this means Sheffield, Rotherham, and Doncaster carry on a constant intercourse with Hull. A cut was made for draining that part of Hatfield Chase called the Levels, by an adventurous Hollander, Cornelius Vermuyden by name, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign. Some two hundred families of French and Walloon refugees were induced to colonize there at that time. They were forcibly interrupted in their peaceful and useful undertaking by the ignorant people of the country, who were instigated and even led on by certain of the neighbouring gentry, as ignorant as themselves; but the government was then strong enough to protect them; they brought about twenty-four thousand acres into cultivation, and many of their descendants are still settled upon the ground which was thus reclaimed. Into this new cut, which is at this day called the Dutch river, the Don was turned, its former course having been through Eastoft; but the navigation which has since

proved so beneficial to the country, and towards which this was the first great measure, produced at first a plentiful crop of lawsuits, and one of the many pamphlets which this litigation called forth, bears as an alias in its title, "The Devil upon Don."

Many vestiges of former cultivation were discovered when this cut was made—such (according to Gibson's information) as gates, ladders, hammers, and shoes. The land was observed in some places to lie in ridges and furrows, as if it had been ploughed; and oaks and fir trees were frequently dug up, some of which were found lying along, with their roots still fastened; others as if cut, or burnt, and severed from the ground. Roots were long to be seen in the great cut, some very large and standing upright, others with an inclination towards the east.

About the year 1665, the body of a man was found in a turf pit, some four yards deep, lying with his head towards the north. The hair and nails were not decayed, and the skin was like tanned leather; but it had lain so long there that the bones had become spongy.

CHAPTER XXXIV. P. I.

MORAL INTEREST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS—LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Let none our author rudely blame
 Who from the story has thus long digress'd;
 But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
 For ever travel, while his ashes rest.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

READER, if thou carest little or nothing for the Yorkshire river Don, and for the town of Doncaster, and for the circumstances connected with it, I am sorry for thee. My venerable friend the doctor was of a different disposition. He was one who loved, like Southey—

"uncontrolled, as in a dream
 To muse upon the course of human things;
 Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,
 Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;
 Or following upon thought's audacious wings
 Into futurity the endless stream."

He could not only find

tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,*

but endeavoured to find all he could in them, and for that reason delighted to inquire into the history of places and of things, and to understand their past as well as their present state. The revolutions of a mansionhouse within his circuit were as interesting to him as those of the Mogul empire; and he had as much satisfaction in being acquainted with the windings of a brook from its springs to the place where it fell into the Don, as he could have felt in knowing that the sources of the Nile had been explored, or the course and termination of the Niger.

Hear, reader, what a journalist says upon rivers, in the newest and most approved style of critical and periodical eloquence! He says, and he regarded himself no doubt with no small complacency while so saying—

“An acquaintance with” rivers “well deserves to be erected into a distinct science. We hail *potamology* with a cordial greeting, and welcome it to our studies, parlours, schools, readingrooms, lecturerooms, mechanics’ institutes, and universities. There is no end to the interest which rivers excite. They may be considered physically, geographically, historically, politically, commercially, mathematically, poetically, pictorially, morally, and even religiously. In the world’s anatomy they are its veins, as the primitive mountains, those mighty structures of granite, are its bones; they minister to the fertility of the earth, the purity of the air, and the health of mankind. They mark out nature’s kingdoms and provinces, and are the physical dividers and subdividers of continents. They welcome the bold discoverer into the heart of the country, to whose coast the sea has borne his adventurous bark. The richest freights have floated on their bosoms, and the bloodiest battles have been fought upon their banks. They move the wheels of cotton mills by their mechanical power, and madden the souls of poets and painters by their picturesque splendour. They make scenery and are scenery, and land yields no landscape without water. They are the best vehicle for the transit of the goods of the merchant, and for the illustration of the maxims of the moralist. The figure is so familiar, that we scarcely detect a metaphor when the stream of life and the course of time flow on into the ocean of eternity.”

Hear, hear, oh hear!

Udite—
Fiumi correnti, e rive—
E voi—fontane vive!†

* Shakspeare.

† Giusto de’ Conte.

Yet the person who wrote this was neither deficient in feeling nor in power; it is the epidemic vice prevailing in an age of journals that has infected him. They who frame their style *ad captandum* fall into this vein, and as immediate effect is their object they are wise in their generation. The public to which they address themselves are attracted by it, as flies swarm about treacle.

We are advanced from the age of reason to the age of intellect, and this is the current eloquence of that age! let us get into an atmosphere of common sense.

Topographical pursuits, my doctor used to say, tend to preserve and promote the civilization of which they are a consequence and a proof. They have always prospered in prosperous countries, and flourished most in flourishing times when there have been persons enough of opulence to encourage such studies, and of leisure to engage in them. Italy and the Low Countries therefore took the lead in this branch of literature; the Spaniards and Portuguese cultivated it in their better days; and beginning among ourselves with Henry VIII., it has been continued with increasing zeal down to the present time.

— Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home—our birthplace—our native land—think for a while what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast any intellectual eyes, thou wilt then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism.

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a taproot. The laws recognise this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters.

The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove in the highest degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have found out a bump on his head for its local habitation; letting that quackery pass, it is enough for me to know that he derived this feeling from his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by inheritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt upon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye, whose domains extend over more square miles

than there were square roods upon his patrimony! To have held that little patrimony unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest of your genealogies!

The most sacred spot upon earth to him was his father's hearthstead. Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Thames, or Tiber, the mighty Ganges or the mightier Maranon, even Jordan itself, affected his imagination less than the Creta, or Wease as he was wont to call it, of his native fields; whose sounds in his boyhood were the first which he heard at morning and the last at night, and during so many peaceful and happy years, made as it were an accompaniment to his solitary musings, as he walked between his father's house and his schoolmaster's, to and fro.

Next to that wild river Wease, whose visible course was as delightful to the eye and ear as its subterranean one was to the imagination, he loved the Don. He was not one of those refined persons who like to lessen their admiration of one object by comparing it with another. It entered as little into his mind to depreciate the Don because it was not a mountain stream, as it did into Corporal Trim's or Uncle Toby's to think the worse of Bohemia because it has no seacoast. What if it had no falls, no rapids or resting-places, no basins whose pellucid water might tempt Diana and the Oreades to bathe in it; instead of these the Don had beauties of its own, and utilities which give to such beauties, when combined with them, an additional charm. There was not a more pleasing object in the landscape to his eyes than the broad sail of a barge slowly moving between the trees, and bearing into the interior of England the produce of the Baltic, and of the East and West.

The place in the world which he loved best was Ingleton, because in that little peaceful village, as in his childhood it was, he had once known everybody and everybody had known him; and all his recollections of it were pleasurable, till time cast over them a softening but pensive hue. But next to Ingleton he loved Doncaster.

And wherefore did he thus like Doncaster? For a better reason than the epigrammatist could give for not liking Dr. Fell, though perhaps many persons have no better than that epigrammatist had in this case, for most of their likings and dislikings. He liked it because he must have been a very unreasonable man if he had not been thankful that his lot had fallen there—because he was useful and respected there, contented, prosperous, happy; finally, because it is a very likable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England: for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well

built, well governed, has no manufactories, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling, than perhaps any other town in the kingdom, and moreover it sends no members to parliament.

INTERCHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR QUESTIONS THE PROPRIETY OF PERSONIFYING CIRCUMSTANCE—DENIES THE UNITY AND INDIVISIBILITY OF THE PUBLIC, AND MAY EVEN BE SUSPECTED OF DOUBTING ITS OMNISCIENCE AND ITS INFALLIBILITY.

Ha forse
 Testa la plebe, ove si chiuda in vece
 Di senno, altro che nebbia? o forma voce
 Chi sta più saggia, che un bebù d'armento?

CHIABRERA.

“WHAT a kind of being is circumstance!” says Horace Walpole in his atrocious tragedy of the Mysterious Mother. A very odd kind of being indeed. In the course of my reading I remember but three beings equally remarkable—as personified in prose and verse. Social 'Tie was one; Catastrophe was another; and Inoculation, heavenly maid! the third.

But of all ideal beings the most extraordinary is that which we call the public. The public and transubstantiation I hold to be the two greatest mysteries in or out of nature. And there are certain points of resemblance between them. For as the priest creates the one mystery, so the author, or other appellant to the said public, creates the other, and both bow down in worship, real or simulated, before the idol of their own creation. And as every fragment of the wafer, break it into as many as you may, contains in itself the whole entire mystery of transubstantiation, just in the same manner every fractional part of the public assumes to itself the powers, privileges, and prerogatives of the whole, as virtually, potentially, and indefeasably its own. Nay, every individual who deems himself a constituent member of the said public arrogates them also, and when he professes to be acting *pro bono publico*, the words mean with him all the good he can possibly get for himself.

The old and famous illustration of Hermes may be in part applied to the public; it is a circle of which the centre is everywhere: in part, I say, for its circumference is defined. It is bounded by language, and has many intercircles. It is indeed a confused multiplicity of circles intersecting each other, perpetually in motion and in change. Every man is

the centre of some circle, and yet involved in others; he who is not sometimes made giddy by their movements, has a strong head; and he who is not sometimes thrown off his balance by them, stands well upon his legs.

Again, the public is like a nest of patent coffins packed for exportation, one within another. There are publics of all sizes, from the *genus generalissimum*, the great general universal public, whom London is not large enough to hold, to the *species specialissima*, the little thinking public, which may find room in a nutshell.

There is the fashionable public, and the religious public, and the play-going public, and the sporting public, and the commercial public, and the literary public, and the reading public, and Heaven knows how many publics more. They call themselves worlds sometimes—as if a certain number of worldlings made a world!

He who pays his homage to any or all of these publics, is a publican and a sinner.

Nunquam valui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego nescio.*

Bene et ille, quisquis fuit, (ambigitur enim de auctore,) cum quæreretur ab illo, quo tanta diligentia artis spectaret ad paucissimos perventuræ? Satis sunt, inquit, mihi pauci; satis est unus; satis est nullus.†

CHAPTER XXXV. P. I.

DONCASTRIANA—POTTERIC CARR—SOMETHING CONCERNING THE MEANS OF EMPLOYING THE POOR, AND BETTERING THEIR CONDITION.

Why should I sowen draf out of my fist,
When I may sowen wheat, if that me list?

CHAUCER.

DONCASTER is built upon a peninsula, or ridge of land, about a mile across, having a gentle slope from east to west, and bounded on the west by the river; this ridge is composed of three strata; to wit, of the alluvial soil deposited by the river in former ages, and of limestone on the north and west; and of sandstone to the south and east. To the south of this neck of land lies a tract called Potteric Carr, which is much below the level of the river, and was a morass, or range of fens, when our doctor first took up his abode in Doncaster. This tract extends about four miles in

* Seneca, 2, 79.

† Ib. ib. 17.

length, and nearly three in breadth, and the security which it afforded against an attack on that side, while the river protected the peninsula by its semicircular bend on the other, was evidently one reason why the Romans fixed upon the site of Doncaster for a station. In Brockett's Glossary of North-Country Words, carr is interpreted to mean "flat marshy land; a pool or lake;" but the etymology of the word is yet to be discovered.

These fens were drained and enclosed pursuant to an act of parliament which was obtained for that purpose in the year 1766. Three principal drains were then cut, fourteen feet wide, and about four miles long, into which the water was conducted from every part of the carr, southward, to the little river Torne at Rossington Bridge, whence it flows into the Trent. Before these drainings the ground was liable to frequent inundations; and about the centre there was a decoy for wild ducks: there is still a deep water there, of considerable extent, in which very large pike and eels are found. The soil, which was so boggy at first that horses were lost when attempting to drink at the drains, has been brought into good cultivation, (as all such ground may be,) to the great improvement of the district; for till this improvement was effected intermittent fevers and sore throats were prevalent there, and they have ceased from the time that the land was drained. The most unhealthy season now is the spring, when cold winds from the north and northeast usually prevail during some six weeks; at other times Doncaster is considered to be a healthy place. It has been observed that when endemic diseases arrive there, they uniformly come from the south; and that the state of the weather may be foretold from a knowledge of what it has been at a given time in London, making an allowance of about three days, for the chance of winds. Here, as in all places which lie upon a great and frequented road, the transmission of diseases has been greatly facilitated by the increase of travelling.

But before we leave Potteric Carr, let us try, reader whether we cannot improve it in another way, that is in the dissenting and, so called, evangelical sense of the word, in which sense the battle of Trafalgar was improved, in a sermon by the Reverend John Evans. Gentle reader, let you and I in like manner endeavour to improve this enclosure of the carr.

Four thousand acres of bog whereof that carr consisted, and upon which common sand, coal ashes, and the scrapings of a limestone road were found the best manure, produce now good crops of grain and excellent pasturage.

There are said to be in England and Wales at this time 3,984,000 acres of uncultivated but cultivable ground; 5,950,000 in Scotland; 4,900,000 in Ireland; 166,000 in the smaller

British islands. Crags, woods, and barren land are not included in this statement. Here are 15,000,000 acres, the worst of which is as good as the morass which has been reclaimed near Doncaster, and the far greater part very materially better.

I address myself now to any one of my readers who pays poor rates; but more especially to him who has any part in the disposal of those rates; and most especially to a clergyman, a magistrate, and a member of parliament.

The money which is annually raised for poor rates in England and Wales has for some years amounted to from five to six millions. With all this expenditure, cases are continually occurring of death by starvation, either of hunger or cold, or both together; wretches are carried before the magistrates for the offence of lying in the streets or in unfinished houses, when they have not where to hide their heads; others have been found dead by the side of limekilns or brickkilns, whither they had crept to save themselves from perishing with cold; and untold numbers die of the diseases produced by scanty and unwholesome food.

This money, moreover, is for the most part so applied, that they who have a rightful claim upon it, receive less than in justice, in humanity, and according to the intent of a law wisely and humanely enacted, ought to be their portion; while they who have only a legal claim upon it, that claim arising from an evil usage which has become prescriptive, receive pay where justice, policy, and considerate humanity, and these very laws themselves, if rightly administered, would award restraint or punishment.

Thus it is in those parts of the United Kingdom where a provision for the poor is directly raised by law. In Scotland the proportion of paupers is little less, and the evils attendant upon poverty are felt in an equal or nearly equal degree. In Ireland they exist to a far greater extent, and may truly be called terrible.

Is it fitting that this should be while there are fifteen millions of cultivable acres lying waste? Is it possible to conceive grosser improvidence in a nation, grosser folly, grosser ignorance of its duty and interest, or grosser neglect of both, than are manifested in the continuance, and growth, and increase of this enormous evil, when the means of checking it are so obvious, and that too by a process in which every step must produce direct and tangible good?

But while the government is doing those things which it ought not to have done, and leaves undone those which it ought to do, let parishes and corporations do what is in their power for themselves. And bestir yourselves in this good work, ye who can! The supineness of the government is no excuse for you. It is in the exertions of individuals that all national reformation must begin. Go to work cau-

tiously, experimentally, patiently, charitably, and in faith! I am neither so enthusiastic as to suppose, nor so rash as to assert, that a cure may thus be found for the complicated evils arising from the condition of the labouring classes. But it is one of those remedial means by which much misery may be relieved, and much of that profligacy that arises from hopeless wretchedness be prevented. It is one of those means from which present relief may be obtained, and future good expected. It is the readiest way in which useful employment can be provided for the industrious poor. And if the land so appropriated should produce nothing more than is required for the support of those employed in cultivating it, and who must otherwise be partly or wholly supported by the poor rates, such cultivation would even then be profitable to the public. Wherever there is heath, moor, or fen—which there is in every part of the island—there is work for the spade; employment and subsistence for man is to be found there, and room for him to increase and multiply for generations.

Reader, if you doubt that bog and bad land may be profitably cultivated, go and look at Potteric Carr. (The members of both houses who attend Doncaster races may spare an hour for this at the next meeting.) If you desire to know in what manner the poor who are now helpless may be settled upon such land, so as immediately to earn their own maintenance, and in a short time to repay the first cost of their establishment, read the account of the pauper colonies in Holland; for there the experiment has been tried, and we have the benefit of their experience.

As for the whole race of political economists, our Malthusites, Benthamites, Utilitarians or Futilitarians, they are to the government of this country such counsellors as the magicians were to Pharaoh: whoever listens to them has his heart hardened. But they are no conjurers.

CHAPTER XXXVI. P. I.

REMARKS ON AN OPINION OF MR. CRABBE'S--TOPOGRAPHICAL
POETRY—DRAYTON.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
 What they and what their children owe
 To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
 We recommend unto thy trust.
 Protect his memory, and preserve his story;
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim
 To be the treasurer of his name,
 His name that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.

Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

THE poet Crabbe has said that there subsists an utter repugnancy between the studies of topography and poetry. He must have intended by topography, when he said so, the mere definition of boundaries and specification of landmarks, such as are given in the advertisement of an estate for sale; and boys in certain parts of the country are taught to bear in mind by a remembrance in tail when the bounds of a parish are walked by the local authorities. Such topography, indeed, bears as little relation to poetry as a map or chart to a picture.

But if he had any wider meaning, it is evident, by the number of topographical poems, good, bad, and indifferent, with which our language abounds, that Mr. Crabbe's predecessors in verse, and his contemporaries also, have differed greatly from him in opinion upon this point. The *Polyolbion*, notwithstanding its commonplace personifications and its inartificial transitions, which are as abrupt as those in the *Metamorphoses* and the *Fasti*, and not so graceful, is nevertheless a work as much to be valued by the students and lovers of English literature, as by the writers of local history. Drayton himself, whose great talents were deservedly esteemed by the ablest of his contemporaries in the richest age of English poetry, thought he could not be more worthily employed than in what he calls the Herculean task of this topographical poem; and in that belief he was encouraged by his friend and commentator Selden, to whose name the epithet of learned was in old times always and deservedly affixed. With how becoming a sense of its dignity and

variety the poet entered upon his subject, these lines may show:—

“Thou powerful god of flames, in verse divinely great,
 Touch my invention so with thy true genuine heat,
 That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
 Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;
 But as my subject serves so high or low to strain,
 And to the varying earth so suit my varying strain,
 That nature in my work thou mayst thy power avow;
 That as thou first found’st art, and didst her rules allow,
 So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
 May herein do the best in imitating thee.
 As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
 A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood,
 These things so in my song I naturally may show;
 Now as the mountain high, then as the valley low;
 Here fruitful as the mead; there as the heath be bare,
 Then as the gloomy wood I may be rough, though rare.”

I would not say of this poet as Kirkpatrick says of him, that when he

“his Albion sung
 With their own praise the echoing valleys rung;
 His bounding muse o’er every mountain rode,
 And every river warbled where he flowed;”

but I may say that if, instead of sending his muse to ride over the mountains, and resting contented with her report, he had ridden or walked over them himself, his poem would better have deserved that praise for accuracy which has been bestowed upon it by critics who had themselves no knowledge which could enable them to say whether it was accurate or not. Camden was more diligent: he visited some of the remotest counties of which he wrote.

This is not said with any intention of detracting from Michael Drayton’s fame: the most elaborate criticism could neither raise him above the station which he holds in English literature, nor degrade him from it. He is extolled not beyond the just measure of his deserts in his epitaph which has been variously ascribed to Ben Jonson, to Randolph, and to Quarles, but with most probability to the former, who knew, and admired, and loved him.

He was a poet by nature, and carefully improved his talent; one who sedulously laboured to deserve the approbation of such as were capable of appreciating, and cared nothing for the censures which others might pass upon him. “Like me that list,” he says,

“my honest rhymes,
 Nor care for critics, nor regard the times.”

And though he is not a poet *virum volitare per ora*, nor one

of those whose better fortune it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers, yet what he deemed his greatest work will be preserved by its subject; some of his minor poems have merit enough in their execution to ensure their preservation, and no one who studies poetry as an art will think his time misspent in perusing the whole—if he have any real love for the art which he is pursuing. The youth who enters upon that pursuit without a feeling of respect and gratitude for those elder poets, who by their labours have prepared the way for him, is not likely to produce anything himself that will be held in remembrance by posterity.

CHAPTER XXXVII. P. I.

ANECDOTES OF PETER HEVLYN AND LIGHTFOOT, EXEMPLIFYING THAT GREAT KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ALWAYS APPLICABLE TO LITTLE THINGS; AND THAT AS CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, SO IT MAY WITH EQUAL TRUTH SOMETIMES BE SAID THAT KNOWLEDGE ENDS THERE.

A scholar in his study knows the stars,
 Their motion and their influence, which are fix'd,
 And which are wandering; can decipher seas,
 And give each several land his proper bounds;
 But set him to the compass, he's to seek,
 Where a plain pilot can direct his course
 From hence unto both the Indies.

HEYWOOD.

THERE was a poet who wrote a descriptive poem, and then took a journey to see the scenes which he had described. Better late than never, he thought; and thought wisely in so thinking. Drayton was not likely to have acted thus upon after consideration, if in the first conception of his subject he did not feel sufficient ardour for such an undertaking. It would have required indeed a spirit of enterprise as unusual in those days as it is ordinary now. Many a long day's ride must he have taken over rough roads, and in wild countries; and many a weary step would it have cost him, and many a poor lodging must he have put up with at night, where he would have found poor fare, if not cold comfort. So he thought it enough, in many if not most parts, to travel by the map, and believed himself to have been sufficiently "punctual and exact in giving unto every province its peculiar bounds, in laying out their several landmarks, tracing the course of most of the principal rivers, and setting forth the situation and estate of the chiefest towns."

Peter Heylyn, who speaks thus of his own exactness in a work partaking enough of the same nature as the *Polyolbion* to be remembered here, though it be in prose, and upon a wider subject, tells a humorous anecdote of himself, in the preface to his *Cosmography*. "He that shall think this work imperfect," says he, "(though I confess it to be nothing but imperfections,) for some deficiencies of this kind, may be likened to the country fellow (in *Aristophanes*, if my memory fail not) who picked a great quarrel with the map because he could not find where his own farm stood. And such a country customer I did meet with once, a servant of my elder brother, sent by him with some horses to Oxford, to bring me and a friend of mine unto his house; who having lost his way as we passed through the forest of *Whichwood*, and not being able to recover any beaten track, did very earnestly entreat me to lead the way, till I had brought him past the woods to the open fields. Which when I had refused to do, as I had good reason, alleging that I had never been there before, and therefore that I could not tell which way to lead him, 'That's strange!' said he; 'I have heard my old master, your father, say that you made a book of all the world; and cannot you find your way out of the wood?'"

Peter Heylyn was one who fell on evil times, and on whom, in consequence, evil tongues have fallen. But he was an able, honest, brave man, who "stood to his tackling when he was tasted." And if thou hast not read his *Survey of the State of France*, reader, thou hast not read one of our liveliest books of travels in its lighter parts; and one of the wisest and most replete with information that ever was written by a young man.

His more learned contemporary *Lightfoot*, who steered a safer but not so straight a course, met with an adventure not unlike that of *Heylyn's* in the forest; but the application, which in the cosmographer's case was ridiculously made by an ignorant and simple man, was in this instance self-originated.

Lightfoot had promised to set forth as an accompaniment to his *Harmony of the Evangelists*, "A chorographical description of the Land of *Canaan*, and those adjoining Places, that we have occasion to look upon as we read the Gospels."

"I went on in that work," he says, "a good while, and that with much cheerfulness and content; for methought a Talmudical survey and history of the land of *Canaan*, (not omitting collections to be taken up out of the Scripture, and other writers,) as it would be new and rare, so it might not prove unwelcome nor unprofitable to those that delighted in such a subject." It cost him as much pains to give the description as it would have done to travel thither; but, says one of his editors, "the unhappy chance that hindered the publishing this elaborate piece of his, which he had brought

to pretty good perfection, was the edition of Doctor Fuller's *Pisgah Sight*; great pity it was that so good a book should have done so much harm: for that book, handling the same matters and preventing his, stopped his resolution of letting his labours on that subject see the light. Though he went a way altogether different from Dr. Fuller; and so both might have shown their faces together in the world; and the younger sister, if we may make comparisons, might have proved the fairer of the two."

It is pleasant to see how liberally and equitably both Lightfoot and Fuller speak upon this matter. "But at last," says the former, "I understood that another workman, a far better artist than myself, had the description of the land of Israel, not only in hand, but even in the press; and was so far got before me in that travel that he was almost at his journey's end, when I was but little more than setting out. It was grievous to me to have lost my labour, if I should now sit down; and yet I thought it wisdom not to lose more in proceeding further, when one on the same subject, and of far more abilities in it, had got the start so far before me.

"And although I supposed, and at last was assured, even by that author himself, (my very learned and worthy friend,) that we should not thrust nor hinder one another any whit at all, though we both went at once in the perambulation of that land, because he had not meddled with that rabbinic way that I had gone; yet, when I considered what it was to glean after so clean a reaper, and how rough a Talmudical pencil would seem after so fine a pen, I resolved to sit down and to stir no more in that matter, till time and occasion did show me more encouragement thereunto, than as yet I saw. And thus was my promise fallen to the ground, not by any carelessness or forgetfulness of mine, but by the happy prevention of another hand, by whom the work is likely to be better done. Yet was I unwilling to suffer my word utterly to come to nothing at all, though I might evade my promise by this fair excuse: but I was desirous to pay the reader something in pursuance of it, though it were not in this very same coin, nor the very same sum, that I had undertaken. Hereupon I turned my thoughts and my endeavours to a description of the temple after the same manner, and from the same authors, that I had intended to have described the land; and that the rather, not only that I might do something towards making good my promise; but also, that by a trial in a work of this nature of a lesser bulk, I might take some pattern and assay how the other, which would prove of a far larger pains and volume, would be accepted, if I should again venture upon it."

Lightfoot was sincere in the commendation which he bestowed upon Fuller's diligence, and his felicitous way of

writing. And Fuller on his part rendered justice in the same spirit to Lightfoot's well-known and peculiar erudition. "Far be it from me," he says, "that our pens should fall out, like the herdsmen of Lot and Abraham, the land not being able to bear them both, that they might dwell together. No such want of room in this subject, being of such latitude and receipt, that both we and hundreds more, busied together therein, may severally lose ourselves in a subject of such capacity. The rather, because we embrace several courses in this our description; it being my desire and delight to stick only to the written word of God, while my worthy friend takes in the choicest rabbinical and Talmudical relations, being so well seen in these studies, that it is questionable whether his skill or my ignorance be the greater therein."

Now then, (for now and then go thus lovingly together, in familiar English,) after these preliminaries, the learned Lightfoot, who at seven years of age, it is said, could not only read fluently the biblical Hebrew, but readily converse in it, may tell his own story.

"Here by the way," he says, "I cannot but mention, and I think I can never forget, a handsome and deserved check that mine own heart, meeting with a special occasion, did give me, upon the laying down of the other task, and the undertaking of this, for my daring to enter either upon the one or the other. That very day wherein I first set pen to paper to draw up the description of the temple, having but immediately before laid aside my thoughts of the description of the land, I was necessarily called out, towards the evening, to go to view a piece of ground of mine own, concerning which some litigiousness was emerging, and about to grow. The field was but a mile from my constant residence and habitation, and it had been in mine owning divers years together; and yet till that very time, had I never seen it, nor looked after it, nor so much as knew whereabout it lay. It was very unlikely I should find it out myself, being so utterly ignorant of its situation; yet because I desired to walk alone, for the enjoying of my thoughts upon that task that I had newly taken in hand, I took some direction which way to go, and would venture to find out the field myself alone. I had not gone far, but I was at a loss; and whether I went right or wrong I could not tell; and if right thither, yet I knew not how to do so further; and if wrong, I knew not which way would prove the right, and so in seeking my ground I had lost myself. Here my heart could not but take me to task; and, reflecting upon what my studies were then, and had lately been upon, it could not but call me fool; and methought it spake as true to me as ever it had done in all my life—but only when it called me sinner. A fool that was so studious, and had been so searching about things

remote, and that so little concerned my interest—and yet was so neglective of what was near me, both in place and in my particular concernment! And a fool again, who went about to describe to others, places and buildings that lay so many hundred miles off, as from hence to Canaan, and under so many hundred years' ruins—and yet was not able to know, or find the way to a field of mine own, that lay so near me!

“I could not but acknowledge this reproof to be both reasonable, and seasoned both with truth and reason; and it so far prevailed with me, that it not only put me upon a resolution to lay by that work that I had newly taken in hand that morning, but also to be wiser in my bookishness for the time to come, than for it, and through it, to neglect and sink my estate as I had done. And yet within a little time after I know not how, I was fallen to the same studies and studiousness again—had got my laid-up task into my hands again before I was aware—and was come to a determination to go on in that work, because I had my notes and collections ready by me as materials for it; and when that was done, then to think of the advice that my heart had given me, and to look to mine own business.

“So I drew up the description of the temple itself, and with it the history of the temple service.”

Lightfoot's heart was wise when it admonished him of humility; but it was full of deceit when it read him a lesson of worldly wisdom, for which his conscience and his better mind would have said to him “Thou fool!” if he had followed it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. P. I.

THE READER IS LED TO INFER THAT A TRAVELLER WHO STOPS UPON THE WAY TO SKETCH, BOTANIZE, ENTOMOLOGIZE, OR MINERALOGIZE, TRAVELS WITH MORE PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO HIMSELF THAN IF HE WERE IN THE MAIL COACH.

Non servio materiæ sed indulgeo; quæ quo ducit sequendum est, non invitât.—SENECA.

FEAR not, my patient reader, that I should lose myself and bewilder you, either in the Holy Land, or Whichwood Forest, or in the wide fields of the Polyolbion, or in Potteric Carr, or in any part of the country about Doncaster, most fortunate of English towns for circumstances which I have already stated, and henceforth to be the most illustrious, as

having been the place where my never to be forgotten philosopher and friend passed the greater part of his innocent, and useful, and happy life. Good patient reader, you may confide in me as in one who always knows his whereabouts, and whom the goddess Upibilia will keep in the right way.

In treating of that flourishing and every way fortunate town, I have not gone back to visionary times, like the author who wrote a description and drew a map of Anglesea, as it was before the flood. Nor have I touched upon the ages when hyenas prowled over what is now Doncaster race ground, and great lizards, huge as crocodiles, but with long necks and short tails, took their pleasure in Potteric Carr. I have not called upon thee, gentle and obsequious reader, to accompany me into a præadamite world, nor even into the antediluvian one. We began with the earliest mention of Doncaster—no earlier; and shall carry our summary notices of its history to the doctor's time—no later. And if sometimes the facts on which I may touch should call forth thoughts, and those thoughts remind me of other facts, anecdotes leading to reflection, and reflection producing more anecdotes, thy pleasure will be consulted in all this, my good and patient reader, and thy profit also as much as mine; nay, more in truth, for I might think upon all these things in silence, and spare myself the trouble of relating them.

Oh reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
Oh gentle reader, you would find
A tale in everything !*

I might muse upon these things and let the hours pass by unheeded as the waters of a river in their endless course. And thus I might live in other years—with those who are departed, in a world of my own, by force of recollection; or by virtue of sure hope in that world which is theirs now, and to which I shall ere long be promoted.

For thy pleasure, reader, and for thy improvement, I take upon myself the pains of thus materializing my spiritual stores. Alas! their earthly uses would perish with me unless they were thus imbodyed!

“The age of a cultivated mind,” says an eloquent, and wise, and thoughtful author, “is often more complacent, and even more luxurious than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter.

“In truth nothing is so happy to itself and so attractive

* Wordsworth.

to others, as a genuine and ripened imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. The more it produces, the more capable it becomes of production; the creative faculty grows by indulgence; and the more it combines, the more means and varieties of combinations it discovers.

“When death comes to destroy that mysterious and magical union of capacities and acquirements which has brought a noble genius to this point of power, how frightful and lamentable is the effect of the stroke that stops the current which was wont to put this mighty formation into activity! Perhaps the incomprehensible spirit may have acted in conjunction with its corporeal adherents to the last. Then in one moment, what darkness and destruction follows a single gasp of breath!”*

This fine passage is as consolatory in its former part, as it is gloomy at the conclusion; and it is gloomy there because the view which is there taken is imperfect. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world—but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with wealth, rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things. But nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. When Ovid says in Ben Jonson’s play—

“We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood’s affections fade our loves,”

the dramatist makes the Roman poet speak like a sensualist, as he was, and the philosophy is as false as it is foul. Affections well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.

* Sir Egerton Brydges,

INTERCHAPTER IV.

ETYMOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE REMAINS OF VARIOUS TRIBES OR FAMILIES MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.

All things are big with jest ; nothing that's plain
But may be witty if thou hast the vein.

HERBERT.

THAT the lost ten tribes of Israel may be found in London, is a discovery which any person may suppose he has made, when he walks for the first time from the city to Wapping. That the tribes of Judah and Benjamin flourish there is known to all mankind ; and from them have sprung the Scripites, and the Omniumites, and the Threepercentites.

But it is not so well known that many other tribes noticed in the Old Testament are to be found in this island of Great Britain.

There are the Hittites, who excel in one branch of gymnastics. And there are the Amorites, who are to be found in town and country ; and there are the Gadites, who frequent watering-places, and take picturesque tours.

Among the Gadites I shall have some of my best readers, who being in good humour with themselves and with everything else, except on a rainy day, will even then be in good humour with me. There will be the Amorites in their company ; and among the Amorites, too, there will be some who, in the overflowing of their love, will have some liking to spare for the doctor and his faithful memorialist.

The poets, those especially who deal in erotics, lyrics, sentimentals, or sonnets, are the Ah-oh-ites.

The gentlemen who speculate in chapels are the Puh-ites.

The chief seat of the Simeonites is at Cambridge ; but they are spread over the land. So are the Man-ass-ites, of whom the finest specimens are to be seen in St. James's-street, at the fashionable time of day for exhibiting the dress and the person upon the pavement.

The freemasons are of the family of the Jachinites.

The female Haggites are to be seen, in low life wheeling barrows, and in high life seated at card tables.

The Shuhamites are the cordwainers.

The Teamanites attend the sales of the East India Company.

Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir James Scarlett, and Sir James Graham, belong to the Jim-nites.

Who are the Gazathites if the people of London are not, where anything is to be seen? All of them are the Gettites when they can, all would be Havites if they could.

The journalists should be Geshurites, if they answered to their profession: instead of this they generally turn out to be Geshuwronges.

There are, however, three tribes in England, not named in the Old Testament, who considerably outnumber all the rest. These are the High Vulgarites, who are the children of Rank and Phashan: the Middle Vulgarites, who are the children of Mammon and Terade, and the Low Vulgarites, who are the children of Tahag, Rahag, and Bohobtay-il.

With the Low Vulgarites I have no concern; but with the other two tribes, much. Well it is that some of those who are *fruges consumere nati*, think it proper that they should consume books also: if they did not, what a miserable creature wouldst thou be, Hénry Colburn, who art their book-seller! I myself have that kind of respect for the consumers which we ought to feel for everything useful. If not the salt of the earth, they are its manure, without which it could not produce so abundantly.

CHAPTER XXXIX. P. I.

A CHAPTER FOR THE INFORMATION OF THOSE WHO MAY VISIT DONCASTER, AND ESPECIALLY OF THOSE WHO FREQUENT THE RACES THERE.

My good lord, there is a corporation,
A body—a kind of body.

MIDDLETON.

WELL, reader, I have told thee something concerning the topography of Doncaster: and now in due order, and as in duty bound, will I give thee a sketch of its history; "*summa sequar fastigia rerum*," with becoming brevity, according to my custom, and in conformity with the design of this book. The nobility and gentry who attend the races there will find it very agreeable to be well acquainted with everything relating to the place: and I particularly invite their attention to that part of the present chapter which concerns the Doncaster charters, because, as a wise and ancient author hath said, *Turpe est homini nobili ejus civitatis in quâ versetur, jus ignorare*, which may thus be applied, that every gentleman who frequents Doncaster races ought to know the form and history of its corporation.

In Edward the Confessor's reign the soccage part of Doncaster and of some adjoining townships was under the manor of Hexthorp, though in the topsyturveying course of time Hexthorp has become part of the soke of Doncaster. Earl Tostig was the lord of that manor, one of Earl Godwin's sons, and one who holds like his father no honourable place in the records of those times, but who in the last scene of his life displayed a heroism that may well redeem his name. The manor being two miles and a half long, and one and a half broad, was valued at eighteen pounds yearly rent; but when Domesday book was compiled that rent had decreased one third. It had then been given by the conqueror to his half brother Robert, earl of Montaigne in Normandy, and of Cornwall in England. The said earl was a lay pluralist of the first magnitude, and had no fewer than seven hundred and fifty manors bestowed upon him as his allotment of the conquered kingdom. He granted the lordship and soke of Doncaster, with many other possessions, to Nigel de Fossard, which Nigel is believed to have been the Saxon noble who at the time of the conquest held these same possessions under the crown.

The Fossard family ended in an heiress in Cœur de Lion's reign; and the only daughter of that heiress was given in marriage by John Lackland to Peter de Malolieu, or Maulay, as a reward for his part in the murder of Prince Arthur. Peter de Maulay bore, as such a service richly deserved, an ill name in the nation, being moreover a favourite of King John's, and believed to be one of his evil counsellors as well as of his wicked instruments; but the name was in good odour with his descendants, and was borne accordingly by eight Peters in succession. The eighth had no male issue; he left two daughters, and daughters are said by Fuller to be "silent strings sending no sound to posterity, but losing their own surnames in their matches." Ralph Salvayne, or Salvin, a descendant of the younger co-heiress, in the reign of James I., claimed the lordship of Doncaster; and William his son, after a long suit with the corporation, resigned his claim for a large sum of money.

The burgesses had obtained their charter from Richard I., in the fifth year of his reign, that king confirming to them their soke, and the town or village of Danecastre, to hold of him and his heirs, by the ancient rent, and over and above that rent, by an annual payment at the same time of twenty-five marks of silver. For this grant the burgesses gave the king fifty marks of silver, and were thereby entitled to hold their soke and town "effectually and peaceably, freely and quietly, fully and honourably, with all the liberties and free customs to the same appertaining, so that none hereupon might them disturb." This charter, with all and singular the things there-

in contained, was ratified and confirmed by Richard II. to his beloved the then burgesses of the aforesaid town.

The burgesses, fearing that they might be molested in the enjoyment of these their liberties and free customs, through defect of a declaration and specification of the same, petitioned Edward IV., in the seventh year of his reign, that he would graciously condescend those liberties and free customs, under specifical declaration and express terms, to them and their heirs and successors, incorporating them, and making them persons fit and capable, with perpetual succession. Accordingly the king granted that Doncaster should be a free borough, and that the burgesses, tenants, residents, and inhabitants, and their successors, should be free burgesses, and might have a guild merchant, and continue to have the same liberties and free customs as they and their predecessors had theretofore reasonably used and enjoyed. And that they from thenceforth might be, in reality and name, one body and one perpetual community; and every year choose out of themselves one fit person to be the mayor, and two other fit persons for the sergeants at mace, of the same town, within the same town dwelling, to rule and govern the community aforesaid for ever. And further of his more abundant grace the king granted that the cognizance of all manner of pleas of debt, trespass, covenant, and all manner of other causes and contracts whatsoever within the same borough, should be holden before the mayor. He granted also to the corporation the power of attachment for debt by their sergeants at mace; and of his abundant grace that the mayor should hold and exercise the office of coroner also during his year; and should be also a justice and keeper of the king's peace within the said borough. And he granted them of his same abundant grace the right of having a fair at the said borough every year upon the vigil, and upon the feast, and upon the morrow of the annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, to be held, and for the same three days to continue, with all liberties and free customs to this sort of fair appertaining, unless that fair should be to the detriment of the neighbouring fairs.

There appear to this charter among others as witnesses, the memorable names of "our dearest brothers, George of Clarence, and Richard of Gloucester, dukes; Richard Wydevile de Rivers, our treasurer of England, earl; and our beloved and faithful William Hastynges de Hastynges, chamberlain of our household, and Anthony Wydevile de Scales, knights." The charter is moreover decorated with the armorial bearings of the corporation, a lion sergeant, upon a cushion powdered ermine, holding in his paws and legs a banner with the castle thereon depicted, and this motto, *Son Comfort et Liesse*, his Comfort and Joy.

Henry VII. enlarged the charter, giving of his special grace

to the mayor and community all and singular the messuages, marshes, lands, tenements, rents, reversions, and services, advowsons of churches, chantries, and chapels, possessions, and all hereditaments whatsoever within the lordship and its dependancies, "with the court leets, view of frank pledges courts, waters, mills, entry and discharge of waters, fairs, markets, tolls, picages, stallages, pontages, passages, and all and singular profits, commodities, and emoluments whatsoever within that lordship and its precincts to the king, his heirs and successors, howsoever appertaining, or lately belonging. And all and singular the issues, revenues, and profits of the aforesaid courts, view of frank pledge, waters, mills, fairs, markets, tolls, picages, stallages, pontages, passages, and the rest of the premises, in what manner soever accruing or arising." For this the mayor and community were to pay into the exchequer yearly in equal portions, at the feasts of St. Michael the Archangel and Easter, without fee or any other charge, the sum of seventy and four pounds, thirteen shillings, eleven pence, and a halfpenny. Further of his more extensive grace, he granted them to hold twice in every year a leet or view of frank pledge; and that they might have the superintendency of the assize of bread and ale, and other victuals vendible whatsoever, and the correction and punishment of the same, and all and whatsoever which to a leet or view of frank pledge appertaineth, or ought to appertain. And that they might have all issues, and profits, and perquisites, fines, penalties, redemptions, forfeitures, and americiaments in all and singular these kind of leets, or frank pledge to be forfeited, or assessed, or imposed; and moreover, wayf, strayf, infang thief, and outfang thief; and the goods and chattels of all and singular felons, and the goods of fugitives, convicts, and attainted, and the goods and chattels of outlaws and waived; and the wreck of sea when it should happen, and goods and chattels whatsoever confiscated within the manor, lordship, soke, towns, villages, and the rest of the premises of the precincts of the same, and of every of them, found or to be found, for ever.

In what way any wreck of sea could be thrown upon any part of the Doncastrian jurisdiction, is a question which might have occasioned a curious discussion between Corporal Trim and his good master. How it could happen I cannot comprehend, unless "the fatal Welland," according to old saw,

which God forbid!
Should drown all Holland with his excrement.*

Nor, indeed, do I see how it could happen then, unless Humber should at the same time drown all Lindsey, and the whole

* Spenser.

of the Yorkshire plain, and Trent bear a part also with all his thirty tributary streams, and the plain land of all the midland counties be once more flooded, "as it was in the days of Noah." But if the official person who drew up this charter of Henry the Seventh contemplated any such contingency, he must have been a whimsical person, and, moreover, an unreasonable one, not to have considered that Doncaster itself must be destroyed by such a catastrophe, and consequently that its corporation even then could derive no benefit from wreck at sea.

Furthermore, of his more abundant grace King Henry granted to the mayor and community that they might hold two markets in the week for ever, to wit, every Tuesday and every Saturday; and that they might hold a second fair, which was to be upon the vigil, and upon the day of St. James the apostle, and upon the morrow of the day immediately following to continue: and that they might choose a recorder, and hold a weekly court in their Guild Hall, which court should be a court of record; and that the recorder and three of the aldermen should be justices as well as the mayor, and that they might have a jail within the precincts of their town.

Henry VIII. confirmed this his father's charter, and Elizabeth that her father's confirmation. In the next reign, when the corporation, after having "endured the charge of many great and tedious suits," had compounded with Ralph Selvin for what they called his pretended title, they petitioned the king that he would be pleased to accept from them a surrender of their estates, together with an assurance of Selvin's title, and then graciously assure and convey the said manors and premises to them and their successors, so to secure them against any further litigation.

This accordingly was done. In the fourth year after the restoration, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses petitioned for a ratification of their existing privileges, and for an enlargement of them, which Charles II. granted, "the borough being an ancient and populous borough, and he being desirous that for the time to come, for ever, one certain and invariable method might be had of, for, and in the preservation of our peace, and in the rule and governance of the same borough, and of our people in the same inhabiting, and of others resorting thither; and that that borough in succeeding times might be and remain a borough of harmony and peace, to the fear and terror of the wicked, and for the support and reward of the good." Wherefore, he the king, of his special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, willed, granted, constituted, declared, and confirmed, and by his then presents did will, grant, constitute, declare, and confirm, that Doncaster should be, and continue for ever, a free borough itself; and that the mayor and community, or commonalty thereof,

should be one body corporate and politic in reality, deed, and name, by the name of mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of Doncaster in the county of York, and by that name be capacitated and enabled to plead and to be impleaded, answer and be answered, defend and be defended; and to have, purchase, receive, possess, give, grant, and demise.

This body corporate and politic, which was to have perpetual succession, was by the charter appointed to consist of one mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses; the aldermen to be "of the better and more excellent inhabitants of the borough," and the capital burgesses of the better, more reputable, and discreet, and these latter were to be "for ever in perpetual future times, the common council of the borough." The three estates of the borough, as they may be called, in court or convocation gathered together and assembled, were "invested with full authority, power, and ability of granting, constituting, ordaining, making, and rendering firm, from time to time, such kind of laws, institutes, bylaws, ordinances, and constitutions, which to them, or the greater part of them, shall seem to be, according to their sound understandings, good, salutary, profitable, honest, or honourable, and necessary for the good rule and governance of the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, and of all and singular, and other the inhabitants of the borough aforesaid; and of all the officers, ministers, artificers, and resiants whatsoever within the borough aforesaid, for the time being; and for the declaring in what manner and form the aforesaid mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, and all and singular other the ministers, officers, artificers, inhabitants, and resiants of the borough aforesaid, and their factors or agents, servants and apprentices, in their offices, callings, mysteries, artifices, and businesses, within the borough aforesaid, and the liberties of the same for the time being, shall have, behave, and use themselves, and otherwise for the more ultimate public good, common utility, and good regimen of the borough aforesaid." And for the victualling of the borough, and for the better preservation, governance, disposing, letting, and demising of the lands, tenements, possessions, revenues, and hereditaments, vested in their body corporate, they had power to ordain and enforce such punishments, penalties, inflictions, and imprisonments of the body, or by fines and americiaments, or by both of them, against and upon all delinquents and offenders against these their laws as might to them seem necessary, so that nevertheless this kind of laws, ordinances, institutions, and constitutions be not repugnant, nor contrary to the laws and statutes of the kingdom.

Persons refusing to accept the office of mayor, alderman, capital burgess, or any other inferior office of the borough, except the recorders, might be committed to jail, till they

consented to serve, or fined at the discretion of the corporation, and held fast in their jail till the fine was paid.

This charter also empowered the corporation to keep a fair on the Saturday before Easter, and thenceforth on every alternate Saturday until the feast of St. Andrew, for cattle, and to hold at such times a court of pie-powder.

James II. confirmed the corporation in all their rights and privileges, and by the charter of Charles II., thus confirmed, Doncaster is governed at this day.

It was during the mayoralty of Thomas Pheasant that Daniel Dove took up his abode in Doncaster.

CHAPTER XL. P. I.

REMARKS ON THE ART OF VERBOSITY—A RULE OF COCCEIUS, AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE LANGUAGE AND PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

If they which employ their labour and travail about the public administration of justice follow it only as a trade, with unquenchable and unconscionable thirst of gain, being not in heart persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves his agents in this business—the sentence of right God's own verdict, and themselves his priests to deliver it—formalities of justice do but serve to smother right, and that which was necessarily ordained for the common good, is through shameful abuse made the cause of common misery.—HOOKER.

READER, thou mayst perhaps have thought me at times disposed to be circumambagious in my manner of narration. But now, having cast thine eyes over the Doncaster charters, even in the abridged form in which I have considerably presented them, thou knowest what a roundabout style is when amplified with all possible varieties of professional tautology.

You may hear it exemplified to a certain degree in most sermons of the current standard, whether composed by those who inflict them upon their congregation, or purchased ready made and warranted orthodox as well as original. In a still greater degree you may hear it in the extempore prayers of any meetinghouse, and in those with which the so-called evangelical clergymen of the establishment think proper sometimes to prologize and epilogize their grievous discourses. But in tautology the lawyers beat the divines hollow.

Cocceius laid it down as a fundamental rule of interpretation in theology that the words and phrases of Scripture are to be understood in every sense of which they are susceptible; that is, that they actually signify everything that they can possibly signify. The lawyers carry this rule further in their profession than the Leyden professor did in

his: they deduce from words not only everything that they can possibly signify, but sometimes a great deal more; and sometimes they make them bear a signification precisely opposite to what they were intended to express.

That crafty politician who said the use of language is to conceal our thoughts did not go further in his theory than the members of the legal profession in their practice; as every deed which comes from their hands may testify, and every court of law bears record. You employ them to express your meaning in a deed of conveyance, a marriage settlement, or a will; and they so smother it with words, so envelop it with technicalities, so bury it beneath redundancies of speech, that any meaning which is sought for may be picked out, to the confusion of that which you intended. Something at length comes to be contested: you go to a court of law to demand your right; or you are summoned into one to defend it. You ask for justice, and you receive a nice distinction—a forced construction—a verbal criticism. By such means you are defeated and plundered in a civil cause; and in a criminal one a slip of the pen in the indictment brings off the criminal scot free. As if slips of the pen in such cases were always accidental! But because judges are incorruptible, (as, blessed be God! they still are in this most corrupt nation,) and because barristers are not to be suspected of ever intentionally betraying the cause which they are fee'd to defend, it is taken for granted that the same incorruptibility, and the same principled integrity, or gentlemanly sense of honour which sometimes is its substitute, are to be found among all those persons who pass their miserable lives in quilldriving, day after day, from morning till night, at a scrivener's desk, or in an attorney's office!

CHAPTER XLI. P. I.

REVENUE OF THE CORPORATION OF DONCASTER WELL APPLIED— DONCASTER RACES.

Play not for gain, but sport: who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.

HERBERT.

WELL, gentle reader, we have made our way through the charters, and seen that the borough of Doncaster is, as it may be called, an *imperium in imperio*, or *regnum*; (or rather, if there were such word, *regnum in regno*—such a word there ought to be, and very probably was, and most certainly

would be if the Latin were a living language,) a little kingdom in itself, modelled not unhappily after the form of that greater one whereof it is a part; differing from it for reasons so evident that it would be a mere waste of words and time to explain them—in being an elective instead of an hereditary monarchy, and also because the monarchy is held only for a year, not for life; and differing in this respect likewise, that its three estates are analogous to the vulgar and mistaken notion of the English constitution, not to what that constitution is as transmitted to us by our fathers.

We have seen that its mayor, (or monarch,) its twelve aldermen, (or house of lords,) all being of the better and more excellent inhabitants, and its four-and-twenty capital burghesses, (or house of commons,) all of the better, more reputable, and discreet Doncastrians, constitute one body corporate and politic in reality, deed, and name, to the fear and terror of the wicked, and for the support and reward of the good; and that the municipal government has been thus constituted expressly to the end that Doncaster might remain for ever a borough of harmony and peace: to the better effecting of which most excellent intent—a circumstance which has already been adverted to—contributes greatly, to wit, that Doncaster sends no members to parliament.

Great are the mysteries of corporations; and great the good of them when they are so constituted, and act upon such principles as that of Doncaster.

There is an old song which says—

“ Oh London is a gallant town,
A most renowned city;
'Tis governed by the scarlet gown,
Indeed, the more's the pity.”

The two latter verses could never be applied to Doncaster. In the middle of the last century the revenues of the corporation did not exceed 1500*l.* a year: at the beginning of this they had increased to nearly 6000*l.*, and this income was principally expended, as it ought to be, for the benefit of the town. The public buildings have been erected from these funds; and liberal donations made from them to the dispensary and other eleemosynary institutions. There is no constable assessment, none for paving and lighting the street; these expenses are defrayed by the corporation, and families are supplied with river water chiefly at its expense.

Whether this body corporate should be commended or condemned for encouraging the horse races, by building a grand stand upon the course; and giving annually a plate of the value of 50*l.* to be run for, and two sums of twenty guineas each towards the stakes, is a question which will be answered by every one according to his estimate of right

and wrong. Gentlemen of the turf will approve highly of their conduct, so will those gentlemen whose characteristics are either light fingers or black legs. Put it to the vote in Doncaster, and there will be few voices against them; take the sense of the nation upon it by universal suffrage, and there would be a triumphant majority in their favour.

In this, and alas! in too many other cases *vox populi est vox diaboli*.

A greater number of families are said to meet each other at Doncaster races, than at any other meeting of the same kind in England. That such an assemblage contributes greatly to the gayety and prosperity of the town itself, and of the country round about, is not to be disputed. But horse races excite evil desires, call forth evil passions, encourage evil propensities, lead the innocent into temptation and give opportunities to the wicked. And the good which arises from such amusements, either as mere amusement, (which is in itself unequivocally a good when altogether innocent,) or by circulating money in the neighbourhood, or by tending to keep up an excellent breed of horses, for purposes of direct utility: these consequences are as dust in the balance when compared with the guilt and misery that arise from gambling.

Lord Exeter and the Duke of Grafton may perhaps be of a different opinion. So should Mr. Gully whom Pindar may seem to have prophetically panegyriized as

Ὀλυμπιονίκαν
Ἄνδρα, πῶς ἀρετῶν
Ἐέρροντα.—Ol. 7. 162.

That gentleman indeed may with great propriety congratulate himself upon his knowledge of what is called the world, and the ability with which he has turned it to a good practical account. But Lord Burleigh, methinks, would shake his head in the antechamber of heaven if he could read there the following paragraph from a Sunday newspaper:—

“PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF THE TURF. We stated in a former number that Lord Exeter’s turf profits were for the previous season 26,000*l.*; this was intended to include bets. But we have now before us a correct and consecutive account of the Duke of Grafton’s winnings from 1811 to 1829 inclusive, taking in merely the value of the stakes for which the horses ran, and which amounts to no less a sum than 99,211*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat more than 5000*l.* per annum. This, even giving in a good round sum for training and outlay, will leave a sufficiently pleasant balance in hand; to say nothing of the betting book, not often, we believe, light in figures. His grace’s greatest winnings were in 1822 and 1825: in the former of these years they amounted to 11,364*l.* 5*s.*; in the latter 12,668*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*”

It is to be hoped that the duke has with his crest and coronet his motto also upon the covers of his racing and betting books, and upon his prize plates and cups;

ET DECUS ET PREMIUM RECTI.

Before we pass from the race ground let me repeat to the reader a wish of Horace Walpole's, that "some attempt were made to ennoble our horse races, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributing for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility," says he, "would find their vanity gratified; for as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them, and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if the horse (which should be the impression on one side) were not well executed; and as I hold that there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further; and the cup or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful vases."

Pity that the hint has not been taken, and an auxiliary sporting society formed for promoting the education of Pindars and Benvenuto Cellinis!

INTERCHAPTER V.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR MAKES KNOWN HIS GOOD INTENTIONS TO ALL READERS, AND OFFERS GOOD ADVICE TO SOME OF THEM.

I can write, and talk too, as soft as other men, *with submission to better judgments, and I leave it to you, gentlemen. I am but one, and I always distrust myself. I only hint my thoughts. You'll please to consider whether you will not think that it may seem to deserve your consideration.* This is a taking way of speaking. But much good may do them that use it!—ASGILL.

READER, my compliments to you!

This is a form of courtesy which the Turks use in their compositions, and being so courteous a form, I have here adopted it. Why not? Turks though they are, we learned inoculation from them, and the use of coffee; and hitherto we have taught them nothing but the use of tobacco in return.

Reader, my compliments to you!

Why is it that we hear no more of gentle readers? Is it that having become critical in this age of magazines and

reviews, they have ceased to be gentle? But all are not critical;

The baleful dregs
Of these late ages—that Circean draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet—
Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
The native judgment of the human soul.*

In thus applying these lines I mean the servitude to which any rational man degrades his intellect when he submits to receive an opinion from the dictation of another, upon a point whereon he is just as capable of judging for himself—the intellectual servitude of being told by Mr. A., B., or C. whether he is to like a book or not, or why he is to like it: and the folly of supposing that the man who writes anonymously is on that very account entitled to more credit for judgment, erudition, and integrity than the author who comes forward in his own person, and stakes his character upon what he advances.

All readers, however—thank Heaven, and what is left among us of that best and rarest of all senses called common sense—all readers, however, are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an essay upon taste; and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery book.

I have something to say to all classes of readers: and therefore having thus begun to speak of one, with that class I will proceed. It is to the youthful part of my lectors, (why not lectors as well as auditors?) it is *virginibus puerisque* that I now address myself. Young readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor incrustated by the world, take from me a better rule than any professor of criticism will teach you!

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws

* Akenside.

of God and man tell us there can be no virtue—and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!

CHAPTER XLII. P. I.

DONCASTER CHURCH—THE RECTORIAL TITHES SECURED BY ARCHBISHOP SHARP FOR HIS OWN FAMILY.

Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf in constant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man
How often hast thou seen them pass away!

HURDIS.

THE ecclesiastical history of Doncaster is not so much to the credit of all whom it concerns as the municipal. Nigel Fossard in the year 1100, granted the advowson of its church to St. Mary's Abbey, York; and it was for rather more than two hundred years a rectory of two medieties, served by two resident rectors whom the abbey appointed. In 1303, Archbishop Corbridge appropriated it to the abbey, and ordained it a perpetual vicarage. Fifty marks a year out of the profits of the rectory were then allowed for the vicar's support, and he held the house and garden also which had formerly appertained to one of the rectors. When upon the dissolution of the monasteries it fell to the crown, Henry VIII. gave it with other monastic impropriations to Archbishop Holgate, as some compensation for the valuable manors which he made the see of York alienate to himself. The church of Doncaster gained nothing by this transfer. The rectory

was secured by Archbishop Sharp for his own family. At the beginning of the present century it was worth from 1000*l.* to 1200*l.* a year, while the vicar had only an annual income of 80*l.* charged upon that rectory, and 20*l.* charged upon a certain estate. He had no tithes, no Easter offerings, and no other glebe than the churchyard, and an orchard attached to the vicarage. And he had to pay a curate to do the duty at Loversall church.

There is one remarkable epitaph in this church upon a monument of the altar form, placed just behind the reading desk:—

“How, how, who is here?
I Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my fere.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost. A. D. 1579.
Quoth Robertus Byrkes, who in this world did reign
Threescore years and seven, and yet lived not one.”

Robin of Doncaster, as he is now familiarly called by persons connected, or acquainted with the church, is remembered only by this record which he has left of himself: perhaps the tomb was spared from the singularity of the epitaph, when prouder monuments in the same church were despoiled. He seems to have been one who thinking little of anything beyond the affairs of this world till the last year of his pilgrimage, lived during that year a new life. It may also be inferred that his property was inherited by persons to whom he was bound by no other ties than those of cold affinity; for if he had felt any concern for their welfare, he would not have considered those possessions as lost which were left to them.

Perhaps a further inference may be fairly drawn, that though the deceased had stood in this uncomfortable relation to his heirs at law, he was too just a man to set aside the course of succession which the law appointed. They who think that in the testamentary disposal of their property they have a right to do whatever it is legally in their power to do, may find themselves woefully mistaken when they come to render their account. Nothing but the weightiest moral considerations can justify any one in depriving another of that which the law of the land would otherwise in its due course have assigned him. But rights of descent cease to be held sacred in public opinion in proportion as men consider themselves exempt from all duty to their forefathers; and that is in proportion as principles become sophisticated, and society more and more corrupt.

St. George's is the only church in Doncaster, a town which in the year 1800 contained 1246 houses, 5697 souls: twenty years afterward the houses had increased to 1729, and the inhabitants to 8544. The state having made no other pro-

vision for the religious instruction of the townspeople than one church, one vicar, and one curate—if the vicar from other revenues than those of his vicarage can afford to keep one—the far greater part of the inhabitants are left to be absenters by necessity, or dissenters by choice. It was the boast of the corporation in an address to Charles II., that they had not “one factious seditious person” in their town, “being all true sons of the Church of England and loyal subjects:” and that “in the height of all the late troubles and confusion (that is, during the civil wars and the commonwealth—which might more truly have been called the common-wo) they never had any conventicle among them, the nurseries and seed plots of sedition and rebellion.” There are conventicles there now of every denomination. And this has been occasioned by the great sin of omission in the government, and the great sin of commission in that prelate who appropriated the property of the church to his own family.

Hollis Pigot was vicar when Daniel Dove began to reside in Doncaster; and Mr. Fawkes was his curate.

CHAPTER XLIII. P. I.

ANTIQUITIES OF DONCASTER—THE DEÆ MATRES—SAXON FONT—
THE CASTLE—THE HALL CROSS.

Vieux monuments—
Las, peu à peu cendre vous devenez,
Fable du peuple et publiques rapines !
Et bien qu'au Temps pour un temps facent guerre
Les bastimens, si est ce que le Temps
Oeuvres et noms finablement atterre,

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

THE oldest monument in Doncaster is a Roman altar, which was discovered in the year 1781, in digging a cellar six feet deep, in St. Sepulchre's gate. An antiquary of Ferrybridge congratulated the corporation “on the great honour resulting therefrom.”

Was it a great honour to Doncaster—meaning by Doncaster its mayor, its aldermen, its capital burgesses, and its whole people—was it, I say, an honour, a great honour to it, and these, and each and all of these, that this altar should have been discovered? Did the corporation consider it to be so? Ought it to be so considered? Did they feel that pleasurable though feverish excitement at the discovery which is felt by the fortunate man at the moment when his deserts have obtained their honourable meed? Richard

Staveley was mayor that year. Was it an honour to him and his mayoralty as it was to King Ferdinand of Spain that when he was king, Christopher Columbus discovered the New World—or to Queen Elizabeth, that Shakspeare flourished under her reign? Was he famous for it, as old Mr. Bramton Gurdon of Assington in Suffolk was famous, about the year 1627, for having three sons parliament men? If he was thus famous, did he “blush to find it fame,” or smile that it should be accounted so? What is fame? what is honour? But I say no more. “He that hath knowledge spareth his words; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.”

It is a votive altar, dedicated to the *Deæ Matres*, with this inscription:—

MATRIBUS
M. NAN-
TONIUS.
ORBIOTAL.

VOTUM. SOLVIT. LUBENS. MERITO.

and it is curious because it is only the third altar dedicated to those goddesses which has yet been found: the other two were also found in the north of England, one at Binchester, near Durham, and the other at Ribchester in Lancashire.

Next in antiquity to this Roman altar, is a Saxon font in the church; its date, which is now obliterated, is said to have been A. D. 1061.

Not a wreck remains of anything that existed in Doncaster between the time when Orbiotal erected his altar to the local goddesses, and when the baptismal font was made: nor the name of a single individual; nor memorial, nor tradition of a single event.

There was a castle there, the dikes of which might partly be seen in Leland's time, and the foundation of part of the walls—nothing more, so long even then had it been demolished. In the area where it stood the church was built, and Leland thought that great part of the ruins of one building were used for the foundations of the other, and for filling up its walls. It is not known at what time the church was founded. There was formerly a stone built into its east end, with the date A. D. 1071; but this may more probably have been originally placed in the castle than the church. Different parts of the building are of different ages, and the beautiful tower is supposed to be of Henry the Third's age.

The Hall Cross, as it is now called, bore this inscription:—

ICEST : EST : LACRUICE : OTE : D : TILLI : A : KI : ALME : DEV :
EN : FACE : MERCI : AM :

There can be little doubt that this Otto de Tilli is the same

person whose name appears as a witness to several grants about the middle of the twelfth century, and who was seneschal to the Earl of Conisborough. It stood uninjured till the Great Rebellion, when the Earl of Manchester's army, on their way from the South to the siege of York in the year 1644, chose to do the Lord service by defacing it. "And the said Earl of Manchester's men, endeavouring to pull the whole shank down, got a smith's forge hammer and broke off the four corner crosses; and then fastened ropes to the middle cross, which was stronger and higher, thinking by that to pull the whole shank down. But a stone breaking off, and falling upon one of the men's legs, which was nearest it, and breaking his leg, they troubled themselves no more about it." This account, with a drawing of the cross in its former state, was in Fairfax's collection of antiquities, and came afterward into Thoresby's possession. The Antiquarian Society published an engraving of it by that excellent and upright artist Vertue, of whom it is recorded that he never would engrave a fictitious portrait. The pillar was composed of five columns, a large one in the middle, and four smaller ones around it, answering pretty nearly to the cardinal points: each column was surmounted by a cross, that in the middle being the highest and proportionally large. There were numeral figures on the south face, near the top, which seem to have been intended for a dial; the circumference of the pillar was eleven feet seven, the height eighteen feet.

William Paterson, in the year of his mayoralty, 1678, "beautified it with four dials, ball, and fane;" in 1792, when Henry Heaton was mayor, it was taken down, because of its decayed state, and a new one of the same form was erected by the roadside, a furlong to the south of its former site, on Hop-cross hill. This was better than destroying the cross; and as either renovation or demolition had become necessary, the corporation are to be commended for what they did. But it is no longer the same cross, nor on the same site which had once been consecrated, and where many a passing prayer had been breathed in simplicity and sincerity of heart.

What signifies the change? Both place and monument had long been desecrated. As little religious feeling was excited by it as would have been by the altar to the *Deæ Matres*, if it had stood there. And of the hundreds of travellers who daily pass it, in or outside of stage coaches, in their own carriages, on horseback, or on foot; and of the thousands who flock thither during the races; and of the inhabitants of Doncaster itself, not a single soul cares whether it be the original cross or not, or where it was originally erected, or when, or wherefore, or by whom!

"I wish I did not!" said Dr. Dove, when some one ad-

vanced this consideration with the intent of reconciling him to the change. "I am an old man," said he, "and in age we dislike all change as naturally, and, therefore, no doubt, as fitly as in youth we desire it. The youthful generation in their ardour for improvement and their love of novelty, strive to demolish what ought religiously to be preserved; the elders in their caution and their fear endeavour to uphold what has become useless, and even injurious. Thus in the order of Providence we have both the necessary impulse and the needful check.

"But I miss the old cross from its old place. More than fifty years had I known it there; and if fifty years acquaintance did not give us some regard even for stocks and stones, we must be stocks and stones ourselves."

CHAPTER XLIV. P. I.

HISTORICAL CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH DONCASTER—THOMAS, EARL OF LANCASTER—EDWARD IV.—ASKE'S INSURRECTION—ILLUSTRIOUS VISITERS—JAMES I.—BARNABEE—CHARLES I.—CHURCH LIBRARY.

They unto whom we shall appear tedious, are in nowise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure.—HOOKER.

NOTHING more than the scanty notices which have already been mentioned is recorded concerning the history of Doncaster, till King John ordered it "to be enclosed with hertstone and pale, according as the ditch required; and that a light brecoast or barbican should be made upon the bridge, to defend the town if need should be." The bridge was then of wood; in the following reign the townsmen "gave aid to make a stone bridge there:" in that reign a hospital for sick and leprous people was built there, the priories of St. James and St. Nicholas founded a Dominican convent, and a Franciscan one. Henry VIII. slept there on his way to York. In the twenty-third year of Edward I., the borough was first summoned to send members to parliament, from which burden, as it was then considered, it was relieved in the ensuing year.

In 1321, Thomas, earl of Lancaster, held a council here with other discontented barons against Edward II.; in its results it brought many of them to an untimely death, and Lancaster himself suffered by the axe at Pomfret, as much in revenge for Gaveston as for this rebellion. "In this

sort," says an old chronicler, "came the mighty Earl of Lancaster to his end, being the greatest peer in this realm, and one of the mightiest earls in christendom: for when he began to levy war against the king, he was possessed of five earldoms, Lancaster, Lincoln, Salisbury, Leicester, and Derby, besides other seigniories, lands, and possessions, great to his advancement in honour and puissance. But all this was limited within prescription of time, which being expired both honour and puissances were cut off with dishonour and death; for (oh miserable state!)

"Invida fatorum series, summisque negatum
Stare diu."

But now touching the aforesaid Earl of Lancaster, great strife rose afterward among the people, whether he ought to be reputed for a saint, or no. Some held that he ought to be no less esteemed, for that he did many alms deeds in his lifetime, honoured men of religion, and maintained a true quarrel till his life's end. Also his enemies continued not long after, but came to evil ends. Others conceived another opinion of him, alleging that he favoured not his wife, but lived in spouse-breach, defiling a great number of damsels and gentlewomen. If any offended him, he slew him shortly after in his wrathful mood. Apostates and other evil doers he maintained, and would not suffer them to be punished by due order of law. All his doings he used to commit to one of his secretaries, and took no heed himself thereof; and as for the manner of his death, he fled shamefully in the fight, and was taken and put to death against his will; yet by reason of certain miracles which were said to be done near the place both where he suffered and where he was buried, caused many to think he was a saint. Howbeit, at length by the king's commandment the church doors of the priory where he was buried were shut and closed, so that no man might be suffered to come to the tomb to bring any offerings, or to do any other kind of devotion to the same. Also the hill where he suffered was kept by certain Gascoigners appointed by the Lord Hugh Spenser his son, then lying at Pomfret, to the end that no people should come and make their prayers there in worship of the said earl, whom they took verily for a martyr."

The next confederacy at Doncaster was more successful, though it led eventually to bloodier consequences. Bolingbroke, after landing at Ravensburg, was met here by Northumberland, Hotspur, Westmoreland, and others, who engaged with him there, some of them probably not knowing how far his ambitious views extended, and who afterward became the victims of their own turbulent policy. The dragon's teeth which were then sown produced a plentiful

harvest threescore years afterward, when more than six-and-thirty thousand Englishmen fell by each other's hands at Towton, between this town and York. Edward IV. beheaded Sir Robert Willis and Sir Ralph Grey here, whom he had taken in the rout of Lose-coat field; and when he mustered his people here to march against Warwick and Clarence, whose intentions began then to be discovered, "it was said that never was seen in England so many goodly men and so well arranged in a field." Afterward he passed through Doncaster when he returned from exile on the way to his crowning victory at Barnet.

Richard III. also passed through this place on his way to York, where he was crowned. In Henry VIII.'s reign it became the actual seat of war, and a battle would have been fought there, if the Don had not, by its sudden rising, twice prevented Aske and his army of insurgents from attacking the Duke of Norfolk, with so superior a force that success would have been almost certain, and the triumph of the popish party a probable result. Here Norfolk, profiting by that delay, treated with the insurgents, and finally, by offering them a free pardon, and engaging that a free parliament should be held in the North, induced them to disperse.

In 1538, John Grigge, the mayor, lost a thumb in an affray at Marshgate, and next year the Prior of Doncaster was hanged for treason. In 1551 the town was visited by the plague: in that of 1582, 908 persons died here.

The next noticeable circumstance in the annals of Doncaster, is that James I. lodged there, at the sign of the Sun and Bear, on his way from Scotland to take possession of the crown of England.

The maypole in the market-place was taken down in 1634, and the market cross erected there in its place. But the removal of the maypole seems to have been no proof of any improved state of morals in the town; for Barnabee, the illustrious potator, saw there the most unbecoming sight that he met with in all his travels. On his second visit the frail Levite was dead; and I will not pick out a name from the succession of vicars which might suit the time of the poem, because though Doncaster was the scene it does not follow that the vicar was the actor; and whoever he may have been, his name can be no object of legitimate curiosity, though Barnabee's justly was, till it was with so much ingenuity determined by Mr. Haslewood.

When the army which had been raised against the Scots was disbanded, Charles I. dined there at the house of Lady Carlingford, and a pear tree which he is said to have planted is now standing there in Mr. Maw's garden. Charles was there again in 1644, and attended service in the church. And from a house in the butter market it was that Morris with two companions attempted to carry off the parlia-

mentary commander Rainsborough at noonday, and failing in the attempt, killed him upon the spot.

A church library was founded here by the contributions of the clergy and gentry of the surrounding country in 1726. A chamber over the church porch was appropriated for the books, with the archbishop's license; and there was one curate of this town whose love of reading was so great, that he not only passed his days in this library, but had a bed fixed there, and spent his nights there also.

In 1731 all the streets were new paved, and the signpost taken down; and in 1739, Daniel Dove, in remembrance of whom these volumes are composed, came to reside in Doncaster.

CHAPTER XLV. P. I.

CONCERNING THE WORTHIES, OR GOOD MEN, WHO WERE NATIVES OF DONCASTER OR OTHERWISE CONNECTED WITH THAT TOWN.

Vir bonus est quis?

TERENCE.

LET good old Fuller answer the well-known question which is conveyed in the motto to this chapter. "And here," he says, "be it remembered, that the same epithet in several places accepts sundry interpretations. He is called a good man in common discourse, who is not dignified with gentility: a good man upon the exchange, who hath a responsible estate; a good man in a camp, who is a tall man of his arms; a good man in the church, who is pious and devout in his conversation. Thus, whatever is fixed therein in other relations, that person is a good man in history, whose character affords such matter as may please the palate of an ingenuous reader."

Two other significations may be added which Fuller has not pretermitted, because he could not include them, they being relatively to him, of posthumous birth. A good man upon state trials, or in certain committees which it might not be discreet to designate, is one who will give his verdict without any regard to his oath in the first case or to the evidence in both. And in the language of the pugilists it signifies one who can bear a great deal of beating: Hal Pierce, the Game Chicken and unrivalled glory of the ring, pronounced this eulogium upon Mr. Gully, the present honourable member for Pontefract, when he was asked for a candid opinion of his professional merits: "Sir, he was the very best man as ever I had."

Among the good men, in Fuller's acceptation of the term, who have been in any way connected with Doncaster, the first in renown as well as in point of time, is Robin Hood. Many men talk of him who never shot in his bow; but many think of him when they drink at his well, which is at Skelbroke by the wayside, about six miles from Doncaster on the York road. There is a small inn near with Robin Hood for its sign; this country has produced no other hero whose popularity has endured so long. The Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Marquis of Granby have flourished upon signposts, and have faded there; so have their compeers Prince Eugene and Prince Ferdinand. Rodney and Nelson are fading; and the time is not far distant when Wellington also will have had his day. But while England shall be England, Robin Hood will be a popular name.

Near Robin Hood's well, and nearer to Doncaster, the Hermit of Hampole resided, at the place from which he was so called, "where living he was honoured, and dead was buried and sainted." Richard Role, however, for that was his name, was no otherwise sainted than by common opinion in those parts. He died in 1349, and is the oldest of our known poets. His writings, both in verse and prose, which are of considerable extent, ought to be published at the expense of some national institution.

In the next generation, John Marse, who was born in a neighbouring village of that name, flourished in the Carmelite Convent at Doncaster, and obtained great celebrity in his time for writing against—a far greater than himself—John Wickliffe.

It is believed that Sir Martin Frobisher was born at Doncaster, and that his father was mayor of that place. "I note this the rather," says Fuller, "because learned Mr. Carpenter, in his geography, recounts him among the famous men of Devonshire; but why should Devonshire, which hath a flock of worthies of her own, take a lamb from another country?" This brave seaman, when he left his property to a kinsman who was very likely to dissipate it, said, "It was gotten at sea, and would never thrive long at land."

Lord Molesworth, having purchased the estate at Edlington, four miles from Doncaster, formerly the property of Sir Edward Stanhope, resided there occasionally in the old mansion, during the latter part of his life. His Account of Denmark, is a book which may always be read with profit. The Danish ambassador complained of it to King William, and hinted that if one of his Danish majesty's subjects had taken such liberties with the King of England, his master would, upon complaint, have taken off the author's head. "That I cannot do," replied William; "but if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book."

Other remarkable persons who were connected with Doncaster, and were contemporaries with Dr. Dove, will be noticed in due time. Here I shall only mention two who have distinguished themselves since his days (alas!) and since I took my leave of a place endeared to me by so many recollections. Mr. Bingley, well known for his popular works upon natural history, and Mr. Henry Lister Maw, the adventurous naval officer who was the first Englishman that ever came down the great river Amazon, are both natives of this town. I know not whether the Doncaster Maws are of Hibernian descent; but the name of M'Coghlan is in Ireland beautified and abbreviated into Maw; the M'Coghlan, or head of the family was called the Maw; and a district of King's county was known, within the memory of persons now living, by the appellation of the Maws county.

For myself, I am behind a veil which is not to be withdrawn: nevertheless, I may say, without consideration of myself, that in Doncaster both because of the principal scene and of the subject of this work—

“HONOS ERIT HUIC QUOQUE TOMO.”

INTERCHAPTER VI.

CONTINGENT CAUSES—PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS INDUCED BY REFLECTING ON THEM—THE AUTHOR TREMBLES FOR THE PAST.

Vereis que no hay lazada desasida
De nudo y de pendencia soberana;
Ni a poder trastornar la orden del cielo
Las fuerzas llegan, ni el saber del suelo.

BALBUENA.

“THERE is no action of man in this life,” says Thomas of Malmesbury, “which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.” The chain of causes however is as long as the chain of consequences—peradventure longer; and when I think of the causes which have combined to procreate this book, and the consequences which of necessity it must produce, I am lost in admiration.

How many accidents might for ever have impossibilitated the existence of this incomparable work! If, for instance, I, the unknown, had been born in any other part of the world than in the British dominions; or in any other age than one so near the time in which the venerable subject of these me-

moirs flourished; or in any other place than where these localities could have been learned, and all these personalities were remembered; or if I had not counted it among my felicities like the philosopher of old, and the Polish Jews of this day, (who thank God for it in their ritual,) to have been born a male instead of a female; or if I had been born too poor to obtain the blessings of education, or too rich to profit by them: or if I had not been born at all. If indeed in the course of six thousand years which have elapsed since the present race of intellectual inhabitants were placed upon this terraqueous globe, any chance had broken off one marriage among my innumerable married progenitors, or thwarted the courtship of those my equally innumerable ancestors who lived before that ceremony was instituted, or in countries where it was not known—where, or how would my immortal part have existed at this time, or in what shape would these bodily elements have been compounded with which it is invested? A single miscarriage among my millions of grandmothers might have cut off the entail of my mortal being!

Quid non evertit primordia frivola vitæ ?
 Nec mirum, vita est integra pene nihil.
 Nunc perit, ah ! tenui pereuntis odore lucernæ,
 Et fumum hunc fumus fortior ille fugat.
 Totum aquilis Cæsar rapidis circumvolet orbem,
 Collegamque sibi vix ferat esse Jovem.
 Quantula res quantos potuisset inepta triumphos,
 Et magnum nasci vel prohibere Deum !
 Exhæredasset moriente lucernula flammâ
 Tot dominis mundum numinibusque novis.
 Tu quoque tantilli, juvenis Pellæe, perisses,
 (Quam gratus terris ille fuisset odor !)
 Tu tantùm unius qui pauper regulus orbis,
 Et prope privatus visus es esse tibi.
 Nec tu tantùm, idem potuisset tollere casus
 Teque Jovis fili, Bucephalumque tuum :
 Dormitorque urbem malè delevisset agaso
 Bucephalam è vestris, Indica Fata, libris.*

The snuff of a candle—a fall—a fright—nay, even a fit of anger! Such things are happening daily—yea, hourly upon this peopled earth. One such mishap among so many millions of cases, millions ten million times told, centillions multiplied beyond the vocabulary of numeration, and ascending to *ψαμμακοσία*; which word having been coined by a certain Alexis, (perhaps no otherwise remembered,) and latinized *arenaginta* by Erasmus, is now Anglicised *sandillions* by me—one such among them all!—I tremble to think of it!

Again. How often has it depended upon political events! If the Moors had defeated Charles Martel; if William in-

* Cowley.

stead of Harold had fallen in the battle of Hastings; if bloody Queen Mary had left a child; or if blessed Queen Mary had not married the Prince of Orange! In the first case the English might now have been Mussulmen; in the second they would have continued to use the Saxon tongue, and in either of these cases the ego could not have existed; for if Arabian blood were put in, or Norman taken out, the whole chain of succession would have been altered. The two latter cases perhaps might not have affected the bodily existence of the ego; but the first might have entailed upon him the curse of popery, and the second, if it had not subjected him to the same curse, would have made him the subject of a despotic government. In neither case could he have been capable of excogitating lucubrations, such as this high history contains: for either of these misfortunes would have emasculated his mind, unipsefying and unegofying the *ipsisimus ego*.

Another chance must be mentioned. One of my ancestors was, as the phrase is, out in a certain rebellion. His heart led him into the field and his heels got him out of it. Had he been less nimble—or had he been taken and hanged, and hanged he would have been if taken—there would have been no ego at this day, no history of Dr. Daniel Dove. The doctor would have been like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, and his immortalizer would never have lived at all.

CHAPTER XLVI. P. I.

DANIEL DOVE'S ARRIVAL AT DONCASTER—THE ORGAN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH—THE PULPIT—MRS. NEALE'S BENEFACTION.

Non nulla Musis pagina gratior
 Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis
 Utilibus recreare mentem.

DR. JOHNSON.

It was in the mayoralty of Thomas Pheasant, (as has already been said,) and in the year of our Lord 1739, that Daniel Dove the younger, having then entered upon his seventeenth year, first entered the town of Doncaster, and was there delivered by his excellent father to the care of Peter Hopkins. They loved each other so dearly, that this, which was the first day of their separation, was to both the unhappiest of their lives.

The great frost commenced in the winter of that year; and

with the many longing, lingering thoughts which Daniel cast towards his home, a wish was mingled that he could see the frozen waterfall in Weathercote Cave.

It was a remarkable era in Doncaster also, because the organ was that year erected, at the cost of five hundred guineas, raised by voluntary subscription among the parishioners. Harris and Byfield were the builders, and it is still esteemed one of the best in the kingdom. When it was opened, the then curate, Mr. Fawkes, preached a sermon for the occasion, in which, after having rhetorized in praise of sacred music, and touched upon the cornet, flute, harp, sack-but, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments, he turned to the organ and apostrophized it thus: "But oh what—oh what—what shall I call *thee* by?—thou divine box of sounds!"

That right old worthy Francis Quarles of quaint memory—and the more to be remembered for his quaintness—knew how to *improve* an organ somewhat better than Mr. Fawkes. His poem upon one is the first in his divine fancies, and whether he would have it ranked among epigrams, meditations, or observations, perhaps he could not himself tell. The reader may class it as he pleases.

"Observe this organ: mark but how it goes!
 'Tis not the hand alone of him that blows
 The unseen bellows, nor the hand that plays
 Upon the apparent note-dividing keys,
 That makes these well-composed airs appear
 Before the high tribunal of thine ear.
 They both concur; each acts his several part;
 The one gives it breath, the other lends it art.
 Man is this organ; to whose every action
 Heaven gives a breath, (a breath without coaction,
 Without which blast we cannot act at all;
 Without which breath the universe must fall
 To the first nothing it was made of—seeing
 In Him we live, we move, we have our being.
 Thus filled with His diviner breath, and back'd
 With His first power, we touch the keys and act:
 He blows the bellows: as we thrive in skill,
 Our actions prove, like music, good or ill."

The question whether instrumental music may lawfully be introduced into the worship of God in the churches of the New Testament, has been considered by Cotton Mather, and answered to his own satisfaction and that of his contemporary countrymen and their fellow Puritans, in his "Historical Remarks upon the Discipline practised in the Churches of New-England." "The instrumental music used in the old church of Israel," he says, "was an institution of God; it was the commandment of the Lord by the prophets; and the instruments are called God's instruments, and instruments of the Lord. Now there is not one word of institution in the New

Testament for instrumental music in the worship of God. And because the holy God rejects all he does not command in his worship, he now therefore in effect says to us, *I will not hear the melody of thy organs*. But on the other hand the rule given doth abundantly intimate that no voice is now heard in the church but what is significant, and edifying by signification; which the voice of instruments is not."

Worse logic than this and weaker reasoning no one would wish to meet with in the controversial writings of a writer from whose opinions he differs most widely. The remarks form part of that extraordinary and highly interesting work the *Magnalia Christi Americana*. Cotton Mather is such an author as Fuller would have been if the old English worthy, instead of having been from a child trained up in the way he should go, had been Calvinisticated till the milk of human kindness with which his heart was always ready to overflow had turned sour.

"Though instrumental music," he proceeds to say, "were admitted and appointed in the worship of God under the Old Testament, yet we do not find it practised in the synagogue of the Jews, but only in the Temple. It thence appears to have been a part of the ceremonial pedagogy which is now abolished; nor can any say it was a part of moral worship. And whereas the common usage now hath confined instrumental music to cathedrals, it seems therein too much to Judaize—which to do is a part of the antichristian apostacy—as well as to paganize. If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among the ancient Jews? Yea, dancing as well as playing, and several other Judaic actions?"

During the short but active reign of the Puritans in England, they acted upon this preposterous opinion, and sold the church organs, without being scrupulous concerning the uses to which they might be applied. A writer of that age, speaking of the prevalence of drunkenness, as a national vice, says, "that nothing may be wanting to the height of luxury and impiety of this abomination they have translated the organs out of the churches to set them up in taverns, chanting their dithyrambics and bestial bacchanalias to the tune of those instruments which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God's praises and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world—which are the English in their churches at present."

It cannot be supposed that the organs which were thus disposed of were instruments of any great cost or value. An old pair of organs, (for that was the customary mode of expression, meaning a set—and in like manner a pair of cards, for a pack,) an old pair of this kind belonging to Lambeth church was sold in 1565 for 1*l.* 10*s.* Church organs,

therefore, even if they had not been at a revolutionary price, would be within the purchase of an ordinary vintner. "In country parish churches," says Mr. Denne the antiquary, "even where the district was small, there was often a choir of singers, for whom forms, desks, and books were provided; and they probably most of them had benefactors who supplied them with a pair of organs that might more properly have been termed a box of whistles. To the best of my recollection there were in the chapels of some of the colleges in Cambridge very, very indifferent instruments. That of the chapel belonging to our old house was removed before I was admitted."

The use of the organ has occasioned a great commotion, if not a schism, among the Methodists of late. Yet our holy Herbert could call church music the "sweetest of sweets;" and describe himself when listening to it as disengaged from the body, and "rising and falling with its wings."

Harris, the chief builder of the Doncaster organ, was a contemporary and rival of Father Smith, famous among organists. Each built one for the Temple church, and Father Smith's had most votes in its favour. The peculiarity of the Doncaster organ, which was Harris's masterpiece, is, its having, in the great organ, two trumpets and a clarion, throughout the whole compass; and these stops are so excellent, that a celebrated musician said every pipe in them was worth its weight in silver.

Our doctor dated from that year, in his own recollections, as the great era of his life. It served also for many of the Doncastrians, as a date to which they carried back their computations, till the generation which remembered the erecting of the organ was extinct.

This was the age of church improvement in Doncaster—meaning here by church, the material structure. Just thirty years before, the church had been beautified and the ceiling painted, too probably to the disfigurement of works of a better architectural age. In 1721, the old peal of five bells was replaced with eight new ones, of new metal, heretofore spoken of. In 1723 the church floor and churchyard, which had both been unlevelled by death's levelling course, were levelled anew, and new rails were placed to the altar. Two years later the corporation gave the new clock, and it was fixed to strike on the watch bell—that clock which numbered the hours of Daniel Dove's life from the age of seventeen till that of seventy. In 1736 the west gallery was put up, and in 1741, ten years after the organ, a new pulpit, but not in the old style; for pulpits, which are among the finest works of art in Brabant and Flanders, had degenerated in England, and in other Protestant countries.

This probably was owing, in our own country, as much to

the prevalence of Puritanism, as to the general depravation of taste. It was for their beauty or their splendour that the early Quakers inveighed with such vehemence against pulpits, "many of which places," saith George Keith in his quaking days, "as we see in England and many other countries, have a great deal of superfluity, and vain and superfluous labour and pains of carving, painting, and varnishing upon them, together with your cloth and velvet cushion in many places; because of which, and not for the height of them above the ground, we call them chief places. But as for a commodious place above the ground whereon to stand when one doth speak in an assembly, it was never condemned by our friends, who also have places whereupon to stand, when to minister, as they had under the law."

In 1743 a marble communion table was placed in the church, and (passing forward more rapidly than the regular march of this narration, in order to present these ecclesiastical matters without interruption) a set of chimes were fixed in 1754—merry be the memory of those by whom this good work was effected! The north and south galleries were rebuilt in 1765; and in 1767 the church was whitewashed, a new reading desk put up, the pulpit removed to what was deemed a more convenient station, and Mrs. Neale gave a velvet embroidered cover and cushion for it—for which her name is enrolled among the benefactors of St. George's Church.

That velvet which, when I remember it, had lost the bloom of its complexion, will hardly have been preserved till now even by the dier's renovating aid: and its embroidery has long since passed through the goldsmith's crucible. *Sic transit* excites a more melancholy feeling in me when a recollection like this arises in my mind, than even the "forlorn *Hic jacet*" of a neglected tombstone. Indeed such is the softening effect of time upon those who have not been rendered obdurate and insensible by the world and the world's law, that I do not now call to mind without some emotion even that pulpit, to which I certainly bore no good will in early life, when it was my fortune to hear from it so many somniferous discourses; and to bear away from it, upon pain of displeasure in those whose displeasure to me was painful, so many texts, chapter and verse, few or none of which had been improved to my advantage. "Public sermons"—(hear! hear! for Martin Luther speaketh!)—"public sermons do very little edify children, who observe and learn but little thereby. It is more needful that they be taught and well instructed with diligence in schools; and at home that they be orderly heard and examined in what they have learned. This way profiteth much; it is, indeed, very wearisome, but it is very necessary." May I not then confess that no turn

of expression however felicitous—no collocation of words however emphatic and beautiful—no other sentences whatsoever, although rounded, or pointed for effect with the most consummate skill, have ever given me so much delight, as those dear phrases which are employed in winding up a sermon, when it is brought to its long wished for close.

It is not always, nor necessarily thus; nor ever would be so if these things were ordered as they might and ought to be. Hugh Latimer, Bishop Taylor, Robert South, John Wesley, Robert Hall, Bishop Jebb, Bishop Heber, Christopher Benson, your hearers felt no such tedium! when you reached that period it was to them like the cessation of a strain of music, which, while it lasted, had rendered them insensible to the lapse of time.

“I would not,” said Luther, “have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching.”

CHAPTER XLVII. P. I.

DONCASTRIANA—GUY'S DEATH—SEARCH FOR HIS TOMBSTONE IN
INGLETON CHURCHYARD.

Go to the dull churchyard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality,
Where proudest man is only found
By a small hillock on the ground.

Tixall Poetry.

THE first years of Daniel's abode in Doncaster were distinguished by many events of local memorability. The old Friar's Bridge was taken down, and a new one with one large arch built in its stead. Turnpikes were erected on the roads to Saltsbrook and to Tadcaster; and in 1742 Lord Semple's regiment of Highlanders marched through the town, being the first soldiers without breeches who had ever been seen there since breeches were in use. In 1746, the Mansionhouse was begun, next door to Peter Hopkins's, and by no means to his comfort while the work was going on, nor indeed after it was completed, its effect upon his chimneys having heretofore been noticed. The building was interrupted by the rebellion. An army of six thousand English and Hessians was then encamped upon Wheatley Hills; and a Hessian general dying there, was buried in St. George's Church, from whence his leaden coffin was stolen by the gravedigger.

Daniel had then completed his twenty-second year. Every

summer he paid a month's visit to his parents; and those were happy days, not the less so to all parties because his second home had become almost as dear to him as his first. Guy did not live to see the progress of his pupil; he died a few months after the lad had been placed at Doncaster, and the delight of Daniel's first return was overclouded by this loss. It was a severe one to the elder Daniel, who lost in the schoolmaster his only intellectual companion.

I have sought in vain for Richard Guy's tombstone in Ingleton churchyard. That there is one there can hardly, I think, be doubted; for if he left no relations who regarded him, nor perhaps effects enough of his own to defray this last posthumous and not necessary expense; and if Thomas Gent of York, who published the old poem of Flodden Field from his transcript, after his death, thought he required no other monument; Daniel was not likely to omit this last tribute of respect and affection to his friend. But the churchyard, which, when his mortal remains were deposited there, accorded well with its romantic site, on a little eminence above the roaring torrent, and with the then retired character of the village, and with the solemn use to which it was consecrated, is now a thickly peopled burial ground. Since their time manufactures have been established in Ingleton, and though eventually they proved unsuccessful, and were consequently abandoned, yet they continued long enough in work largely to increase the population of the churchyard. Amid so many tombs the stone which marked poor Guy's resting-place might escape even a more diligent search than mine. Nearly a century has elapsed since it was set up: in the course of that time its inscription not having been retouched, must have become illegible to all but an antiquary's poring and practised eyes; and perhaps to them also unless aided by his tracing tact, and by the conjectural supply of connecting words, syllables, or letters: indeed the stone itself has probably become half interred, as the earth around it has been disturbed and raised. Time corrodes our epitaphs, and buries our very tombstones.

Returning pensively from my unsuccessful search in the churchyard to the little inn at Ingleton, I found there upon a sampler, worked in 1824 by Elizabeth Brown, aged 9, and framed as an ornament for the room which I occupied, some lines in as moral a strain of verse as any which I had that day perused among the tombs. And I transcribed them for preservation, thinking it not improbable that they had been originally composed by Richard Guy, for the use of his female scholars, and handed down for a like purpose, from one generation to another. This may be only a fond imagination, and perhaps it might not have occurred to me at another time; but many compositions have been ascribed in modern as well as ancient times, and indeed daily are so, to

more celebrated persons, upon less likely grounds. These are the verses :—

“ Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand
 As the first effort of an infant’s hand ;
 And as her fingers on the sampler move,
 Engage her tender heart to seek thy love ;
 With thy dear children may she have a part,
 And write thy name thyself upon her heart.”

CHAPTER XLVIII. P. I.

A FATHER’S MISGIVINGS CONCERNING HIS SON’S DESTINATION—
 PETER HOPKINS’S GENEROSITY—DANIEL IS SENT ABROAD TO
 GRADUATE IN MEDICINE.

Heaven is the magazine wherein He puts
 Both good and evil ; Prayer’s the key that shuts
 And opens this great treasure · ’tis a key
 Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
 Wouldst thou present a judgment due to sin ?
 Turn but the key and thou mayst lock it in.
 Or wouldst thou have a blessing fall upon thee ?
 Open the door, and it will shower on thee !

QUARLES.

THE elder Daniel saw in the marked improvement of his son at every yearly visit more and more cause to be satisfied with himself for having given him such a destination, and to thank Providence that the youth was placed with a master whose kindness and religious care of him might truly be called fatherly. There was but one consideration which sometimes interfered with that satisfaction, and brought with it a sense of uneasiness. The Doves from time immemorial had belonged to the soil as fixedly as the soil had belonged to them. Generation after generation they had moved in the same contracted sphere, their wants and wishes being circumscribed alike within their own few hereditary acres. Pride, under whatever form it may show itself, is of the devil ; and though family pride may not be its most odious manifestation, even that child bears a sufficiently ugly likeness of its father. But family feeling is a very different thing, and may exist as strongly in humble as in high life. Naboth was as much attached to the vineyard, the inheritance of his fathers, as Ahab could be to the throne which had been the prize, and the reward, or punishment, of his father Omri’s ambition.

This feeling sometimes induced a doubt in Daniel whether affection for his son had not made him overlook his duty to his forefathers ; whether the fixtures of the land are not

happier and less in the way of evil than the movables whether he had done right in removing the lad from that station of life in which he was born, in which it had pleased God to place him; divorcing him as it were from his paternal soil, and cutting off the entail of that sure independence, that safe contentment, which his ancestors had obtained and preserved for him, and transmitted to his care to be in like manner by him preserved and handed down. The latent poetry which there was in the old man's heart made him sometimes feel as if the fields and the brook, and the hearth and the graves, reproached him for having done this! But then he took shelter in the reflection that he had consulted the boy's true welfare, by giving him opportunities of storing and enlarging his mind; that he had placed him in the way of intellectual advancement, where he might improve the talents which were committed to his charge, both for his own benefit and for that of his fellow-creatures. Certain he was that whether he had acted wisely or not, he had meant well. He was conscious that his determination had not been made without much and anxious deliberation, nor without much and earnest prayer; hitherto, he saw, that the blessing which he prayed for had followed it, and he endeavoured to make his heart rest in thankful and pious hope that that blessing would be continued. "Wouldst thou know," says Quarles, "the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing. If it be lawful thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving." Daniel might safely put his conduct to this test; and to this test in fact his own healthy and uncorrupted sense of religion led him, though probably he had never read these golden words of Quarles the Emblemist.

It was therefore with no ordinary delight that our good Daniel received a letter from his son, asking permission to go to Leyden, in conformity with his master's wishes, and there prosecute his studies long enough to graduate as a doctor in medicine. Mr. Hopkins, he said, would generously take upon himself the whole expense, having adopted him as his successor, and almost as a son; for as such he was treated in all respects, both by him and by his mistress, who was one of the best of women. And, indeed, it appeared that Mr. Hopkins had long entertained this intention, by the care which he had taken to make him keep up and improve the knowledge of Latin which he had acquired under Mr. Guy.

The father's consent, as might be supposed, was thankfully given; and accordingly Daniel Dove in the twenty-

third year of his age embarked from Kingston upon Hull for Rotterdam, well provided by the care and kindness of his benevolent master with letters of introduction and of credit; and still better provided with those religious principles which, though they cannot ensure prosperity in this world, ensure to us things of infinitely greater moment—good conduct, peace of mind, and the everlasting reward of the righteous.

CHAPTER XLIX. P. I.

CONCERNING THE INTEREST WHICH DANIEL THE ELDER TOOK IN THE DUTCH WAR, AND MORE ESPECIALLY IN THE SIEGE AND PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERY OF LEYDEN.

Glory to thee in thine omnipotence,
 O Lord who art our shield and our defence,
 And dost dispense,
 As seemeth best to thine unerring will,
 (Which passeth mortal sense,)
 The lot of victory still;
 Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust;
 And bowing to the dust,
 The rightful cause, that so such seeming ill
 May thine appointed purposes fulfil;
 Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
 For which our hymns we raise,
 Making the wicked feel thy present power;
 Glory to thee and praise,
 Almighty God, by whom our strength was given!
 Glory to thee, O Lord of earth and heaven!

SOUTHEY.

THERE were two portions of history with which the elder Daniel was better acquainted than most men—that of Edward the Third's reign, and that of the wars in the Netherlands down to the year 1608. Upon both subjects he was *homo unius libri*; such a man is proverbially formidable at his own weapon; and the book with which Johnson immortalized Osborne the bookseller, by knocking him down with it, was not a more formidable folio than either of those from which Daniel derived this knowledge.

Now of all the events in the wars of the Low Countries, there was none which had so strongly affected his imagination as the siege of Leyden. The patient fortitude of the besieged, and their deliverance, less by the exertions of man, (though no human exertions were omitted,) than by the special mercy of Him whom the elements obey, and in whom they had put their trust, were in the strong and pious mind

of Daniel, things of more touching interest than the tragedy of Haerlem, or the wonders of military science and of courage displayed at the siege of Antwerp. Who, indeed, could forget the fierce answer of the Leydeners when they were, for the last time, summoned to surrender, that the men of Leyden would never surrender while they had one arm left to eat, and another to fight with! And the not less terrible reply of the burgemeester Pieter Adriaanzoon Vander Werf, to some of the townsmen when they represented to him the extremity of famine to which they were reduced: "I have sworn to defend this city," he made answer, "and by God's help I mean to keep that oath! but if my death can help ye, men, here is my body! cut it in pieces, and share it among ye as far as it will go." And who, without partaking in the hopes and fears of the contest, almost as if it were still at issue, can peruse the details of that *amphibious* battle (if such an expression may be allowed) upon the inundated country, when, in the extremity of their distress, and at a time when the Spaniards said that it was as impossible for the Hollanders to save Leyden from their power, as it was for them to pluck the stars from heaven, "a great south wind, which they might truly say came from the grace of God," set in with such a spring tide, that in the course of eight-and-forty hours, the inundation rose half a foot, thus rendering the fields just passable for the flat bottomed boats which had been provided for that service! A naval battle, among the trees; where the besieged, though it was fought within two miles of their walls, could see nothing because of the foliage; and amid such a labyrinth of dikes, ditches, rivers, and fortifications, that when the besiegers retired from their palisades and sconces, the conquerors were not aware of their own success, nor the besieged of their deliverance!

"In this delivery," says the historian, "and in every particular of the enterprise, doubtless all must be attributed to the mere providence of God, neither can man challenge any glory therein; for without a miracle all the endeavours of the Protestants had been as wind. But God, who is always good, would not give way to the cruelties wherewith the Spaniards threatened this town, with all the insolences whereof they make profession in the taking of towns (although they be by composition) without any respect of humanity or honesty. And there is not any man but will confess with me, if he be not some atheist or epicure, (who maintains that all things come by chance,) that this delivery is a work which belongs only unto God. For if the Spaniards had battered the town but with four cannons only, they had carried it, the people being so weakened with famine, as they could not endure any longer: besides a part of them were ill affected, and very many of their best men were dead of the plague. And for another testimony that it was

God only who wrought, the town was no sooner delivered, but the wind, which was southwest, and had driven the water out of the sea into the country, turned to northeast, and did drive it back again into the sea, as if the southwest wind had blown those three days only to that effect; wherefore they might well say that both the winds and the sea had fought for the town of Leyden. And as for the resolution of the States of Holland to drown the country, and to do that which they and their prince, together with all the commanders, captains, and soldiers of the army showed in this seacourse, together with the constancy and resolution of the besieged to defend themselves, notwithstanding so many miseries which they suffered, and so many promises and threats which were made unto them, all in like sort proceeded from a divine instinct."

In the spirit of thoughtful feeling that this passage breathes, was the whole history of that tremendous struggle perused by the elder Daniel; and Daniel the son was so deeply imbued with the same feeling, that if he had lived till the time of the Peninsular war, he would have looked upon the condition to which Spain was reduced, as a consequence of its former tyranny, and as an awful proof how surely, soon or late, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Oh that all history were regarded in this spirit! "Even such as are in faith most strong, of zeal most ardent, should not," says one of the best and wisest of theologians, "much mispend their time in comparing the degenerate fictions, or historical relations of times ancient or modern, with the everlasting truth. For though this method could not add much increase either to their faith or zeal, yet would it doubtless much avail for working placid and mild affections. The very penmen of Sacred Writ themselves were taught patience, and instructed in the ways of God's providence, by their experience of such events as the course of time is never barren of; not always related by canonical authors, nor immediately testified by the Spirit; but oftentimes believed upon a moral certainty, or such a resolution of circumstances concurrent into the first cause or disposer of all affairs, as we might make of modern accidents, were we otherwise partakers of the Spirit, or would we mind heavenly matters as much as earthly."

CHAPTER L. P. I.

VOYAGE TO ROTTERDAM AND LEYDEN—THE AUTHOR CANNOT TARRY TO DESCRIBE THAT CITY—WHAT HAPPENED THERE TO DANIEL DOVE.

He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage. As who doth not that shall attempt the like? For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same still; still, still, the same, the same!—BURTON.

“WHY did Dan remain in ships?” says Deborah the prophetess, in that noble song, which, if it had been composed in Greek instead of Hebrew, would have made Pindar hide his diminished head, or taught him a loftier strain than even he has reached in his eagle flights. “Why did Dan remain in ships?” said the prophetess. Our Daniel, during his rough passage from the Humber to the Maese, thought that nothing should make him do so. Yet when all danger real or imaginary was over, upon that deep

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen;*

when all the discomforts and positive sufferings of the voyage were at an end; and when the ship,

Quitting her fairly of the injurious sea,†

had entered the smooth waters of that stately river, and was gliding

Into the bosom of her quiet quay,†

he felt that the delight of setting foot on shore after a sea voyage, and that too the shore of a foreign country, for the first time, is one of the few pleasures which exceed any expectation that can be formed of them.

He used to speak of his landing, on a fine autumnal noon, in the well-wooded and well-watered city of Rotterdam, and of his journey along what he called the high turnpike canal from thence to Leyden, as some of the pleasantest recollec-

* B. Jonson, v. 8, p. 37.

† Quarles.

tions of his life. Nothing, he said, was wanting to his enjoyment, but that there should have been some one to have partaken it with him in an equal degree. But the feeling that he was alone in a foreign land sat lightly on him, and did not continue long; young as he was, with life and hope before him, healthful of body and mind, cheerful as the natural consequence of that health corporeal and mental, and having always much to notice and enough to do—the one being an indispensable condition of happiness, the other a source of pleasure as long as it lasts; and where there is a quick eye and an inquiring mind, the longest residence abroad is hardly long enough to exhaust it.

No day in Daniel's life had ever passed in such constant and pleasurable excitement as that on which he made his passage from Rotterdam to Leyden, and took possession of the lodging which Peter Hopkins's correspondent had engaged for him. His reception was such as instantly to make him feel that he was placed with worthy people. The little apprehensions, rather than anxieties, which the novelty of his situation occasioned, the sight of strange faces with which he was to be domesticated, and the sound of a strange language, to which, harsh and uninviting as it seemed, his ear and speech must learn to accustom themselves, did not disquiet his first night's rest. And having fallen asleep notwithstanding the new position to which a Dutch bolster constrained him, he was not disturbed by the storks,

“all night
Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks,”

(for with Ben Jonson's leave, this may much more appropriately be said of them than of the ravens,) nor by the watchmen's rappers, or clapsticks, which seem to have been invented in emulous imitation of the stork's instrumental performance.

But you and I, reader, can afford to make no tarriance in Leyden. I cannot remain with you here till you could see the rector magnificus in his magnificence. I cannot accompany you to the monument of that rash baron who set the crown of Bohemia in evil hour upon the elector palatine's unlucky head. I cannot take you to the graves of Boerhaave and of Scaliger. I cannot go with you into that library of which Heinsius said, when he was librarian there, “I no sooner set foot in it and fasten the door, but I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity among so many illustrious souls I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit, that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness.” *Plerunque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo, ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, &c., excludo,*

quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix; et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animas sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat qui felicitatem hanc ignorant! I cannot walk with you round the ramparts, from which wide, circling, and well shaded promenade you might look down upon a large part of the more than two thousand gardens which a century ago surrounded this most horticultural city of a horticultural province, the garden, as it was called, of Holland, that is, of the land of gardeners. I cannot even go up the Burgt with you, though it be pretended that the Hengist of Anglo-Saxon history erected it; nor can I stop at the entrance of that odd place, for you to admire (as you could not but admire) the lion of the United Provinces, that stands there erect and rampant in menacing attitude, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, his eyes truculent, his tail in full elevation, and in action correspondent to his motto *Pugno pro Patria*, wielding a drawn sword in his dreadful right paw.

Dear reader, we cannot afford time for going to Oegstgeest, though the first church in Holland is said to have been founded there by St. Willebord, and its burial ground is the Campo Santo of the Dutch Roman Catholics, as Bunhill Fields of the English dissenters. Nor can I accompany thee to Noortwyck, and describe to thee its fish ponds, its parterres, the arabesque carpetwork of its box, and the espalier walls or hedges, with the busts which were set in the archways, such as they existed when our doctor, in his antedoctorial age, was a student at Leyden, having been kept up till that time in their old fashion by the representatives of Janus Dousa. We cannot, dear reader, tarry to visit the gardens in that same pleasant village, from which the neighbouring cities are supplied with medicinal plants; where beds of ranunculuses afford, when in blossom, a spectacle which no exhibition of art could rival in splendour and beauty, and from whence rose leaves are exported to Turkey, there to have their essential oil extracted for Mohammedan luxury.

We must not go to see the sluices of the Rhine, which Daniel never saw, because in his time the Rhine had no outlet through these Downs. We cannot walk upon the shore at Katwyck, where it was formerly a piece of Dutch courtship for the wooer to take his mistress in his arms, carry her into the sea till he was more than knee deep, set her down upon her feet, and then, bearing her out again, roll her over and over upon the sand hills by way of drying her. We have no time for visiting that scene of the Batavian Arcadia. No, reader, I cannot tarry to show thee the curiosities of Leyden, nor to talk over its *memorabilia*, nor to visit the pleasant parts of the surrounding country, though Gerard Goris says, that *comme la ville de Leide, entourée par les plaisants villages de Soeterwoude, Stompvic, Wilsveen, Tedinger-*

broek, Ougstgeest, Leiderdorp, et Vennep, est la c entre et la delice de toute Hollande, ainsi la campagne   l'entour de cette c el ebre ville est comme un autre Eden ou jardin de plaisance, qui avec ses beaux attraites tellement transporte l'attention du spectateur qu'il se trouve contraint, comme par un ravissement d'esprit, de confesser qu'il n'a jamais veu pais au monde, o  l'art et la nature si bien ont pris leurs mesures pour apporter et entrem eler tout ce qui peut servir   l'aise,   la recreation, et au profit.

No, reader, we must not linger here,

“ Hier, waar in Hollands heerlijkste oorden
De lieve Lente zoeter lacht,
Het schroeiend Zuid, het grijzgend Noorden
Zijn' gloed en strenge hou verzacht;
Waar nijverheid en blij genoegen,
Waar stilte en vlijt zich* samenvoegen.”

We must return to Doncaster. It would not be convenient for me to enter minutely, even if my materials were sufficient for that purpose, into the course of our student's life, from the time he was entered among the greenies of this famous university, nor to describe the ceremonies which were used at his *ungreening* by his associates, nor the academical ones with which at the termination of his regular terms his degree in medicine was conferred. I can only tell thee that during his residence at Leyden he learned with exemplary diligence whatever he was expected to learn there, and by the industrious use of good opportunities, a great deal more.

But—he fell in love with a burgemeester's daughter!

CHAPTER LI. P. I.

ARMS OF LEYDEN—DANIEL DOVE, M. D.—A LOVE STORY, STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Oye el extra o caso, advierte y siente;
Suceso es raro, mas verdad ha sido.

BALBUENA.

THE arms of Leyden are two cross keys, gules in a field argent; and having been intrusted with the power of those keys to bind and to loose, and, moreover, to bleed and to blister, to administer at his discretion pills, potions, and powders, and to employ the whole artillery of the pharma-

* Leyden's Ramp.

copœia, Daniel returned to Doncaster. The papal keys convey no such general power as the keys of Leyden: they give authority over the conscience and the soul; now, it is not every man that has a conscience, or that chooses to keep one; and as for souls, if it were not an article of faith to believe otherwise, one might conclude that the greater part of mankind had none, from the utter disregard of them which is manifested in the whole course of their dealings with each other. But bodily diseases are among the afflictions which flesh is heir to; and we are not more surely *fruges consumere nati*, than we are born to consume physic also, greatly to the benefit of that profession in which Daniel Dove had now obtained his commission.

But though he was now M.D. in due form, and entitled to the insignia of the professional wig, the muff, and the gold-headed cane, it was not Mr. Hopkins's intention that he should assume his title, and commence practice as a physician. This would have been an unpromising adventure; whereas, on the other hand, the consideration which a regular education at Leyden, then the most flourishing school of medicine, would obtain for him in the vicinity was a sure advantage. Hopkins could now present him as a person thoroughly qualified to be his successor: and if at any future time Dove should think proper to retire from the more laborious parts of his calling, and take up his rank, it would be in his power to do so.

But one part of my readers are, I suspect, at this time a little impatient to know something about the burgemeester's daughter; and I, because of the

allegiance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all womankind,*

am bound to satisfy their natural and becoming curiosity. Not, however, in this place; for though love has its bitters I never will mix it up in the same chapter with physic. Daniel's passion for the burgemeester's daughter must be treated of in a chapter by itself, this being a mark of respect due to the subject, to her beauty, and to the dignity of mynheer, her *wel edel, goot, hoogh-achtbaer* father.

First, however, I must dispose of an objection.

There may be readers who, though they can understand why a lady, instead of telling her love, should

“let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek,”

will think it absurd to believe that any man should fix his affections as Daniel did upon the burgemeester's daughter,

* Spenser.

on a person whom he had no hopes of obtaining and with whom, as will presently appear, he never interchanged a word. I cannot help their incredulity. But if they will not believe me they may perhaps believe the newspapers, which, about the year 1810, related the following case in point:—

“A short time since a curious circumstance happened. The rector of St. Martin’s parish was sent for to pray by a gentleman of the name of Wright, who lodged in St. James’s-street, Pimlico. A few days afterward, Mr. Wright’s solicitor called on the rector, to inform him that Mr. Wright was dead, and had made a codicil to his will, wherein he had left him 1,000*l.*, and Mr. Abbott, the speaker of the house of commons, 2,000*l.*, and all his personal property and estates, deer park, and fisheries, &c., to Lady Frances Bruce Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Ailesburys. Upon the rector’s going to Lord Ailesbury’s to inform her ladyship, the house steward said she was married to Sir Henry Wilson of Chelsea Park, but he would go to her ladyship and inform her of the matter. Lady Frances said she did not know any such person as Mr. Wright, but desired the steward to go to the rector to get the whole particulars, and say she would wait on him the next day: she did so, and found to her great astonishment that the whole was true. She afterward went to St. James’s-street and saw Mr. Wright in his coffin; and then she recollected him, as having been a great annoyance to her many years ago at the operahouse, where he had a box next to hers: he never spoke to her, but was continually watching her, look wherever she would, till at length she was under the necessity of requesting her friends to procure another box. The estates are from 20 to 30,000*l.* a year. Lady Frances intends putting all her family into mourning out of respect.”

Whether such a bequest ought to have been held good in law, and if so, whether it ought in conscience to have been accepted, are points upon which I should probably differ both from the lord chancellor and the lady legatee,

CHAPTER LII. P. I

SHOWING HOW THE YOUNG STUDENT FELL IN LOVE—AND HOW HE MADE THE BEST USE OF HIS MISFORTUNE.

Il creder, donne vaghe, è cortesia,
 Quando colui che scrive o che favella,
 Possa essere sospetto di bugia,
 Per dir qualcosa troppo rara e bella.
 Dunque chi ascolta questa istoria mea
 E non la crede frottola o novella
 Ma cosa vera—come ella è di fatto,
 Fa che di lui mi chiami soddisfatto
 E pure che mi diate piena fede,
 De la dubbiezza altrui poco mi cale.

RICCIARDETTO.

DEAR ladies, I can neither tell you the name of the burgemeester's daughter, nor of the burgemeester himself. If I ever heard them they have escaped my recollection. The doctor used to say his love for her was in two respects like the smallpox; for he took it by inoculation, and having taken it, he was secured from ever having the disease in a more dangerous form.

The case was a very singular one. Had it not been so it is probable I should never have been made acquainted with it. Most men seem to consider their unsuccessful love, when it is over, as a folly which they neither like to speak of, nor to remember.

Daniel Dove never was introduced to the burgemeester's daughter, never was in company with her, and, as already has been intimated, never spoke to her. As for any hope of ever by any possibility obtaining a return of his affection, a devout Roman Catholic might upon much better grounds hope that Saint Ursula, or any of her eleven thousand virgins, would come from her place in heaven to reward his devotion with a kiss. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus was not more insuperable than the distance between such an English greeny at Leyden and a burgemeester's daughter.

Here, therefore, dear ladies, you cannot look to read of

Le speranze, gli affetti,
 La data fe', le tenerezze, i primi
 Scambievoli sospiri, i primi sguardi.*

Nor will it be possible for me to give you

* Metasia.

*L'idea di quel volto
Dove apprese il suo core
La prima volta a sospirar d'amore.**

This I cannot do ; for I never saw her picture, nor heard her features described. And most likely if I had seen her herself, in her youth and beauty, the most accurate description that words could convey might be just as like Fair Rosamond, Helen, Rachel, or Eve. Suffice it to say that she was confessedly the beauty of that city, and of those parts.

But it was not for the fame of her beauty that Daniel fell in love with her : so little was there of this kind of romance in his nature, that report never raised in him the slightest desire of seeing her. Her beauty was no more than Hecuba's to him, till he saw it. But it so happened that having once seen it, he saw it frequently, at leisure, and always to the best advantage : "and so," said he, "I received the disease by inoculation."

Thus it was. There was at Leyden an English Presbyterian kirk for the use of the English students, and any other persons who might choose to frequent it. Daniel felt the want there of that liturgy in the use of which he had been trained up : and finding nothing which could attract him to that place of worship except the use of his own language—which, moreover, was not used by the preacher in any way to his edification—he listened willingly to the advice of the good man with whom he boarded, and this was that, as soon as he had acquired a slight knowledge of the Dutch tongue, he should, as a means of improving himself in it, accompany the family to their parish church. Now this happened to be the very church which the burgemeester and his family attended : and if the allotment of pews in that church had been laid out by Cupid himself, with the fore-purpose of catching Daniel as in a pitfall, his position there in relation to the burgemeester's daughter could not have been more exactly fixed.

"God forgive me !" said he ; "for every Sunday while she was worshipping her Maker, I used to worship her."

But the folly went no further than this ; it led him into no act of absurdity, for he kept it to himself ; and he even turned it to some advantage, or rather it shaped for itself a useful direction, in this way : having frequent and unobserved opportunity of observing her lovely face, the countenance became fixed so perfectly in his mind, that even after the lapse of forty years, he was sure, he said, that if he had possessed a painter's art he could have produced her likeness. And having her beauty thus impressed upon his imagination, any other appeared to him only as a foil to it, during that part of his life

* Metasia.

when he was so circumstanced that it would have been an act of imprudence for him to run in love.

I smile to think how many of my readers, when they are reading this chapter aloud in a domestic circle, will *bring up* at the expression of *running in love*; like a stage-coach man who, driving at the smooth and steady pace of nine miles an hour on a macadamized road, comes upon some accidental obstruction only just in time to check the horses.

Amorosa who flies into love; and Amatura who flutters as if she were about to do the same; and Amoretta who dances into it; (poor creatures, God help them all three!) and Amanda—Heaven bless her!—who will be led to it gently and leisurely along the path of discretion—they all make a sudden stop at the words.

CHAPTER LIII. P. I.

OF THE VARIOUS WAYS OF GETTING IN LOVE—A CHAPTER CONTAINING SOME USEFUL OBSERVATIONS, AND SOME BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

Let cavillers know, that as the Lord John answered the queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave, discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.—BURTON.

SLIPS of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean another, or bolt out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men who, merely for want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterward passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established themselves in the profession, if not in the belief, of some pernicious doctrine or opinion, to their own great injury and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth.

There may be an opposite fault; for indeed upon the agathokakological globe there are opposite qualities always to be found in parallel degrees, north and south of the equator

A man may dwell upon words till he becomes at length a mere precisian in speech. He may think of their meaning till he loses sight of all meaning, and they appear as dark and mysterious to him as chaos and outer night. "Death! grave!" exclaims Goethe's suicide, "I understand not the words!" and so he who looks for its quintessence might exclaim of every word in the dictionary.

They who cannot swim should be content with wading in the shallows: they who can may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear. But let no one dive in the mud.

I said that Daniel fell in love with the burgemeester's daughter, and I made use of the usual expression because there it was the most appropriate: for the thing was accidental. He himself could not have been more surprised if, missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Bredestraat of Leyden where there is no canal, he had fallen into the water; nor would he have been more completely over head and ears at once.

A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident—perhaps and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to—I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so: but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

Falling in love and running in love are both, as everybody knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no

room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend—though the remembrance of the burgemeester's daughter was too vivid in his imagination for him ever to run in love, or at that time deliberately to walk into it, as he afterward did—under such circumstances, I say, he took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall relate not it in this place.

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

Ah! I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
 And looked upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we ailed—yet something we did ail;
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness;
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Take also the passage that presently follows this: it alludes to a game which has long been obsolete; but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next.

And when in sport with other company
 Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad,
 How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
 Which way it went? And when at barley-break
 It came unto my turn to rescue her,
 With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
 Would her affection make her feet to run,
 And farther run than to my hand! her race
 Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
 And when we were to break again, how late
 And loath her trembling hand would part with mine;
 And with how slow a pace would she set forth
 To meet the encountering party who contends
 To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends!*

* Hymen's Triumph.

CHAPTER LIV. P. I.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE, AND MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
Thou canst not fail to catch such fish as these.

QUARLES.

WHETHER chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question, as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game at backgammon. Both enter into the constitution of the game; and choice will always have some little to do with love, though so many other operating motives may be combined with it, that it sometimes bears a very insignificant part: but from marriage it is too frequently precluded on the one side, unwilling consent, and submission to painful circumstances supplying its place; and there is one sect of Christians, (the Moravians,) who, where they hold to the rigour of their institute, preclude it on both sides. They marry by lot; and if divorces ever take place among them, the scandal has not been divulged to the profaner world.

Choice, however, is exercised among all other Christians; or where not exercised, it is presumed by a fiction of law or of divinity, call it which you will. The husband even insists upon it in China, where the pig is bought in a poke; for when pignie arrives, and the purchaser opens the close sedan chair in which she has been conveyed to his house, if he does not like her looks at first sight, he shuts her up again, and sends her back.

But when a bachelor, who has no particular attachment, makes up his mind to take unto himself a wife, for those reasons to which Uncle Toby referred the Widow Wadman, as being to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, how then to choose is a matter of much more difficulty, than one who has never considered it could suppose. It would not be paradoxical to assert, that in the sort of choice which such a person makes, chance has a much greater part than either affection or judgment. To set about seeking a wife, is like seeking one's fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest is less, though poor enough, Heaven knows, in both cases.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
 To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
 And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
 Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.*

So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.

According to the new revelation of the Saint Simonians, every individual human being has had a fitting mate created, the one and only woman for every individual man, and the one and only man for every individual woman; and unless the persons so made, fitted and intended for each other, meet and are joined together in matrimonial bonds, there can be no perfect marriage for either, that harmonious union for which they were designed being frustrated for both. Read the words of the chief of the new hierarchy himself, Father Bazard: *Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul homme, qui soient destinés à former dans le mariage l'union harmonique du couple. Grâce aux lumieres de cette revelation, les individus les plus avancés peuvent dès aujourd'hui sentir et former le lien qui doit les unir dans le mariage.*

But if Sinner Simon and his disciples (most assuredly they ought to be unsainted!) were right in this doctrine, happy marriages would be far more uncommon than they are; the man might with better likelihood of finding it look for a needle in a bottle of hay, than seek for his other half in this wide world; and the woman's chance would be so immeasurably less, that no intelligible form of figures could express her fraction of it.

The man who gets in love because he has determined to marry, instead of marrying because he is in love, goes about to private parties and to public places in search of a wife; and there he is attracted by a woman's appearance, and the figure which she makes in public, not by her amiable deportment, her domestic qualities, and her good report. Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey, the elder for their daughters, the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair

* Zophiel

piscatrix is not more likely to catch a bonito, or a dorado, than she is to be caught by a shark.

Thomas Day, not old Thomas Day of the old glee, nor the young Thomas Day either—a father and son whose names are married to immortal music—but the Thomas Day who wrote Sandford and Merton, and who had a heart which generally led him right, and a head which as generally led him wrong; that Thomas Day thought that the best way of obtaining a wife to his mind, was to breed one up for himself. So he selected two little orphan girls from a charity school, with the intention of marrying, in due time, the one whom he should like best. Of course such proper securities as could alone justify the managers of the charity in consenting to so uncommon a transaction, were required and given. The experiment succeeded in everything—except its specific object; for he found at last that love was not a thing thus to be bespoken on either side; and his Lucretia and Sabrina, as he named them, grew up to be good wives for other men. I do not know whether the life of Thomas Day has yet found its appropriate place in the Wonderful Magazine, or in the collection entitled Eccentric Biography, but the reader may find it lively related in Miss Seward's Life of Darwin.

The experiment of breeding a wife is not likely to be repeated. None but a most determined theorist would attempt it: and to carry it into effect, would require considerable means of fortune, not to mention a more than ordinary share of patience; after which there must needs be a greater disparity of years than can be approved in theory, upon any due consideration of human nature, and any reasonable estimate of the chances of human life.

CHAPTER LV. P. I.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VISIT TO DONCASTER.

Fuere quondam hæc sed fuere;
 Nunc ubi sint, rogitas? Id annos
 Scire hos oportet scilicet. O bonæ
 Musæ, O Lepôres—O Charites meræ!
 O gaudia offuscata nullis
 Litibus! O sine nube soles!

JANUS DOUZA.

I HAVE more to say, dear ladies, upon that which to you is, and ought to be, the most interesting of all worldly subjects, matrimony, and the various ways by which it is brought about; but this is not the place for saying it. The doctor

is not at this time thinking of a wife: his heart can no more be taken, so long as it retains the lively image of the burgemeester's daughter, than Troy town while the palladium was safe.

Imagine him, therefore, in the year of our Lord 1747, and in the twenty-sixth year of his age, returned to Doncaster, with the burgemeester's daughter, seated, like the lady in the lobster, in his inmost breast; with physic in his head, and at his fingers' ends; and with an appetite for knowledge which had long been feeding voraciously, digesting well, and increasing in its growth by what it fed on. Imagine him returned to Doncaster, and welcomed once more as a son by the worthy old Peter Hopkins and his good wife, in that comfortable habitation which I have heretofore described, and of which (as was at the same time stated) you may see a faithful representation in Miller's history of that good town; a faithful representation, I say, of what it was in 1804: the drawing was by Frederic Nash, and Edward Shirt made a shift to engrave it: the house had then undergone some alterations since the days when I frequented it; and now—

Of all things in this our mortal pilgrimage one of the most joyful is the returning home after an absence which has been long enough to make the heart yearn with hope, and not sicken with it, and then to find when you arrive there that all is well. But the most purely painful of all painful things is to visit, after a long, long interval of time, the place which was once our home; the most purely painful, because it is unmingled with fear, anxiety, disappointment, or any other emotion but what belongs to the sense of time and change, then pressing upon us with its whole unalleviated weight.

It was my fortune to leave Doncaster early in life; and, having passed *per varios casus*, and through as large a proportion of good and evil in my humble sphere as the pious Æneas, though not exactly *per tot discrimina rerum*, not to see it again till after an absence of more than forty years, when my way happened to lie through that town. I should never have had heart purposely to visit it, for that would have been seeking sorrow; but to have made a circuit for the sake of avoiding the place would have been an act of weakness; and no man who has a proper degree of self-respect will do anything of which he might justly feel ashamed. It was evening, and late in autumn when I entered Doncaster, and alighted at the Old Angel Inn. "The *Old Angel!*" said I to my fellow-traveller; "you see that even angels on earth grow old!"

My companion knew how deeply I had been indebted to Dr. Dove, and with what affection I cherished his memory. We presently sallied forth to look at his former habitation.

Totally unknown as I now am in Doncaster, (where there is probably not one living soul who remembers either me or my very name,) I had determined to knock at the door, at a suitable hour on the morrow, and ask permission to enter the house in which I had passed so many happy and memorable hours, long ago. My age and appearance I thought might justify this liberty; and I intended also to go into the garden and see if any of the fruit trees were remaining, which my venerable friend had planted, and from which I had so often plucked and ate.

When we came there, there was nothing by which I could have recognised the spot, had it not been for the Mansionhouse that immediately joined it. Half of its site had been levelled to make room for a street or road which had been recently opened. Not a vestige remained of the garden behind. The remaining part of the house had been rebuilt; and when I read the name of R. DENNISON on the door it was something consolatory to see that the door itself was not the same which had so often opened to admit me.

Upon returning to the spot on the following morning I perceived that the part which had been rebuilt is employed as some sort of official appendage to the Mansionhouse; and on the naked side wall now open to the new street, or road, I observed more distinctly where the old tall chimney had stood, and the outline of the old pointed roof. These were the only vestiges that remained; they could have no possible interest in any eyes but mine, which were likely never to behold them again; and indeed it was evident that they would soon be effaced as a deformity, and the naked side wall smoothed over with plaster. But they will not be effaced from my memory, for they were the last traces of that dwelling which is the *kebla* of my retrospective day dreams, the *sanctum sanctorum* of my dearest recollections; and like an apparition from the dead, once seen, they were never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER LVI. P. I.

A TRUCE WITH MELANCHOLY—GENTLEMEN SUCH AS THEY WERE
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1747—A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES
CONCERNING THEIR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

Fashions that are now called new,
Have been worn by more than you ;
Elder times have used the same,
Though these new ones get the name.

MIDDLETON.

WELL might Ben Jonson call bellringing "the poetry of steeples!" It is a poetry which in some heart or other is always sure to move an accordant key; and there is not much of the poetry, so called by courtesy because it bears the appearance of verse, of which this can be said with equal truth. Doncaster since I was one of its inhabitants had been so greatly changed (improved I ought to say, for its outward changes had really been improvements) that there was nothing but my own recollections to carry me back into the past, till the clock of St. George's struck nine on the evening of our arrival, and its chimes began to measure out the same time in the same tones, which I used to hear as regularly as the hours came round, forty long years ago.

Enough of this! My visit to Doncaster was incidentally introduced by the comparison which I could not choose but make between such a return, and that of the student from Leyden. We must now revert to the point from whence I strayed and go farther back than the forty years over which the chimes as if with magic had transported me. We must go back to the year 1747, when gentlemen wore sky-blue coats, with silver button holes and huge cuffs extending more than halfway from the middle of the hand to the elbow, short breeches just reaching to the silver garters at the knee, and embroidered waistcoats with long flaps which came almost as low. Were I to describe Daniel Dove in the wig which he then wore, and which observed a modest mean between the bush of the apothecary and the consequential fore-top of the physician, with its depending knots, fore and aft; were I to describe him in a sober suit of brown or snuff-coloured dittos such as beseeemed his profession, but with cuffs of the dimensions, waistcoat flaps of the length, and breeches of the brevity before mentioned; Amorosa, and Amatura, and Amoretta would exclaim that love ought never to be named in connection with such a figure—Amabilis, sweet girl in the very bloom of innocence and opening youth.

would declare she never could love such a creature, and Amanda herself would smile, not contemptuously, nor at her idea of the man, but at the mutability of fashion. Smile if you will, young ladies! your great-grandmothers wore large hoops, peaked stomachers, and modesty bits; their riding habits and waistcoats were trimmed with silver, and they had very gentlemanlike perukes for riding in, as well as gentleman-like cocked hats. Yet, young ladies, they were as gay and giddy in their time as you are now, they were as attractive and as lovely; they were not less ready than you are to laugh at the fashions of those who had gone before them; they were wooed and won by gentlemen in short breeches, long flapped waistcoats, large cuffs, and tie wigs; and the wooing and winning proceeded much in the same manner as it had done in the generations before them, as the same agreeable part of this world's business proceeds among yourselves, and as it will proceed when you will be as little thought of by your great-grand-daughters as your great-grand-mothers are at this time by you. What care you for your great-grand-mothers!

The law of entails sufficiently proves that our care for our posterity is carried far, sometimes indeed beyond what is reasonable and just. On the other hand it is certain that the sense of relationship in the ascending line produces in general little other feeling than that of pride in the haughty and highborn. That it should be so to a certain degree, is in the order of nature and for the general good: but that in our selfish state of society this indifference for our ancestors is greater than the order of nature would of itself produce, may be concluded from the very different feeling which prevailed among some of the ancients, and still prevails in other parts of the world.

He who said that he did not see why he should be expected to do anything for posterity, when posterity had done nothing for him, might be deemed to have shown as much worthlessness as wit in this saying, if it were anything more than the sportive sally of a light-hearted man. Yet one who "keeps his heart with all diligence," knowing that "out of it are the issues of life," will take heed never lightly to entertain a thought that seems to make light of a duty—still less will he give it utterance. We owe much to posterity, nothing less than all that we have received from our forefathers. And for myself, I should be unwilling to believe that nothing is due from us to our ancestors. If I did not acquire this feeling from the person who is the subject of these volumes, it was at least confirmed by him.

He used to say that one of the gratifications which he promised himself after death, was that of becoming acquainted with all his progenitors, in order, degree above degree, up to Noah, and from him up to our first parents.

“But,” said he, “though I mean to proceed regularly step by step, curiosity will make me in one instance trespass upon this proper arrangement, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Adam and Eve.”

CHAPTER LVII. P. I.

AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO REMOVE THE UNPLEASANT IMPRESSION PRODUCED UPON THE LADIES BY THE DOCTOR'S TIE WIG AND HIS SUIT OF SNUFF-COLOURED DITTOS.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Twelfth Night.

I MUST not allow the feminine part of my readers to suppose that the doctor, when in his prime of life, was not a very likable person in appearance, as well as in everything else, although he wore what in the middle of the last century was the costume of a respectable country practitioner in medicine. Though at Leyden he could only look at a burgemeester's daughter as a cat may look at a king, there was not a mayor or alderman's daughter in Doncaster who would have thought herself disparaged if he had fixed his eyes upon her, and made her a proffer of his hand.

Yet, as, in the opinion of many, dress “makes the man,” and anything which departs widely from the standard of dress, “the fellow,” I must endeavour to give those young ladies who are influenced more than they ought to be, and perhaps more than they are aware, by such an opinion, a more favourable notion of the doctor's appearance, than they are likely to have if they bring him before their eyes in the fashion of his times. It will not assist this intention on my part, if I request you to look at him as you would look at a friend who was dressed in such a costume for a masquerade or a fancy ball; for your friend would expect and wish to be laughed at, having assumed the dress for that benevolent purpose. Well, then, let us take off the aforesaid sad snuff-coloured coat with broad deep cuffs; still the waistcoat with its long flaps, and the breeches that barely reach to the knee, will provoke your merriment. We must not proceed further in undressing him; and if I conceal these under a loose morning gown of green damask, the insuperable periwig will still remain.

Let me then present him to your imagination, setting forth on horseback in that sort of weather which no man encounters voluntarily, but which men of his profession who

practise in the country are called upon to face at all seasons and all hours. Look at him in a greatcoat of the closest texture that the looms of Leeds could furnish—one of those dreadnaughts the utility of which sets fashion at defiance. You will not observe his boot-stockings coming high above the knees; the coat covers them; and if it did not, you would be far from despising them now. His tie wig is all but hidden under a hat, the brim of which is broad enough to answer in some degree the use of an umbrella. Look at him now, about to set off on some case of emergency; with haste in his expressive eyes, and a cast of thoughtful anxiety over one of the most benignant countenances that nature ever impressed with the characters of good humour and good sense!

Was he then so handsome? you say. Nay, ladies, I know not whether you would have called him so: for among the things which were too wonderful for him, yea, which he knew not, I suspect that Solomon might have included a woman's notion of handsomeness in man.

CHAPTER LVIII. P. I.

CONCERNING THE PORTRAIT OF DR. DANIEL DOVE.

The sure traveller,
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
 HERBERT.

THERE is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove.

And there Horrebow, the natural historian of Iceland—if Horrebow had been his biographer—would have ended this chapter.

“Here, perchance,” (observe, reader, I am speaking now in the words of the lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon,) “here, perchance, a question would be asked, (and yet I do marvel to hear a question made of so plain a matter,) what should be the cause of this? If it were asked,” (still the lord keeper speaketh,) “thus I mean to answer: That I think no man so blind but seeth it, no man so deaf but heareth it, nor no man so ignorant but understandeth it.” “*Il y a des demandes si sottés qu'on ne les sçauroit resoudre par autre moyen que par la moquerie et les absurdities; afin qu'une sottise pousse l'autre.*”*

But some reader may ask what I have answered here, or

* Garasse

rather what I have brought forward the great authority of the lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon and the arch-vituperator P. Garasse, to answer for me. Do I take it for granted that the cause wherefore there is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove should be thus apparent? or the reason why, there being no such portrait, Horrebow should simply have said so, and having so said, end therewith the chapter which he had commenced upon the subject?

Oh, gentle reader, you who ask this pertinent question—I entirely agree with you! there is nothing more desirable in composition than perspicuity; and in perspicuity precision is implied. Of the author who has attained it in his style, it may indeed be said, *omne tulit punctum*, so far as relates to style; for all other graces, those only excepted which only genius can impart, will necessarily follow. Nothing is so desirable, and yet it should seem that nothing is so difficult. He who thinks least about it when he is engaged in composition will be most likely to attain it, for no man ever attained it by labouring for it. Read all the treatises upon composition that ever were composed, and you will find nothing which conveys so much useful instruction as the account given by John Wesley of his own way of writing. “I never think of my style,” says he; “but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe anything for the press, then I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure, and proper: conciseness, which is now as it were natural to me, brings *quantum sufficit* of strength. If after all I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out neck and shoulders.” Let your words take their course freely; they will then dispose themselves in their natural order, and make your meaning plain; that is, Mr. Author, supposing you have a meaning; and that it is not an insidious, and for that reason, a covert one. With all the headwork that there is in these volumes, and all the heartwork too, I have not bitten my nails over a single sentence which they contain. I do not say that my hand has not sometimes been passed across my brow; nor that the fingers of my left hand have not played with the hair upon my forehead—like Thalaba’s with the grass that grew beside Oneiza’s tomb.

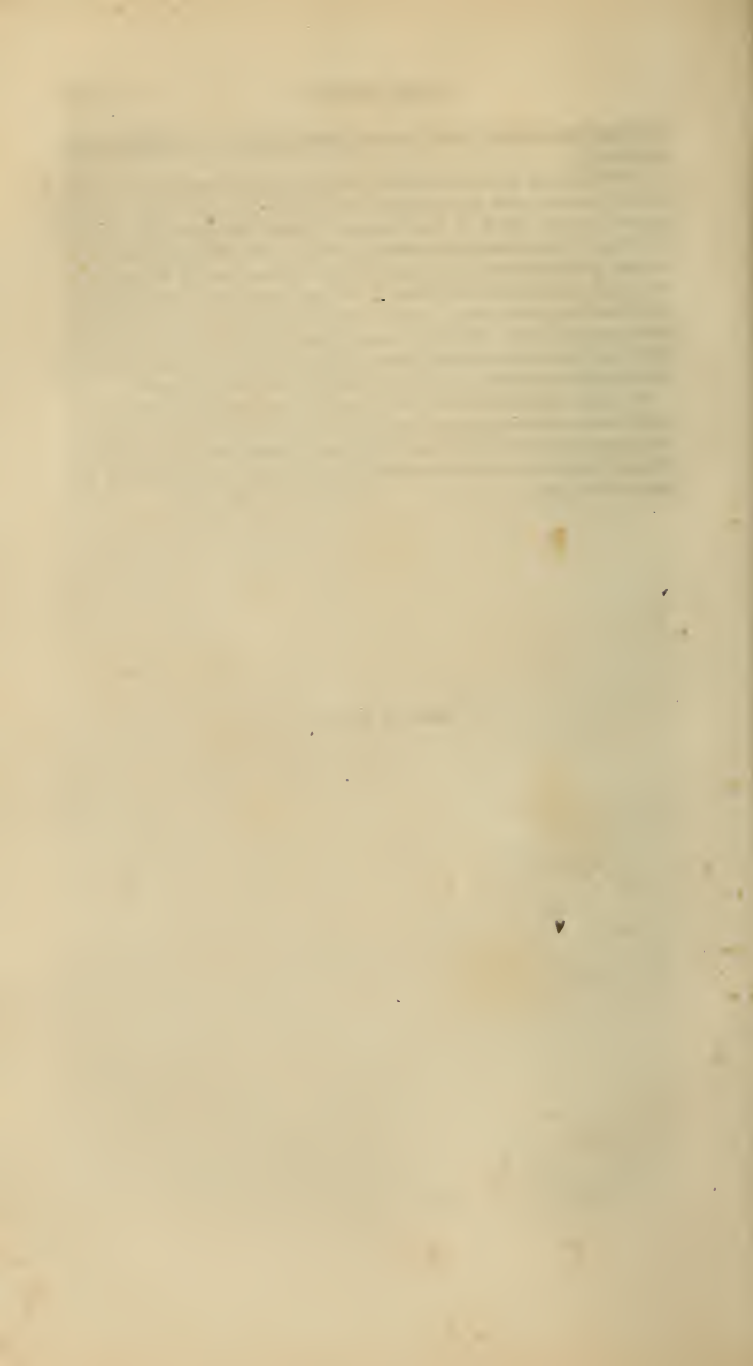
No people have pretended to so much precision in their language as the Turks. They have not only verbs active, passive, transitive, and reciprocal, but also verbs co-operative, verbs meditative, verbs frequentative, verbs negative, and verbs impossible; and moreover they have what are called verbs of opinion, and verbs of knowledge. The latter are used when the speaker means it to be understood that he speaks of his own sure knowledge, and is absolutely certain of what he asserts; the former when he advances it only

as what he thinks likely, or believes upon the testimony of others.

Now in the Turkish language the word whereon both the meaning and the construction of the sentence depend, is placed at the end of a sentence, which extends not unfrequently to ten, fifteen, or twenty lines. What therefore they might gain in accuracy by this nice distinction of verbs must be more than counterbalanced by the ambiguity consequent upon long-windedness. And notwithstanding their conscientious moods, they are not more remarkable for veracity than their neighbours who in ancient times made so much use of the indefinite tenses, and were said to be always liars.

We have a sect in our own country who profess to use a strict and sincere plainness of speech; they call their dialect *the plain language*, and yet they are notorious for making a studied precision in their words answer all the purposes of equivocation.

END OF VOL. I.



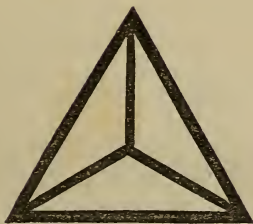
THE DOCTOR,

&c.

'There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER'S REMAINS.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Robert Southey

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

1860.

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

"Αγε νῦν, ᾧ—καρδία
 ἄπελθ' ἐκεῖσε—
 εἰποῦσ' ἄττ' ἄν αὐτῆι σοι δοκῆι,
 τόλμησον, ἴθι, χῶρησον, ἄγαμαι καρδιάς.

ARISTOPHANES.

Je vas de nouveau percer mon tonneau, et de la traicte, laquelle par deux precedents volumes vous est assez cogneuë, vous tirer du creux de nos passetemps epicenaires un galant tiercin, et consecutivement un joyeux quart de sentences Pantagieulliques. Par moy vous sera licite les appeller Diogeniques. Et peur n'ayez que le vin faille. Autant que vous en tireray par la dille, autant en entonneray per le bondon. Ainsi demourera le tonneau inexpuisable. Il a source vive et veine perpetuelle.

—RABELAIS.

The wholesom'st meats that are will breed satiety
 Except we should admit of some variety.

In music, notes must be some high, some base.

And this I say, these pages have intendment,
 Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,

To work in men's ill manners good amendment,
 Wherefore if any think the book unseasonable,

Their stoic minds are foes to good society,

And men of reason may think them unreasonable.

It is an act of virtue and of piety,

To warn men of their sins in any sort,

In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

The great cement that holds these several discourses together is one main design which they jointly drive at, and which, I think, is confessedly generous and important, namely, the knowledge of—true happiness, so far as reason can cut her way through those darknesses and difficulties she is encumbered with in this life: which though they be many and great, yet I should belie the sense of my own success, if I should pronounce them insuperable; as also, if I were deprived of that sense, should lose many pleasures and enjoyments of mind, which I am now conscious to myself of: among which there is none so considerable as that tacit reflection within myself, what real service may be rendered to religion by these my labours.—HENRY MORE.

Scribere fert animus multa et diversa, nec uno
 Gurgite versari semper; quo flamina ducent
 Ibumus, et nunc has, nunc illas nabimus undas;
 Ardua nunc ponti, nunc littora tuta petemus.
 Et quanquam interdum fretus ratione, latentes
 Naturæ tentabo vias, atque abdita pandam,
 Præcipuè tamen illa sequar quæcunque videntur
 Prodesse, ac sanctos mortalibus addere mores,
 Heu penitus (liceat verum mihi dicere) nostro
 Extinctos ævo.

PALINGENIUS.

Ja n'est besoin (amy lecteur!) t'escire
 Par le menu le prouffit et plaisir
 Que recevras si ce livre veul lire,
 Et d'icelluy le sens prendre au desir;
 Veuille donc prendre à le lire loisir,
 Et que ce soit avecq intelligence.
 Si tu le fais, propos de grand plaisance
 Tu y verras, et moult prouffiteras;
 Et si tiendras en grand resjouissance
 Le tien esprit, et ton temps passeras.

JEAN FAVRE.

"Gods me! how now! what present have we here?"
 "A book that stood in peril of the press;
 But now it's past those pikes, and doth appear
 To keep the lookers-on from heaviness"
 "What stuff contains it?" "Fustian, perfect spruce,
 Wit's gallimalfry, or wit fried in steaks."
 "From whom came it, a God's name?" "From his muse,
 (Oh do not tell!) that still your favour seeks."
 "And who is that?" "Truth that is I." "What I
 I per se I, great I, you would say." "No!
 Great I indeed *you* well may say; but I
 Am little i, the least of all the row."

DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

Lector, esto libro te ofrezco, sin que me aya mandado señor alguno que le escriba, ni menos me ayan importunado mis amigos que le estampe, sino solamente por mi gusto, por mi antojo y por mi voluntad.—MONTALVAN.

The reader must not expect in this work merely the private uninteresting history of a single person. He may expect whatever curious particulars can with any propriety be connected with it. Nor must the general disquisitions and the incidental narratives of the present work be ever considered as actually digressionary in their natures, and as merely useful in their notices. They are all united with the rest, and form proper parts of the whole. They have some of them a necessary connection with the history of the doctor; they have many of them an intimate relation, they have all of them a natural affinity to it. And the author has endeavoured by a judicious distribution of them through the work, to prevent that disgusting uniformity, and to take off that uninteresting personality, which must necessarily result from the merely barren and private annals of an obscure individual. He has thus in some measure adopted the elegant principles of modern gardening. He has thrown down the close hedges and the high walls that have confined so many biographers in their views. He has called in the scenes of the neighbouring country to his aid, and has happily combined them into his own plan. He has drawn off the attention

from the central point before it became languid and exhausted, by fetching in some objects from society at large, or by presenting some view of the philosophy of man. But he has been cautious of multiplying objects in the wantonness of refinement, and of distracting the attention with a confused variety. He has always considered the history of the doctor as the great fixed point, the enlivening centre of all his excursions. Every opening is therefore made to carry an actual reference, either mediate or immediate, to the regular history of the doctor. And every *visto* is employed only for the useful purpose of breaking the stiff straight lines, of lighting up the dark, of heightening the little, and of colouring over the lifeless, in the regular history of the doctor.—*Preface to WHITAKER'S History of Manchester, mutatis mutandis.*

Chi tristezza da se cacciar desia,
 Legga quest' opra saporita e bella
 BERTOLDO.

I exhort all people, gentle and simple, men, women, and children, to buy, to read, to extol these labours of mine. Let them not fear to defend every article; for I will bear them harmless. I have arguments good store, and can easily confute, either logically, theologically, or metaphysically, all those who oppose me.—ARBUTHNOT.

Scripta legis passim quamplurima, lector, in orbe,
 Quæ damni plus quam commoditatis habent.
 Hæc fugienda procul cum sint, sic illa petenda,
 Jucunda utilibus quæ bene juncta docent.
 P. RUBIGALLUS PANNONIUS.

Out of the old fieldes, as men saith,
 Cometh all this new corn fro' year to year;
 And out of old bookes, in good faith,
 Cometh all this new science that men lere.
 CHAUCER.

C O N T E N T S .

CHAPTER LIX. P. I.—p. 25.

SHOWING WHAT THAT QUESTION WAS WHICH WAS ANSWERED
BEFORE IT WAS ASKED.

Chacun a son stile ; le mien, comme vous voyez, n'est pas laconique.—
ME. DE SEVIGNE.

CHAPTER LX. P. I.—p. 26.

SHOWING CAUSE WHY THE QUESTION WHICH WAS NOT ASKED
OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED.

Nay in troth I talk but coarsely,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

CHAPTER LXI. P. I.—p. 29.

WHEREIN THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE
BEEN ASKED.

Ajutami, tu penna, et calamaio,
Ch' io hò tra mano una materia asciutta.
MATTIO FRANZESI.

CHAPTER LXII. P. I.—p. 32.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOVERY OF A CERTAIN PORTRAIT
AT DONCASTER.

Call in the barber ! If the tale be long
He'll cut it short, I trust.
MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER LXIII. P. I.—p. 34.

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING THE QUESTION LAST PROPOSED.

Questo è bene un de' più profondi passi
 Che noi habbiamo ancora oggi tentato ;
 E non è mica da huomini bassi.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

CHAPTER LXIV. P. I.—p. 37.

DEFENCE OF PORTRAIT PAINTING—A SYSTEM OF MORAL COS-
 METICS RECOMMENDED TO THE LADIES—GWILLIM—SIR THOMAS
 LAWRENCE—GEORGE WITHER—APPLICATION TO THE SUBJECT
 OF THIS WORK.

Pingitur in tabulis formæ peritura venustas,
 Vivat ut in tabulis, quod perit in facie.

OWEN.

CHAPTER LXV. P. I.—p. 40.

SOCIETY OF A COUNTRY TOWN—SUCH A TOWN A MORE FAVOUR-
 ABLE HABITAT FOR SUCH A PERSON AS DR. DOVE THAN LONDON
 WOULD HAVE BEEN.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
 Inn anywhere ;
 And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
 Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail ;
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

DONNE.

CHAPTER LXVI. P. I.—p. 44.

MR. COPLEY OF NETHERHALL—SOCIETY AT HIS HOUSE—DRUMMOND
 —BURGH—GRAY—MASON—MILLER THE ORGANIST AND HISTO-
 RIAN OF DONCASTER—HERSCHEL.

All worldly joys go less
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER LXVII. P. I.—p. 46.

A MYTHOLOGICAL STORY MORALIZED.

Il faut mettre les fables en presse pour en tirer quelque suc de verité.
 —GARASSE.

CHAPTER LXVIII. P. I.—p. 51.

ECCENTRIC PERSONS, WHY APPARENTLY MORE COMMON IN ENGLAND THAN IN OTHER COUNTRIES—HARRY BINGLEY.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet.

CHAPTER LXIX. P. I.—p. 56.

A MUSICAL RECLUSE AND HIS SISTER.

Some proverb maker, I forget who, says, "God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle."
—*Professor PARK's Dogmas of the Constitution.*

CHAPTER LXX. P. I.—p. 58.

SHOWING THAT ANY HONEST OCCUPATION IS BETTER THAN NONE, BUT THAT OCCUPATIONS WHICH ARE DEEMED HONOURABLE ARE NOT ALWAYS HONEST.

J'ai peine à concevoir pourquoi le plûpart des hommes ont une si forte envie d'être heureux, et une si grande incapacité pour le devenir.—*Voyages de MILORD CETON.*

CHAPTER LXXI. P. I.—p. 61.

TRANSITION IN OUR NARRATIVE PREPARATORY TO A CHANGE IN THE DOCTOR'S LIFE—A SAD STORY SUPPRESSED—THE AUTHOR PROTESTS AGAINST PLAYING WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS READERS—ALL ARE NOT MERRY THAT SEEM MIRTHFUL—THE SCAFFOLD A STAGE—DON RODRIGO CALDERON—THISTLEWOOD—THE WORLD A MASQUERADE, BUT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS IN HIS OWN CHARACTER.

This breaks no rule of order.
If order were infringed, then should I flee
From my chief purpose, and my mark should miss.
Order is nature's beauty, and the way
To order is by rules that art hath found.

GWILLIM.

CHAPTER LXXII. P. I.—p. 68.

IN WHICH THE FOURTH OF THE QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN CHAPTER II. P. I. IS BEGUN TO BE ANSWERED; SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON ANCESTRY ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE READER IS INFORMED WHY THE AUTHOR DOES NOT WEAR A CAP AND BELLS.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors,
 Brave youths! they're their possessions, none of yours.
 When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
 'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
 For they are strong supporters; but till then
 The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER LXXIII. P. I.—p. 70.

RASH MARRIAGES—AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD—AFFLICTION RENDERED A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERER; AND TWO ORPHANS LEFT. THOUGH NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
 And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame:
 Whereas they were supported by the same.
 But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER LXXIV. P. I.—p. 73.

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS EITHER TO HERSELF OR OTHERS—A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT.

Beauty! my lord—'tis the worst part of woman!
 A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
 By creeping minutes of defacing time;
 A superficies which each breath of care
 Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
 Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes
 Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

GOFF.

CHAPTER LXXV. P. I.—p. 75.

A SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM.

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.
 — ROBERT WILMOT.

CHAPTER LXXVI. P. I.—p. 77.

A STORY CONCERNING CUPID, WHICH NOT ONE READER IN TEN THOUSAND HAS EVER HEARD BEFORE; A DEFENCE OF LOVE, WHICH WILL BE VERY SATISFACTORY TO THE LADIES.

They do lie,
Lie grossly who say love is blind—by him
And Heaven they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Through ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach its object.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

CHAPTER LXXVII. P. I.—p. 81.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Happy the bonds that hold ye;
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty.
There is no blessedness but in such bondage;
Happy that happy chain; such links are heavenly.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

INTERCHAPTER VII.—p. 84.

OBSOLETE ANTICIPATIONS; BEING A LEAF OUT OF AN OLD ALMANAC, WHICH, LIKE OTHER OLD ALMANACS, THOUGH OUT OF DATE IS NOT OUT OF USE.

You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning beforehand.
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you;
It is my humour.

MIDDLETON.

INTERCHAPTER VIII.—p. 89.

A LEAF OUT OF THE NEW ALMANAC—THE AUTHOR THINKS CONSIDERATELY OF HIS COMMENTATORS; RUMINATES; RELATES AN ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE; QUOTES SOME PYRAMIDAL STANZAS, WHICH ARE NOT THE WORSE FOR THEIR ARCHITECTURE, AND DELIVERS AN OPINION CONCERNING BURNS.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. "*Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.*"—FULLER.

INTERCHAPTER IX.—p. 92.

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMENTATORS DRAWN FROM THE HISTORY OF THE KORAN—REMARKS WHICH ARE NOT INTENDED FOR MUSSULMEN, AND WHICH THE MISSIONARIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ARE ADVISED NOT TO TRANSLATE.

You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration, but now and then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing.—JOHN NEWTON.

INTERCHAPTER X.—p. 95.

MORE ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT—ELUCIDATION FROM HENRY MORE AND DR. WATTS—AN INCIDENTAL OPINION UPON HORACE WALPOLE—THE STREAM OF THOUGHT “FLOWETH AT ITS OWN SWEET WILL”—PICTURES AND BOOKS—A SAYING OF MR. PITT’S CONCERNING WILBERFORCE—THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE SOMETIMES SHOOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che in vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito.—IL CORTEGIANO.

CHAPTER LXXVIII. P. I.—p. 101.

AMATORY POETRY NOT ALWAYS OF THE WISEST KIND—AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOME NOTION OF ITS QUANTITY—TRUE LOVE, THOUGH NOT IN EVERY CASE THE BEST POET, THE BEST MORALIST ALWAYS.

El amor es tan ingenioso, que en mi opinion, mas poetas ha hecho el amor, que la misma naturaleza.—PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

CHAPTER LXXIX. P. I.—p. 106.

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT—TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER—A LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD.

Read ye that run the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

COWPER.

CHAPTER LXXX. P. I.—p. 108.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

Thus they who reach
Gray hairs, die piecemeal.
SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER LXXXI. P. I.—p. 110.

A QUESTION WHETHER LOVE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL TO THE DEAD—DOUBTS ADVANCED AND CASES STATED.

Oh even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice!
LORD STERLINE.

CHAPTER LXXXII. P. I.—p. 112.

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALLPOX, TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

Long-waiting love doth entrance find
Into the slow-believing mind.
SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

CHAPTER LXXXIII. P. I.—p. 114.

THE AUTHOR REQUESTS THE READER NOT TO BE IMPATIENT—SHOWS FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY AT WHAT RATE A JUDICIOUS WRITER OUGHT TO PROCEED—DISCLAIMS PROLIXITY FOR HIMSELF, AND GIVES EXAMPLES OF IT IN A GERMAN PROFESSOR, A JEWISH RABBI, AND TWO COUNSELLORS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Pand. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus. Still have I tarried.

Pand. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips
—*Troilus and Cressida.*

CHAPTER LXXXIV. P. I.—p. 117.

A LOOP DROPPED IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER IS HERE TAKEN UP.

Enobarbus. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.
Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER LXXXV. P. I.—p. 118.

THE DOCTOR'S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN—EARLY FRIENDSHIP
—COWPER'S MELANCHOLY OBSERVATION THAT GOOD DISPO-
SITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES
TO BE CORRECTED—YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN THE
COMMON COURSE OF THINGS—A FINE FRAGMENT BY WALTER
LANDOR.

Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren unstands.
Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!
Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,
Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth!
Klein ercheinet es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;
Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.

GOETHE.

CHAPTER LXXXVI. P. I.—p. 123.

PETER HOPKINS—REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT HE WAS AS
GOOD A PRACTITIONER AS ANY IN ENGLAND; THOUGH NOT THE
BEST—THE FITTEST MASTER FOR DANIEL DOVE—HIS SKILL IN
ASTROLOGY.

Que sea Medico mas grave
Quien mas aforismos sabe,
Bien puede ser.
Mas que no sea mas experto
El que mas huviere muerto,
No puede ser.

GONGORA.

CHAPTER LXXXVII. P. I.—p. 128.

ASTROLOGY—ALMANACS—PRISCILLIANISM RETAINED IN THEM TO
THIS TIME.

I wander 'tween the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mong eccentricals,
Centres, concentrics, circles, and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII. P. I.—p. 131.

AN INCIDENT WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR INTO A FORTUITOUS RESEMBLANCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF THE PREDICANT FRIARS—DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FACT AND THE FABLE; AND AN APPLICATION WHICH, UNLIKE THOSE THAT ARE USUALLY APPENDED TO ESOP'S FABLES, THE READER IS LIKELY NEITHER TO SKIP NOR TO FORGET.

Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.
PEDRO DE CIECA DE LEON.

CHAPTER LXXXIX. P. I.—p. 133.

A CHAPTER CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIES, FRENCH LADIES, FRENCH LAWYERS, FRENCH JUDGES, FRENCH LITERATURE, AND FRENCHNESS IN GENERAL.

Quid de pulcibus? vitæ salientia puncta.—COWLEY.

CHAPTER XC. P. I.—p. 141.

WHEREIN THE CURIOUS READER MAY FIND SOME THINGS WHICH HE IS NOT LOOKING FOR, AND WHICH THE INCURIOS ONE MAY SKIP IF HE PLEASES.

Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolvé toutes les Pantarches des Cieux, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephe-listes, Anemophylaces, Uranopetes, et Ombrophores.—RABELAIS.

CHAPTER XCI. P. I.—p. 146.

THE AUTHOR DISPLAYS A LITTLE MORE OF SUCH READING AS IS SELDOM READ, AND SHOWS THAT LORD BYRON AND AN ESSEX WIDOW DIFFERED IN OPINION CONCERNING FRIDAY.

Si j'avois dispersé ceci en divers endroits de mon ouvrage, j'aurois évité la censure de ceux qui appelleront ce chapitre un fatras de petit recueils. Mais comme je cherche la commodité de mes lecteurs plutôt que la mienne, je veux bien au depens de cette censure, leur épargner la peine de rassembler ce que j'aurois dispersé.—BAYLE.

CHAPTER XCII. P. I.—p. 152.

CONCERNING PETER HOPKINS AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON AND TIDES UPON THE HUMAN BODY—A CHAPTER WHICH SOME PERSONS MAY DEEM MORE CURIOUS THAN DULL, AND OTHERS MORE DULL THAN CURIOUS.

A man that travelleth to the most desirable home, hath a habit of desire to it all the way ; but his present business is his travel ; and horse, and company, and inns, and ways, and weariness, &c., may take up more of his sensible thoughts, and of his talk and action, than his home.—BAXTER.

CHAPTER XCIII. P. I.—p. 157.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED.

ἽΩ πολλά λέξας ἄρτι κἀνόνητ' ἔπη,
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκέτ' οὐδέεν.

SOPHOCLES.

CHAPTER XCIV. P. I.—p. 162.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCES TO THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS.

And music mild I learn'd, that tells
Tune, time, and measure of the song.

HIGGINS.

CHAPTER XCV. P. I.—p. 165.

WHEREIN MENTION IS MADE OF LORD BYRON, RONSARD, RABBI KAPOL, AND CO.—IT IS SUGGESTED THAT A MODE OF READING THE STARS HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THE RECOVERY OF OBLITERATED ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS ; AND IT IS SHOWN THAT A MATHEMATICIAN MAY REASON MATHEMATICALLY, AND YET LIKE A FOOL.

Thus may ye behold
This man is very bold,
And in his learning old
Intendeth for to sit.
I blame him not a whit ;
For it would vex his wit,
And clean against his earning
To follow such learning
As nowadays is taught.

DOCTOR DOUBLE-ALE.

CHAPTER XCVI. P. I.—p. 169.

A MUSICIAN'S WISH EXCITED BY HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE—SYMPATHY BETWEEN PETER HOPKINS AND HIS PUPIL—INDIFFERENTISM USEFUL IN ORDINARY CASES, BUT DANGEROUS IN RELIGION.

Noi intendiamo parlare alle cose che utili sono alla umana vita, quanto per nostro intendimento si potrà in questa parte comprendere; e sopra quelle particelle che detto avemo di comporre.—BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

CHAPTER XCVII. P. I.—p. 173.

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE — CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION — TIME AND CHANGE—WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XCVIII. P. I.—p. 177.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION—OPINIONS CONCERNING THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key;
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day;
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard, or seen;
 But what I once enjoyed in them,
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
 So little hold of them have we,
 That we from them, or they from us,
 May in a moment ravished be.
 Yet we are neither just nor wise,
 If present mercies we despise;
 Or mind not how there may be made
 A thankful use of what we had.

WITHER.

CHAPTER XCIX. P. I.—p. 181.

A COUNTRY PARISH—SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST.

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delectabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delectabili, et in tutte due alcune si truovano honeste.—LEONE MEDICO (HEBEO.)

CHAPTER C. P. I.—p. 185.

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, percase, deserved.
But what for that? This med'cine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER CI. P. I.—p. 188.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

HORACE.

INTERCHAPTER XI.—p. 191.

ADVICE TO CERTAIN READERS INTENDED TO ASSIST THEIR DIGESTION OF THESE VOLUMES.

Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.

TUSSEP

CHAPTER CII. P. I.—p. 180.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other ; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature where-with God hath above the common rate endued him.—ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

CHAPTER CIII. P. I.—p. 199.

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113 BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN ; AND OF THE FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow ;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

CATHARINE PHILIPS.

CHAPTER CIV. P. I.—p. 204.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A WISE MAN, WHEN HE RISES IN THE MORNING, LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO BEFORE NIGHT.

Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may ;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE.

CHAPTER CV. P. I.—p. 208.

A WORD OF NOBS, AND AN ALLUSION TO CÆSAR—SOME CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE DOCTOR'S SECOND LOVE, WHEREBY THOSE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST ARE ACCOUNTED FOR.

Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
Y va se derecho hasta el corazon ;
Alli en ser llegado se torna aficion,
Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos :
Causa alegrias, tristezas, antojos ;
Haze llorar, y haze reir,
Haze cantar, y haze planir,
Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.

QUESTION DE AMOR.

INTERCHAPTER XII.—p. 213.

THE AUTHOR REGRETS THAT HE CANNOT MAKE HIMSELF KNOWN TO CERTAIN READERS; STATES THE POSSIBLE REASONS FOR HIS SECRESY; MAKES NO USE IN SO DOING OF THE LICENSE WHICH HE SEEMS TO TAKE OUT IN HIS MOTTO; AND STATING THE PRETENCES WHICH HE ADVANCES FOR HIS WORK, DISCLAIMING THE WHILE ALL MERIT FOR HIMSELF, MODESTLY PRESENTS THEM UNDER A GRECIAN VEIL.

*Ενθά γὰρ τι δεῖ ψεῦδος λεγέσθαι λεγέσθω.

HERODOTUS.

INTERCHAPTER XIII.—p. 217.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
 To see if I can all men beguile.
 Ha, my name, my name would ye so fain know?
 Yes, I wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.
 I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.
 A, a, now I have it! I have it indeed!
 My name is Ambidexter, I signify one
 That with both hands finely can play.
King Cambyses

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

CHAPTER LIX. P. I.

SHOWING WHAT THAT QUESTION WAS WHICH WAS ANSWERED
BEFORE IT WAS ASKED.

Chacun a son stile; le mien, comme vous voyez, n'est pas laconique.—
ME. DE SEVIGNE.

IN reporting progress upon the subject of the preceding chapter, it appears that the question asked concerning the question that was answered, was not itself answered in that chapter; so that it still remains to be explained what it was that was so obvious as to require no other answer than the answer that was there given; whether it was the reason why there is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove, or the reason why Horrebow, if he had been the author of this book, would simply have said that there was none, and have said nothing more about it.

The question which was answered related to Horrebow. He would have said nothing more about the matter, because he would have thought there was nothing more to say; or because he agreed with Britain's old rhyming Remembrancer, that although

“More might be said hereof to make a proof,
Yet more to say were more than is enough.”

But if there be readers who admire a style of such barren brevity, I must tell them in the words of Estienne Pasquier that *je fais grande conscience d'alambiquer mon esprit en telle espece d'escrite pour leur complaire*. Do they take me for a bottle conjurer that I am to compress myself into a quart, wine merchants' measure, and be corked down? I must have “ample room and verge enough”—a large canvass such as Haydon requires, and as Rubens required before

him. When I pour out nectar for my guests it must be into

“a bowl
Large as my capacious soul.”

It is true I might have contented myself with merely saying there is no portrait of my venerable friend; and the benevolent reader would have been satisfied with the information, while at the same time he wished there had been one, and perhaps involuntarily sighed at thinking there was not. But I have duties to perform; first, to the memory of my most dear philosopher and friend; secondly, to myself; thirdly, to posterity, which in this matter I cannot conscientiously prefer either to myself or my friend; fourthly, to the benevolent reader who delighteth in this book, and consequently loveth me therefore, and whom therefore I love, though, notwithstanding here is love for love between us, we know not each other now, and never shall! fourthly, I say to the benevolent reader, or rather readers, *utriusque generis*; and fifthly, to the public for the time being. “England expects every man to do his duty;” and England’s expectation would not be disappointed if every Englishman were to perform his as faithfully and fully as I will do mine. Mark me, reader, it is only of my duties to England, and to the parties above mentioned that I speak; other duties I am accountable for elsewhere. God forbid that I should ever speak of them in this strain, or ever think of them otherwise than in humility and fear!

CHAPTER LX. P. I.

SHOWING CAUSE WHY THE QUESTION WHICH WAS NOT ASKED
OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED.

Nay in troth I talk but coarsely,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

“WHAT, more buffoonery!” says the honourable Fastidious Feeblewit, who condescends to act occasionally as small critic to the court journal—“what, still more of this buffoonery!”

“Yes, sir—*vous ne recevrez de moy, sur le commencement et milieu de celuy-cy mien chapitre que bouffonnerie; et toutes-fois bouffonnerie qui porte quant à soy une philosophie et contemplation generale de la vanité de ce monde.*”*

* Pasquier.

“More absurdities still!” says Lord Makemotion Ganderman—“more and more absurdities!”

“Ay, my lord!” as the Gracioso says in one of Calderon’s plays—

“¿ sino digo lo que quiero
de que me sirve ser loco?”

“Ay, my lord!” as the old Spaniard says in his national poesy, “*Mas, y mas, y mas, y mas,*” more, and more, and more, and more. You may live to learn what vaunted maxims of your political philosophy are nothing else than absurdities in masquerade; what old and exploded follies there are, which, with a little vamping and varnishing, pass for new and wonderful discoveries;

What a world of businesses
Which by interpretation are mere nothings!*

This you may live to learn. As for my absurdities, they may seem very much beneath your sapience; but when I say *hæ nugæ seria ducunt*, (for a trite quotation when well set is as good as one that will be new to everybody,) let me add, my lord, that it will be well both for you and your country, if your practical absurdities do not draw after them consequences of a very different die!

No, my lord, as well as ay, my lord

Never made man of woman born
Of a bullock’s tail, a blowing horn;
Nor can an ass’s hide disguise
A lion, if he ramp and rise.†

“More fooling,” exclaims Dr. Dense: he takes off his spectacles, lays them on the table beside him, with a look of despair, and applies to the snuffbox for consolation. It is a capacious box, and the doctor’s servant takes care that his master shall never find in it a deficiency of the best rappee. “More fooling!” says that worthy doctor.

Fooling, say you, my learned Dr. Dense? Chiabrera will tell you—

“che non è ria
Una gentil follia,”

my erudite and good doctor;

But do you know what fooling is? true fooling—
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shows his teeth,
Wants, and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash.‡

It is easy to talk of fooling and of folly, *mais d'en savoir les ordres, les rangs, les distinctions ; de connoître ces differences delicates qu'il y a de folie à folie ; les affinités et les alliances qui se trouvent entrè la sagesse et cette meme folie*, as Saint Evremond says ; to know this is not under every one's nightcap ; and perhaps my learned doctor may not be under your wig, orthodox and in full buckle as it is.

The doctor is all astonishment, and almost begins to doubt whether I am fooling in earnest. Ay, doctor ! you meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity ; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one. As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart as from a hollow one ; and from a full mind as from an empty head. "Levity," says Mr. Danby, "is sometimes a refuge from the gloom of seriousness. A man may whistle 'for want of thought,' or from having too much of it."

"Poor creature !" says the Reverend Philocalvin Frybabe. "Poor creature ! little does he think what an account he must one day render for every idle word !"

And what account, odious man, if thou art a hypocrite, and hardly less odious if thou art sincere in thine abominable creed, what account wilt thou render for thine extempore prayers and thy set discourses ? My words, idle as thou mayst deem them, will never stupify the intellect, nor harden the heart, nor besot the conscience like an opiate drug !

"Such facetiousness," saith Barrow, "is not unreasonable or unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation ; harmless, I say, that is not intrenching upon piety, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace. For Christianity is not so tetical, so harsh, so envious as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind ; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations ; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good humour among us ; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient, or unprofitable. If for those ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion ; why may we not as well to them accommodate our organs of speech and interior sense ? Why should those games which excite our wit and fancies be less reasonable than those whereby our grosser parts and faculties are exercised ? yea, why are not those more reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason ; seeing also

they may be so managed, as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it, by good sense conveyed in jocular expression."

But think not that in thus producing the authority of one of the wisest and best of men, I offer any apology for my levities to your gravityships! they need it not and you deserve 't not.

Questi—

Son fatti per dar pasto a gl' ignoranti:
Ma voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.

Le cose belle, e preziose, e care,
Saporite, soavi e delicate,
Scoperte in man non si debbon portare
Perchè da' porci non sieno imbrattate.*

Gentlemen, you have made me break the word of promise both to the eye and ear. I began this chapter with the intention of showing to the reader's entire satisfaction, why the question which was not asked ought to be answered; and now another chapter must be appropriated to that matter! Many things happen between the cup and the lip, and between the beginning of a chapter and the conclusion thereof.

CHAPTER LXI. P. I.

WHEREIN THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ASKED.

Ajutami, tu penna, et calamaio,
Ch' io hò tra mano una materia asciutta.

MATTIO FRANZESI.

WHEREFORE there is no portrait of my excellent friend, is a question which ought to be answered, because the solution will exhibit something of what in the words of the old drinking song he used to call his "poor way of thinking." And it is a question which may well be asked, seeing that in the circle wherein he moved there were some persons of liberal habits and feelings as well as liberal fortune, who enjoyed his peculiarities, placed the fullest reliance upon his professional skill, appreciated most highly his moral and intellec-

* Orlando Innamorato.

tual character, and were indeed personally attached to him in no ordinary degree.

For another reason also ought this question to be resolved; a reason which, whatever the reader may think, has the more weight with me, because it nearly concerns myself. "There is indeed," says the philosopher of Bemerton, "a near relation between seriousness and wisdom, and one is a most excellent friend to the other. A man of a serious, sedate, and considerate temper, as he is always in a ready disposition for meditation, (the best improvement both of knowledge and manners,) so he thinks without disturbance, enters not upon another notion till he is master of the first, and so makes clean work with it: whereas a man of a loose, volatile, and shattered humour, thinks only by fits and starts, now and then in a morning interval, when the serious mood comes upon him; and even then too, let but the least trifle cross his way, and his desultorious fancy presently takes the scent, leaves the unfinished and half-mangled notion, and skips away in pursuit of the new game." Reader, it must be my care not to come under this condemnation; and therefore I must follow to the end the subject which is before me: "Quare autem nobis—dicendum videtur, ne temere secuti putemur; et breviter dicendum, ne in hujusmodi rebus diutius, quam ratio præcipiendi postulet commoremur."*

Mr. Copley of Netherhall was particularly desirous of possessing this likeness so much desiderated by us now, and would have invited an artist from London, if the doctor could have been prevailed upon to sit for it; but to this no persuasions could induce him. He never assigned a reason for this determination, and indeed always evaded the subject when it was introduced, letting it at the same time plainly be perceived that he was averse to it, and wished not to be so pressed as to draw from him a direct refusal. But once when the desire had been urged with some seriousness, he replied that he was the last of his race, and if he were to be the first who had his portrait taken, well might they who looked at it, exclaim with Solomon, "Vanity of vanities!"

In that thought indeed it was that the root of his objection lay. "*Pauli in domo, præter se nemo superest,*" is one of the most melancholy reflections to which Paulus Æmilius gave utterance in that speech of his which is recorded by Livy. The speedy extinction of his family in his own person was often in the doctor's mind; and he would sometimes touch upon it when, in his moods of autumnal feeling, he was conversing with those persons whom he had received into his heart of hearts. Unworthy as I was, it was my privilege and happiness to be one of them; and at such times his deepest feelings could not have been expressed more un-

* Cicero.

reservedly, if he had given them utterance in poetry or in prayer.

Blessed as he had been in all other things to the extent of his wishes, it would be unreasonable in him, he said, to look upon this as a misfortune; so to repine would indicate little sense of gratitude to that bountiful Providence which had so eminently favoured him; little also of religious acquiescence in its will. It was not by any sore calamity nor series of afflictions that the extinction of his family had been brought on; the diminution had been gradual, as if to show that their uses upon earth were done. His grandfather had only had two children; his parents but one, and that one was now *ultimus suorum*. They had ever been a family in good repute, walking inoffensively towards all men, uprightly with their neighbours, and humbly with their God; and perhaps this extinction was their reward. For what Solon said of individuals, that no one could truly be called happy till his life had terminated in a happy death, holds equally true of families.

Perhaps, too, this timely extinction was ordained in mercy, to avert the consequences which might else so probably have arisen from his forsaking the station in which he was born; a lowly but safe station, exposed to fewer dangers, trials, or temptations, than any other in this age or country, with which he was able to compare it. The sentiment with which Sanazzaro concludes his *Arcadia* was often in his mind, not as derived from that famous author, but self-originated: "Per cosa vera ed indubitata tener ti puoi, che chi più di nascoso e più lontano dalla moltitudine vive, miglior vive; e colui trà mortali si può con più verità chiamar beato, che senza invidia delle altrui grandezze, con modesto animo della sua fortuna si contenta." His father had removed him from that station; he would not say unwisely, for his father was a wise and good man, if ever man deserved to be so called; and he could not say unhappily; for assuredly he knew that all the blessings which had earnestly been prayed for, had attended the determination. Through that blessing he had obtained the whole benefit which his father desired for him, and had escaped evils which, perhaps, had not been fully apprehended. His intellectual part had received all the improvement of which it was capable, and his moral nature had sustained no injury in the process; nor had his faith been shaken, but stood firm, resting upon a sure foundation. But the entail of humble safety had been, as it were, cut off; the birthright—so to speak—had been renounced. His children, if God had given him children, must have mingled in the world, there to shape for themselves their lot of good or evil; and he knew enough of the world to know how manifold and how insidious are the dangers which, in all its paths, beset us. He never could have been to them what his father had been

to him—that was impossible. They could have had none of those hallowing influences both of society and solitude to act upon them, which had imbued his heart betimes, and impressed upon his youthful mind a character that no after circumstances could corrupt. They must inevitably have been exposed to more danger, and could not have been so well armed against it. That consideration reconciled him to being childless. God, who knew what was best for him, had ordained that it should be so; and he did not, and ought not to regret, that having been the most cultivated of his race, and so far the happiest, it was decreed that he should be the last. God's will is best.

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐυχόμενος; for with some aspiration of piety he usually concluded his more serious discourse, either giving it utterance, or with a silent motion of the lips, which the expression of his countenance, as well as the tenour of what had gone before, rendered intelligible to those who knew him as I did.

CHAPTER LXII. P. I.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOVERY OF A CERTAIN PORTRAIT
AT DONCASTER.

Call in the barber! If the tale be long
He'll cut it short, I trust.

MIDDLETON.

HERE I must relate a circumstance which occurred during the few hours of my last, and, by me, ever to be remembered visit to Doncaster. As we were on the way from the Old Angel Inn to the Mansionhouse, adjoining which stood, or, to speak more accurately, had stood the kebla to which the steps of my pilgrimage were bent, we were attracted by a small but picturesque group in a shaving shop, exhibited in strong relief by the light of a blazing fire and some glaring lamps. It was late in autumn and on a Saturday evening, at which time those persons in humble life, who cannot shave themselves, and whose sense of religion leads them to think that what may be done on the Saturday night ought not to be put off till the Sunday morning, settle their weekly account with their beards. There was not story enough in the scene to have supplied Wilkie with a subject for his admirable genius to work upon, but he would certainly have sketched the group if he had seen it as we did. Stopping for a minute, at a civil distance from the door, we observed a picture over the fireplace, and it seemed so remarkable that

we asked permission to go in and look at it more nearly. It was an unfinished portrait, evidently of no common person, and by no common hand; and as evidently it had been painted many years ago. The head was so nearly finished that nothing seemed wanting to complete the likeness; the breast and shoulders were faintly sketched in a sort of whitewash, which gave them the appearance of being covered with a cloth. Upon asking the master of the shop if he could tell us whose portrait it was, Mambrino, who seemed to be a good-natured fellow, and was pleased at our making the inquiry, replied that it had been in his possession many years, before he knew himself. A friend of his had made him a present of it, because, he said, the gentleman looked by his dress as if he was just ready to be shaved, and had an apron under his chin; and therefore his shop was the properest place for it. One day, however, the picture attracted the notice of a passing stranger, as it had done ours, and he recognised it for a portrait of Garrick. It certainly was so; and any one who knows Garrick's face may satisfy himself of this when he happens to be in Doncaster. Mambrino's shop is not far from the Old Angel, and on the same side of the street.

My companion told me that when we entered the shop he had begun to hope it might prove to be a portrait of my old friend: he seemed even to be disappointed that we had not fallen upon such a discovery, supposing that it would have gratified me beyond measure. But upon considering in my own mind if this would have been the case, two questions presented themselves. The first was, whether, knowing as I did that the doctor never sat for his portrait, and knowing also confidentially the reason why he never could be persuaded to do so, or rather the feeling which possessed him on that subject—knowing these things, I say, the first question was, whether if a stolen likeness had been discovered, I ought to have rejoiced in the discovery. For as I certainly should have endeavoured to purchase the picture, I should then have had to decide whether or not it was my duty to destroy it; for which—or on the other hand for preserving it—so many strong reasons and so many refined ones, might have been produced, *pro* and *con*, that I could not have done either one or the other, without distrusting the justice of my own determination; if I preserved it, I should continually be self-accused for doing wrong; if I destroyed it, self-reproaches would pursue me for having done what was irretrievable; so that while I lived I should never have been out of my own court of conscience. And let me tell you, reader, that to be impleaded in that court is even worse than being brought into the court of chancery.

Secondly, the more curious question occurred, whether if

there had been a portrait of Dr. Dove, it would have been like him.

“That,” says Mr. Everydayman, “is as it might happen.”

“Pardon me, sir; my question does not regard happening. Chance has nothing to do with the matter. The thing queried is whether it could or could not have been.”

And before I proceed to consider that question, I shall take the counsel which Catwg the Wise gave to his pupil Taliesin; and which, by these presents, I recommend to every reader who may be disposed to consider himself, for the time being, as mine:—

“Think before thou speakest;
 First, what thou shalt speak;
 Secondly, why thou shouldst speak;
 Thirdly, to whom thou mayst have to speak;
 Fourthly, about whom (or what) thou art to speak;
 Fifthly, what will come from what thou mayst speak;
 Sixthly, what may be the benefit from what thou shalt speak;

Seventhly, who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

Put thy word on thy fingers' ends before thou speakest it, and turn it these seven ways before thou speakest it; and there will never come any harm from what thou shalt say!

Catwg the Wise delivered this counsel to Taliesin, Chief of Bards, in giving him his blessing.”

CHAPTER LXIII. P. I.

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING THE QUESTION LAST PROPOSED.

Questo è bene un de' più profondi passi
 Che noi habbiamo ancora oggi tentato;
 E non è mica da huomini bassi.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA

Good and satisfactory likenesses may, beyond all doubt, be taken of Mr. Everydayman himself, and indeed of most persons: and were it otherwise, portrait painting would be a worse profession than it is, though too many an unfortunate artist has reason bitterly to regret that he possessed the talents which tempted him to engage in it. There are few faces of which even a mediocre painter cannot produce what is called a staring likeness, and Sir Thomas Lawrence a handsome one; Sir Thomas is the painter who pleases everybody!

But there are some few faces with which no artist can succeed so as to please himself, (if he has a true feeling for

his own art,) or to content those persons who are best acquainted with the living countenance. This is the case where the character predominates over the features, and that character itself is one in which many and seemingly opposite qualities are compounded. Garrick in Abel Drugger, Garrick in Sir John Brute, and Garrick in King Lear, presented three faces as different as were the parts which he personated; yet the portraits which have been published of him in those parts may be identified by the same marked features, which flexible as they were rendered by his histrionic power, still under all changes retained their strength and their peculiarity. But where the same flexibility exists and the features are not so peculiar or prominent, the character is then given by what is fleeting, not by what is fixed; and it is more difficult to hit a likeness of this kind than to paint a rainbow.

Now I cannot but think that the doctor's countenance was of this kind. I can call it to mind as vividly as it appears to me in dreams; but I could impart no notion of it by description. Words cannot delineate a single feature of his face, such words at least as my knowledge enables me to use. A sculptor, if he had measured it, might have given you technically the relative proportions of his face, in all its parts: a painter might describe the facial angle, and how the eyes were set, and if they were well slit, and how the lips were formed, and whether the chin was in the just mean between rueful length and spectatorial brevity; and whether he could have passed over Strasburgh bridge without hearing any observations made upon his nose. My own opinion is that the sentinel would have had something to say upon that subject; and if he had been a Protestant soldier, (which, if an Alsatian, he was likely to be,) and accustomed to read the Bible, he might have been reminded by it of the Tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus; for as an Italian Poet says—

in prospettiva
Ne mostra un barbaccane sforachiato.*

I might venture also to apply to the doctor's nose that safe generality by which Alcina's is described in the Orlando Furioso.

“Quindi il naso, per mezzo il viso scende,
Che non trova l' invidia ove l'emende.”

But further than this, which amounts to no more than a doubtful opinion and a faint adumbration, I can say nothing that would assist any reader to form an idea at once definite and just, of any part of the doctor's face. I cannot even positively say what was the colour of his eyes. I only know that mirth sparkled in them, scorn flashed from them, thought

* Mattio Franzesi

beamed in them, benevolence glistened in them; that they were easily moved to smiles, easily to tears. No barometer ever indicated more faithfully the changes of the atmosphere than his countenance corresponded to the emotions of his mind . but with a mind which might truly be said to have been

“ so various, that it seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome ;”

thus various not in its principles, or passions, or pursuits, but in its inquiries, and fancies, and speculations, and so alert that nothing seemed to escape its ever-watchful and active apprehension—with such a mind the countenance that was its faithful index, was perpetually varying: its likeness, therefore, at any one moment, could but represent a fraction of the character which identified it, and which left upon you an indescribable and inimitable impression resulting from its totality, though in its totality it never was and never could be seen.

Have I made myself understood ?

I mean to say that the ideal face of any one to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached—that face which is enshrined in our heart of hearts, and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the grave—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the beloved person, not the countenance that we ever actually behold, but its abstract, its idealization, or rather its realization; the spirit of the countenance, its essence and its life. And the finer the character, and the more various its intellectual powers, the more must this true εἶδωλον differ from the most faithful likeness that a painter or a sculptor can produce.

Therefore I conclude that if there had been a portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove, it could not have been like him, for it was as impossible to paint the character which constituted the identity of his countenance, as to paint the flavour of an apple or the fragrance of a rose.

CHAPTER LXIV. P. I.

DEFENCE OF PORTRAIT PAINTING—A SYSTEM OF MORAL COSMETICS RECOMMENDED TO THE LADIES—GWILLIM—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE—GEORGE WITHER—APPLICATION TO THE SUBJECT OF THIS WORK.

Pingitur in tabulis formæ peritura venustas,
Vivat ut in tabulis, quod perit in facie.

OWEN.

THE reader will mistake me greatly if he supposes that, in showing why it was impossible there should be a good portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove, I meant to depreciate the art of portrait painting. I have a very high respect for that art, and no person can be more sincerely persuaded of its moral uses. The great number of portraits in the annual exhibitions of our Royal Academy is so far from displeasing me that I have always regarded it as a symptom of wholesome feeling in the nation—an unequivocal proof that the domestic and social affections are still existing among us in their proper strength, and cherished as they ought to be. And when I have heard at any time observations of the would-be witty kind upon the vanity of those who allow their portraits thus to be hung up for public view, I have generally perceived that the remark implied a much greater degree of conceit in the speaker. As for allowing the portrait to be exhibited, that is no more than an act of justice to the artist, who has no other means of making his abilities known so well, and of forwarding himself in his profession. If we look round the rooms at Somerset House, and observe how large a proportion of the portraits represent children, the old, and persons in middle life, we shall see that very few indeed are those which can have been painted or exhibited for the gratification of personal vanity.

Sir Thomas Lawrence ministers largely to self-admiration; and yet a few years ripen even the most flattering of his portraits into moral pictures;

Perchè, donne mie care, la beltà
Ha l' ali al capo, a le spalle ed a' piè
E vola sì, che non si scorge più
Vestigio alcun ne' visi, dove fù.*

Helen, in her old age, looking at herself in a mirror, is a

* Ricciardetto.

subject which old sonneteers were fond of borrowing from the Greek anthology. Young ladies! you who have sat to Sir Thomas, or any artist of his school, I will tell you how your portraits may be rendered more useful monitors to you in your progress through life than the mirror was to Helen, and how you may derive more satisfaction from them when you are grown old. Without supposing that you actually "called up a look" for the painter's use, I may be certain that none of you during the times of sitting permitted any feeling of ill humour to cast a shade over your countenance; and that if you were not conscious of endeavouring to put on your best looks for the occasion, the painter was desirous of catching them, and would catch the best he could. The most thoughtless of you need not be told that you cannot retain the charms of youthful beauty; but you may retain the charm of an amiable expression through life. Never allow yourselves to be seen with a worse face than you wore for the painter! Whenever you feel ill tempered, remember that you look ugly; and be assured that every emotion of fretfulness, of ill humour, of anger, of irritability, of impatience, of pride, haughtiness, envy, or malice, any unkind, any uncharitable, any ungenerous feeling, lessens the likeness to your picture, and not only deforms you while it lasts, but leaves its trace behind; for the effect of the passions upon the face is more rapid and more certain than that of time.

"His counsel," says Gwillim the pursuivant, "was very behooveful, who advised all gentlewomen often to look on glasses, that so, if they saw themselves beautiful, they might be stirred up to make their minds as fair by virtue as their faces were by nature; but if deformed, they might make amends for their outward deformity, with their intern pulchritude and gracious qualities. And those that are proud of their beauty should consider that their own hue is as brittle as the glass wherein they see it; and that they carry on their shoulders nothing but a scull wrapped in skin, which one day will be loathsome to be looked on."

The conclusion of this passage accorded not with the doctor's feelings. He thought that whatever tended to connect frightful and loathsome associations with the solemn and wholesome contemplation of mortality, ought to be avoided as injudicious and injurious. So, too, with regard to age: if it is dark and unlovely, "the fault," he used to say, "is generally our own. Nature may indeed make it an object of compassion, but not of dislike, unless we ourselves render it so. It is not of necessity that we grow ugly as well as old." Donne says,

"No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face."

He was probably speaking of his wife, for Donne was happy in his marriage, as he deserved to be. There is a beauty which, as the Duchess of Newcastle said of her mother's, is "beyond the reach of time;" that beauty depends upon the mind, upon the temper—young ladies, upon yourselves! George Wither wrote under the best of his portraits—

"What I WAS, is passed by;
What I AM, away doth fly;
What I SHALL BE, none do see;
Yet in THAT my beauties be."

He commenced also a meditation upon that portrait in these impressive lines:—

"When I behold my picture and perceive
How vain it is our portraitures to leave
In lines and shadows, (which make shows to-day
Of that which will to-morrow fade away,)
And think what mean resemblances at best
Are by mechanic instruments express'd,
I thought it better much to leave behind me,
Some draught, in which my living friends might find me,
The same I am, in that which will remain
Till all is ruined and repaired again."

In the same poem he says—

"A picture, though with most exactness made,
Is nothing but the shadow of a shade.
For even our living bodies (though they seem
To others more, or more in our esteem)
Are but the shadow of that real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the fleshly seeing,
And cannot be discerned, until we rise
Immortal objects for immortal eyes."

Like most men, George Wither, as he grew more selfish, was tolerably successful in deceiving himself as to his own motives and state of mind. If ever there was an honest enthusiast, he had been one; afterward he feathered his nest with the spoils of the loyalists and of the bishops; and during this prosperous part of his turbulent life there must have been times, when the remembrance of his former self brought with it more melancholy and more awful thoughts than the sight of his own youthful portrait, in its fantastic garb, or of that more sober resemblance upon which his meditation was composed.

Such a portraiture of the inner or real being as Wither in his better mind wished to leave in his works, for those who knew and loved him, such a portraiture am I endeavouring to compose of Dr. Dove, wherein the world may see what he was, and so become acquainted with his intellectual lineaments, and with those peculiarities, which, forming as it

were the idiosyncrasy of his moral constitution, contributed in no small degree to those ever varying lights and shades of character and feeling in his living countenance, which, I believe, would have baffled the best painter's art.

Poi voi sapete quanto egli è dabbene,
Com' ha giudizio, ingegno, e discrezione,
Come conosce il vero, il bello, e 'l bene.*

CHAPTER LXV. P. I.

SOCIETY OF A COUNTRY TOWN—SUCH A TOWN A MORE FAVOURABLE HABITAT FOR SUCH A PERSON AS DR. DOVE THAN LONDON WOULD HAVE BEEN.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

DONNE.

SUCH, then, as Daniel Dove was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, we are now to consider him, settled at Doncaster, and with his way of life chosen, for better for worse, in all respects; except, as my female readers will remember, that he was neither married, nor engaged, nor likely to be so.

One of the things for which he used to thank God was that the world had not been all before him where to choose. either as to calling or place, but that both had been well chosen for him. To choose upon such just motives as can leave no rational cause for after repentance, requires riper judgment than ought to be expected at the age when the choice is to be made; it is best for us therefore at a time of life when, though perhaps we might choose well, it is impossible that we could choose wisely, to acquiesce in the determination of others, who have knowledge and experience to direct them. Far happier are they who always know what they are to do, than they who have to determine what they will do.

Bisogna far quel che si deve fare,
E non già tutto quello che si vuole.*

Thus he was accustomed to think upon this subject.

* Berni.

† Pananti.

But was he well placed at Doncaster ?

It matters not where those men are placed, who, as South says, "have souls so dull and stupid as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction." Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in the metropolis or in a village, will go on in the ordinary way, conforming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more to those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world of their own, with the whole powers of the head and of the heart too (if they have one) intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit—if they have a heart, I say, for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh. In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient ; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision, and sympathy, and external excitement seem almost indispensable. Just as large towns are the only places in which first-rate workmen in any handicraft business can find employment, so men of letters and of science generally appear to think that nowhere but in a metropolis can they find the opportunities which they desire of improvement or of display. These persons are wise in their generation, but they are not children of light.

Among such persons it may perhaps be thought that our friend should be classed ; and it cannot be doubted that in a more conspicuous field of action, he might have distinguished himself, and obtained a splendid fortune. But for distinction he never entertained the slightest desire, and with the goods of fortune which had fallen to his share he was perfectly contented. But was he favourably situated for his intellectual advancement ? which, if such an inquiry had come before him concerning any other person, is what he would have considered to be the question-issimus. I answer without the slightest hesitation, that he was.

In London he might have mounted a physician's wig, have ridden in his carriage, have attained the honours of the college, and added F.R.S. to his professional initials. He might, if Fortune opening her eyes had chosen to favour desert, have become Sir Daniel Dove, Bart., Physician to his Majesty. But he would then have been a very different person from the Dr. Dove of Doncaster, whose memory will be transmitted to posterity in these volumes, and he would have been much less worthy of being remembered. The course of such a life would have left him no leisure for himself ; and metropolitan society, in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength.

It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence, men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it, or in other words with how little wisdom it is used.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere, and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found; right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues; for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly favoured nation, notwithstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.

The society, then, of Doncaster, in the middle of the last century, was like that of any other country town which was neither the seat of manufactures nor of a bishop's see; in either of which more information of a peculiar kind would have been found—more active minds, or more cultivated ones. There was enough of those eccentricities for which the English, above all other people, are remarkable; those aberrations of intellect which just fail to constitute legal insanity, and which, according to their degree, excite amusement or compassion. Nor was the town without its full share of talents; these there was little to foster and encourage, but happily there was nothing to pervert and stimulate them to a premature and mischievous activity.

In one respect it more resembled an episcopal than a trading city. The four kings, and their respective suits of red and black, were not upon more frequent service in the precincts of a cathedral than in the good town of Doncaster. A stranger, who had been invited to spend the evening with a family there, to which he had been introduced, was asked by the master of the house to take a card as a matter of course; upon his replying that he did not play at cards, the company looked at him with astonishment, and his host exclaimed, "What, sir! not play at cards? the Lord help you!"

I will not say the Lord helped Daniel Dove, because there would be an air of irreverence in the expression, the case

being one in which he, or any one, might help himself. He knew enough of all the games which were then in vogue to have played at them, if he had so thought good; and he would have been as willing, sometimes, in certain moods of mind, to have taken his seat at a card table, in houses where card-playing did not form part of the regular business of life, as to have listened to a tune on the old-fashioned spinnet, or the then newfashioned harpsichord. But that which as an occasional pastime he might have thought harmless, and even wholesome, seemed to him something worse than folly when it was made a killtime—the serious occupation for which people were brought together—the only one at which some of them ever appeared to give themselves the trouble of thinking. And seeing its effects upon the temper, and how nearly this habit was connected with a spirit of gambling, he thought that cards had not without reason been called the devil's books.

I shall not, therefore, introduce the reader to a Doncaster card party, by way of showing him the society of the place. The Mrs. Shuffles, Mrs. Cuts, and Misses Dealem, the Mr. Tittles and Mrs. Tattles, the Humdrums and the Prateapaces, the Fribbles and the Feebles, the Perts and the Prims, the Littlewits and the Longtongues, the Heavyheads and the Broadbelows, are to be found everywhere.

“It is quite right,” says one of the guessers at truth, “that there should be a heavy duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice, and numbing the play of the features; not only to still the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing the qualities of Fortunatis's, is always empty, however much you may put in it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head is the best part of them, and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves.”

CHAPTER LXVI. P. I.

MR. COPLEY OF NETHERHALL—SOCIETY AT HIS HOUSE—DRUMMOND
—BURGH—GRAY—MASON—MILLER THE ORGANIST AND HISTO-
RIAN OF DONCASTER—HERSCHEL.

All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.
HERBERT.

THERE was one house in Doncaster in which cards were never introduced: this house was Netherhall, the seat of Mr. Copley; and there Dr. Dove had the advantage of such society as was at that time very rarely, and is still not often to be enjoyed anywhere.

The Copleys are one of the most ancient families in Doncaster: Robert Grossetete, one of the most eminent of our English churchmen before the Reformation, was a branch from their stock. Robert Copley, who, in the middle of the last century, represented the family, was brought up at Westminster school, and while there took (what is very unusual for boys at Westminster, or any other school, to take) lessons in music. Dr. Crofts was his master, and made him, as has been said by a very competent judge, a very good performer in thoroughbass on the harpsichord. He attempted painting also, but not with equal success; the age of painting in this country had not then arrived.

Mr. Copley's income never exceeded twelve hundred a year; but this, which is still a liberal income, was then a large one, in the hands of a wise and prudent man. Netherhall was the resort of intellectual men, in whose company he delighted; and the poor were fed daily from his table. Drummond, afterward archbishop of York, was his frequent guest: so was Mason; so was Mason's friend, Dr. Burgh; and Gray has sometimes been entertained there. One of the "strong names" of the King of Dahomey means, when interpreted, "wherever I rub I leave my scent." In a better sense than belongs to this metaphorical boast of the power and the disposition to be terrible, it may be said of such men as Gray and Mason that wherever they have resided, or have been entertained as abiding guests, an odour of their memory remains. Who passes by the house at Streatham that was once Mrs. Thrale's, without thinking of Dr. Johnson?

During many years Mr. Copley entertained himself and his friends with a weekly concert at Netherhall, he himself

Sir Brian Cooke and some of his family, and Dr. Miller the organist, and afterward historian of Doncaster, being performers. Miller, who was himself a remarkable person, had the fortune to introduce a more remarkable one to these concerts; it is an interesting anecdote in the history of that person of Miller, and of Doncaster.

About the year 1760, as Miller was dining at Pontefract with the officers of the Durham militia, one of them knowing his love of music, told him they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in England, and yet spoke English almost as well as a native, and who was also an excellent performer on the violin; the officer added, that if Miller would come into another room this German should entertain him with a solo. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Miller heard a solo of Giardini's executed in a manner that surprised him. He afterward took an opportunity of having some private conversation with the young musician, and asked him whether he had engaged himself for any long period to the Durham militia. The answer was, "only from month to month." "Leave them then," said the organist, "and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; and doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation." The offer was accepted as frankly as it was made: and the reader may imagine with what satisfaction Dr. Miller must have remembered this act of generous feeling, when he hears that this young German was Herschel the astronomer.

"My humble mansion," says Miller, "consisted, at that time, but of two rooms. However, poor as I was, my cottage contained a small library of well-chosen books; and it must appear singular that a foreigner who had been so short a time in England should understand even the peculiarities of the language so well, as to fix upon Swift for his favourite author." He took an early opportunity of introducing his new friend at Mr. Copley's concerts; the first violin was resigned to him: and never, says the organist, had I heard the concertos of Corelli, Geminiani, and Avison, or the overtures of Handel, performed more chastely, or more according to the original intention of the composers than by Mr. Herschel. I soon lost my companion: his fame was presently spread abroad; he had the offer of pupils, and was solicited to lead the public concerts both at Wakefield and Halifax. A new organ for the parish church of Halifax was built about this time, and Herschel was one of the seven candidates for the organist's place. They drew lots how they were to perform in succession. Herschel drew the third, the second fell to Mr., afterward Dr. Wainright of Manchester, whose finger was so rapid that old Snetzler, the

organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, *Te tevel! te tevel! he run over te keys like one cat; he will not give my piphes room for to shpeak!* "During Mr. Wainright's performance," says Miller, "I was standing in the middle aisle with Herschel. 'What chance have you,' said I, 'to follow this man?' He replied, 'I don't know; I am sure fingers will not do.' On which he ascended the organ loft, and produced from the organ so uncommon a fulness—such a volume of slow solemn harmony, that I could by no means account for the effect. After this short extempore effusion, he finished with the old hundred psalm tune, which he played better than his opponent. *Ay, ay, cried old Snetzler, tish is very goot, very goot indeet; I vil luf tish man, for he gives my piphes room for to shpeak.* Having afterward asked Mr. Herschel by what means, in the beginning of his performance, he produced so uncommon an effect, he replied, 'I told you fingers would not do!' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, 'one of these,' said he, 'I placed on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above: thus by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.'"

CHAPTER LXVII. P. I.

A MYTHOLOGICAL STORY MORALIZED.

Il faut mettre les fables en presse pour en tirer quelque suc de verité
 --GARASSE.

It is related of the great mythological personage Baly, that Veeshnoo, when he dispossessed him of his impious power, allowed him, in mitigation of his lot, to make his choice, whether he would go to the swerga, and take five ignorant persons with him who were to be his everlasting companions there, or to padalon and have five pundits in his company. Baly preferred the good company with the bad quarters.

That which is called good company has led many a man to a place which it is not considered decorous to mention before "ears polite," is a common, and, therefore, the more an awful truth. The swerga and padalon are the Hindoo heaven and hell; and if the Hindoo fable were not obviously intended to extol the merits of their pundits, or learned men, as the missionary ward explains the title, it might with much seeming likelihood bear this mortal interpretation; that Baly retained the pride of knowledge even

when convinced by the deprivation of his power that the pride of power was vanity, and in consequence drew upon himself a further punishment by his choice.

For although Baly, because of the righteousness with which he had used his power, was so far favoured by the divinity whom he had offended, that he was not condemned to undergo any of those torments of which there was as rich an assortment and as choice a variety in padalon, as ever monkish imagination revelled in devising, it was at the best a dreadful place of abode: and so it would appear if Turner were to paint a picture of its Diamond City from Southey's description. I say Turner, because, though the subject might seem more adapted to Martin's cast of mind, Turner's colouring would well represent the fiery streams and the sulphureous atmosphere; and that colouring being transferred from earthly landscapes to its proper place, his rich genius would have full scope for its appropriate display. Baly, no doubt, as a state prisoner who was to be treated with the highest consideration as well as with the utmost indulgence, would have all the accommodations that Yamen could afford him. There he and the pundits might

“ reason high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,
And find no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

They might argue there of good and evil,

“ Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame :”

and such discourses possibly

“ with a pleasing sorcery might charm
Pain for a while and anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.”

But it would only be *for a while* that they could be thus beguiled by it, for it is

“ Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy !”

it would be only for a while, and they were there for a time which in prospect must appear all but endless. The pundits would not thank him for bringing them there; Baly himself must continually wish he were breathing the heavenly air of the swerga in the company of ignorant but happy associates, and he would regret his unwise choice even more bitterly than he remembered the glorious city wherein he had reigned in his magnificence.

He made a great mistake. If he had gone with the ignorant to heaven he would have seen them happy there, and partaken their happiness, though they might not have been able to derive any gratification from his wisdom ; which said wisdom, peradventure, he himself when he was there might have discovered to be but foolishness. It is only in the company of the good that real enjoyment is to be found ; any other society is hollow and heartless. You may be excited by the play of wit, by the collision of ambitious spirits, and by the brilliant exhibition of self-confident power ; but the satisfaction ends with the scene. Far unlike this is the quiet confiding intercourse of sincere minds and friendly hearts, knowing, and loving, and esteeming each other ; and such intercourse our philosopher enjoyed in Doncaster.

Edward Miller the organist was a person very much after Daniel Dove's own heart. He was a warmhearted, simplehearted, rightharted man ; an enthusiast in his profession, yet not undervaluing, much less despising, other pursuits. The one doctor knew as little of music as the other did of medicine ; but Dr. Dove listened to Miller's performance with great pleasure, and Dr. Miller, when he was indisposed, took Dove's physic with perfect faith.

This musician was brother to William Miller, the bookseller, well known in the early part of the present century as a publisher of splendid works, to whose flourishing business in Albemarle-street the more flourishing John Murray succeeded. In the worldly sense of the word the musician was far less fortunate than the bibliopole, a doctorate in his own science being the height of the honours to which he attained, and the place of organist at Doncaster the height of the preferment. A higher station was once presented to his hopes. The Marquis of Rockingham applied in his behalf for the place of master of his majesty's band of musicians, then vacated by the death of Dr. Boyce ; and the Duke of Manchester, who was at that time lord chamberlain, would have given it him if the king had not particularly desired him to bestow it on Mr. Stanley, the celebrated blind performer on the organ. Dr. Miller was more gratified by this proof of the marquis's good will towards him, than disappointed at its failure. Had the application succeeded he would not have written the History of Doncaster ; nor would he have borne a part in a well intended and judicious attempt at reforming our church psalmody, in which part of our church service reformation is greatly needed. This meritorious attempt was made when George Hay Drummond, whose father had been archbishop of York, was vicar of Doncaster, having been presented to that vicarage in 1785, on the demise of Mr. Hatfield.

At that time the parish clerk, used there as in all other parish churches to choose what psalm should be sung "to the

praise and glory of God," and what portions of it; and considering himself as a much more important personage in this department of his office than the organist, the only communication upon the subject which he held with Dr. Miller was to let him know what tune he must play, and how often he was to repeat it. "Strange absurdity!" says Miller. "How could the organist placed in this degrading situation properly perform his part of the church service? Not knowing the words, it was impossible for him to accommodate his music to the various sentiments contained in different stanzas; consequently his must be a mere random performance, and frequently producing improper effects." This, however, is what only a musician would feel; but it happened one Sunday that the clerk gave out some verses which were either ridiculously inapplicable to the day, or bore some accidental and ludicrous application, so that many of the congregation did not refrain from laughter. Mr. Drummond, upon this, for he was zealously attentive to all the duties of his calling, said to Miller, "that in order to prevent any such occurrence in future, he would make a selection of the best verses in each psalm, from the authorized version of Tate and Brady, and arrange them for every Sunday and festival throughout the year, provided he, the organist, who was perfectly qualified for such a task, would adapt them to proper music." To such a man as Miller this was the greatest gratification that could have been afforded; and it proved also to be of the greatest service that was ever rendered to him in the course of his life; for through Mr. Drummond's interest the king and the bishop patronised the work, and nearly five thousand copies were subscribed for, the list of subscribers being, it is believed, longer than had ever been obtained for any musical publication in this kingdom.

Strange to say, nothing of this kind had been attempted before; for the use of psalmody in our churches was originally no part of the service; but having as it were crept in, and been at first rather suffered than encouraged, and afterward allowed and permitted only, not enjoined, no provision seems ever to have been made for its proper, or even decent performance. And when an arrangement like this of Mr. Drummond's had been prepared, and Dr. Miller, with sound judgment, had adapted it, where that could be done, to the most popular of the old and venerable melodies which had been so long in possession, it may seem more strange that it should not have been brought into general use. This, I say, might be thought strange, if any instance of that supine and sinful negligence which permits the continuance of old and acknowledged defects in the church establishment and church service, could be thought so.

Mr. Drummond had probably been led to think upon this subject by Mason's conversation, and by his Essays, histori-

cal and critical, on English Church Music. Mason, who had a poet's ear and eye, was ambitious of becoming both a musician and a painter. According to Miller he succeeded better in his musical than in his pictorial attempts, for he performed decently on the harpsichord; but in painting he never arrived even at a degree of mediocrity, and in music it was not possible to teach him the principles of composition, Miller and others having at his own desire attempted in vain to instruct him. Nevertheless, such a man, however superficial his knowledge of the art, could not but feel and reason justly upon its use and abuse in our church service; and he was for restricting the organist much in the same way that Drummond and Miller were for restraining the clerk. For after observing that what is called the voluntary requires an innate inventive faculty, which is certainly not the lot of many; and that the happy few who possess it will not at all times be able to restrain it within the bounds which reason and, in this case, religion would prescribe, he said, "it was to be wished, therefore, that in our established church extempore playing were as much discountenanced as extempore praying; and that the organist were as closely obliged in this solo and separate part of his office to keep to set forms, as the officiating minister; or as he himself is when accompanying the choir in an anthem, or a parochial congregation in a psalm." He would have indulged him, however, with a considerable quantity of these set forms, and have allowed him, if he approached in some degree to Rousseau's high character of a preluder, "to descant on certain single grave texts which Tartini, Geminiani, Corelli, or Handel would abundantly furnish, and which may be found at least of equal elegance and propriety in the largo and adagio movements of Haydn or Pleyel."

Whatever Miller may have thought of this proposal, there was a passage in Mason's Essay in favour of voluntaries which was in perfect accord with Dr. Dove's notions. "Prompt and as it were casual strains," says the poet, "which do not fix the attention of the hearer, provided they are the produce of an original fancy, which scorns to debase itself by imitating common and trivial melodies, are of all others the best adapted to induce mental serenity. We in some sort listen to such music as we do to the pleasing murmur of a neighbouring brook, the whisper of the passing breeze, or the distant warblings of the lark and nightingale; and if agreeable natural voices have the power of soothing the contemplative mind, without interrupting its contemplations, simple musical effusions must assuredly have that power in a superior degree. All that is to be attended to by the organist is to preserve such pleasing simplicity; and this, musical measures will ever have, if they are neither strongly accented, nor too regularly rhythmical. But when this is

the case, they cease to soothe us, because they begin to affect us. Add to this that an air replete with short cadences and similar passages is apt to fix itself too strongly on the memory; whereas a merely melodious or harmonical movement glides, as it were, through the ear, awakens a transient pleasing sensation, but leaves behind it no lasting impression. Its effect ceases, when its impulse on the auditory nerve ceases; an impulse strong enough to dispel from the mind *all eating care*, (to use our great poet's own expression,) but in no sort to rouse or ruffle any of its faculties, save those only which attend truly devotional duty."

This passage agreed with some of the doctor's peculiar notions. He felt the power of devotional music both in such preparatory strains as Mason has here described, and in the more exciting emotions of congregational psalmody. And being thus sensible of the religious uses which may be drawn from music, he was the more easily led to entertain certain speculations concerning its application in the treatment of diseases, as will be related hereafter.

CHAPTER LXVIII. P. I.

ECENTRIC PERSONS, WHY APPARENTLY MORE COMMON IN ENGLAND THAN IN OTHER COUNTRIES—HARRY BINGLEY.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet.

THERE is a reason why eccentricity of character seems to be much more frequent in England than in other countries.

Here some reflective reader, methinks, interrupts me with, "Seems, good author?"

"Ay, and it is!"

Have patience, good reader, and hear me to the end! There is a reason why it seems so; and the reason is, because all such eccentricities are recorded here in newspapers and magazines, so that none of them are lost; and the most remarkable are brought forward from time to time, in popular compilations. A collection of what is called *Eccentric Biography* is to form a portion of Mr. Murray's Family Library.

But eccentric characters probably are more frequent among us than among most other nations; and for this there are two causes. The first is to be found in that spirit of inde-

pendence upon which the English pride themselves, and which produces a sort of Drawcansir-like bravery in men who are eccentrically inclined. It becomes a perverse sort of pleasure in them to act preposterously, for the sake of showing that they have a right to do as they please, and the courage to exercise that right, let the rest of the world think what it will of their conduct.

The other reason is, that madhouses very insufficiently supply the place of convents, and very ill also. It might almost be questioned whether convents do not wellnigh make amends to humanity for their manifold mischiefs and abominations, by the relief which they afford as asylums for insanity, in so many of its forms and gradations. They afford a cure also in many of its stages, and precisely upon the same principle on which the treatment in madhouses is founded; but, oh! how differently is that principle applied! That passive obedience to another's will, which in the one case is exacted by authority acting through fear, and oftentimes enforced by no scrupulous or tender means, is in the other required as a religious duty—an act of virtue—a voluntary and accepted sacrifice—a good work which will be carried to the patient's account in the world to come. They who enter a convent are to have no will of their own there; they renounce it solemnly upon their admission; and when this abnegation is sincerely made, the chief mental cause of insanity is removed. For assuredly, in most cases, madness is more frequently a disease of the will than of the intellect. When Diabolus appeared before the town of Mansoul, and made his oration to the citizens at Ear gate, Lord Will-be-will was one of the first that was for consenting to his words and letting him into the town.

We have no such asylums in which madness and fatuity receive every possible alleviation, while they are at the same time subjected to the continual restraint which their condition requires. They are wanted also for repentant sinners, who, when they are awakened to a sense of their folly, and their guilt, and their danger, would fain find a place for religious retirement wherein they might pass the remainder of their days in preparing for death. Lord Goring, the most profligate man of his age, who by his profligacy, as much as by his frequent misconduct, rendered irreparable injury to the cause which he intended to serve, retired to Spain after the ruin of that cause, and there ended his days as a Dominican friar. If there be any record of him in the chronicles of the order, the account ought to be curious, at least, if not edifying. But it is rather (for his own sake) to be hoped than supposed that he did not hate and despise the follies and the frauds of the fraternity into which he had entered, more heartily than the pomps and vanities of the world which he had left.

On the other hand, wherever convents are among the institutions of the land, not to speak of those poor creatures who are thrust into them against their will, or with only a mockery of freedom in their choice, it must often happen that persons enter them in some fit of disappointment, or resentment, or grief, and find themselves, when the first bitterness of passion is past, imprisoned for life by their own rash but irremediable act and deed. The woman who, when untoward circumstances have prevented her from marrying the man she loves, marries one for whom she has no affection, is more likely (poor as her chance is) to find contentment, and perhaps happiness, than if for the same cause she had thrown herself into a nunnery. Yet this latter is the course to which, if she were a Roman Catholic, her thoughts would perhaps preferably at first have turned, and to which they would probably be directed by her confessor.

Men who are weary of the ways of the world, or disgusted with them, have more license, as well as more resources, than women. If they do not enter upon some dangerous path of duty, or commence wanderers, they may choose for themselves an eccentric path, in which, if their habits are not such as expose them to insult, or if their means are sufficient to secure them against it, they are not likely to be molested, provided they have no relations whose interest it may be to apply for a statute of lunacy against them.

A gentleman of this description, well known in London towards the close of George the Second's reign, by the name of Harry Bingley, came in the days of Dr. Dove to reside upon his estate in the parish of Bolton upon Derne, near Doncaster. He had figured as an orator and politician in coffee-houses at the west end of the town, and enjoyed the sort of notoriety which it was then his ambition to obtain; but, discovering with the preacher that this was vanity and vexation of spirit, when it was either too late for him to enter upon domestic life, or his habits had unfitted him for it, he retired to his estate, which, with the house upon it, he had let to a farmer; in that house he occupied two rooms, and there indulged his humour as he had done in London, though it had now taken a very different direction.

"Cousin-german to Idleness," says Burton, is "*nimia solitudo*—too much solitariness. Divers are cast upon this rock for want of means, or out of a strong apprehension of some infirmity, disgrace, or through bashfulness, rudeness, simplicity, they cannot apply themselves to others' company. *Nullum solum infelici gratius solitudine, ubi nullus sit qui miseriam exprobet.* This enforced solitariness takes place and produceth his effect soonest in such as have spent their time jovially, peradventure, in all honest recreations, in good company, in some great family or populous city, and are upon a sudden confined to a desert country cottage far off,

restrained of their liberty, and barred from their ordinary associates. Solitariness is very irksome to such, most tedious, and a sudden cause of great inconvenience."

The change in Bingley's life was as great and sudden as that which the anatomist of melancholy has here described, but it led to no bodily disease nor to any tangible malady. His property was worth about fourteen hundred a year. He kept no servant, and no company; and he lived upon water gruel and celery, except at harvest time, when he regaled himself with sparrow pies, made of the young birds just fledged, for which he paid the poor inhabitants who caught them twopence a head. Probably he supposed that it was rendering the neighbourhood a service thus to rid it of what he considered both a nuisance and a delicacy. This was his only luxury; and his only business was to collect about a dozen boys and girls on Sundays, and hear them say their catechism and read a chapter in the New Testament, for which they received remuneration in the intelligible form of twopence each, but at the feasts and statutes, "most sweet guerdon, better than remuneration," in the shape of sixpence. He stood godfather for several poor people's children: they were baptized by his surname. When they were of proper age he used to put them out as apprentices; and in his will he left each of them a hundred guineas, to be paid when they reached the age of twenty-five if they were married; but not till they married; and if they reached the age of fifty without marrying, the legacy was then forfeited. There were two children for whom he stood godfather, but whose parents did not choose that they should be named after him; he never took any notice of these children, nor did he bequeath them anything; but to one of the others he left the greater part of his property.

This man used every week day to lock himself in the church and pace the aisles for two hours, from ten till twelve o'clock. An author who, in his own peculiar and admirable way, is one of the most affecting writers of any age or country, has described with characteristic feeling the different effects produced upon certain minds by entering an empty or a crowded church. "In the latter," he says, "it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse vainglory on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? go alone on some week day, borrowing the keys of good master sexton; traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has knelt there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there; the meek pastor—the docile parishioners—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place,

till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee!"*

Harry Bingley died in a lodging at Rotherham, whither he had removed when he felt himself ill, that he might save expense by being nearer a physician. According to his own directions his body was brought back from thence to the village, and interred in the churchyard; and he strictly enjoined that no breastplate, handles, or any ornaments whatever should be affixed to his coffin, nor any gravestone placed to mark the spot where his remains were deposited.

Would or would not this godfather-general have been happier in a convent or a hermitage, than he was in thus following his own humour? It was Dr. Dove's opinion that upon the whole he would; not that a conventual, and still less an eremital way of life would have been more rational, but because there would have been a worthier motive for choosing it; and if not a more reasonable hope, at least a firmer persuasion that it was the sure way to salvation.

That Harry Bingley's mind had taken a religious turn, appeared by his choosing the church for his daily place of promenade. Meditation must have been as much his object as exercise, and of a kind which the place invited. It appeared also by the sort of Sunday schooling which he gave the children, long before Sunday schools—whether for good or evil—were instituted, or, as the phrase is, invented by Robert Raikes of eccentric memory. (Patrons and patronesses of Sunday schools, be not offended if a doubt concerning their utility be here implied! The doctor entertained such a doubt: and the why and the wherefore shall in due time be fairly stated.) But Bingley certainly came under the description of a humorist, rather than of a devotee or religious enthusiast; in fact he bore that character. And the doctor's knowledge of human nature led him to conclude that solitary humorists are far from being happy. You see them, as you see the blind, at their happiest times, when they have something to divert their thoughts. But in the humorist's course of life, there is a sort of defiance of the world and the world's law; indeed, any man who departs widely from its usages, avows this; and it is, as it ought to be, an uneasy and uncomfortable feeling, wherever it is not sustained by a high state of excitement; and that state, if it be lasting, becomes madness. Such persons, when left to themselves and to their own reflections, as they necessarily are for the greater part of their time, must often stand not only self-arraigned for folly, but self-condemned for it.

* The Last Essays of Elia.

CHAPTER LXIX. P. I.

A MUSICAL RECLUSE AND HIS SISTER.

Some proverb maker, I forget who, says, "God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle." — *Professor PARK'S Dogmas of the Constitution.*

THE doctor always spoke of Bingley as a melancholy example of strength of character misapplied. But he used to say that strength of character was far from implying strength of mind; and that strength of mind itself was no more a proof of sanity of mind, than strength of body was of bodily health. Both may coexist with mortal maladies, and both, when existing in any remarkable degree, may oftentimes be the cause of them.

Alas for man!
 Exuberant health diseases him, frail worm!
 And the slight bias of untoward chance
 Makes his best virtues from the even line,
 With fatal declination, swerve aside.*

There was another person within his circuit who had taken umbrage at the world, and withdrawn from it to enjoy, or rather to solace himself according to his own humour in retirement; not in solitude, for he had a sister, who with true sisterly affection accommodated herself to his inclinations, and partook of his taste. This gentleman, whose name was Jonathan Staniforth, had taken out a patent for a ploughing machine, and had been deprived, unjustly as he deemed, of the profits which he had expected from it, by a lawsuit. Upon this real disappointment, aggravated by the sense, whether well or ill founded, of injustice, he retired to his mansion in the village of Firbeck, about ten miles south of Doncaster, and there, discarding all thoughts of mechanics, which had been his favourite pursuit, he devoted himself to the practice of music; devoted is not too strong an expression. He had passed the middle of his life before the doctor knew him; and it was not till some twenty years later that Miller became acquainted with him.

"I was introduced," says the organist, "into a room where was sitting a thin old gentleman, upward of seventy years of age, playing on the violin. He had a long time lived sequestered from the world, and dedicated not less

* Roderick.

than eight hours a day to the practice of music. His shrunk shanks were twisted in a peculiar form, by the constant posture in which he sat; and so indifferent was he about the goodness of his instrument, that to my astonishment, he always played on a common Dutch fiddle, the original price of which could not be more than half a guinea; the strings were bad, and the whole instrument dirty and covered with rosin. With this humble companion, he used to work hard every morning on the old solos of Vivaldi, Tassarini, Corelli, and other ancient composers. The evening was reserved for mere amusement, in accompanying an ancient sister, who sung most of the favourite songs from Handel's old Italian operas, which he composed soon after his arrival in England. These operas she had heard on their first representation in London; consequently her performance was to me an uncommon treat. I had an opportunity of comparing the different manner of singing in the beginning of the century, to that which I had been accustomed to hear. And indeed the style was so different, that musically considered, it might truly be called a different language. None of the present embellishments or graces in music were used—no *appoggiatura*—no unadorned sustaining, or swelling long notes; they were warbled by a continual tremulous accent from beginning to end; and when she arrived at the period of an air, the brother's violin became mute, and she, raising her eyes to the top of the room, and stretching out her throat, executed her extempore cadence in a succession of notes perfectly original, and concluded with a long shake something like the bleating of a lamb."

Miller's feelings during this visit were so wholly professional, that in describing this brother and sister forty years afterward, he appears not to have been sensible in how affecting a situation they were placed. Crabbe would have treated these characters finely had they fallen in his way. And so Chancey Hare Townsend could treat them, who has imitated Crabbe with such singular skill, and who has, moreover, music in his soul, and could give the picture the soft touches which it requires.

I must not omit to say that Mr. Staniforth and his sister were benevolent, hospitable, sensible, worthy persons. Thinkest thou, reader, that they gave no proof of good sense in thus passing their lives? Look round the circle of thine acquaintance, and ask thyself how many of those whose time is at their own disposal, dispose of it more wisely—that is to say, more beneficially to others, or more satisfactorily to themselves. The sister fulfilled her proper duties in her proper place, and the brother in contributing to her comfort performed his; to each other they were as their circumstances required them to be, all in all; they were kind

to their poor neighbours, and they were perfectly inoffensive towards the rest of the world. They who are wise unto salvation, know feelingly when they have done best, that their best works are worth nothing; but they who are conscious that they have lived inoffensively may have in that consciousness a reasonable ground of comfort.

The apostle enjoins us to "eschew evil and do good." To do good is not in every one's power; and many who think they are doing it, may be grievously deceived for lack of judgment, and be doing evil the while instead, with the best intentions, but with sad consequences to others, and eventual sorrow for themselves. But it is in every one's power to eschew evil, so far as never to do wilful harm; and if we were all careful never unnecessarily to distress or disquiet those who are committed to our charge, or who must be affected by our conduct—if we made it a point of conscience never to disturb the peace, or diminish the happiness of others—the mass of moral evil by which we are surrounded would speedily be diminished, and with it no inconsiderable portion of those physical ones would be removed, which are the natural consequence and righteous punishment of our misdeeds.

CHAPTER LXX. P. I.

SHOWING THAT ANY HONEST OCCUPATION IS BETTER THAN NONE,
BUT THAT OCCUPATIONS WHICH ARE DEEMED HONOURABLE ARE
NOT ALWAYS HONEST.

J'ai peine à concevoir pourquoi le plûpart des hommes ont une si forte envie d'être heureux, et une si grande incapacité pour le devenir.—*Voyages de MILORD CETON.*

"HAPPY," said Dr. Dove, "is the man, who having his whole time thrown upon his hands makes no worse use of it than to practice eight hours a day upon a bad fiddle." It was a sure evidence, he insisted, that Mr. Staniforth's frame of mind was harmonious; the mental organ was in perfect repair, though the strings of the material instrument jarred; and he enjoyed the scientific delight which Handel's composition gave him abstractedly, in its purity and essence.

"There can now," says an American preacher,* "be no doubt of this truth because there have been so many proofs

* Freeman's Eighteen Sermons.

of it; that the man who retires completely from business, who is resolved to do nothing but enjoy himself, never attains the end at which he aims. If it is not mixed with other ingredients, no cup is so insipid, and at the same time so unhealthful, as the cup of pleasure. When the whole enjoyment of the day is to eat, and drink, and sleep, and talk, and visit, life becomes a burden too heavy to be supported by a feeble old man, and he soon sinks into the arms of spleen, or falls into the jaws of death."

Alas! it is neither so easy a thing, nor so agreeable a one as men commonly expect, to dispose of leisure, when they retire from the business of the world. Their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves.

Go to any seaport town and you will see that the sea captain who has retired upon his well-earned savings, sets up a weathercock in full view from his windows, and watches the variations of the wind as duly as when he was at sea, though no longer with the same anxiety.

Every one who knows the story of the tallow chandler, who, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business, and taken a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself, after a few months trial of a holyday life, requested permission of his successor, to come into town, and assist him on melting days. I have heard of one who kept a retail spirit shop, and having in like manner retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. I have also heard of a butcher in a small country town, who, some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for his amusement.

There is no way of life to which the generality of men cannot conform themselves; and it seems as if the more repugnance they may at first have had to overcome, the better at last they like the occupation. They grow insensible to the loudest and most discordant sounds, or remain only so far sensible of them, that the cessation will awaken them from sleep. The most offensive smells become pleasurable to them in time, even those which are produced by the most offensive substances. The temperature of a glasshouse is not only tolerable but agreeable to those who have their fiery occupation there. Wisely and mercifully was this power of adaptation implanted in us for our good; but in our imperfect and diseased society it is grievously perverted. We make the greater part of the evil circumstances in which we are placed; and then we fit ourselves for those circumstances by a process of systematic degradation, the effect of which most people see in the classes below them, though they may not

be conscious that it is operating in a different manner but with equal force upon themselves.

For there is but too much cause to conclude that our moral sense is more easily blunted than our physical sensations. Roman ladies delighted in seeing the gladiators bleed and die in the public theatre. Spanish ladies at this day clap their hands in exultation at spectacles which make English soldiers sicken and turn away. The most upright lawyer acquires a sort of Swiss conscience for professional use; he is soon taught that considerations of right and wrong have nothing to do with his brief, and that his business is to do the best he can for his client, however bad the case. If this went no further than to save a criminal from punishment, it might be defensible on the ground of humanity, and of charitable hope. But to plead with the whole force of an artful mind in furtherance of a vexatious and malicious suit—and to resist a rightful claim with all the devices of legal subtlety, and all the technicalities of legal craft—I know not how he who considers this to be his duty towards his client can reconcile it with his duty towards his neighbour; or how he thinks it will appear in the account he must one day render to the Lord for the talents which have been committed to his charge.

There are persons indeed who have so far outgrown their catechism as to believe that their only duty is to themselves; and who in the march of intellect have arrived at the convenient conclusion that there is no account to be rendered after death. But they would resent any imputation upon their honour or their courage as an offence not to be forgiven; and it is difficult therefore to understand how even such persons can undertake to plead the cause of a scoundrel in cases of seduction—how they can think that the acceptance of a dirty fee is to justify them for cross-examining an injured and unhappy woman with the cruel wantonness of unmanly insult, bruising the broken reed, and treating her as if she were as totally devoid of shame, as they themselves of decency and of humanity. That men should act thus, and be perfectly unconscious the while that they are acting a cowardly and rascally part—and that society should not punish them for it by looking upon them as men who have lost their caste, would be surprising if we did not too plainly see to what a degree the moral sense, not only of individuals, but of a whole community, may be corrupted.

Physiologists have observed that men and dogs are the only creatures whose nature can accommodate itself to every climate, from the burning sands of the desert to the shores and islands of the frozen ocean. And it is not in their physical nature alone that this power of accommodation is found. Dogs, who beyond all reasonable question have a

sense of duty, and fidelity, and affection towards their human associates—a sense altogether distinct from fear and selfishness—who will rush upon any danger at their master's bidding, and die brokenhearted beside his body or upon his grave—dogs, I say, who have this capacity of virtue, have nevertheless been trained to act with robbers against the traveller, and to hunt down human beings and devour them. But depravity sinks deeper than this in man; for the dog when thus deteriorated acts against no law natural or revealed, no moral sense; he has no power of comparing good and evil, and choosing between them, but may be trained to either, and in either is performing his intelligible duty of obedience.

CHAPTER LXXI. P. I.

TRANSITION IN OUR NARRATIVE PREPARATORY TO A CHANGE IN THE DOCTOR'S LIFE—A SAD STORY SUPPRESSED—THE AUTHOR PROTESTS AGAINST PLAYING WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS READERS—ALL ARE NOT MERRY THAT SEEM MIRTHFUL—THE SCAFFOLD A STAGE—DON RODRIGO CALDERON—THISTLEWOOD—THE WORLD A MASQUERADE, BUT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS IN HIS OWN CHARACTER.

This breaks no rule of order.

- If order were infringed then should I flee
From my chief purpose, and my mark should miss.
Order is nature's beauty, and the way
To order is by rules that art hath found.

GWILLIM.

THE question "Who is the doctor?" has now methinks been answered, though not fully, yet sufficiently for the present stage of our memorials, while he is still a bachelor, a single man, an imperfect individual, half only of the whole being which by the laws of nature, and of Christian polity, it was designed that man should become.

The next question therefore that presents itself for consideration relates to that other, and, as he sometimes called it, better half, which upon the union of the two moieties made him a whole man.

Who was Mrs. Dove?

The reader has been informed how my friend in his early manhood, when about to be a doctor, fell in love. Upon that part of his history I have related all that he communicated, which was all that could by me be known, and probably all

there was to know. From that time he never fell in love again; nor did he ever run into it; but as was formerly intimated, he once caught the affection. The history of this attachment I heard from others; he had suffered too deeply ever to speak of it himself; and having maturely considered the matter I have determined not to relate the circumstances. Suffice it to say, that he might at the same time have caught from the same person an insidious and mortal disease, if his constitution had been as susceptible of the one contagion as his heart was of the other. The tale is too painful to be told. There are authors enough in the world who delight in drawing tears; there will always be young readers enough who are not unwilling to shed them; and perhaps it may be wholesome for the young and happy upon whose tears there is no other call.

Not that the author is to be admired, or even excused, who draws too largely upon our lachrymal glands. The pathetic is a string which may be touched by an unskilful hand, and which has often been played upon by an unfeeling one.

For my own part, I wish to make my readers neither laugh nor weep. It is enough for me, if I may sometimes bring a gleam of sunshine upon thy brow, Pensoso; and a watery one over thy sight, Buonallegro; a smile upon Penserosa's lips, a dimple in Amanda's cheek, and some quiet tears, Sophronia, into those mild eyes, which have shed so many scalding ones! When my subject leads me to distressful scenes, it will, as Southey says, not be

my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.*

The maxim that an author who desires to make us weep must be affected himself by what he writes, is too trite to be repeated in its original language. Both authors and actors, however, can produce this effect without eliciting a spark of feeling from their own hearts; and what perhaps may be deemed more remarkable, they can with the same success excite merriment in others, without partaking of it in the slightest degree themselves. No man ever made his contemporaries laugh more heartily than Scarron, whose bodily sufferings were such that he wished for himself

“à toute heure
Ou la mort, ou santé meilleure :”

and who describes himself in his epistle to Sarazin, as

* Tale of Paraguay.

“ Un Pauvret
 Tres-maigret ;
 Au col tors,
 Dont le corps
 Tout tortu,
 Tout bossu,
 Suranné,
 Décharné,
 Est réduit
 Jour et nuit,
 A souffrir
 Sans guerir
 Des tourmens
 Vehemens.”

It may be said perhaps that Scarron's disposition was eminently cheerful, and that by indulging in buffoonery he produced in himself a pleasurable excitement not unlike that which others seek from strong liquors, or from opium ; and therefore that his example tends to invalidate the assertion in support of which it was adduced. This is a plausible objection ; and I am far from undervaluing the philosophy of Pantagruelism, and from denying that its effects may, and are likely to be as salutary, as any that were ever produced by the proud doctrines of the porch. But I question Scarron's right to the appellation of a Pantagruelist ; his humour had neither the height nor the depth of that philosophy.

There is a well-known anecdote of a physician, who being called in to an unknown patient, found him suffering under the deepest depression of mind, without any discoverable disease, or other assignable cause. The physician advised him to seek for cheerful objects, and recommended him especially to go to the theatre and see a famous actor then in the meridian of his powers, whose comic talents were unrivalled. Alas ! the comedian who kept crowded theatres in a roar was this poor hypochondriac himself !

The state of mind in which such men play their part, whether as authors or actors, was confessed in a letter written from Yarmouth jail to the doctor's friend Miller, by a then well-known performer in this line, George Alexander Stevens. He wrote to describe his distress in prison, and to request that Miller would endeavour to make a small collection for him some night at a concert ; and he told his sad tale sportively. But breaking off that strain he said, “ You may think I can have no sense, that while I am thus wretched I should offer at ridicule ! But, sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable ; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution.”

It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful. Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold. In cases of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence.

this is not surprising; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz when he was at the point of death desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this is accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one habit, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his deathbed, "The Lord will say to me presently, 'My friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapped up!' (*muy arropado*;) and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'"

The author who relates this anecdote, remarks that *o morrer com graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto máo*: the observation is good but untranslatable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour "strong in death;" perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed. Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation; as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!

The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the father confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement beyond all doubt was purely habitual, as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

A personage in one of Webster's plays says—

"I knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before,
And if he did, it only was to speak."

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well-known fact which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow-criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal, would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet, (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known,) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour, to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins!

All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. There is a wide difference indeed in the performers, as there is at a masquerade, between those who assume a character, and those who wear dominos; some play off the agreeable, or the disagreeable, for the sake of attracting notice; others retire as it were into themselves; but you can judge as little of the one as of the other. It is even possible to be acquainted with a man long and familiarly, and as we may suppose intimately, and yet not to know him thoroughly or well. There may be parts of his character with which we have never come in contact—recesses which have never been opened to us—springs upon which we have never touched. Many there are who can keep their vices secret; would that all bad men had sense and shame enough to do so, or were compelled to it by the fear of public opinion! Shame of a very different nature—a moral shamefacedness—which if not itself an instinctive virtue, is near akin to one, makes those who are endowed with the best and highest feelings conceal them from all common eyes; and for our performance of religious duties—our manifestations of piety—we have been warned that what of this kind is done to be seen of men, will not be rewarded openly before men and angels at the last.

If I knew my venerable friend better than I ever knew any other man, it was because he was in many respects unlike other men, and in few points more unlike them than in this, that he always appeared what he was—neither better nor worse. With a discursive intellect, and a fantastic imagination, he retained his simplicity of heart. He had kept that

heart unspotted from the world; his father's blessing was upon him, and he prized it beyond all that the world could have bestowed. Crowe says of us—

“ Our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have naught to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift !”

It was not so with him; his better mind was not as a garment, to be put on and off at pleasure; it was like its plumage to a bird, its beauty and its fragrance to a flower, except that it was not liable to be ruffled, nor to fade, nor to exhale and pass away. His mind was like a peacock, always in full attire; it was only at times, indeed, (to pursue the similitude,) that he expanded and displayed it; but its richness and variety never could be concealed from those who had eyes to see them.

His sweetest mind
'Tween mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind.
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart;
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimentary art.*

What he was in boyhood has been seen, and something also of his manlier years; but as yet little of the ripe fruits of his intellectual autumn have been set before the readers. No such banquet was promised them as that with which they are to be regaled. “The booksellers,” says Somner the antiquary, in an unpublished letter to Dugdale, “affect a great deal of title as advantageous for the sale; but judicious men dislike it, as savouring of too much ostentation, and suspecting the wine is not good where so much bush is hung out.” Somebody, I forget who, wrote a book upon the title of books, regarding the title as a most important part of the composition. The bookseller's fashion of which Somner speaks, has long been obsolete; mine is a brief title promising little, but intending much. It specifies only the Doctor; but his gravities and his levities, his opinions of men and things, his speculations moral and political, physical and spiritual, his philosophy and his religion, each blending with each, and all with all, these are comprised in the &c. of my title page—these and his Pantagruelism to boot. When I meditate upon these I may exclaim with the poet—

Mnemosyne hath kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertained a feast within my brain.†

* Phineas Fletcher, 186.

† Robert Green.

These I shall produce for the entertainment of the idle reader, and for the recreation of the busy one; for the amusement of the young, and the contentment of the old; for the pleasure of the wise, and the approbation of the good; and these when produced will be the monument of Daniel Dove. Of such a man it may indeed be said that he

Is his own marble; and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than death's cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court!*

Some of my contemporaries may remember a story once current at Cambridge, of a luckless undergraduate, who, being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dulness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew!

And yet bulky books are composed, or compiled by men who know as little as this poor empty individual. Tracts, and treatises, and tomes may be, and are written by persons to whom the smallest square sheet of delicate note paper, rose-coloured, or green, or blue, with its embossed border, manufactured expressly for ladies' fingers and crow quills, would afford ample room, and verge enough, for expounding the sum total of their knowledge upon the subject whereon they undertake to enlighten the public.

Were it possible for me to pour out all that I have taken in from him, of whose accumulated stores I, alas! am now the sole living repository, I know not to what extent the precious reminiscences might run.

Per sua gratia singulare
Par ch' io habbi nel capo una seguenza,
Una fontana, un fiume, un lago, un mare,
Id est un pantanaccio d'eloquenza.†

Sidronius Hosschius has supplied me with a simile for this stream of recollections.

“Æstuat et cursu nunquam cessante laborat
Eridanus, fessis irrequietus aquis;
Spumeus it, fervensque, undamque supervenit unda;
Hæc illam, sed et hanc non minus ista premit.
Volvitur, et volvit pariter, motuque perenni
Truditur à fluctu posteriore prior.”

* Middleton.

† Matteo Franzesi.

As I shall proceed

“*Excipiet curam nova cura, laborque laborem,
Nec minus exhausto quod superabit erit.*”

But for stores which in this way have been received, the best compacted memory is like a sieve; more of necessity slips through than stops upon the way; and well is it, if that which is of most value be what remains behind. I have pledged myself, therefore, to no more than I can perform; and this the reader shall have within reasonable limits, and in due time, provided the performance be not prevented by any of the evils incident to human life.

At present, my business is to answer the question “Who was Mrs. Dove?”

CHAPTER LXXII. P. I.

IN WHICH THE FOURTH OF THE QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN CHAPTER II. P. I. IS BEGUN TO BE ANSWERED; SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON ANCESTRY ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE READER IS INFORMED WHY THE AUTHOR DOES NOT WEAR A CAP AND BELLS

Boast not the titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths! they're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

BEN JONSON.

Who was Mrs. Dove?

A woman of the oldest family in this or any other kingdom, for she was beyond all doubt a legitimate descendant of Adam. Her husband perhaps might have rather said that she was a daughter of Eve. But he would have said it with a smile of playfulfulness, not of scorn.

To trace her descent somewhat lower, and bring it nearer to the stock of the Courtenays, the Howards, the Manriques, the Bourbons, and Thundertentronks, she was a descendant of Noah, and of his eldest son Japhet. She was allied to Ham, however, in another way besides this remote niece-ship.

As how I pray you, sir?

Her maiden name was Bacon.

Grave sir, be not disconcerted. I hope you have no an-

tipathy to such things : or at least that they do not act upon you, as the notes of a bagpipe are said to act upon certain persons whose unfortunate idiosyncrasy exposes them to very unpleasant effects from the sound.

Mr. Critickin—for as there is a diminutive for cat, so should there be for critic—I defy you! Before I can be afraid of your claws, you must leave off biting your nails.

I have something better to say to the reader, who follows wherever I lead up and down, high and low, to the hill and to the valley, contented with his guide, and enjoying the prospect which I show him in all its parts, in the detail and in the whole, in the foreground and home scene, as well as in the Pisgah view. I will tell him before the chapter is finished, why I do not wear a cap and bells.

To you, my lady, who may imagine that Miss Bacon was not of a good family, (Lord Verulam's line, as you very properly remark, being extinct,) I beg leave to observe that she was certainly a cousin of your own; somewhere within the tenth and twentieth degrees, if not nearer. And this I proceed to prove.

Every person has two immediate parents, four ancestors in the second degree, eight in the third, and so the pedigree ascends, doubling at every step, till in the twentieth generation, he has no fewer than one million, thirty thousand, eight hundred and ninety-six

great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great

grandfathers and grandmothers. Therefore, my lady, I conceive it to be absolutely certain, that under the Plantagenets, if not in the time of the Tudors some of your ancestors must have been equally ancestors of Miss Deborah Bacon.

“At the conquest,” says Sir Richard Philips, “the ancestry of every one of the English people was the whole population of England; while on the other hand, every one having children at that time, was the direct progenitor of the whole of the living race.”

The reflecting reader sees at once that it must be so. “Plato ait, Neminem regem non ex servis esse oriendum, neminem non servum ex regibus. Omnia ista longa varietas miscuit, et sursum deorsum fortuna versavit. Quis ergo generosus? ad virtutem bene à natura compositus. Hoc unum est intuendum: alioqui, si ad vetera revocas, nemo non inde est, ante quod nihil est.”* And the erudite Ihre in the *Proemium* to his invaluable Glossary, says, “Ut aliquoto cognata

* Seneca.

tionis gradu, sed per monumentorum defectum hodie inexplicabile, omnes homines inter se connexi sunt."

Now then to the gentle reader. The reason why I do not wear a cap and bells is this:—

There are male caps of five kinds which are worn at present in this kingdom: to wit, the military cap, the collegiate cap, the jockey cap, the travelling cap, and the night cap. Observe, reader, I said *kinds*, that is to say in scientific language *genera*—for the *species* and varieties are numerous, especially in the former *genus*.

I am not a soldier; and having long been weaned from Alma Mater, of course have left off my college cap. The gentlemen of the — hunt would object to my going out with the bells on, it would be likely to frighten their horses; and were I to attempt it, it might involve me in unpleasant disputes, which might possibly lead to more unpleasant consequences. To my travelling cap the bells would be an inconvenient appendage; nor would they be a whit more comfortable upon my night cap. Besides, my wife might object to them.

It follows that if I would wear a cap and bells, I must have a cap made on purpose. But this would be rendering myself singular; and of all things, a wise man will most avoid any ostentatious appearance of singularity.

Now I am certainly not singular in playing the fool without one.

And, indeed, if I possessed such a cap, it would not be proper to wear it in this part of my history.



CHAPTER LXXIII. P. I.

RASH MARRIAGES—AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD—AFFLICTION RENDERED A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERER; AND TWO ORPHANS LEFT, THOUGH NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
 And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame:
 Whereas they were supported by the same.
 But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

HERBERT.

Mrs. DOVE was the only child of a clergyman who held a small vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon her father had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations, by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar school in the country, and having

through their influence gained a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the university, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of nature's finest clay, and nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of Heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm; but woman when young, and lovely, and poor, is as a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them, and laughed with them—till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bedside. The disease proved fatal; it communicated to Bacon and his wife, the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Margaret were laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month the widow of Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters, and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him is perhaps doubtful—for the family were either lighthearted, or hardhearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manorhouse and established

herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of 6000*l.* enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but that notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation, and comfort, and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and in endeavouring to fulfil her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was content to live, and even prayed for life; while if it had respected herself only, death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans, who were thus orphaned indeed.

CHAPTER LXXIV. P. I.

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS
EITHER TO HERSELF OR OTHERS—A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND
AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT.

Beauty! my lord—'tis the worst part of woman!
A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies which each breath of care
Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

GOFF.

MISS TREWBODY behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visiters for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret that she might do her duty to her sister's child by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlour. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependance, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holydays, summer and winter, at the grammar school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death: for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill the most favourable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman or Melicent his sister to invite him for midsummer or Christmas. At length in the seventh year a letter announced that his school education was completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at ——— College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time; in the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a

youth who bade so fair to do honour to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honourable connections*. The head of the family promised his part with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking that "thank God there would soon be an end of these demands upon him." Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "please God it should never be said that she refused to do her duty."

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy—an annual ten pounds each: but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The squire's half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay—not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it: and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequence of which was that he had left a child dependant upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret, meantime, was dieted upon the food of bitterness without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books; Nelson's Festivals and Fasts was one, the other was "The Queen's Cabinet unlocked;" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May dew, and buttermilk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rougebox in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, "The Lord forgive me!" when she laid it down: but looking in the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants,

and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health. Nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister; with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependants.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than gray pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

CHAPTER LXXV. P. I.

▲ SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM.

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegance than is the matter of love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.—ROBERT WILMOT.

WHEN Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her headdress at the toilet, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind towards this unexpected guest; and she was prepared

to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect, had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook of his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sat with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snowdrop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard bank, and the bluebells and the cowslip, of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was, he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls: and in his day dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear and an apprehension of disappointment that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly

which he had encouraged, when the door opened and a creature came in—less radiant indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

“Margaret,” said Miss Trewbody, “do you remember your cousin Leonard?”

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. “’Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted!—ten years! But I have not forgotten the parting—nor the blessed days of our childhood.”

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sat trembling and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low, earnest voice, “Dear, dear Margaret!” She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks, the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, “Dear Leonard!” and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

CHAPTER LXXVI. P. I.

A STORY CONCERNING CUPID, WHICH NOT ONE READER IN TEN THOUSAND HAS EVER HEARD BEFORE; A DEFENCE OF LOVE, WHICH WILL BE VERY SATISFACTORY TO THE LADIES.

They do lie,
Lie grossly who say love is blind—by him
And Heaven they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Through ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach its object.

CLAU MONT and FLETCHER.

THE stoics who called our good affections eupathies, did not manage those affections as well as they understood them. They kept them under too severe a discipline, and erroneously believed that the best way to strengthen the heart

was by hardening it. The monks carried this error to its utmost extent, falling indeed into the impious absurdity, that our eupathies are sinful in themselves. The monks have been called the stoics of Christianity; but the philosophy the cloister, can no more bear comparison with that of the porch, than stoicism itself with Christianity, pure and undefiled. Van Helmont compares even the Franciscans with the stoics, "*paucis mutatis*," he says, "*videbam Capucinum esse stoicum Christianum.*" He might have found a closer parallel for them in the Cynics, both for their filth and their extravagance. And here I will relate a rabbinical tradition.

On a time the chiefs of the synagogue, being mighty in prayer, obtained of the Lord, that the evil spirit who had seduced the Jews to commit idolatry, and had brought other nations against them, to overthrow their city, and destroy the temple, should be delivered into their hands for punishment; when, by advice of Zachariah the prophet, they put him in a leaden vessel, and secured him there with a weight of lead upon his face. By this sort of *peine forte et dure*, they laid him so effectually that he has never appeared since. Pursuing then their supplications while the ear of Heaven was open, they entreated that another evil spirit, by whom the people had continually been led astray, might in like manner be put into their power. This prayer also was granted; and the demon with whom poets, lovers, and ladies are familiar, by his heathen name of Cupid, was delivered up to them.

folle per lui
Tutto il mondo si fa. Perisca Amore,
E saggio ogn in sarà.*

The prophet Zachariah warned them not to be too hasty in putting him to death, for fear of the consequences:—

" You shall see
A fine confusion in the country; mark it!"

But the prophet's counsel was as vain as the wise courtier's in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, who remonstrated against the decree for demolishing Cupid's altars. They disregarded his advice: because they were determined upon destroying the enemy now that they had him in their power; and they bound their prisoner fast in chains, while they deliberated by what death he should die. These deliberations lasted three days; on the third day it happened that a new-laid egg was wanted for a sick person, and behold! no such thing was to be found throughout the kingdom of Israel, for since

* Metastasio

this evil spirit was in durance not an egg had been laid; and it appeared upon inquiry, that the whole course of kind was suspended. The chiefs of the synagogue perceived then that not without reason Zachariah had warned them; they saw that if they put their prisoner to death, the world must come to an end; and therefore they contented themselves with putting out his eyes, that he might not see to do so much mischief, and let him go.

Thus it was that Cupid became blind—a fact unknown to the Greek and Roman poets, and to all the rhymesters who have succeeded them.

The rabbis are coarse fblers. Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world would be palsied;

This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.*

Senza di lui
Che diverrian le sfere,
Il mar, la terra? Alla sua chiara face
Si coloran le stelle; ordine e lume
Ei lor ministra; egli mantiene in pace
Gli' elemente discordi; unisce insieme
Gli opposti eccessi; e con eterno giro,
Che sembra caso, ed è saper profondo,
Forma, scompone, e riproduce il mondo.†

It is with this passion as with the Amreeta in Southey's Hindoo tale, the most original of his poems; its effects are beneficial or malignant according to the subject on which it acts. In this respect love may also be likened to the sun under whose influence one plant elaborates nutriment for man, and another poison; and which, while it draws up pestilence from the marsh and jungle, and sets the simoom in motion over the desert, diffuses light, life, and happiness over the healthy and cultivated regions of the earth.

It acts terribly upon poets. Poor creatures, nothing in the whole details of the Ten Persecutions, or the history of the Spanish Inquisition, is more shocking than what they have suffered from love, according to the statements which they have given of their own sufferings. They have endured scorching, frying, roasting, burning, sometimes by a slow fire, sometimes by a quick one; and melting—and this too from a fire which, while it thus affects the heart and liver, raises not a blister upon the skin; resembling in this respect that penal fire which certain theological writers describe as being more intense because it is invisible—existing not in form, but in essence, and acting therefore upon spirit as material and visible fire acts upon the body. Sometimes they

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

† Metastasio.

have undergone from the same cause all the horrors of freezing and petrification. Very frequently the brain is affected; and one peculiar symptom of the insanity arising from this cause is, that the patients are sensible of it, and appear to boast of their misfortune.

Hear how it operated upon Lord Brooke, who is called the most thoughtful of poets, by the most bookful of laureates. The said Lord Brooke in his love, and in his thoughtfulness confesseth thus :—

“I sigh ; I sorrow ; *I do play the fool !*”

Hear how the grave, the learned Pasquier describes its terrible effects upon himself !

“Ja je sens en mes os une flamme nouvelle
Qui me mine, qui m’ard, qui brusle ma mœuelle.”

Hear its worse moral consequences, which Euphues avowed in his wicked days ! “He that cannot dissemble in love is not worthy to live. I am of this mind, that both might and malice, deceit and treachery, all perjury and impiety, may lawfully be committed in love, which is lawless.”

Hear too how Ben Jonson makes the Lady Frampul express her feelings :

“My fires and fears are met : I burn and freeze ;
My liver’s one great coal, my heart shrunk up
With all the fibres ; and the mass of blood
Within me is a standing lake of fire,
Curl’d with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That drive a drift of sleet through all my body,
And shoot a February through my veins.”

And hear how Artemidorus, not the oneirologist, but the great philosopher at the court of the Emperor Sferamond, describes the appearances which he had observed in dissecting some of those unfortunate persons who had died of love. “Quant à mon regard,” says he, “j’en ay veu faire anatomie de quelques uns qui estoient morts de cette maladie, qui avoient leurs entrailles toutes retirées, leur pauvre cœur tout bruslé, leur foye toute enfumé, leurs poulmons tout rostis, les ventricules de leurs cerveaux tous endommagez ; et je croy que leur pauvre ame etoit cuite et arse à petite feu, pour la vehemence et excessif chaleur et ardeur inextinguible qu’ils enduroint lors que la fievre d’amour les avoit surprins.”*

But the most awful description of its dangerous operation upon persons of his own class is given by the prince of the French poets, not undeservedly so called in his own times.

* Amadis de Gaule, liv. 23.

Describing the effect of love upon himself when he is in the presence of his mistress, Ronsard says—

“Tant s'en faut que je sois alors maistre de moy,
Que je ni'rois les dieux, et trahirois mon roy,
Je vendrois mon pay, je meurtrirois mon pere ;
Telle rage me tient après que j'ay tasté
A longs traits amoureux de la poison amère
Qui sort de ces beaux yeux dont je suis enchanté.”

Mercy on us ! neither Petrarch nor poor Abel Shufflebottom himself was so far gone as this !

In a diseased heart it loses its nature, and combining with the morbid affection which it finds produces a new disease.

When it gets into an empty heart, it works there like quicksilver in an apple dumpling, while the astonished cook, ignorant of the roguery which has been played her, thinks that there is not death, but the devil in the pot.

In a full heart, which is tantamount to saying a virtuous one, (for in every other, conscience keeps a void place for itself, and the hollow is always felt,) it is sedative, sanative, and preservative : a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice.

How then did this passion act upon Leonard and Margaret ? In a manner which you will not find described in any of Mr. Thomas Moore's poems ; and which Lord Byron is as incapable of understanding, or even believing in another, as he is of feeling it in himself.

CHAPTER LXXVII. P. I.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Happy the bonds that hold ye ;
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty.
There is no blessedness but in such bondage ;
Happy that happy chain ; such links are heavenly.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

I WILL not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were ; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone : hope will picture it to

others—and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood: a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at college, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own—a second birth—dimly, but yet in some degree resembling that which is effected by divine love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth, or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope—an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercises of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing—which said system improves handwritings by making them

alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and all spelled worse : but letter writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life—perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilization has given us. There was then no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between ; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was as an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own.

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
 Love's golden chain,
 With which it is best freedom to be bound.*

Happy indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as that same sweet poet says, is he

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
 Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace,
 Then in himself such store of wealth doth find
 That he deserves to find so good a place.*

This was Leonard's case ; and when he kissed the paper which her hand had pressed, it was with a consciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affection, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart. To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Whenever they arrived, a headache became the cause or pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber, that she might weep and dream over the precious lines.

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
 Which falls around when all is still and hush ;
 And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
 With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
 Oh love – when womanhood is in the flush,
 And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
 His first breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
 Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.†

* Drummond.

† Allan Cunningham.

INTERCHAPTER VII.

OBSOLETE ANTICIPATIONS ; BEING A LEAF OUT OF AN OLD ALMANAC, WHICH, LIKE OTHER OLD ALMANACS, THOUGH OUT OF DATE IS NOT OUT OF USE.

You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning beforehand.
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you ;
It is my humour

MIDDLETON.

WHEN St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "By reading one book ;" "meaning," says Bishop Taylor, "that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not." Lord Holland's poet, the prolific Lope de Vega, tells us to the same purport :—

"Que es estudiante notable
El que lo es de un libro solo.
Que quando no estavan llenos
De tantos libros agenos,
Como van dexando atras,
Sabian los hombres mas
Porque estudiavan en menos."

The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. Like your sharp shooter, he knows his piece perfectly, and is sure of his shot. I would therefore modestly insinuate to the reader what infinite advantages would be possessed by that fortunate person who shall be the *homo hujus libri*.

According to the lawyers the king's eldest son is for certain purposes of full age as soon as he is born—great being the mysteries of law ! I will assume that in like manner *hic liber* is at once to acquire maturity of fame : for fame, like the oak, is not the product of a single generation ; and a new book in its reputation is but as an acorn, the full growth of which can be known only by posterity. The doctor will not make so great a sensation upon its first appearance as Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler*, or the first two cantos of *Don Juan* ; still less will it be talked of so universally as the murder of Mr. Weire. Talked of, however, it will be—widely, largely, loudly, and *lengthily* talked of ; lauded and vituperated, vilified and extolled, heartily abused and no less heartily admired.

Thus much is quite certain; that before it has been published a week, eight persons will be named as having written it: and these eight positive lies will be affirmed each as positive truths on positive knowledge.

Within the month Mr. Woodbee will write to one marquis, one earl, two bishops, and two reviewers major, assuring them that he is *not* the author. Mr. Sligo will cautiously avoid making any such declaration, and will take occasion significantly to remark upon the exceeding impropriety of saying to any person that a work which has been published anonymously is supposed to be his. He will observe also that it is altogether unwarrantable to ask any one under such circumstances whether the report be true. Mr. Blueman's opinion of the book will be asked by four-and-twenty female correspondents, all of the order of the stocking.

Professor Wilson will give it his hearty praise. Sir Walter Scott will deny that he has any hand in it. Mr. Coleridge will smile if he is asked the question. If it be proposed to Sir Humphrey Davy he will smile too, and perhaps blush also. The laureate will observe a careless silence; Mr. Wordsworth a dignified one. And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.

The opium-eater while he peruses it, will doubt whether there is a book in his hand, or whether he be not in a dream of intellectual delight.

"My little more than nothing," Jeffrey the Second, (for, of the small Jeffreys, Jeffrey Hudson must always be the first,) will look less when he pops upon his own name in its pages. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan is Jeffrey the Third: he must have been placed second in right of seniority, had it not been for the profound respect with which I regard the university of Glasgow. The Rector of Glasgow takes precedence of the Mayor of Garratt.

And what will the reviewers do? I speak not of those who come to their office, (for such there are, though few,) like judges to the bench, stowed with all competent knowledge and in an equitable mind; prejudging nothing, however much they may foreknow; and who give their sentence without regard to persons, upon the merits of the case; but the aspirants and wranglers at the bar; the dribblers and the spitfires; (there are of both sorts;) the puppies who bite for the pleasure which they feel in exercising their teeth, and the dogs whose gratification consists in their knowledge of the pain and injury that they inflict; the creepers of literature, who suck their food like the ivy from what they strangulate and kill; they who have a party to serve, or an opponent to run down; what opinion will they pronounce in their utter ignorance of the author? They

cannot play without a bias in their bowls! Ay, there's the rub!

Ha ha, ha ha! this world doth pass
 Most merrily, I'll be sworn,
 For many an honest Indian ass
 Goes for a unicorn.
 Farra diddle dyno,
 This is idle fyno!
 Tygh hygh, tygh hygh! oh sweet delight!
 He tickles this age that can
 Call Tullia's ape a marmasite,
 And Leda's goose a swan.*

Then the discussion that this book will excite among blue stockings, and blue beards! The stir! the buzz! the bustle! The talk at tea tables in the country and *conversazione* in town—in Mr. Murrays's room, at Mr. Longman's dinners, in Mr. Hatchard's shop—at the Royal Institution—at the Alfred, at the admiralty, at Holland House! Have you seen it? Do you understand it? Are you not disgusted with it? Are you not provoked at it? Are you not delighted with it? Whose is it? Whose can it be?

Is it Walter Scott's?—There is no Scotch in the book—and that hand is never to be mistaken in its masterly strokes. Is it Lord Byron's?—Lord Byron's! Why the author fears God, honours the king, and loves his country and his kind. Is it by little Moore?—If it were we should have sentimental lewdness, Irish patriotism, which is something very like British treason, and a plentiful spicing of personal insults to the prince regent. Is it the laureate?—He lies buried under his own historical quartos! There is neither his mannerism, nor his moralism, nor his methodism. Is it Wordsworth?—What—an elephant cutting capers on the slack wire! Is it Coleridge?—The method indeed of the book might lead to such a suspicion—but then it is intelligible throughout. Mr. A——?—There is Latin in it. Mr. B——?—There is Greek in it. Mr. C——?—It is written in good English. Mr. Hazlitt?—It contains no panegyric upon Bonaparte; no imitations of Charles Lamb; no plagiarisms from Mr. Coleridge's conversation; no abuse of that gentleman, Mr. Southey, and Mr. Wordsworth—and no repetitions of himself. Certainly therefore it is *not* Mr. Hazlitt's.

Is it Charles Lamb?

“Baa! baa! good sheep, have you any wool
 Yes, marry, that I have, three bags full.”

Good sheep I write here, in emendation of the nursery song; because nobody ought to call this Lamb a *black* one.

* British Bibliographer.

Comes it from the admiralty?—There, indeed, wit enough might be found, and acuteness enough, and enough of sagacity, and enough of knowledge both of books and men; but when

The raven croaked as she sat at her meal,
And the old woman knew what he said,*

the old woman knew also by the tone who said it.

Does it contain the knowledge, learning, wit, sprightliness, and good sense which that distinguished patron of letters, my Lord Puttiface Papinhead, has so successfully concealed from the public and from all his most intimate acquaintances during his whole life?

Is it Theodore Hook, with the learned assistance of his brother the archdeacon? A good guess that of the Hook—have an eye to it!

“I guess it is our Washington Irving,” says the New-Englander. The Virginian replies, “I reckon it may be;” and they agree that none of the old country authors are worthy to be compared with him.

Is it Smith?

Which of the Smiths? for they are a numerous people. To say nothing of blacksmiths, whitesmiths, goldsmiths, and silversmiths, there is Sidney, who is joke-Smith to the Edinburgh Review; and William, who is motion-Smith to the dissenters, orthodox and heterodox, in parliament, having been elected to represent them—to wit, the aforesaid dissenters—by the citizens of Norwich. And there is *Cher Bobus*, who works for nobody; and there is Horace and his brother James, who work in Colburn’s forge, at the sign of the Camel. You probably meant these brothers; they are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink; and, to their praise be it spoken, with no gall in it. But their wares are of a very different quality.

Is it the author of *Thinks I to Myself*? “Think you so?” says I to myself, I. Or the author of the *Miseries of Human Life*? George Coleman? Wrangham, unfrocked and in his lighter moods? Yorick of Dublin? Dr. Clarke? Dr. Busby? The author of *My Pocket Book*? D’Israeli? Or that phenomenon of eloquence, the celebrated Irish barrister, Counsellor Phillips? Or may it not be the joint composition of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan? he compounding the speculative, scientific, and erudite ingredients; she intermingling the lighter parts, and infusing her own grace, airiness, vivacity, and spirit through the whole. A well-aimed guess; for they would throw out opinions differing from

* Southey.

their own, as ships in time of war hoist false colours; and thus they would enjoy the baffled curiosity of those wide circles of literature and fashion in which they move with such enviable distinction both at home and abroad.

Is it Mr. Mathurin? Is it Hans Busk?

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, my winsome marrow!”

Is it he who wrote of a world without souls, and made the Velvet Cushion relate its adventures?

Is it Rogers?—The wit and the feeling of the book may fairly lead to such an ascription, if there be sarcasm enough to support it. So may the Pleasures of Memory which the author has evidently enjoyed during the composition.

Is it Mr. Utinam?—He would have written it—if he could. Is it Hookham Frere?—He could have written it—if he would. Has Matthias taken up a new pursuit in literature? Or has William Bankes been trying the experiment whether he can impart as much amusement and instruction by writing as in conversation?

Or is it some new genius, “breaking out at once, like the Irish rebellion, a hundred thousand strong?” Not one of the planets or fixed stars of our literary system, but a comet as brilliant as it is eccentric in its course.

Away the dogs go, whining here, snuffing there, nosing in this place, pricking their ears in that, and now full mouthed upon a false scent, and now again all at fault.

Oh, the delight of walking invisible among mankind!

“Whoever he be,” says Father O’Faggot, “he is an audacious heretic.” “A schoolmaster, by his learning,” says Dr. Fullbottom Wigsby. The bishop would take him for a divine, if there were not sometimes a degree of levity in the book, which, though always innocent, is not altogether consistent with the gown. Sir Fingerfee Dolittle discovers evident marks of the medical profession. “He has manifestly been a traveller,” says the general, “and lived in the world.” The man of letters says it would not surprise him if it were the work of a learned Jew. Mr. Dullman sees nothing in the book to excite the smallest curiosity: he really does not understand it, and doubts whether the author himself knew what he would be at. Mr. M’Dry declares, with a harsh Scotch accent, “It’s just parfit nonsense.”

INTERCHAPTER VIII.

A LEAF OUT OF THE NEW ALMANAC—THE AUTHOR THINKS CONSIDERABLY OF HIS COMMENTATORS; RUMINATES; RELATES AN ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE; QUOTES SOME PYRAMIDAL STANZAS, WHICH ARE NOT THE WORSE FOR THEIR ARCHITECTURE, AND DELIVERS AN OPINION CONCERNING BURNS.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. "*Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.*"—FULLER.

THE commentators in the next millennium, and even in the next century, will, I foresee, have no little difficulty in settling the chronology of this opus. I do not mean the time of its conception, the very day and hour of that happy event having been recorded in the seventh chapter, A. I.: nor the time of its birth, that, as has been registered in the weekly literary journals, having been in the second week of January, 1834. But at what intervening times certain of its chapters and interchapters were composed.

A similar difficulty has been found with the Psalms, the odes of Horace, Shakspeare's plays, and other writings sacred or profane, of such celebrity as to make the critical inquiry an object of reasonable curiosity, or of real moment.

They, however, who peruse the present volume while it is yet a new book, will at once have perceived that between the composition of the preceding chapter and their perusal thereof, an interval as long as one of Nourjahad's judicial visitations of sleep must have elapsed. For many of the great performers, who figured upon the theatre of public life when the anticipations in that chapter were expressed, have made their exits; and others who are not there mentioned, have since that time made their entrances.

The children of that day have reached their stage of adolescence; the youth are now in midlife; the middle aged have grown old, and the old have passed away. I say nothing of the political changes that have intervened. Who can bestow a thought upon the pantomime of politics, when his mind is fixed upon the tragedy of human life?

Robert Landor (a true poet like his great brother, if ever there was one) says finely in his *Impious Banquet*,

"There is a pause near death when men grow bold
Towards all things else."

Before that awful pause, whenever the thought is brought home to us, we feel ourselves near enough to grow indifferent to them, and to perceive the vanity of earthly pursuits, those only excepted which have the good of our fellow-creatures for their object, and tend to our own spiritual improvement.

But this is entering upon a strain too serious for this place; though any reflection upon the lapse of time and the changes that steal on us in its silent course leads naturally to such thoughts.

*Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud mutata sonat.**

Sir Thomas Lawrence was told one day that he had made a portrait which he was then finishing ten years too young, "Well," he replied, "I have; and I see no reason why it should not be made so." There was this reason: ten years, if they bring with them only their ordinary portion of evil and of good, cannot pass over any one's head without leaving their moral as well as physical traces, especially if they have been years of active and intellectual life. The painter therefore who dips his brush in Medea's kettle, neither represents the countenance as it is, nor as it has been.

"And what does that signify?" Sir Thomas might ask in rejoinder. What indeed! Little to any one at present, and nothing when the very few who are concerned in it shall have passed away—except to the artist. The merits of his picture as a work of art are all that will then be considered; its fidelity as a likeness will be taken for granted, or be thought of as little consequence, as in reality it then is.

Yet if Titian or Vandyke had painted upon such a principle, their portraits would not have been esteemed as they now are. We should not have felt the certainty which we now feel, that in looking at the pictures of the Emperor Charles V. and of Cortes; of King Charles the Martyr, and of Strafford, we see the veritable likeness and true character of those ever-memorable personages.

Think of the changes that any ten years in the course of human life produce in body and in mind, and in the face, which is in a certain degree the index of both. From thirty to forty is the decade during which the least outward and visible alteration takes place; and yet how perceptible is it even during that stage in every countenance that is composed of good flesh and blood! For I do not speak of those which look as if they had been hewn out of granite, cut out of a block, cast in bronze, or moulded either in wax, tallow, or paste.

* Petrarch.

Ten years !

Quarles in those Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man, which he presents to the reader as an Egyptian dish dressed in the English fashion, symbolizes it by the similitude of a taper divided into eight equal lengths, which are to burn for ten years each—if the candle be not either wasted, or blown out by the wind, or snuffed out by an unskilful hand, or douted (to use a good old word) with an extinguisher, before it is burned down to the socket. The poem which accompanies the first print of the series, begins thus, in pyramidal stanzas ; such they were designed to be, but their form resembles that of an aztecan or Mexican cu, rather than of an Egyptian pyramid.

1.

Behold
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man !
In those well temper'd days, his time was then,
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

2.

Alas,
And what is that !
They come and slide and pass
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of life are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their shortliv'd task is done.

“I had an old granduncle,” says Burns, “with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years. The good man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of the life and age of man.”

It is certain that this old song was in Burns's mind when he composed to the same cadence those well-known stanzas of which the burden is that “man was made to mourn.” But the old blind man's tears were tears of piety, not of regret ; it was his greatest enjoyment thus to listen and to weep ; and his heart the while was not so much in the past as his hopes were in the future. They were patient hopes ; he knew in whom he believed, and was awaiting his deliverance in God's good time. “Sunt homines qui cum patientiâ moriuntur ; sunt autem quidam perfecti qui cum patientiâ vivunt.”* Burns may perhaps have been conscious in his better hours (and he had many such) that he had inherited the feeling (if not the sober piety) which is so touchingly exemplified in this family anecdote ; that it was the main ingredient in the *athanasia* of his own incomparable effusions ; and that without it he never could have been the moral, and therefore never the truly great poet that he eminently is.

* St. Augustin.

INTERCHAPTER IX.

N ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMENTATORS DRAWN FROM THE HISTORY OF THE KORAN—REMARKS WHICH ARE NOT INTENDED FOR MUSSULMEN, AND WHICH THE MISSIONARIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ARE ADVISED NOT TO TRANSLATE.

You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration, but now and then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing.—JOHN NEWTON.

BUT the most illustrious exemplification of the difficulty which the Doctorean or Dovean commentators will experience in settling the chronology of these chapters is to be found in the history of the Koran.

Mohammedan doctors are agreed that the first part or parcel of their sacred book, which was revealed to the Prophet, consisted of what now stands as the first five verses of the ninety-sixth chapter; and that the chapter which ought to be the last of the whole hundred and fourteen, because it was the last which Mohammed delivered, is placed as the ninth in order.

The manner in which the book was originally produced and afterward put together explains how this happened.

Whenever the impostor found it convenient to issue a portion, one of his disciples wrote it, from his dictation, either upon palm leaves or parchment, and these were put promiscuously into a chest. After his death, Abubeker collected them into a volume, but with so little regard to any principle of order or connection that the only rule which he is supposed to have followed was that of placing the longest chapters first.

Upon this M. Savary remarks, “Ce bouleversement dans un ouvrage qui est un recueil de préceptes donnés dans différens temps et dont les premiers sont souvent abrogés par les suivans, y a jetté la plus grande confusion. On ne doit donc y chercher ni ordre ni suite.” And yet one of the chapters opens with the assertion that “a judicious order reigns in this book,” according to Savary’s version, which here follows those commentators who prefer this among the five interpretations which the words may bear.

Abubeker no doubt was of opinion that it was impossible to put the book together in any way that could detract from its value and its use. If he were, as there is every reason

to think, a true believer, he would infer that the same divine power which revealed it piecemeal would preside over the arrangement, and that the earthly copy would thus miraculously be made a faithful transcript of the eternal and uncreated original.

If, on the other hand, he had been as audacious a knave as his son-in-law, the false prophet himself, he would have come with equal certainty to the same conclusion by a different process; for he would have known that, if the separate portions, when they were taken out of the chest, had been shuffled and dealt like a pack of cards, they would have been just as well assorted as it was possible to assort them.

A North-Country dame, in days of old economy, when the tailor worked for women as well as men, delivered one of her nether garments to a professor of the sartorial art with these directions:—

“Here, talleor, tak this petcut; thoo mun bin’ me’t, and thoo mun tap-bin’ me’t; thoo mun turn it rangsid afoor, tap-sid bottom, insid oot: thoo can do’t, thoo mun do’t, and thoo mun do’t speedly.” Neither Bonaparte nor Wellington ever gave their orders on the field of battle with more precision, or more emphatic and authoritative conciseness.

Less contrivance was required for editing the Koran than for renovating this petticoat. The commander of the faithful had only to stitch it together and bin’ me’t.

The fable is no doubt later than Abubeker’s time, that the first transcript of this book from its eternal and uncreated original in the very essence of the Deity is on the preserved table, fast by the throne of God; on which table all the divine decrees of things past, passing, and to come are recorded. The size of the table may be estimated by that of the pen wherewith these things were written on it. The great pen was one of the first three created things: it is in length five hundred years’ journey, and in breadth eighty; and I suppose the rate of an angel’s travelling is intended, which considerably exceeds that of a railroad, a racehorse, or a carrier pigeon. A copy of the Koran, transcribed upon some celestial material from this original on the preserved table, bound in silk, and ornamented with gold, and set with precious stones from paradise, was shown to the Prophet by the angel Gabriel once a year, for his consolation, and twice during the last year of his life.

Far later is the legend transmitted by the Spanish Moor, Mohammied Rabadan, that Othman arranged the fragments and copied them in the Prophet’s lifetime; and that when this transcript was completed Gabriel presented the Prophet with another copy of the whole, written by his own archangelic hand in heaven, whereby the greatest honour and most perfect satisfaction that could be given to man were imparted, and the most conclusive proof afforded of the fidelity with

which Othman had executed his holy task. For when his copy was collated with the angel's it was found to be so exact, "that not the least tittle was varied or omitted, but it seemed as if the same hand and pen had written them both;" the only difference being in the size of the letters, and consequently of the two books, and in their legibility.

Gabriel's copy was contained in sixteen leaves, the size of a Damascus coin not larger than an English shilling; and the strokes of the letters were so much finer than any human hair, or any visible thread, that they are compared to the hairs of a serpent, which are so fine that no microscope has ever yet discovered them. They were plainly legible to all who were pure and undefiled; but no unclean person could discern a single syllable, nor could any pen ever be made fine enough to imitate such writing. The ink was of a rich purple, the cover of a bright chestnut colour. Mohammed continually carried this wonderful book about him in his bosom, and when he slept he had it always under his pillow or next his heart. After his decease it disappeared, nor though Othman and Ali diligently sought for it, could it ever be found; it was believed, therefore, to have returned to the place from whence it came.

But this is a legend of later date; and learned Mohammedans would reject it not merely as being apocryphal, but as false.

Before I have done with the subject, let me here, on the competent authority of Major Edward Moore, inform the European reader, who may be ignorant of Arabic, that the name of the Arabian false prophet is, in the language of his own country, written with four letters—M, H, M, D—a character called *teshdid* over the medial M denoting that sound to be prolonged or doubled; so that Mahammad would better than any other spelling represent the current vernacular pronunciation.

Here let me observe by the way that the work which the reader has now the privilege of perusing is as justly entitled to the name of the Koran as the so called pseudo-bible itself, because the word signifies "*That which ought to be read*;" and moreover, that, like the Mussulman's Koran, it might also be called Dhikr, which is, being interpreted, "*The Admonition*," because of the salutary instruction and advice which it is intended to convey.

Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths that the theorist could never reach,
And observations taught me I would teach.*

* Cowper.

Having given the reader this timely intimation, I shall now explain in what my commentators will find a difficulty of the same kind as that which Abubeker would have had, if, in putting together the disorderly writings intrusted to his care, he had endeavoured to arrange them according to the order in which the several portions were produced.

When Mohammed wanted to establish an ordinance for his followers, or to take out a license for himself for the breach of his own laws, as when he chose to have an extra allowance of wives, or coveted those of his neighbours, he used to promulgate a fragment of the Koran, revealed *pro re natâ*, that is to say, in honest old English, *for the nonce*. It has been determined with sufficient accuracy at what times certain portions were composed, because the circumstances in his public or private history which rendered them necessary or convenient, are known. And what has been done with these parts might have been done with the whole, if due pains had been taken, at a time when persons were still living who knew when, and why, every separate portion had been—as they believed—revealed. This would have required more diligence than the first caliph had either leisure or inclination to bestow, and perhaps more sagacity than he possessed: the task would have been difficult, but it was possible.

But my commentators will never be able to ascertain anything more of the chronology of this Koran, than the dates of its conception, and of its birthday; the interval between them having been more than twenty years.

INTERCHAPTER X.

MORE ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT—ELUCIDATION FROM HENRY MORE AND DR. WATTS—AN INCIDENTAL OPINION UPON HORACE WALPOLE—THE STREAM OF THOUGHT “FLOWETH AT ITS OWN SWEET WILL”—PICTURES AND BOOKS—A SAYING OF MR. PITT’S CONCERNING WILBERFORCE—THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE SOMETIMES SHOOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che in vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito.—IL CORTEGIANO.

HENRY MORE, in the preface general to the collection of his philosophical writings, says to the reader, “If thy curiosity be forward to inquire what I have done in these new

editions of my books, I am ready to inform thee that I have taken the same liberty in this intellectual garden of my own planting, that men usually take in their natural ones; which is, to set or pluck up, to transplant and inoculate, where and what they please. And therefore if I have razed out some things, (which yet are but very few,) and transposed others, and inserted others, I hope I shall seem injurious to no man in ordering and cultivating this philosophical plantation of mine according to mine own humour and liking."

Except as to the razing out, what our great Platonist has thus said for himself, may here be said for me. "Many things," as the happy old lunatist, Thomas Mace, says, "are good, yea, very good; but yet upon after consideration, we have met with the comparative, which is better; yea, and after that, with the superlative, (best of all,) by adding to, or altering a little, the same good things."

During the years that this opus has been in hand, (and in head and heart also,) nothing was expunged as if it had become obsolete because the persons therein alluded to had departed like shadows, or the subjects there touched on had grown out of date; but much was introduced from time to time where it fitted best. Allusions occur in relation to facts which are many years younger than the body of the chapter in which they have been grafted, thus rendering it impossible for any critic, however acute, to determine the date of any one chapter, by its contents.

What Watts has said of his own *Treatise upon the Improvement of the Mind*, may therefore, with strict fidelity, be applied to this book, which I trust, oh gentle reader, thou wilt regard as specially conducive to the improvement of thine. "The work was composed at different times, and by slow degrees. Now and then indeed it spread itself into branches and leaves, like a plant in April, and advanced seven or eight pages in a week; and sometimes it lay by without growth, like a vegetable in the winter, and did not increase half so much in the revolution of a year. As thoughts occurred to me in reading or meditation, or in my notices of the various appearances of things among mankind, they were thrown under appropriate heads, and were, by degrees, reduced to such a method as the subject would admit. The language and dress of these sentiments is such as the present temper of mind dictated, whether it were grave or pleasant, severe or smiling. And a book which has been twenty years in writing, may be indulged in some variety of style and manner, though I hope there will not be found any great difference of sentiment." With little transposition, Watts's words have been made to suit my purpose; and when he afterward speaks of "so many lines altered, so many things interlined, and so many paragraphs and pages here and there inserted," the circumstances which he mentions

as having deceived him in computing the extent of his work, set forth the embarrassment which the commentators will find in settling the chronology of mine.

The difficulty would not be obviated, were I, like Horace Walpole, (though Heaven knows for no such motives as influenced that posthumous libeller,) to leave a box containing the holograph manuscript of this opus in safe custody, with an injunction that the seals should not be broken till the year of our Lord 2000. Nothing more than what has been here stated, would appear in that inestimable manuscript. Whether I shall leave it as an heirloom in my family, or have it deposited either in the public library of my Alma Mater, or that of my own college, or bequeath it as a last mark of affection to the town of Doncaster, concerns not the present reader. Nor does it concern him to know whether the till then undiscoverable name of the author will be disclosed at the opening of the seals. An adequate motive for placing the manuscript in safe custody is, that a standard would thus be secured for posterity, whereby the always accumulating errors of the press might be corrected. For modern printers make more and greater blunders than the copyists of old.

In any of those works which posterity will not be "willing to let perish," how greatly would the interest be enhanced, if the whole history of its rise and progress were known, and amid what circumstances, and with what views, and in what state of mind, certain parts were composed. Sir Walter, than whom no man ever took more accurate measure of the public taste, knew this well; and posterity will always be grateful to him for having employed his declining years in communicating so much of the history of those works which obtained a wider and more rapid celebrity than any that ever preceded them, and perhaps than any that ever may follow them.

An author of the last generation (I cannot call to mind who) treated such an opinion with contempt, saying in his preface that "there his work was, and that as the public were concerned with it only as it appeared before them, he should say nothing that would recall the blandishments of its childhood:" whether the book was one of which the maturity might just as well be forgotten as the nonage, I do not remember. But he must be little versed in bibliography, who has not learned that such reminiscences are not more agreeable to an author himself, than they are to his readers, (if he obtain any,) in after times; for every trifle that relates to the history of a favourite author, and of his works, then becomes precious.

Far be it from me to despise the relicmongers of literature, or to condemn them, except when they bring to light things which ought to have been buried with the dead; like the

Dumfries craniologists, who, when the grave of Burns was opened to receive the corpse of his wife, took that opportunity of *abstracting* the poet's skull, that they might make a cast from it! Had these men forgotten the malediction which Shakspeare utters from his monument? And had they never read what Wordsworth says to such men in his poet's epitaph:—

“ Art thou one all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

“ Wrapp'd closely in thy sensual fleece,
Oh turn aside—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pinpoint of a soul away!”

Oh for an hour of Burns's for these men's sake! Were there a Witch of Endor in Scotland, it would be an act of comparative piety in her to bring up his spirit; to stigmatize them in verses that would burn for ever, would be a gratification for which he might think it worth while to be thus brought again upon earth.

But to the harmless relicmongers we owe much; much to the Thomas Hearnies and John Nichols, the Isaac Reids, and the Malones, the Haslewoods and Sir Egertons. Individually, I owe them much, and willingly take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation. And let no one suppose that Sir Egerton is disparaged by being thus classed among the pioneers of literature. It is no disparagement for any man of letters, however great his endowments, and however extensive his erudition, to take part in those patient and humble labours by which honour is rendered to his predecessors, and information preserved for those who come after him.

But in every original work which lives and deserves to live there must have been some charms which no editorial diligence can preserve, no critical sagacity recover. The pictures of the old masters suffer much when removed from the places for which (and in which, many of them) they were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other plundermaster-general in Napoleon's armies, and have passed from thence—honestly as regards the purchaser—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place, and in the same light. Still it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot

transplant them. The picture in its new situation is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things.

Literary works of imagination, fancy, or feeling, are liable to no injury of this kind; but in common with pictures they suffer a partial deterioration in even a short lapse of time. In such works as in pictures, there are often passages which once possessed a peculiar interest, personal and local, subordinate to the general interest. The painter introduced into an historical piece the portrait of his mistress, his wife, his child, his dog, his friend, or his faithful servant. The picture is not as a work of art the worse where these persons were not known, or when they are forgotten: but there was once a time when it excited on this account in very many beholders a peculiar delight which it can never more impart.

So it is with certain books; and though there is perhaps little to regret in anything that becomes obsolete, an author may be allowed to sigh over what he feels and knows to be evanescent.

Mr. Pitt used to say of Wilberforce that he was not so single minded in his speeches as might have been expected from the sincerity of his character, and as he would have been if he had been less dependant upon popular support. Those who knew him, and how he was connected, he said, could perceive that some things in his best speeches were intended to *tell* in such and such quarters—upon Benjamin Sleek in one place, Isaac Drab in another, and Nehemiah Wilyman in a third. Well would it be if no man ever looked askant with worse motives!

Observe, reader, that I call him simply Wilberforce, because any common prefix would seem to disparage that name, especially if used by one who regarded him with admiration; and with respect, which is better than admiration, because it can be felt for those only whose virtues entitle them to it; and with kindness, which is better than both, because it is called forth by those kindly qualities that are worth more than any talents, and without which a man, though he may be both great and good, never can be amiable. No one was ever blessed with a larger portion of those gifts and graces which make up the measure of an amiable and happy man.

It will not be thought, then, that I have repeated with any disrespectful intention what was said of Wilberforce by Mr. Pitt. The observation was brought to mind while I was thinking how many passages in these volumes were composed with a double intention, one for the public and for posterity, the other private and personal, written with special pleasure on my part, *speciali gratiâ*, for the sake of certain individuals. Some of these, which are calculated for the me-

ridian of Doncaster, the commentators may possibly, if they make due research, discover ; but there are others which no ingenuity can detect. Their quintessence exhales when the private, which was in these cases the primary intention, has been fulfilled. Yet the consciousness of the emotions which those passages will excite, the recollections they will awaken, the surprise and the smile with which they will be received—yea, and the melancholy gratification—even to tears—which they will impart, has been one and not the least of the many pleasures which I have experienced while employed upon this work.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
-νος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἐνθον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν.*

But while thus declaring that these volumes contain much covert intention of this kind, I utterly disclaim all covert malevolence. My roving shafts are more harmless even than bird bolts, and can hurt none on whom they fall. The arrows with which I aim, carry tokens of remembrance and love, and may be likened to those by which intelligence has been conveyed into besieged places. Of such it is that I have been speaking. Others, indeed, I have in the quiver which are pointed and barbed.

Ἐμοὶ μὲν ὦν Μοῖσα καρτεροῶ-
-τατον βέλος ἀλκὰ τρέφει.*

When one of these is let fly, (with sure aim and never without just cause,) it has its address written on the shaft at full length, like that which Aster directed from the walls of Methone to Philip's right eye.

“Or' c'est assez s' estre esgare de son grand chemin : j'y retourne et le bats, et le trace comme devant.”†

* Pindar.

† Brantome.

CHAPTER LXXVIII. P. I.

AMATORY POETRY NOT ALWAYS OF THE WISEST KIND—AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOME NOTION OF ITS QUANTITY—TRUE LOVE, THOUGH NOT IN EVERY CASE THE BEST POET, THE BEST MORALIST ALWAYS.

El amor es tan ingenioso, que en mi opinion, mas poetas ha hecho el solo, que la misma naturaleza.—PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

I RETURN to the loves of Leonard and Margaret.

That poet asked little from his mistress, who entreated her to bestow upon him, not a whole look, for this would have been too great a mercy for a miserable lover, but part of a look, whether it came from the white of her eye, or the black; and, if even that were too much, then he besought her only to seem to look at him:—

Un guardo—un guardo? no, troppo pietate
 E per misero amante un guardo intero;
 Solo un de' vostri raggi, occhi girate,
 O parte del bel bianco, o del bel nero.
 E se troppo vi par, non mi mirate;
 Ma fate sol semblante di mirarmi,
 Che nol potete far senza bearmi.*

This is a new thought in amatory poetry; and the difficulty of striking out a new thought in such poetry, is of all difficulties the greatest. Think of a look from the white of an eye! Even part of a look, however, is more than a lady will bestow upon one whom she does not favour, and more than one whom she favours will consent to part with. An *Innamorato Furioso* in one of Dryden's tragedies says—

“I'll not one corner of a glance resign!”

Poor Robert Greene, whose repentance has not been disregarded by just posterity, asked his mistress in his licentious days to look upon him with one eye: (no doubt he meant a sheep's eye :) this also was a new thought; and he gave the reason for his request in this sonnet:—

“On women nature did bestow two eyes,
 Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
 Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,

* Chiabrera.

And wary heads, made rare by art's refining,
 But why did nature, in her choice combining,
 Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,
 That they might favour two with equal grace?
 Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
 With the other granted Mars his wished glee.
 If she did so whom Hymen did defy,
 Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me!
 In vain else nature gave two stars to thee.
 If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,
 Allow of two, and prove not nature vain."

Love, they say, 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 doubt that under its inspiration more bad poetry has been produced than by any or all other causes.

*Hæc via jam cunctis nota est, hæc trita poetis
 Materia, hanc omnis tractat ubique liber.**

As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly.†

Vanity, presumption, ambition, adulation, malice, and folly; flatulent emptiness and ill-digested fulness, misdirected talent and misapplied devotion, wantonness and want, good motives, bad motives, and mixed motives, have given birth to verses in such numberless numbers, that the great lake of oblivion in which they have sunk must long ago have been filled up, if there had been any bottom to it. But had it been so filled up, and a foundation thus laid, the quantity of love poems which have gone to the same place would have made a pile there that would have been the eighth wonder of the world. It would have dwarfed the pyramids. Pelion upon Ossa would have seemed but a type of it; and the tower of Babel would not, even when that tower was at its highest elevation, have overtopped it, though the old rhyme says that

"Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell,
 And seven mile still stand, and ever shall."

*Ce n'est que feu de leurs froids chaleurs,
 Ce n'est qu'horreur de leurs feintes douleurs,
 Ce n'est encor de leurs souspirs et pleurs,
 Que vents, pluye, et orages:
 Et bref, ce n'est à ouir leurs chansons,
 De leurs amours, que flammes et glaçons,
 Fleches, liens, et mille autres façons,
 De semblables outrages*

* Scauranus

† Shakspeare.

De voz beautez, ce n'est que tout fin or,
 Perles, crystal, marbre, et ivoryre encor,
 Et tout l'honneur de l'Indique thresor,
 Fleurs, lis, œillets, et roses :
 De voz douceurs ce n'est que sucre et miel,
 De voz rigueures, n'est qu' aloës, et fiel,
 De voz esprits c'est tous ce que le ciel
 Tient de graces encloses.

* * * *

Il n'y a roc, qui n'entende leurs voix,
 Leurs piteux cris ont faict cent mille fois
 leurer les monts, les plaines, et les bois,
 Les antres et fontaines.
 Bref, il n'y a ny solitaires lieux,
 N'y lieux hantez, voyre mesmes les cieux,
 Qui ça et là ne montrent à leurs yeux
 L'image de leurs peines.

Cestuy-la porte en son cueur fluctueux
 De l'océan les flots tumultueux,
 Cestuy l'horreur des vents impetueux
 Sortans de leur caverne :
 L'un d'un Caucase, et Mongibel se plaint,
 L'autre en viellant plus de songes se peingt,
 Qu'il n'en fut onq'en cest orme, qu'on feinct
 En la fosse d'Averne.
 Qui contrefaict ce Tantale mourant
 Bruslé de soif au milieu d'un torrent,
 Qui repaissant un aigle devorant,
 S'accoustre en Promethee :
 Et qui encor, par un plus chaste vœu,
 En se bruslant, veult Hercule estre veu,
 Mais qui se mue en eau, air, terre, et feu,
 Comme un second Protee.

L'un meurt de froid, et l'autre meurt de chaud,
 L'un vole bas, et l'autre vole hault,
 L'un est chetif, l'autre a ce qui luy fault ;
 L'un sur l'esprit se fonde,
 L'autre s'arreste à la beauté du corps ;
 On ne vid onq' si horribles discords
 En ce cahos, qui troubloit les accords
 Dont fut basty le monde.*

But, on the other hand, if love, simple love, is the worst of poets, that same simple love is beyond comparison the best of letter writers. In love poems conceits are distilled from the head; in love letters feelings flow from the heart; and feelings are never so feelingly uttered, affection never so affectionately expressed, truth never so truly spoken, as in such a correspondence. Oh, if the disposition which exists at such times were sustained through life, marriage would then be indeed the perfect union, the "excellent mystery" which our Father requires from those who enter into it, that it should be made; and which it might always be, under his

* Joachim du Bellay.

blessing, were it not for the misconduct of one or the other party, or of both. If such a disposition were maintained—"if the love of husbands and wives were grounded (as it then would be) in virtue and religion, it would make their lives a kind of heaven on earth; it would prevent all those contentions and brawlings which are the great plagues of families, and the lesser hell in passage to the greater." Let no reader think the worse of that sentence because it is taken from that good homely old book, the better for being homely, entitled the *Whole Duty of Man*.

I once met with a book in which a servant girl had written on a blank leaf, "*Not much love after marriage, but a good deal before!*" In her station of life this is but too true; and in high stations also, and in all those intermediate grades where either the follies of the world, or its cares, exercise over us an unwholesome influence. But it is not so with well constituted minds in those favourable circumstances wherein the heart is neither corrupted by wealth, nor hardened by neediness. So far as the tendency of modern usages is to diminish the number of persons who are thus circumstanced, in that same proportion must the sum of happiness be diminished, and of those virtues which are the only safeguard of a nation. And that modern policy and modern manners have this tendency, must be apparent to every one who observes the course both of public and private life.

This girl had picked up a sad maxim from the experience of others; I hope it did not as a consequence make her bestow too much love before marriage herself, and meet with too little after it. I have said much of worthless verses upon this subject; take now, readers, some that may truly be called worthy of it. They are by the Manchester poet, Charles Swain.

1.

"Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this

2.

"Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,

And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!"

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 unprofitable," unless we ourselves render them so. The preservation of the species is not the sole end for which love was implanted in the human heart ; that end the Almighty might as easily have effected by other means : not so the development of our moral nature, which is its higher purpose. The comic poet asserts that

Verum illud verbum est vulgo quod dici solet,
Omnes sibi esse melius malle, quam alteri :†

but this is not true in love. The lover never says

Heus proximus sum egomet mihi ;†

he knows and understands the falsehood of the Greek adage,

"Φιλῆι δ' ἑαυτοῦ πλεῖον οὐδεὶς οὐδένα ;"

and not lovers alone, but husbands, and wives, and parents feel that there are others who are dearer to them than themselves. Little do they know of human nature who speak of marriage as doubling our pleasures and dividing our griefs : it doubles, or more than doubles both.

* Gondibert.

† Terence.

CHAPTER LXXIX. P. I.

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT—TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER—A
LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD.

Read ye that run the awful truth,
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

COWPER.

LEONARD was not more than eight-and-twenty when he obtained a living, a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than 50*l.* a year ; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it ; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly ; but its course was short.

Oh how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away ! *

Little more than five years from the time of their marriage had elapsed, before a headstone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited in the thirtieth year of her age.

When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had passed away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth ; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolized her then ; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to their child ; and so doing to await his own summons,

* Shakspeare.

which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

'Tis the only discipline we are born for ;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.*

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrews that "good husbandry is good divinity;" "the truth whereof," says Fuller, "no wise man will deny." Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him—for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind—he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose, for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear—those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind; at first

one of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories : †

afterward, as she grew up, a favourite with the village schoolmistress, and with the whole parish; docile, good natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as the lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

Oh Christ !
How that which was the life's life of our being,
Can pass away, and we recall it thus ! ‡

That resemblance which was strong in childhood, lessened

* Massinger.

† Dryden.

‡ Isaac Comnenus.

as the child grew up; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and when hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart, instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saintlike character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven.

CHAPTER LXXX. P. I.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

Thus they who reach
Gray hairs, die piecemeal.

SOUTHEY.

THE name of Leonard must now be dropped as we proceed. Some of the South American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their personal appellations, (as most names were originally derived,) from beasts, birds, plants, and other visible objects, abolish, upon the death of every individual, the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language, owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An abolition almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance. The name Leonard was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first,

last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be doctor'd and professor'd; to be captain'd, major'd, colonel'd, general'd, or admiral'd; to be Sir John'd, my lorded, or your-graced. "You and I," says Cranmer in his Answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—"you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we being called to the name of lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!" But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of fortune hears himself first addressed by a new and honourable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less (if that heart be sound at the core) than when, after long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his Christian name, that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is past; and as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them.

It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives of erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and of affection! They are weakened and dissolved by fatal circumstances and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.

"Our men of rank," said my friend one day when he was speaking upon this subject, "are not the only persons who go by different appellations in different parts of their lives. We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I was Dan in my father's house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr. Guy if they were still living. Upon

my removal to Doncaster my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintance Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the doctor, and not among my patients only; friends, acquaintances, and strangers address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be anything but the doctor again, till I am registered at my burial by the same names as at my christening."

CHAPTER LXXXI. P. I.

A QUESTION WHETHER LOVE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL TO THE DEAD—
DOUBTS ADVANCED AND CASES STATED.

Oh even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice!

LORD STERLINE.

In the once popular romance of *Astrea* the question *Si amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée?* is debated in reference to the faithful shepherd, Tyrcis, who having lost his mistress Cleon, (Cleon serving for a name feminine in French, as Stella has done in English,) and continuing constant to her memory, is persecuted by the pertinacious advances of Laonice. The sage shepherd, Sylvandre, before whom the point is argued, and to whom it is referred for judgment, delivers, to the great disappointment of the lady, the following sentence: "Qu'une amour perissable n'est pas vray amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui luy à donné naissance. C'est pourquoy ceux qui ont aimé le corps seulement, doivent enclorre toutes les amours du corps dans le mesme tombeau ou il s'enserre: mais ceux qui outre cela ont aimé l'esprit, doivent avec leur amour voler apres cet esprit aimé jusques au plus haut ciel, sans que les distances les puissent separer."

The character of a constant mourner is sometimes introduced in romances of the earlier and nobler class; but it is rare in those works of fiction, and indeed it is not common in what has happily been called the romance of real life. Let me however restrict this assertion within its proper bounds. What is meant to be here asserted, (and it is pertinent to this part of our story,) is, that it is not common for any one who has been left a widow, or widower, early in life, to remain so always out of pure affection to the memory of the dead, unmingled with any other consideration or cause.

Such constancy can be found only where there is the union of a strong imagination and a strong heart, which, perhaps, is a rare union; and if to these a strong mind be united, the effect would probably be different.

It is only in a strong imagination that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold, as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect, is likely to give way. A deep sense of religion would avert the latter alternative; but I will not say that it is any preservative against the former.

A most affecting instance of this kind is related by Dr. Uwins in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed, "He is dead!" But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. "From that fatal moment," says the author, "has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!'"

There is a more remarkable case in which love, after it had long been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man residing in the neighbourhood of that city found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterward, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication was a little grandchild, who strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and a day or two before his death, he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin—a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

Mr. Newton of Olney says, that once in the West Indies, upon not receiving letters from his wife in England, he concluded that surely she was dead, and this apprehension affected him so much that he was nearly sinking under it. "I felt," says he, "some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness which is commonly called a broken heart; and, indeed, I wonder that this case is not more

common than it appears to be. How often do the potsherds of the earth presume to contend with their Maker! and what a wonder of mercy is it that they are not all broken!"

This is a stern opinion; and he who delivered it held stern tenets, though in his own disposition compassionate and tender. He was one who could project his feelings, and relieve himself in the effort. No husband ever loved his wife more passionately, nor with a more imaginative affection; the long and wasting disease by which she was consumed, affected him proportionably to this deep attachment; but immediately upon her death he roused himself, after the example of David, threw off his grief, and preached her funeral sermon. He ought to have known that this kind of strength and in this degree, is given to very few of us; that a heart may break, even though it be thoroughly resigned to the will of God, and acquiesces in it, and has a lively faith in God's mercies; yea, that this very resignation, this entire acquiescence, this sure and certain hope, may even accelerate its breaking; and a soul thus chastened, thus purified, thus ripened for immortality, may unconsciously work out the deliverance which it ardently, but piously withal, desires.

What were the doctor's thoughts upon this subject, and others connected with it, will appear in the proper place. It is touched upon here in relation to Leonard. His love for Margaret might be said to have begun with her life, and it lasted as long as his own. No thought of a second marriage even entered his mind; though in the case of another person, his calm views of human nature and of the course of life would have led him to advise it.

CHAPTER LXXXII. P. I.

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALLPOX, TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

Long-waiting love doth entrance find
Into the slow-believing mind.

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

WHEN Deborah was about nineteen, the smallpox broke out in Doncaster, and soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning everywhere a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong that Mr. Bacon, though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful, but advisable, refrained from having his

daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it during her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour; still more because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where consequently the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child; and that as a pastor also it became him now in his own family to set an example to his parishioners.

Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgment, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr. Bacon therefore went to Doncaster and called upon Dr. Dove. "I do not," said he, "ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care—putting our trust in Providence."

Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr. Bacon and the doctor, further than that they knew each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance the doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

"Did he fall in love with his patient?"

No, ladies.

You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love once, though I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case, he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion is in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love, to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.

For he let me set before the judicious reader certain pertinent remarks by the pious and well-known author of a popular treatise on the Right Use of Reason a treatise

which has been much read to little purpose. That author observes, that "those writers and speakers, whose chief business is to amuse or delight, to allure, terrify, or persuade mankind, do not confine themselves to any natural order, but in a cryptical or hidden method, adapt everything to their designed ends. Sometimes they omit those things which might injure their design, or grow tedious to their hearers, though they seem to have a necessary relation to the point in hand; sometimes they add those things which have no great reference to the subject, but are suited to allure or refresh the mind and the ear. They dilate sometimes, and flourish long upon little incidents; and they skip over and but lightly touch the drier part of the theme. They omit things essential which are not beautiful; they insert little needless circumstances and beautiful digressions; they invert times and actions, in order to place everything in the most affecting light; they place the first things last, and the last things first, with wondrous art; and yet so manage it as to conceal their artifice, and lead the senses and passions of their hearers into a pleasing and powerful captivity."

CHAPTER LXXXIII. P. I.

THE AUTHOR REQUESTS THE READER NOT TO BE IMPATIENT—
SHOWS FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY AT WHAT RATE A JUDICIOUS
WRITER OUGHT TO PROCEED—DISCLAIMS PROLIXITY FOR HIM-
SELF, AND GIVES EXAMPLES OF IT IN A GERMAN PROFESSOR,
A JEWISH RABBI, AND TWO COUNSELLORS, ENGLISH AND AMER-
ICAN.

Pand. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus. Still have I tarried.

Pand. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter. the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

I PASSED over fourteen years of the doctor's boyhood and adolescence, as it may be remembered was stated in the twenty-fifth chapter; but I must not in like manner pass over the years that intervened between his first acquaintance with Deborah Bacon, and the happy day whereon the bells of St

George's welcomed her to Doncaster as his bride. It would be as inconsistent with my design to pretermitt this latter portion of his life, as it would have been incompatible with my limits to have recorded the details of the former, worthy to be recorded as they were. If any of my readers should be impatient on this occasion, and think that I ought to have proceeded to the marriage without delay, or at least to the courtship, I must admonish them in the words of a Turkish saying, that "Hurry comes from the devil, and slow advancing from Allah." "Needs must go when the devil drives," says the proverb; but the devil shall never drive me. I will take care never to go at such a rate "as if haste had maimed speed by overrunning it at starting."

"The just composer of a legitimate piece," says Lord Shaftesbury, "is like an able traveller, who exactly measures his journey, considers his ground, premeditates his stages and intervals of relaxation and intention, to the very conclusion of his undertaking, that he happily arrives where he first proposed at setting out. He is not presently upon the spur, or in his full career, but walks his steed leisurely out of the stable, settles himself in his stirrups, and when fair road and season offer, puts on, perhaps, to a round trot, thence into a gallop, and after a while takes up. As down, or meadow, or shady lane present themselves, he accordingly suits his pace, favours his palfrey, and is sure not to bring him puffing and in a heat into his last inn."

Yes, reader,

matter needless, of importless burden*

may as little be expected to flow from the slit of my pen, as to "divide the lips" of wise Ulysses. On the other hand, what is needful, what is weighty in its import, let who will be impatient, must not be left unsaid.

varie fila a varie tele
Uopo mi son, che tutte ordire intendo.†

It is affirmed by the angelic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, that of corporeal things the quantity is in proportion to the quality, that which is best being always in the same degree the greatest. "Thus in this our universe," he says, "the water is more than the earth, the air more than the water, the fire more than the air: the first heaven larger than the sphere of fire, the second than the first, the third than the second; and so they proceed increasing to the tenth sphere, and to the empyrean, which is, *inestimabilis et incomparabilis magnitudinis.*"

Upon the principle which this greatest of the schoolmen

* Troilus and Cressida.

† Ariosto.

has assumed, I leave the reader to infer what would be the probable and proper extent of the present opus, were I to indulge my genius and render justice to the subject.

To make it exceed in length the histories of Sir Charles Grandison and of Clarissa Harlowe, or the bulkier romances of Calprenede and the Scuderys, it would not be necessary to handle it in the manner of a lawyer who, having no more argument than would lie in a nut shell, wiredraws it and hammers at it, and hammers at it and wiredraws it, and then wiredraws it and hammers at it again, like a lecturer who is exhibiting the infinite ductility of gold.

“What a gift,” says Fuller, “had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!” Mercator, in the description of Austria in his atlas, has made mention of this arch-emperor of the spintexts.

If I had been in John Halsebach’s place, my exposition of that first chapter would have been comprised in one lecture, of no hungry or sleepy duration. But if John Halsebach were in mine, he would have filled more volumes than Rees’s Cyclopedia with his account of Daniel Dove.

And yet Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna professor. It is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with three hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while he should be engaged in it.

It is well known upon one of the English circuits that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness whom it was necessary to produce upon the trial. But what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who upon a like emergency held the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He indeed was put to his wits end, for words wherewith to fill up the time; and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal (the biographer of Washington and the most patient of listeners) was so far moved at last as to say, “Mr. Such a one! (addressing him by his name in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,) there are some things with which the court should be supposed to be acquainted.”

I can say with Burton, “Malo decem potius verba, decies repetita licet, abundare, quam unum desiderari.” “To say more than a man can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken; but to say what a man ought to say—there”—with Simon the tanner of Queenborough—“I leave you.”

CHAPTER LXXXIV. P. I.

A LOOP DROPPED IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER IS HERE TAKEN UP.

Enobarbus. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.
Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the last chapter an illustration of tediousness was omitted, because it so happily exhibits the manner in which a stop may be put to a tedious discourse without incivility that it deserves a chapter to itself.

When Madame de Stael resided at Copet, it was her custom to collect around her in the evening a circle of literati, the blue legs of Geneva, by some one of whom an essay, a disquisition, or a portion of a work in progress, was frequently read aloud to entertain the rest. Professor Dragg's History of Religion had occupied on one of those evenings more time than was thought necessary, or convenient, by the company, and especially by the lady of the chateau. It began at the beginning of the world, and did not pass to the deluge with the rapidity which Dandin required from the pleader in Racine's comedy, who in like manner opened his case before the creation. Age after age rolled away over the professor's tongue, the course of which seemed to be interminable as that of the hand of the dial, while the clock struck the hour, and the quarter, and the half hour, and the third quarter, and then the whole hour again, and then again the quarters. "A tedious person," says Ben Jonson, "is one a man would leap a steeple from." Madame de Stael could tolerate nothing that was dry, except her father; but she could neither leap out of her own window, nor walk out of her own room, to escape from Professor Dragg. She looked wistfully round, and saw upon many a countenance an occasional and frequent movement about the lips, indicating that a yawn was at that moment painfully stifled in its birth. Dumont committed no such violence upon nature; he had resigned himself to sleep. The professor went steadily on. Dumont slept audibly. The professor was deaf to every sound but that of his own voice. Madame de Stael was in despair. The professor coming to the end of an eloquent chapter, declaimed with great force and vehemence the emphatic close, and prepared to begin the next. Just in that interstice of time, Dumont stirred and snorted. Madame

de Stael seized the opportunity; she clapped her hands, and ejaculated *Mon Dieu! Voyez Dumont! Il a dormi pendant deux siecles!* Dumont opened his eyes, and Professor Dragg closed his manuscript.

CHAPTER LXXXV. P. I.

THE DOCTOR'S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN—EARLY FRIENDSHIP—COWPER'S MELANCHOLY OBSERVATION THAT GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES TO BE CORRECTED—YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN THE COMMON COURSE OF THINGS—A FINE FRAGMENT BY WALTER LANDOR.

Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren umstands.

Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!

Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,

Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth!

Klein ercheinet es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;

Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.

GOETHE.

THE circumstances of my friend's boyhood and early youth, though singularly favourable to his peculiar cast of mind, in many or indeed most respects, were in this point disadvantageous, that they afforded him little or no opportunity of forming those early friendships which, when they are well formed, contribute so largely to our future happiness. Perhaps the greatest advantage of public education, as compared with private, is, that it presents more such opportunities than are ever met with in any subsequent stage of human life. And yet even then in friendship, as afterward in love, we are for the most part less directed by choice than by what is called chance.

Daniel Dove never associated with so many persons of his own age at any other time as during his studies at Leyden. But he was a foreigner there, and this is almost as great an obstacle to friendship as to matrimony; and there were few English students among whom to choose. Dr. Brocklesby took his degree, and left the university the year before he entered it. Brocklesby was a person in whose society he might have delighted; but he was a cruel experimentalist, and the dispathy which this must have excited in our friend, whose love of science, ardent as it was, never overcame the sense of humanity, would have counteracted the attraction of any intellectual powers, however brilliant. Akenside, with whom in many respects he would have felt himself in

unison, and by whose society he might have profited, graduated also there just before his time.

He had a contemporary more remarkable than either in his countryman John Wilkes, who was pursuing his studies there, not without some diligence, under the superintendence of a private tutor; and who obtained much notice for those lively and agreeable talents which were afterward so flagrantly abused. But the strict and conscientious frugality which Dove observed rendered it unfit for him to associate with one who had a liberal allowance, and expended it lavishly: and there was also a stronger impediment to any intimacy between them; for no talents, however companionable, no qualities, however engaging, could have induced him to associate with a man whose irreligion was of the worst kind, and who delighted in licentious conversation.

There was one of his countrymen indeed there, (so far as a Scotchman may be called so,) with whom he formed an acquaintance that might have ripened into intimacy, if their lots had fallen near to each other in after life. This was Thomas Dickson, a native of Dumfries; they attended the same lectures, and consorted on terms of friendly familiarity. But when their university course is completed men separate, like stage-coach travellers at the end of a journey, or fellow-passengers in a ship when they reach their port. While Dove "pursued the noiseless tenour of his way" at Doncaster, Dickson tried his fortune in the metropolis, where he became physician to the London Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died in the year 1784, and is said in his epitaph to have been "a man of singular probity, loyalty, and humanity; kind to his relations, beloved by all who knew him, learned and skilful in his profession. Unfeared by the poor, he lived to do good, and died a Christian believer." For a while some intercourse between him and the doctor had been kept up by letters; but the intervals in their correspondence became longer and longer as each grew more engaged in business; and new connections gradually effaced an impression which had not been made early, nor had ever been very deep. The friendship that with no intercourse to nourish it, keeps itself alive for years, must have strong roots in a good soil.

Cowper regarded these early connections in an unfavourable and melancholy mood. "For my own part," says he, "I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates out of about three hundred, in ten years time not one was left me. The truth is, that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another, that looks very like a friendship; and while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and to assist each other, promises well and bids

fair to be lasting. But they are no sooner separated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connections and new employments in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this, the *man* frequently differs so much from the *boy*—his principles, manners, temper, and conduct undergo so great an alteration—that we no longer recognise in him our old playfellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections.” These sentiments he has also expressed in verse:—

“ school friendships are not always found,
 Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
 The most disinterested and virtuous minds
 In early years connected, time unbinds;
 New situations give a different cast
 Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
 And he that seem'd our counterpart at first,
 Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
 Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
 And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
 Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
 Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known.
 Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
 But learns his error in maturer years,
 When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
 Shows all his rents and patches to the world.”

Disposition, however, is the one thing which undergoes no other change than that of growth in after life. The physical constitution, when any morbid principle is innate in it, rarely alters: the moral constitution (except by a miracle of God's mercy) never.

ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰὶ
 Ὅ μὲν πομηρός, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός.*

“Believe if you will,” say the Persians, “that a mountain has removed from one place to another; but if you are told that a man has changed his nature, believe it not!”

The best of us have but too much cause for making it part of our daily prayer that we fall into no sin! But there is an original pravity which deserves to be so called in the darkest import of the term—an inborn and incurable disease of the moral being, manifested as soon as it has strength to show itself; and wherever this is perceived in earliest youth, it may too surely be predicted what is to be expected when all control of discipline is removed. Of those that bring with them such a disposition into the world, it cannot be said that they fall into sin, because it is too manifest that they

* Euripides.

seek and pursue it as the bent of their nature. No wonder that wild theories have been devised to account for what is so mysterious, so awful, and yet so incontestable! Zephaniah Holwell, who will always be remembered for his sufferings in the Black Hole, wrote a strange book, in which he endeavoured to prove that men were fallen angels, that is, that human bodies are the forms in which fallen angels are condemned to suffer for the sins which they have committed in their former state. Akin to this is the Jewish fancy, held by Josephus, as well as his less liberalized countrymen, that the souls of wicked men deceased got into the bodies of the living and possessed them; and by this agency they accounted for all diseases. Holwell's theory is no doubt as old as any part of the oriental systems of philosophy and figments; it is one of the many vain attempts to account for that fallen nature of which every man who is sincere enough to look into his own heart finds there what may too truly be called an indwelling witness. Something like the Jewish notion was held by John Wesley and Adam Clarke; and there are certain cases in which it is difficult not to admit it, especially when the question of the demoniacs is considered. Nor is there anything that shocks us in supposing this to be possible for the body, and the mind also, as depending upon the bodily organs. But that the moral being, the soul itself, the life of life, the immortal part, should appear, as so often it undoubtedly does, to be thus possessed, this indeed is of all mysterious things the darkest.

For a disposition thus evil in its nature it almost seems as if there could be no hope. On the other hand, there is no security in a good one, if the support of good principles (that is to say, of religion, of Christian faith) be wanting. It may be soured by misfortunes, it may be corrupted by wealth, it may be blighted by neediness, it may lose "all its original brightness."

School friendships arise out of sympathy of disposition at an age when the natural disposition is under little control and less disguise; and there are reasons enough, of a less melancholy kind than Cowper contemplated, why so few of these blossoms set, and of those which afford a promise of fruit, why so small a proportion should bring it to maturity. "The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie,"* and even when not thus dissolved, the mutual attachment which in boyhood is continually strengthened by similarity of circumstance and pursuits, dies a natural death in most cases when that similarity ceases. If one goes north in the intellectual bearings of his course in life, and the other south, they will at last be far as the poles asunder. If their pursuits are altogether different, and their opinions repugnant,

* Shakspeare.

in the first case they cease to think of each other with any warm interest; in the second, if they think of each other at all, it is with an uncomfortable feeling, and a painful sense of change.

The way in which too many ordinary minds are worsened by the mere course of time is finely delineated by Landor, in some verses which he designed as an imitation, not of a particular passage in a favourite Greek author, but of his manner and style of thought.

“ Friendship, in each successive stage of life,
 As we approach him, varies to the view;
 In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
 Of Love without his arrows and his wings.
 Soon afterward with Bacchus and with Pan
 Thou findest him; or hearest him resign,
 To some dog-pastor, by the quiet fire,
 With much good will and jocular adieu,
 His ageworn mule, or brokenhearted steed.
 Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace;
 Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear
 Thou art the best good fellow in the world,
 But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!
 Or laughter wag his newly bearded chin
 At recollection of his childish hours.
 But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,
 When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory fails,
 Look at yon fig-tree statue! golden once,
 As all would deem it, rottenness falls out
 At every little hole the worms have made;
 And if thou triest to lift it up again
 It breaks upon thee! Leave it! touch in not
 Its very lightness would encumber thee.
 Come—thou hast seen it: 'tis enough; be gone!”

The admirable writer who composed these verses in some melancholy mood, is said to be himself one of the most constant and affectionate of friends. It may indeed safely be affirmed that generous minds, when they have once known each other, never can be alienated as long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. No distance of place, or lapse of time, can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth. There are even some broken attachments in friendship, as well as in love, which nothing can destroy, and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption.

There are a few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me; and

who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far asunder, we know that we are travelling the same road towards our resting-place in heaven. "There is such a pleasure as this," says Cowper, "which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation."

CHAPTER LXXXVI. P. I.

PETER HOPKINS—REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT HE WAS AS GOOD A PRACTITIONER AS ANY IN ENGLAND; THOUGH NOT THE BEST—THE FITTEST MASTER FOR DANIEL DOVE—HIS SKILL IN ASTROLOGY.

Que sea Medico mas grave
 Quien mas aforismos sabe,
 Bien puede ser.
 Mas que no sea mas experto
 El que mas huviere muerto,
 No puede ser.

GONGORA.

OF all the persons with whom Daniel Dove associated at Doncaster, the one who produced the most effect upon his mind was his master and benefactor, Peter Hopkins. The influence indeed which he exercised, insensibly as it were, upon his character, was little less than that whereby he directed and fixed the course of his fortune in life. A better professional teacher in his station could nowhere have been found; for there was not a more skilful practitioner in the Three Ridings, consequently not in England; consequently not in Christendom, and by a further consequence not in the world. Fuller says of Yorkshire that "one may call, and justify it to be the best shire in England: and that not by the help of the general katachresis of *good* for *great*, (as a *good* blow, a *good* piece, &c.) but in the proper acceptation thereof. If in Tully's orations, all being excellent, that is adjudged *optima quæ longissima*, the best which is the longest; then by the same proportion, this shire, partaking in goodness alike with others, must be allowed the best." Yorkshire, therefore, being the best county in England, as being the largest, of necessity it must have as good practitioners in medicine, as are to be found in any other county; and there being no better

practitioner than Peter Hopkins there, it would have been in vain to seek for a better elsewhere.

As good a one undoubtedly might have been found;

I trust there were within this realm
Five hundred as good as he,*

though there goes more to the making of a Peter Hopkins than of an Earl Percy. But I very much doubt (and this is one of the cases in which doubt scarcely differs a shade from disbelief) whether there could anywhere have been found another person whose peculiarities would have accorded so curiously with young Daniel's natural bent, and previous education. Hopkins had associated much with Guy, in the early part of their lives; (it was indeed through this connection that the lad was placed at Doncaster;) and like Guy he had tampered with the mystical sciences. He knew the theories, and views, and hopes

which set the chymist on
To search that secret-natured stone,
Which the philosophers have told,
When found, turns all things into gold;
But being hunted and not caught,
Oh! sad reverse! turns gold to naught.†

This knowledge he had acquired, like his old friend, for its own sake—for the pure love of speculation and curious inquiry—not with the slightest intention of ever pursuing it for the desire of riches. He liked it because it was mysterious; and he could listen with a half-believing mind to the legends (as they may be called) of those adepts who from time to time have been heard of, living as erratic a life as the Wandering Jew; but with this difference, that they are under no curse, and that they may forego their immortality, if they do not choose to renew the lease of it, by taking a dose of the elixir in due time.

He could cast a nativity with as much exactness, according to the rules of art, as William Lilly, or Henry Coley, that Merlinus Anglicus, Junior, upon whom Lilly's mantle descended; or the Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, William Bredon, a profound divine, and "absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age;" who being Sir Christopher Heydon's chaplain, had a hand in composing that knight's defence of judicial astrology; but withal was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell ropes, and smoke them.

Peter Hopkins could erect a scheme either according to the method of Julius Firmicus, or of Aben Ezra, or of Campanus, Alcabitius, or Porphyrius, "for so many ways are

* Chevy Chase.

† Arbuthnot.

there of building these houses in the air;" and in that other called the rational way, which in a great degree superseded the rest, and which Johannes Muller, the great regiomontanus, gave to the world in his Tables of Directions drawn up at the Archbishop of Strigonia's request. He could talk of the fiery and the earthly trigons, the aerial and the watery; and of that property of a triangle (now no longer regarded at Cambridge) whereby Sol and Jupiter, Luna and Venus, Saturn and Mercury, respectively become joint trigonocrators, leaving Mars to rule over the watery trigon alone. He knew the twelve houses as familiarly as he knew his own; the horoscope, which is the house of life, or more awfully to unlearned ears *domus vitæ*; the house of gain and the house of fortune; for gain and fortune no more keep house together in heaven, than either of them do with wisdom and virtue and happiness on earth; the hypogeum, or house of patrimony, which is at the lowest part of heaven, the *imum cæli*, though it be in many respects a good house to be born in here below; the houses of children, of sickness, of marriage, and of death; the house of religion; the house of honours, which being the mesouranema, is also called the heart of heaven; the agathodemon, or house of friends, and the cacademon, or house of bondage. All these he knew, and their consignificators, and their chronocrators or alfridarii, who give to these consignificators a septennial dominion in succession.

He could ascertain the length of the planetary hour at any given time and place, anachronism being nowhere of greater consequence; for if a degree be mistaken in the scheme, there is a year's error in the prognostication, and so in proportion for any inaccuracy more or less. Sir Christopher Heydon, the last great champion of this occult science, boasted of possessing a watch so exact in its movements, that it would give him with unerring precision not the minute only, but the very scruple of time. That erudite professor knew—

In quas Fortunæ leges quæque hora valeret;
Quantaque quam parvi facerent discrimina m: tus.*

Peter Hopkins could have explained to a student in this art, how its astronomical part might be performed upon the celestial globe "with speed, ease, delight, and demonstration." He could have expatiated upon conjunctions and oppositions; have descanted upon the four cardinal houses; signs fixed, movable, or common; signs human and signs bestial; semi-sextiles, sextiles, quintiles, quartiles, trediciles, trines, biquintiles, and quincunxes; the ascension of the planets, and their declination; their dignities essential

* Manilius.

and accidental; their exaltation and retrogradation; till the hearer by understanding a little of the baseless theory, here and there, could have persuaded himself that he comprehended all the rest. And if it had been necessary to exact implicit and profound belief, by mysterious and horrisonant terms, he could have amazed the listener with the lords of decanats, the five fortitudes, and the head and tail of the dragon; and have astounded him by ringing changes upon Al-mugea, Cazimi, Hylech, Aphetes, Anacretes, and Alcochodon.

"So far," says Fabian Withers, "are they distant from the true knowledge of physic which are ignorant of astrology, that they ought not rightly to be called physicians, but deceivers: for it hath been many times experimented and proved, that that which many physicians could not cure or remedy with their greatest and strongest medicines, the astronomer hath brought to pass with one simple herb, by observing the moving of the signs. There be certain evil times and years of a man's life, which are at every seven years' end. Wherefore if thou wilt prolong thy days, as often as thou comest to every seventh or ninth year, (if thou givest any credit to Marsilius Ficinus, or Firmicus,) diligently consult with an astronomer, from whence and by what means any peril or danger may happen, or come unto thee; then either go unto a physician, or use discretion and temperance, and by that means thou mayst defer and prolong thy natural life through the rules of astronomy, and the help of the physician. Neither be ashamed to inquire of the physician what is thy natural diet, and of the astronomer what star doth most support and favour thy life, and to see in what aspect he is with the moon."

That once eminent student in the mathematics and the celestial sciences, Henry Coley, who, as Merlin junior continued Lilly's Almanac, and published also his own yearly *Nuncius Sydereus*, or Starry Messenger—the said Coley, whose portrait in a flowing wig and embroidered band, most unlike to Merlin, has made his Ephemeris in request among the Graingerites—he tells us it is from considering the nature of the planets, together with their daily configurations, and the mixture of their rays or beams of light and heat, that astrologers deduce their judgment of what may *probably*, not *positively* happen: for nature, he observes, works very abstrusely; and one person may be able to make a better discovery than another, whence arise diversities of opinion too often about the same thing. The physician knows that the same portion of either single or compound simples will not work upon all patients alike; so neither can the like portion and power of qualities stir up, or work always the same; but may sometimes receive either *intention* or *remissioin* according to the disposed aptness of the subject, the elements or elementary bodies not always ad-

mitting of their powers alike, or when they be overswayed by more potent and prevalent operations. For universal and particular causes do many times differ so as the one hinders the operation of the other; and nature may sometimes be so abstrusely shut up, that what we see not may over-power and work beyond what we see."

Thus were these professors of a pseudo-science always providèd with an excuse, however grossly their predictions might be contradicted by the event. It is a beautiful specimen of the ambiguity of the art that the same aspect threatened a humpback, or the loss of an eye; and that the same horoscope which prognosticated a crown and sceptre, was held to be equally accomplished if the child were born to a fool's cap, a bauble, and a suit of motley. "The right worshipful, and of singular learning in all sciences, Sir Thomas Smith, the flower in his time of the University of Cambridge," and to whom, more than to any other individual, both universities are beholden; for when parliament, in its blind zeal for ultra-reformation, had placed the colleges, as well as the religious houses, at the king's disposal, he, through Queen Catharine Par, prevailed upon Henry to preserve them, instead of dividing them also among the great court cormorants; and he it was who reserved for them the third part of their rents in corn, making that a law which had always been his practice when he was Provost of Eton: this Sir Thomas used, as his grateful pupil Richard Eden has recorded, to call astrology *ingeniosissimam artem mentiendi*—the most ingenious art of lying.

Ben Jonson's servant and pupil* has given some good comic examples of the way in which those who honestly endeavoured to read the stars might be deceived—though when the stars condescended "to palter in a double sense" it was seldom in so good a humour.

"One told a gentleman
His son should be a mankiller, and be hang'd for't;
Who after proved a great and rich physician,
And with great fame, in the university
Hang'd up in picture for a grave example!"

"Another schemist
Found that a squint-eyed boy should prove a notable
Pickpurse, and afterward a most strong thief;
When he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,
And at last died a judge!"

* Broome.

CHAPTER LXXXVII. P. I.

ASTROLOGY—ALMANACS—PRISCILLIANISM RETAINED IN THEM TO THIS TIME.

I wander 'tween the poles
 And heavenly hinges, 'mong eccentricals,
 Centres, concentrics, circles, and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

THE connection between astrology and the art of medicine is not more firmly believed in Persia at this day, than it was among the English people during the age of almanac-makers. The column which contained the names of the saints for every day, as fully as they are still given in Roman Catholic almanacs, was less frequently consulted than those in which the aspects were set down, and the signs and the parts of the human body under their respective governance. Nor was any page in the book regarded with more implicit belief than that which represented the "anatomy of man's body as the parts thereof are governed by the twelve constellations, or rather by the moon as she passeth by them." In those representations, man, indeed, was not more uglily than fearfully made—as he stood erect and naked, spiculated by emitted influences from the said signs, like another St. Sebastian; or as he sat upon the globe, placed like a butt for him, while they radiated their shafts of disease and pain.

Portentous as the homo in the almanac is, he made a much more horrific appearance in the *Margarita Philosophica*, which is a cyclopedia of the early part of the 16th century. There homo stands, naked but not ashamed, upon the two Pisces, one foot upon each, the fish being neither in air, nor water, nor upon earth, but self-suspended as it appears in the void. Aries has alighted with two feet on homo's head, and has sent a shaft through the forehead into his brain. Taurus has quietly seated himself across his neck. The Gemini are riding astride a little below his right shoulder. The whole trunk is laid open, as if part of the old accursed punishment for high treason had been performed upon him. The Lion occupies the thorax as his proper domain, and the Crab is in possession of the abdomen. Sagittarius, volant in the void, has just let fly an arrow, which is on the way to his right arm. Capricornus breathes out a visible influence that penetrates both knees; Aquarius inflicts similar punctures upon both legs. Virgo fishes as it were at his intestines; Libra at

the part affected by schoolmasters in their anger ; and Scorpio takes the wickedest aim of all.

The progress of useful knowledge has in our own days at last banished this man from the almanac ; at least from all annuals of that description that carry with them any appearance of respectability. If it has put an end to this gross superstition, it has done more than the pope could do fourteen centuries ago, when he condemned it, as one of the pernicious errors of the Priscillianists.

In a letter to Turribius, bishop of Astorga, concerning that heresy, Pope St. Leo the Great says : “ Si universæ hæreses, quæ ante Priscilliani tempus exortæ sunt, diligentius retractentur, nullus pene invenitur error de quo non traxerit impietas ista contagium : quæ non contenta eorum recipere falsitates, qui ab Evangelio Christi sub Christi nomine deviarunt, tenebris se etiam paganitatis immersit, ut per magicarum artium prophana secreta, et mathematicorum vana mendacia, religionis fidem, morumque rationem in potestate dæmonum, et in affectu syderum collocarent. Quod si et credi liceat et doceri, nec virtutibus præmium, nec vitiis pœna debetur, omniaque non solum humanarum legum, sed etiam divinarum constitutionum decreta solventur : quia neque de bonis, neque de malis actibus ullum poterit esse iudicium, si in utramque partem fatalis necessitas motum mentis impellit, et quicquid ab hominibus agitur, non est hominum, sed astrorum. Ad hanc insaniam pertinet prodigiosa illa totius humani corporis per duodecim cæli signa distinctio, ut diversis partibus diversæ præsideant potestates ; et creatura, quam Deus ad imaginem suam fecit, in tantâ sit obligatione syderum, in quantâ est connectione membrorum.”

But invention has been as rare among heretics as among poets. The architect of the Priscillian heresy (the male heresy of that name, for there was a female one also) borrowed this superstition from the mathematicians—as the Romans called the astrological impostors of those times. For this there is the direct testimony of Saint Augustine : “ Astruunt etiam fatalibus stellis homines colligatos, ipsumque corpus nostrum secundum duodecim signa cæli esse compositum ; sicut hi qui mathematici vulgo appellantur, constituent in capite Arietem, Taurum in cervice, Geminos in humeris, Cancrum in pectore, et cetera nominatim signa percurrentes ad plantas usque perveniunt, quas Piscibus tribuunt, quod ultimum signum ab astrologis nuncupatur.”

These impostors derived this part of their craft from Egypt, where every month was supposed to be under the care of the three decans or directors, for the import of the word must be found in the neighbouring language of the Hebrews and Syrians. There were thirty-six of these, each superintending ten days ; and these decans were believed to exercise the most extensive influence over the human frame.

Astrological squares calculated upon this mythology are still in existence. St. Jerome called it the opprobrium of Egypt.

The medical superstition derived from this remote antiquity has continued down to the present generation in the English almanacs, is still continued in the popular almanacs of other countries, and prevails at this time throughout the whole Mohammedan and Eastern world. So deeply does error strike its roots, and so widely scatter its seeds; and so difficult is it to extirpate any error whatsoever, or any evil, which it is the interest of any class of men to maintain. And the rogues had much to say for themselves.

“Notwithstanding the abuses put upon the art of astrology,” said an eminent professor, “doubtless some judgment may be made thereby what any native may be by nature prone or addicted to. For the aspects of the planets among themselves, as also the fixed stars, ’tis more than supposed, may cause many strange effects in sublunary bodies, but especially in those that have been almost worn out with decrepit age, or debilitated with violent or tedious diseases; wherefore this knowledge may be requisite, and of excellent use to physicians and surgeons, &c.; for old aches and most diseases do vary according to the change of the air and weather, and that proceeds from the motion of the heavens and aspects of the planets.” Who that has any old aches in his bones—or has felt his corns shoot—but must acknowledge the truth that was brought forward here in support of an impudent system of imposture? The natural pride, and the natural piety of man, were both appealed to when he was told that the stars were appointed for signs and tokens—that “the reason why God hath given him an upright countenance is, that he might converse with the celestial bodies, which are placed for his service as so many diamonds in an azure canopy of perpetuity”—and that astrologers had a large field to walk in, for “all the productions of time were the subjects of their science, and there is nothing under the sun but what is the birth of time.” There is no truth, however pure, and however sacred, upon which falsehood cannot fasten, and ingraft itself therein.

Laurence Humphrey—who was sufficiently known in Queen Elizabeth’s days as one of the standard bearers of the non-conformists, but who, like many others, grew conformable in the end as he grew riper in experience and sager in judgment—in his *Optimates* or *Treatise concerning Nobility*, which he composed for the use of that class and of the gentry, observed how “this science above all others was so snatched at, so beloved, and even devoured by most persons of honour and worship, that they needed no excitement to it, but rather a bridle; no trumpeter to set them on, but a reprover to take them off from their heat. Many,” he said, “had so

trusted to it that they almost distrusted God." He would not indeed wholly condemn the art, but the nobility should not have him a persuader nor an applauder of it; for there were already enough! In vain might a bishop warn his hearers from the pulpit and from the press that "no soothsayer, no palterer, no judicial astrologer is able to tell any man the events of his life." Man is a dupable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII. P. I.

AN INCIDENT WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR INTO A FORTUITOUS RESEMBLANCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF THE PREDICANT FRIARS—DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FACT AND THE FABLE; AND AN APPLICATION WHICH, UNLIKE THOSE THAT ARE USUALLY APPENDED TO ESOP'S FABLES, THE READER IS LIKELY NEITHER TO SKIP NOR TO FORGET.

Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.
PEDRO DE CIECA DE LEÓN.

WHILE I was writing that last chapter a flea appeared upon the page before me, as there did once to St. Dominic.

But the circumstances in my case and in St. Dominic's were different.

For, in the first place, I, as has already been said, was writing; but St. Dominic was reading.

Secondly, the flea which came upon my paper was a real flea—a flea of flea flesh and blood—partly flea blood and partly mine, which the said flea had flea-feloniously appropriated to himself by his own process of flea-botomy. That which appeared upon St. Dominic's book was the devil in disguise.

The intention with which the devil abridged himself into so diminutive a form was that he might distract the saint's attention from his theological studies by skipping upon the page, and perhaps provoke him to unsaintlike impatience by eluding his fingers.

But St. Dominic was not so to be deceived; he knew who the false flea was!

To punish him, therefore, for this diabolical intrusion, he laid upon him a holy spell, whereby flea Beelzebub was made to serve as a marker through the whole book. When Dominic, whether in the middle of a sentence or at the end, lifted

his eyes from the page in meditation, flea Beelzebub moved to the word at which the saint had paused; he moved not by his own diabolical will, but in obedience to an impulse which he had no power to resist; and there he remained, having as little power to remove, till the saint's eye, having returned to the book and travelled farther, stopped at another passage. And thus St. Dominic used him through the volume, putting him, moreover, whenever he closed the book, to the *peine forte et dure*.

When Dominic had finished the volume, he dismissed his marker. Had it been a heretic, instead of the devil, the canonized founder of the friars predicant and patron saint of the inquisition would not have let him off so easily.

Indeed I cannot but think that his lenity in this case was ill placed. He should have dealt with that flea as I did with mine.

“How, Mr. Author, was that?”

“I dealt with it, sir, as Agesilaus unceremoniously did with one victim upon the altar of Chalciœcius Pallas, at the same time that, with all due ceremony, he was sacrificing another. An ox was the premeditated and customary victim; the extemporaneous and extraordinary one was a six-footed ‘small deer.’ Plutarch thought the fact worthy of being recorded; and we may infer from it that the Spartans did not always comb their long hair so carefully as the three hundred did at Thermopylæ, when, on the morning of that ever glorious fight, they made themselves ready to die there, in obedience to the institutions of their country. What the King of Lacedæmon did with his crawler I did with my skipper; I cracked it, sir.”

“And for what imaginable reason can you have thought fit to publish such an incident to the world?”

“For what reason, sir?—why, that Hop-o'-my-thumb the critic may know what he has to expect, if I lay hold of him!”

CHAPTER LXXXIX. P. I.

A CHAPTER CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIES, FRENCH LADIES, FRENCH LAWYERS, FRENCH JUDGES, FRENCH LITERATURE, AND FRENCHNESS IN GENERAL.

Quid de pulicibus? vitæ salientia puncta.—COWLEY.

Now, reader, having sent away the small critic with a flea in his ear, I will tell you something concerning one of the curiosities of literature.

The most famous flea, for a real flea, that has yet been heard of—for not even the king of the fleas, who, as Dr. Clarke and his fellow-traveller found to their cost, keeps his court at Tiberias, approaches it in celebrity—nor the flea of that song, which Mephistophiles sung in the cellar at Leipzig—that flea for whom the king ordered breeches and hose from his own tailor; who was made prime minister; and who, when he governed the realm, distinguished himself like Earl Grey, by providing for all his relations: the most illustrious, I say, of all fleas—*pulicum facile princeps*—was that flea which I know not whether to call Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, or Pasquier's flea, or the flea of Poitiers.

In the year 1579, when the *grands jours*, or great assizes, were held at Poitiers under President de Harlay, Pasquier, who was one of the most celebrated advocates, most accomplished scholars and most learned men in France, attended in the exercise of his profession. Calling there one day upon Madame des Roches and her daughter, Mademoiselle Catharine, whom he describes as *l'une de plus belles et sages de nostre France*, while he was conversing with the young lady he espied a flea, *parquée au beau milieu de son sein*.

Upon this Pasquier made such a speech as a Frenchman might be expected to make upon so felicitous an occasion, admiring the taste of the flea, envying its happiness, and marvelling at its boldness “de s'estre mice en si beau jour; parce que jaloux de son heur, peu s'en falloit,” he says, “que je ne misse la main sur elle, en deliberation de luy faire un mauvais tour; et bien luy prenoit qu'elle estoit en lieu de franchise!” This led to a *contention mignarde* between the young lady and the learned lawyer, who was then more than fifty years of age; “*finalement, ayant esté l'autheur de la noise,*” says Pasquier, “je luy dis que puisque ceste Puce avoit receu tant d'heur de se repaistre de son sang, et d'estre

reciproquement honorée de nos propos, elle meritoit encores d'estre enchâssée dedans nos papiers, et que tresvolontiers je m'y employerois, si cette dame vouloit de sa part faire le semblable; chose qu'elle m'accorda liberalement." Each was in earnest, but each, according to the old advocate, supposed the other to be in jest; both went to work upon this theme after the visit, and each finished a copy of verses about the same time, "tombants en quelques rencontres de mots les plus signalez pour le subject." Pasquier thinking to surprise the lady, sent his poem to her as soon as he had transcribed it, on a Sunday morning—the better the day the better being the deed: and the lady apprehending that they might have fallen upon some of the same thoughts, lest she should be suspected of borrowing what she knew to be her own, sent back the first draught of her verses by his messenger, not having had time to write them fairly out. "Heureuse, certes, rencontre et jouissance de deux esprits, qui passe d'un long entrejet, toutes ces opinions follastres et vulgaires d'amour. Que si en cecy tu me permets d'y apporter quelque chose de mon jugement je te diray, qu'en l'un tu trouveras les discours d'une sage fille, en l'autre les discours d'un homme qui n'est pas trop fol; ayants l'un et l'autre par une bienséance des nos sexes joué tels roolles que devons."

The demoiselle, after describing in her poem the feats of the flea, takes a hint from the resemblance in sound between *puce* and *puce*, and making an allegorical use of mythology, makes by that means a decorous allusion to the vulgar notion concerning the unclean circumstances by which fleas, as they say, are bred:—

"Puce, si ma plume estoit digne,
Je descrirois vostre origine;
Et comment le plus grand des dieux,
Pour la terre quittant les cieux,
Vous fit naître, comme il me semble,
Orion et vous tout ensemble."

She proceeds to say that Pan became enamoured of this sister of Orion; that Diana to preserve her from his pursuit metamorphosed her into a flea, (*en puce*), and that in this transformation nothing remained of her

"Sinon
La crainte, l'adresse, et le nom."

Pasquier in his poem gave himself a pretty free scope in his imaginary pursuit of the flea, and in all the allusions to which its name would on such an occasion invite an old Frenchman. If the story had ended here, it would have been characteristic enough of French manners, "Or voy, je te prie," says Pasquier, "quel fruit nous a produit cette belle

altercation, ou pour mieux dire, symbolization de deux ames. Ces deux petits jeux poétiques commencerent à courir par les mains de plusieurs, et se trouverent si agreables, que sur leur modelle, quelques personnages de marque voulurent estre de la partie ; et s'employèrent sur mesme subject à qui mieux mieux, les uns en Latin, les autres en François, et quelquesuns en l'une et l'autre langue : ayant chacun si bien exploité en son endroit, qu' à chacun doit demeurer la victoire."

Among the distinguished persons who exercised their talents upon this worthy occasion, Brisson was one; that Brisson of whom Henri III. said that no king but himself could boast of so learned a subject; who lent the assistance of his great name and talents towards setting up the most lawless of all tyrannies, that of an insurrectionary government; and who suffered death under that tyranny, as the reward which such men always (and righteously as concerns themselves, however iniquitous the sentence) receive from the miscreants with whom they have leagued. He began his poem much as a scholar might be expected to do, by alluding to the well-known pieces which had been composed upon somewhat similar subjects.

"Fœlices meritò Mures Ranæque loquaces
 Queis cæci vatis contigit ore cani:
 Vivet et extento lepidus Passerculus ævo
 Cantatus numeris, culte Catulle tuis.
 Te quoque, parve Culex, nulla unquam muta silebit
 Posteritas, docti suave Maronis opus.
 Ausoniusque Pulex, dubius quem condidit auctor,
 Canescet sæclis innumerabilibus.
 Pictonici at Pulicis longè præclarior est sors,
 Quem fovet in tepido casta puella sinu.
 Fortunate Pulëx nimium, tua si bona noris,
 Alternis vatium nobilitate metris."

In the remainder of his poem Brisson takes the kind of range which, if the subject did not actually invite, it seemed at least to permit. He produced also four Latin epigrams against such persons as might censure him for such a production, and these, as well as the poem itself, were translated into French by Pasquier. This was necessary for the public, not for Madame des Roches and her daughter, who were versed both in Latin and Greek. Among the numerous persons whom the assizes had brought to Poitiers, whether as judges, advocates, suitors, or idlers, every one who could write a Latin or a French verse tried his skill upon this small subject. "Tout le Parnasse Latin et François du royaume," says Titon du Tillet, "voulut prendre part a cette rare decouverte, sur tout apres avoir reconnu que la fille, quoique tressage, entendoit raillerie." There is one Italian sonnet in the collection, one Spanish, and, according to the Abbe

Goujet, there are some Greek verses, but in the republication of Pasquier's works these do not appear: they were probably omitted, as not being likely ever again to meet with readers. Some of the writers were men whose names would have been altogether forgotten if they had not been thus preserved; and others might as well have been forgotten for the value of anything which they have left; but some were deservedly distinguished in their generation, and had won for themselves an honourable remembrance, which will not pass away. The President Harlay himself encouraged Pasquier by a eulogistic epigram, and no less a person than Joseph Scaliger figures in Catullian verse among the flea poets.

The name of the *Demoiselle des Roches* afforded occasion for such allusions to the rocks of Parnassus as the dealers in commonplace poetry could not fail to profit by.

" Nil rerum variat perennis ordo.
Et constant sibi Phœbus et sorores;
Nec Pulex modo tot simul Poetas,
Sed Parnassia fecit ipsa rupes
Rupes, aut Heliconia Hippocrene."

These verses were written by Pithou, to whose satirical talents his own age was greatly indebted for the part which he took in the *Satyre Menippée*; and to whose collections and serious researches his country will always remain so. Many others harped upon the same string; and Claude Binet, in one of his poems, compared the lady to Rochelle, because all suitors had found her impregnable.

Nicolas Rabin, by way of varying the subject, wrote a poem in vituperation of the aforesaid flea, and called it *La Contrepuce*. He would rather, he said, write in praise of a less mentionable insect; which, however, he did mention; and moreover broadly explained, and in the coarsest terms, the lady's allusion to Orion.

The flea having thus become the business, as well as the talk of Poitiers, some epigrams were sported upon the occasion.

" Causidicos habuit vigilantes Curia; namque
Illis perpetuus tinnit in aure Pulex."

The name of Nicolas Rabinus is affixed to this; that of Raphael Gallodonius to the following:—

" Ad consultissimos Supremi Senatus Gallaci Patronos, in
Rupeæ Pulicem ludentes."

" Abdita causarum si vis responsa referre,
Hos tam perspicuos consule Causidicos;
Qui juris callent apices, vestigia morsu

Metiri pulicum carmine certa sciunt.
 Ecquid eos latuisse putas dum seria tractant,
 Qui dum nugantur, tam bene parva canunt:”

The president of the parliament of Paris, Pierre de Soul-four, compared the flea to the Trojan horse, and introduced this gigantic compliment with a stroke of satire.

“ Quid Magni peperère Dies ? res mira canenda est,
 Vera tamen ; Pulicem progenuere brevem.
 Quicquid id est, tamen est magnum ; Magnisque Diebus
 Non sine divino numine progenitum.
 Ille utero potuit plures gestare poetas,
 Quam tulit audaces techna Pelasga duces.
 Tros equus heròes tantos non fudit ab alvo,
 Dulcisonos vates quot tulit iste Pulex.”

Pasquier was proud of what he had done in starting the flea, and of the numerous and distinguished persons who had been pleased to follow his example in poetizing upon it. “ Pour memorial de laquelle,” he says, “ j’ai voulu dresser ce trophée, qui est la publication de leurs vers.” So he collected all these verses in a small quarto volume, and published them in 1582, with this title. “ LA PUCE ; ou Jeux Poétiques François et Latins : composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l’an 1579 : dont Pasquier fut le premier motif.” He dedicated the volume to the President Harlay, in the following sonnet :—

“ Pendant que du Harlay de Themis la lumiere,
 Pour bannir de Poitou l’espouventable mal,
 Exerçant la justice à tous de poids égal,
 Restablieroit l’Astrée en sa chaire premiere ;
 Quelques nobles esprits, pour se donner carriere,
 Voulourent exalter un petit animal,
 Et luy coler aux flancs les aisles du cheval
 Qui prend jusque au ciel sa course coutumiere.
 Harlay, mon Achille, relasche tes esprits ;
 Sousguigne d’un bon œil tant soit peu ces escrits,
 Il attendent de toy, ou la mort, ou la vie :
 Si tu pers à les lier un seul point de ton temps,
 Ils vivront immortels dans le temple des ans,
 Malgré l’oubly, la mort, le mesdire et l’envie.”

The original volume would have passed away with the generation to which it belonged, or if preserved, it would, like many others more worthy of preservation, have been found only in the cabinets of those who value books for their rarity rather than their intrinsic worth : this would have been its fate if it had not been comprised in the collective edition of Pasquier’s works, which, as relating to his own times, to the antiquities of his country, and to French literature, are of the greatest importance. It was properly included there, not merely because it is characteristic of the nation, and of

the age, but because it belongs to the history of the individual.

Here in England the circuit always serves to sharpen the wits of those who are waiting, some of them hungrily, and but too many hopelessly, for practice; and as nowhere there is more talent running to seed than at the bar, epigrams circulate there as freely as opinions—and much more harmlessly. But that the elders of the profession, and the judges, should take part in such levities as the *Jeux Poétiques* of Poitiers, would at all times have been as much out of character in England, as it would be still in character among our lighter-heeled, lighter-hearted, and lighter-headed neighbours. The same facility in composing Latin verse would not now be found at the French bar; but if a flea were started there, a full cry might as easily be raised after it, as it was at the *grands jours* held under the President Harlay; and they who joined in the cry would take exactly the same tone. You would find in their poetry just as much of what Pasquier calls *mignardise*, and just as little exertion of intellect in any other direction.

It is not language alone, all but all-powerful in this respect as language is, which makes the difference in whatever belongs to poetry, between the French and the English. We know how Donne has treated this very subject; and we know how Cleveland, and Randolph, and Cowley would have treated it, licentiously indeed, but with such a profusion of fantastic thought, that a prodigality of talent would seem even greater than the abuse. In later times, if such a theme had presented itself, Darwin would have put the flea in a solar microscope, and painted the monster with surprising accuracy in the most elaborate rhymes: he would then have told of fleas which had been taken and tamed, and bound in chains, or yoked to carriages; and this he would have done in couplets so nicely turned, and so highly polished, that the poetical artist might seem to vie with the flea-tamer and carriage-builder in patience and in minute skill. Cowper would have passed, with playful but melancholy grace,

“ From gay to grave, from lively to severe,”

and might have produced a second task. And in our own days, Rogers would case the flea, like his own gnat, in imperishable amber. Leigh Hunt would luxuriate in a fairy poem, fanciful as Drayton's *Nymphidia*, or in the best style of Herrick. Charles Lamb would crack a joke upon the subject; but then he would lead his readers to think while he was amusing them, make them feel, if they were capable of feeling, and perhaps leave them in tears. Southey would give us a strain of scornful satire and meditative playfulness in blank verse of the Elizabethan standard. Wordsworth—

no, Wordsworth would disdain the flea: but some imitator of Wordsworth would enshrine the flea in a sonnet the thought and diction of which would be as proportionate to the subject matter, as the Great Pyramid is to the nameless one of the Pharaohs for whose tomb it was constructed. Oxford and Cambridge would produce Latin verses, good in their manner as the best of Pasquier's collection, and better in everything else; they would give us Greek verses also, as many and as good. Landor would prove himself as *recondite* a Latinist as Scaliger, and a better poet; but his hendecasyllables would not be so easily construed. Cruikshank would illustrate the whole collection with immortal designs, such as no other country, and no other man could produce. The flea would be introduced upon the stage in the next new pantomime; Mr. Irving would discover it in the Apocalypse; and some preacher of Rowland Hill's school would improve it (as the phrase is) in a sermon, and exhort his congregation to *flee* from sin.

I say nothing of Mr. Moore, and the half dozen lords who would *mignardise* the subject like so many Frenchmen. But how would Bernard Barton treat it? Perhaps Friend Barton will let us see in one of the next year's annuals.

I must not leave the reader with an unfavourable opinion of the lady whose flea obtained such singular celebrity, and who *quoique tres sage entendoit raillerie*. Titon du Tillet intended nothing equivocal by that expression; and the tone which the flea poets took was in no degree derogatory to her, for the manners of the age permitted it. Les Dames des Roches, both mother and daughter, were remarkable and exemplary women; and there was a time when Poitiers derived as much glory from these blue ladies as from the Black Prince. The mother, after living most happily with her husband eight-and-twenty years, suffered greatly in her widowhood from vexatious lawsuits, difficult circumstances, and broken health; but she had great resources in herself, and in the dutiful attachment of Catharine, who was her only child, and whom she herself had nursed and educated; the society of that daughter enabled her to bear her afflictions, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness. No solicitations could induce Catharine to marry; she refused offers which might in all other respects have been deemed eligible, because she would not be separated from her mother, from whom she said death itself could not divide her. And this was literally verified, for in 1587 they both died of the plague on the same day.

Both were women of great talents and great attainments. Their joint works, in prose and verse, were published in their lifetime, and have been several times reprinted, but not since the year 1604. The poetry is said to be of little value; but the philosophical dialogues are praised as being

neither deficient in genius nor in solidity, and as compositions which may still be perused with pleasure and advantage. This is the opinion of a benevolent and competent critic, the Abbe Goujet. I have never seen the book.

Before I skip back to the point from which my own flea and the Poitiers flea have led me, I must tell a story of an English lady who under a similar circumstance was not so fortunate as Pasquier's accomplished friend. This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad who had been employed only in farmwork was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, or do anything unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand setout, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions; a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downward almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing—the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party, *A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en!*

CHAPTER XC. P. I.

WHEREIN THE CURIOUS READER MAY FIND SOME THINGS WHICH HE IS NOT LOOKING FOR, AND WHICH THE INCURIOS ONE MAY SKIP IF HE PLEASES.

Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolvé toutes les Pantarches des Cieux, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephe-listes, Anemophylaces, Uranopetes, et Omprophozes.—RABELAIS.

A MINUTE'S recollection will carry the reader back to the chapter whereon that accidental immolation took place, which was the means of introducing him to the *bas-bleus* of Poitiers. We were then engaged upon the connection which in Peter Hopkin's time still subsisted between astrology and the practice of medicine.

Court de Gebelin in his great hypothetical, fanciful, but withal ingenious, erudite, and instructive work, says that the almanac was one of the most illustrious and most useful efforts of genius of the first men, and that a complete history of it would be a precious canvass for the history of the human race, were it not that unfortunately many of the necessary materials have perished. "On peut assurer," he says, "que sans almanach, les operations de l'agriculture seroient incertaines; que les trevaux des champs ne se rencontreroient que per hazard dans les tems convenables: qui il n'y auroit ni fêtes ni assemblées publiques, et que la memoire des tems anciens ne seroit qu'un cahos."

This is saying a little too much. But who is there that has not sometimes occasion to consult the almanac? Maximilian I., by neglecting to do this, failed in an enterprise against Bruges. It had been concerted with his adherents in that turbulent city, that he should appear before it at a certain time, and they would be ready to rise in his behalf, and open the gates for him. He forgot that it was leap year, and came a day too soon; and this error on his part cost many of the most zealous of his friends their lives. It is remarkable that neither the historian who relates this, nor the writers who have followed him, should have looked in the almanac to guard against any inaccuracy in the relation; for they have fixed the appointed day on the eve of St. Matthias, which being the 23d of February, could not be put out of its course by leap year.

This brings to my recollection a legal anecdote, that may serve in like manner to exemplify how necessary it is upon

any important occasion to scrutinize the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey if I remember rightly) for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon; it was during the last quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanac to the bench—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterward that the almanac with which the counsel came provided had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

There is a pleasing passage in Sanazzaro's *Arcadia*, wherein he describes two large beechen tablets, suspended in the temple of Pan, one on each side of the altar, "Scritte di rusticane lettere; le quali successivamente di tempo in tempo per molti anni conservate dai passati pastori, contenevano in se le antiche leggi, e gli ammaestramenti della pastorale vita: dalle quali tutto quello che fra le selve oggi se adopra, ebbe prima origine." One of these tablets contained directions for the management of cattle. In the other, "Eran notati tutti i di dell' anno, e i varj mutamenti delle stagioni, e la inequalità delle notte e del giorno, insieme con la osservazione delle ore, non poco necessarie a viventi, e li non falsi pronostici delle tempestati: e quando il Sole con suo nascimento denunzia serenita, e quando pioggia, e quando venti, e quando grandini; e quali giorni son della luna fortunati, e quali infelici alle opre de' mortali: e che ciascuno in ciascuna ora dovesse fuggire, o seguitare, per non offendere le osservabili volonta degli Dii."

It is very probable that Sanazzaro has transferred to his pastoral what may then have been the actual usage in more retired parts of the country; and that before the invention of printing rendered almanacs accessible to every one, a calendar, which served for agricultural as well as ecclesiastical purposes, was kept in every considerable church. Olaus Magnus says that the northern countrymen used to have a calendar cut upon their walking sticks; (*baculos annales*, he calls them;) and that when they met at church from distant parts, they laid their heads together and made their computations. The origin of these wooden almanacs, which belong to our own antiquities as well as to those of Scandinavia, is traced hypothetically to the heathen temple, authentically to the church. It has been supposed that the Cimbric received the Julian calendar from Cæsar himself,

after his conquest, as it is called, of Britain; and that it was cut in Runic characters, for the use of the priests, upon the rocks or huge stones which composed their rude temples, till some one thought of copying it on wood and rendering it portable, for common use: "Donec tandem," are Wormius's words, "ingenii rarâ dexteritate emersit ille, quisquis tandem fuerit, qui per lignea hæcce compendia, tam utile tamque necessarium negotium plebi communicandum duxit: cujus nomen si exstaret æquiore jure fastis hisce insereretur, quam multorum tituli, quos boni publici cura vix unquam tetigit."

The introduction of the Julian calendar at that time is, however, nothing better than an antiquary's mere dream. At a later period the Germans, who had much more communication with the Romans than ever the Scandinavians had, divided the year into three seasons, if Tacitus was rightly informed; this being one consequence of the little regard which they paid to agriculture. "Hyems et ver æstas intellectum ac vocabula habent; autumnus perinde nomen ac bona ignoratur."

Moreover, Wormius was assured (and this was a fact which might well have been handed down by memory, and was not likely to have been recorded) that the wooden almanacs were originally copied from a written one in a very ancient manuscript preserved in the church at Drontheim. There is no proof that a pagan *rimstoke* ever existed in those countries. The clergy had no interest in withholding this kind of knowledge from the people even in the darkest ages of papal tyranny and monkish imposture. But during the earlier idolatries of the Romans it seems to have been withheld; and it was against the will of the senate that the fasti were first divulged to the people by Cneius Flavius Scriba.

The carelessness of the Romans during many ages as to the divisions of time seems scarcely compatible even with the low degree of civilization which they had attained. We are told that when the twelve tables were formed, no other distinctions of the day than those of sunrise and sunset were known among them by name; that some time after they began to compute from noon to noon; and that for three hundred years they had nothing whereby to measure an hour, nor knew of any such denomination, *tandiu populi Romani indiscreta lux fuit*. A brazen pillar, which marked the hour of noon by its shortest shadow, was the only means of measuring time, till, in the first Punic war, the consul M. Valerius Messala brought thither a sundial from the spoils of Catania in Sicily. This was in the 477th year of the city; and by that dial the Romans went ninety-nine years without adapting it to the meridian of Rome. A better was then erected; but they were still without any guide in cloudy weather, till in the year 595 after the building of the city,

Scipio Nasica introduced the water clock, which is said to have been invented about eighty years before by Ctesibius of Alexandria. When the Romans had begun to advance in civilization, no people ever made a more rapid progress in all the arts and abuses which follow in its train. Astrology came with astronomy from the East, for science had speedily been converted into a craft, and in the age of the Cæsars the Egyptian professors of that craft were among the pests of Rome.

More than one Roman calendar is in existence, preserved by the durability of the material, which is a square block of marble. Each side contains three months, in parallel columns, headed by the appropriate signs of the zodiac. In these the astronomical information was given, with directions for the agricultural business of the month, and notices of the respective gods under whose tutelage the months were placed, and of the religious festivals in their course, with a warning to the husbandmen against neglecting those religious duties, upon the due performance of which the success of their labours depended.

Those learned authors who look in the Scriptures for what is not to be found there, and supply by conjectures whatever they wish to find, have not decided whether astronomy was part of Adam's infused knowledge, or whether it was acquired by him and his son Seth; but from Seth they say it descended to Abraham, and he imparted it to the Egyptians. Whatever may be thought of this derivation, the Egyptian mind seems always to have pullulated with superstition, as the slime of their own Nile is said to have fermented into low and loathsome forms of miscreated life. The rabbis say that ten measures of witchcraft were sent into the world, and Egypt got nine of them.

The Greeks are said to have learned from the Babylonians the twelve divisions of the day. The arrow-headed inscriptions at Babylon are supposed by some of those who have bestowed most attention upon them to be calendars; and there can be little doubt that where the divisions of time were first scientifically observed, there the first calendar would be formed. In Egypt, however, it is that we hear of them first; and such resemblances exist between the Egyptian calendar, and the oldest of those which have been discovered in the north of Europe, that Court de Gebelin supposes they must have had a common origin, and in an age anterior to those Chaldeans whose astronomical observations ascended nineteen hundred years before the age of Alexander. This is too wild an assumption to be soberly maintained. What is common to both found its way to Scandinavia in far later times. Christianity was imported into those countries with all the corruptions which it had gathered in the East as well as in the West; and the Christian calendar brought with it as many superstitions of European growth, as there was

room for inserting. There was room for many even upon the Norwegian staff.

The lineal descendant of that *rimstoke* was still in use in the middle of England at the close of the seventeenth century; though it was then, says Plot, a sort of antiquity so little known that it had hardly been heard of in the southern parts, and was understood but by few of the gentry in the northern. Clogg was the English name, whether so called from the word log, because they were generally made of wood, and not so commonly of oak or fir as of box, or from the resemblance of the larger ones to the clogs, "wherewith we restrain the wild, extravagant, mischievous motions of some of our dogs," he knew not. There were some few of brass. Some were of convenient size for the pocket; and there were larger ones, which used to hang at one end of the mantletree of the chimney for family use; as in Denmark the *rimstoke* was found in every respectable yeoman's house at the head of the table, or suspended from a beam. Plot minutely and carefully described these, and endeavoured, but not always with success, to explain some of the hieroglyphes or symbols by which the festivals were denoted; all which he had seen had only the Prime (or Golden Number) and the immovable feasts; the Prime, so called as indicating *primas lunas* through the year, our ancestors set in the margin of their calendars in characters of gold—and thence its other name.

The rudest that has ever been discovered was found in pulling down part of a chateau in Bretagne. Its characters had so magical an appearance, that it would have been condemned by acclamation to the flames, if the lord of the chateau had not rescued it, thinking it was more likely to puzzle an antiquary than to raise the devil. He sent it to Sainte Pelaye, and M. Lancelot succeeded in fully explaining it. Most barbarous as it was, there is reason for concluding that it was not older than the middle of the seventeenth century.

In Peter Hopkins's time the clogg was still found in farm-houses. He remembered when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanac, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His inquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. "Well—well," said he, "I know not! it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year."

CHAPTER XCI. P. I.

THE AUTHOR DISPLAYS A LITTLE MORE OF SUCH READING AS IS SELDOM READ, AND SHOWS THAT LORD BYRON AND AN ESSEX WIDOW DIFFERED IN OPINION CONCERNING FRIDAY.

Si j'avois dispersé ceci en divers endroits de mon ouvrage, j'aurois évité la censure de ceux qui appelleront ce chapitre un fatras de petit recueils. Mais comme je cherche la commodité de mes lecteurs plutôt que la mienne, je veux bien au dépens de cette censure, leur épargner la peine de rassembler ce que j'aurois dispersé.—BAYLE.

THERE is no superstition, however harmless it may appear, and may indeed long continue to be, but has in it some latent evil. Much has arisen from the distinction of unlucky days, which may very innocently and naturally have originated, though it was afterward dexterously applied by astrologers, and by the priests of false religions, to their own purposes. No one would willingly commence an important undertaking on the anniversary of a day which had brought to him some great and irreparable calamity. It would be indecent to fix upon St. Bartholomew's for a day of public rejoicing in France; or in Portugal upon that day in which Lisbon was laid in ruins by the great earthquake. On the other hand an English general, and an English army, would feel something more than their wonted hope and expectation of victory, if they gave the enemy battle on the anniversaries of Waterloo, or Blenheim, Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. God be thanked! neither our fleets nor armies have ever yet caused a day to be noted with black in the English calendar!

But many a good ship has lost that tide which might have led to fortune, because the captain and the crew thought it unlucky to begin their voyage on a Friday. You were in no danger of being left behind by the packet's sailing on that day, however favourable the wind, if it were possible for the captain to devise any excuse for remaining till the morrow in harbour. Lord Byron partook this superstition; and if anything of the slightest importance in which he was concerned were commenced on a Friday, he was seriously disconcerted.

Such, however, are the effects of superstitious animosity, that (as the Puritans in the next generation made Christmas day a fast by an ordinance of parliament) in James the First's reign Friday was kept as a sort of holyday. The biographer of a Spanish lady, who came to England for the purpose of secretly serving the Roman Catholic cause, says, "that

among her other griefs she had that of hearing the wheel go round, by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on every Friday, delighting to profane with forbidden food that day on which the Catholics, by fasting, and other works of penitence, manifested their sense, every week throughout the year, of the sufferings of their Lord and Saviour. In all English houses," he says, "both private and public, (to which latter great part of the people went for their meals,) all kinds of meat, roasted and boiled, are seen on Fridays, Good Friday not excepted, as if it were a land of Jews or Turks. The nobles in particular reserve their feasts and entertainments of all kinds of meats and delicacies for Fridays. It is the sport of the great, and their sort of piety, to testify by these sacrileges their hatred to the Roman church."

There is probably some exaggeration in this statement; and if the biographer was conversant with the history of his own country, he must have known that there was a time when his own countrymen made it a point of duty to eat pork on Saturdays, for the sake of despising the Jews. But the practice cannot have been so common as he represents it, for if it had, Friday would not have retained its inauspicious character to the present time. Yet even this, which is in common opinion the most unlucky of all days, may, from particular circumstances, deserve, it appears, to be marked with a white stone. Upon a trial brought at the Chelmsford assizes, by a disconsolate widow against a faithless suitor, for breach of promise, a letter of the defendant's was produced, containing this passage: "Miss Martha Harris, you say I have used you ill; but I do not think I have at all; for I told you not to count too much, lest something should happen to disappoint. You say the day was mine; but respecting that I said, 'If before harvest it must be very soon, or it would be in harvest;' and you said, 'Fix any time soon.' But you said you should like to marry on a Friday, for you thought that a good day; for on a Friday your husband died, and on a Friday I first came to see you, and Friday was market day."

Old opinions, however groundless, are not often so easily overcome. The farmer has let precious days pass by without profiting by favourable weather, because he was warned against them by his almanac, or by tradition; and for the same reason, measures which might have relieved and saved a patient, have been fatally procrastinated. There were about thirty days in the Christian year to which such malignant influences were imputed, that the recovery of any person who fell ill upon them was thought to be almost impossible: in any serious disease, how greatly must this persuasion have increased the danger!

More than half the days in the year are unlucky in Madagascar; and the Ombiasses, as the sort of bastard Mohammed-

dan jugglers in that great island are called, have made the deluded people believe that any child born on one of these days will, if it be allowed to grow up, prove a parricide, be addicted to every kind of wickedness, and moreover be miserable throughout the whole course of its life. The infant is always exposed in consequence; and unless some humaner parents employ a slave or relation to preserve it, and remove it for ever from their knowledge, it is left for beasts, birds, or reptiles to devour!

The unfortunate days in Christendom, according to the received superstition in different countries, were either a little more or less than thirty—about a twelfth part of the year; the fortunate were not quite so many, all the rest are left, if the astrologers had so pleased, in their natural uncertainty. And how uncertain all were is acknowledged in the oldest didactics upon this subject, after what were then the most approved rules had been given.

“Αἰδε μὲν ἡμέραι εἰσὶν ἐπιχθονίοις μέγ’ ὄνειρα.
 “Αἱ δ’ ἄλλαι μεταδοῦποι, ἀκήριοι, οὔτι φερουσαι.
 “Ἄλλος δ’ ἄλλοῖν αἰνεῖ, παῦροι δὲ τ’ ἴσασιν.
 “Ἄλλοτε μητρικὴ πελεῖ ἡμέρη, ἄλλοτε μήτηρ.
 Τάων ἐνδοίμων τε καὶ ὀλβίος ὅς τάδε πάντα
 “Εἰδῶς ἐργάζηται ἀναίτιος ἀθανάτοισιν,
 “Ορνίθας κρινῶν, καὶ ὑπερβασίας ἀλεείνων.*

These are the days of which the careful heed
 Each human enterprise with favouring speed:
 Others there are, which intermediate fall,
 Mark’d with no auspice, and unomen’d all:
 And these will some, and those will others praise;
 But few are vers’d in mysteries of days.
 Now as a stepmother the day we find
 Severe, and now as is a mother kind.
 Oh, fortunate the man! oh, bless’d is he
 Who skill’d in these, fulfils his ministry:—
 He to whose note the auguries are given,
 No rite transgress’d, and void of blame to Heaven.†

The fixed days for good and evil were said to have been disclosed by an angel to Job. I know not whether it comes from the rabbinical mint of fables that Moses determined upon Saturday for the Israelites’ sabbath, because that day is governed by Saturn, and Saturn being a malignant planet, all manner of work that might be undertaken on the Saturday might be expected not to prosper. The Sabbatarians might have found here an astrological argument for keeping their sabbath on the same day as the Jews.

Sunday, however, is popularly supposed in France to be a propitious day for a Romish sabbath—which is far better than a Sir-Andrew-Agnewish one. “Il est reconnu,” says a

* Hesiod.

† Elton.

Frenchman, whose testimony on such a point is not invalidated by his madness—"que les jours de la semaine ne peuvent se ressembler, puisqu'ils coulent sous l'influence de différentes planettes. Le soleil, qui preside au dimanche, est censé nous procurer un beau jour plus riant que les autres jours de la semaine ; et voila aussi pourquoi on se reserve ce jour pour se livrer aux plaisirs et amusements honnêtes."

The Jews say that the sun always shines on Wednesdays, because his birthday was on Wednesday, and he keeps it in this manner every week. In Feyjoo's time, the Spaniards had a proverbial saying, that no Saturday is ever without sunshine ; nor could they be disabused of this notion because in their country it is really a rare thing to have a Saturday, or any other day, in some part or other of which the sun is not seen. But on the Wednesday in Passion week they held that it always rains, because it was on that day that Peter went out and wept bitterly, and they think that it behooves the heavens to weep, after this manner, as if in commemoration of his tears.

The saints indeed have been supposed to affect the weather so much upon their own holydays, that a French bishop is said to have formed an ingenious project, for the benefit of a particular branch of agriculture, by reforming a small part of the calendar. This prelate was the Bishop of Auxerre, Francis d'Inteville, first of that name. He had observed that for many years the vineyards had suffered severely on certain saints' days, by frost, hail, cold rains, or blighting winds, and he had come to the conclusion, that though the said saints had their festivals during the time when the sun is passing through Taurus, they were nevertheless "saints gresleurs, geleurs, et gasteurs du bourgeon."

Now this bishop loved good wine, comme fait tout homme de bien ; and he conceived that if these foul weather saints, who seemed in this respect to act as if they had enrolled themselves in a temperance society, were to have their days changed, and be calendared between Christmas day and St. Typhaines. they might hail, and freeze, and bluster to their hearts' content ; and if their old festivals were assigned to new patrons, who were supposed to have no dislike for vineyards, all would go on well. St. George, St. Mark, St. Philip, and St. Vitalis were some of the saints who were to be provided for at Christmas ; St. Christopher, St. Dominic, St. Laurence, and St. Magdalene, the most illustrious of those who should have been installed in their places—for on their days "tant s'en faut qu'on soit en danger de gelée, que lors mestier au monde n'est qui tant soit de requête comme est des faiseurs de friscades, at refraischisseurs de vin." These changes, however, in the saints' administration were not effected : and it appears by Rabelais's

manner of relating the fact, that the bishop never got from the optative to the potential mood.

Master Rabelais says that the bishop called the mother of the three kings St. Typhaine; it is certain that such a saint was made out of *La Sainte Epiphanié*, and that the three kings of Cologne were filiated upon her. But whether or not this prelate were in this respect as ignorant as his flock, he is praised by writers of his own communion, for having by his vigilance and zeal kept his diocese as long as he lived, free from the Lutheran pestilence. And he deserves to be praised by others for having given a fine organ to his cathedral, and a stone pulpit, which was scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the whole kingdom.

The Japanese, who are a wise people, have fixed upon the five most unfortunate days in the year for their five great festivals; and this they have done purposely, and prudently, in order by this universal mirth to divert and propitiate their camis, or deities; and also by their custom on those days of wishing happiness to each other, to avert the mishaps that might otherwise befall them. They too are careful never to begin a journey at an inauspicious time, and therefore in all their road and house books there is a printed table, showing what days of the month are unfortunate for this purpose: they amount to four and twenty in the year. The wise and experienced astrologer, Abino Seimei, who invented the table, was a personage endowed with divine wisdom, and the precious gift of prognosticating things to come. It is to be presumed that he derived this from his parentage, which was very remarkable on the mother's side. Take, gentle reader, for thy contentment, what Lightfoot would have called no lean story.

Prince Abino Jassima was in the temple of Inari, who, being the god and the protector of foxes, ought to have a temple in the bishopric of Durham, and in Leicestershire, and wherever foxes are preserved. Foxes' lungs, it seems, were then as much esteemed as a medicine by the Japanese, as fox-glove may be by European physicians; and a party of courtiers were fox-hunting at this time, in order to make use of the lungs in a prescription. They were in full cry after a young fox, when the poor creature ran into the temple, and instead of looking for protection to the god Inari, took shelter in Prince Jassima's bosom. The prince on this occasion behaved very well, and the fox-hunters very ill, as it may be feared most fox-hunters would do in similar circumstances. They insisted upon his turning the fox out; he protested that he would commit no such crime, for a crime it would have been in such a case; they attempted to take the creature by force, and Prince Jassima behaved so bravely that he beat them all, and set the fox at liberty. He had a servant with him, but whether this servant assisted him, has not been

recorded; neither is it stated that the fox god, Inari, took any part in the defence of his own creature and his princely votary; though from what followed, it may be presumed that he was far from being an unconcerned spectator. I pass over the historical consequences which make "the hunting of that day" more important in Japanese history than that of Chevy Chase is in our own. I pass them over because they are not exactly pertinent to this place. Suffice it to say that King Jassima, as he must now be called, revenged his father's murder upon these very hunters, and succeeded to his throne; and then, after his victory, the fox appeared, no longer in vulpine form, but in the shape of a lady of incomparable beauty, whom he took to wife, and by whom he became the happy father of our astrologer, Abino Seimei. Gratitude had moved this alopegyne, gynalopex, fox lady, or lady fox, to love; she told her love indeed—but she never told her gratitude: nor did King Jassima know, nor could he possibly suspect, that his lovely bride had been that very fox whose life he had with so much generosity and courage preserved—that very fox, I say, "another and the same"—never did he imagine, and never could he have imagined this, till an extraordinary change took place in his beautiful and beloved wife. Her ears, her nose, her claws, and her tail began to grow, and by degrees this wonderful creature became a fox again! My own opinion is, that she must have been a daughter of the great fox god Inari himself.

Abino Seimei, her son, proved to be, as might have been expected, a cunning personage, in the old and good meaning of that word. But as he inherited this cunning from his mysterious mother, he derived also an equal share of benevolence from his kindhearted father, King Jassima: and therefore, after having calculated for the good of mankind the table of unfortunate days, he, for their further good, composed a *uta*, or couplet, of mystical words, by pronouncing which, the poor traveller who is necessitated to begin a journey upon one of those days may evert all those evils, which, if he were not preserved by such a spell, must infallibly befall him. He did this for the benefit of persons in humble life, who were compelled at any time to go wherever their lords and masters might send them. I know not whether Lord Byron would have ventured to set out on a Friday, after reciting these words, if he had been made acquainted with their value, but here they are, expressed in our own characters, to gratify the "curious in charms."

"Sada Mejesi Tabicatz Fidori Josi Asijwa,
Omajitatz Figo Kitz Nito Sen."

CHAPTER XCII. P. I.

CONCERNING PETER HOPKINS AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON AND TIDES UPON THE HUMAN BODY—A CHAPTER WHICH SOME PERSONS MAY DEEM MORE CURIOUS THAN DULL, AND OTHERS MORE DULL THAN CURIOUS.

A man that travelleth to the most desirable home, hath a habit of desire to it all the way ; but his present business is his travel ; and horse, and company, and inns, and ways, and weariness, &c., may take up more of his sensible thoughts, and of his talk and action, than his home.—BAXTER.

FEW things in this world are useless—none, indeed, but what are of man's own invention. It was one of Oberlin's wise maxims that nothing should be destroyed, nothing thrown away or wasted ; he knew that every kind of refuse which will not serve to feed pigs, may be made to feed both man and beast in another way by serving for manure : perhaps he learned this from the Chinese proverb, that a wise man saves even the parings of his nails and the clippings of his beard for this purpose. "To burn a hair," says Darwin, "or a straw, unnecessarily, diminishes the sum of matter fit for quick nutrition, by decomposing it nearly into its elements : and should therefore give some compunction to a mind of universal sympathy." Let not this cant about universal sympathy nauseate a reader of common sense, and make him regard Darwin's opinion here with the contempt which his affectation deserves. Everything may be of use to the farmer. And so it is with knowledge ; there is none, however vain in itself and however little it may be worth the pains of acquiring it, which may not at some time or other be turned to account.

Peter Hopkins found that his acquaintance with astrology was sometimes of good service in his professional practice. In his days most of the almanacs contained Rules Astrological showing under what aspects and positions different modes of remedy were to be administered, and different complexions were to let blood. He had often to deal with persons who believed in their almanac as implicitly as in their Bible, and who studied this part of it with a more anxious sense of its practical importance to themselves. When these notions were opposed to the course of proceeding which the case required, he could gain his point by talking to them in their own language, and displaying, if it were called for, a knowledge of the art which might have astonished the al-

manac-maker himself. If he had reasoned with them upon any other ground, they would have retained their own opinion, even while they submitted to his authority; and would neither have had faith in him nor in his prescriptions.

Peter Hopkins would never listen to any patient who proposed waiting for a lucky day before he entered upon a prescribed course of medicine. "Go by the moon as much as you please," he would say; "have your hair cut, if you think best, while it waxes, and cut your corns while it wanes; and put off anything till a lucky day that may as well be done on one day as another. But the right day to be bled is when you want bleeding; the right day for taking physic is when physic is necessary."

He was the better able to take this course, because he himself belonged to the debatable land between credulity and unbelief. Some one has said that the devil's dubitative is a negative—*dubius in fide, infidelis est*;* and there are cases, as in Othello's, in which, from the infirmity of human nature, it is too often seen that

"to be once in doubt
Is—once to be resolved."

There is, however, a state of mind, or, to speak more accurately, a way of thinking, in which men reverse the Welshman's conclusion in the old comedy, and instead of saying, "It may be, but it is very impossible," resolve within themselves that it is very impossible, but it may be. So it was in some degree with Peter Hopkins; his education, his early pursuits, and his turn of mind disposed him to take part with what was then the common opinion of common men, and counterbalanced, if they did not perhaps a little preponderate against the intelligence of the age, and his own deliberate judgment, if he had been called upon seriously to declare it. He saw plainly that astrology had been made a craft by means whereof knaves practised upon fools; but so had his own profession; and it no more followed as a necessary consequence from the one admission that the heavenly bodies exercised no direct influence upon the human frame, than it did from the other that the art of medicine was not beneficial to mankind.

In the high days of astrology, when such an immediate influence was affirmed upon the then undisputed authority of St. Augustin, it was asked how it happened that the professors of this science so frequently deceived others, and were deceived themselves. The answer was, that too often, instead of confining themselves within the legitimate limits of the art, they enlarged their phylacteries too much. Further,

* Sextus Pythagoras.

that there were many more fixed stars than were known to us, yet these also must have their influence; and moreover, that the most learned professors differed upon some of the most important points. Nevertheless, so many causes and effects in the course of nature were so visibly connected, that men, whether astrologers or not, drew from them their own conclusions, and presaged accordingly: "mirum non est, si his et similibus solerter pensiculatis, non tam astrologi quam philosophi, medici, et longâ experientiâ edocti agricolæ et nautæ, quotidie de futuris multa vera predicunt, etiam sine astrologiæ regulis de morbis, de annonâ, deque tempestatibus."

All persons in Peter Hopkins's days believed that change of weather may be looked for at the change of the moon; and all men, except a few philosophers, believe so still, and all the philosophers in Europe could not persuade an old sailor out of the belief. And that the tides have as much influence over the human body in certain stages of disease as the moon has over the tides is a popular belief in many parts of the world. The Spaniards think that all who die of chronic diseases breathe their last during the ebb. Among the wonders of the isle and city of Cadiz, which the historian of that city, Suares de Salazar, enumerates, one is, according to P. Labat, that the sick never die there while the tide is rising or at its height, but always during the ebb: he restricts the notion to the isle of Leon, but implies that the effect was there believed to take place in diseases of any kind, acute as well as chronic. "Him fever," says the negro in the West Indies, "shall go when the water come low. Him always come hot when the tide high."

If the negroes had ever heard the theory of the tides which Herrera mentions, they would readily believe it, and look upon it as completely explaining the ground of their assertion; for, according to that theory, the tides are caused by a fever of the sea, which rages for six hours, and then intermits for as many more.

But the effect of the tides upon the human constitution in certain states is not a mere vulgar opinion. Major Moor says, that near the tropics, especially in situations where the tide of the sea has a great rise and fall, scarcely any person, and certainly no one affected with feverish or nervous symptoms, is exempted from extraordinary sensations at the periods of spring tides. That these are caused by the changes of the moon he will not say, for he had never fully convinced himself, however plausible the theory, that the coincident phenomena of spring tides, and full and change of the moon, were cause and effect; but at the conjunction and opposition, or, what amounts to the same, at the spring tides, these sensations are periodically felt. There is an account of one singular case in which the influence was entirely lunar.

When Mr. Galt was travelling in the Morea he fell in with a peasant, evidently in an advanced stage of dropsy, who told him that his father had died of a similar complaint, but differing from his in this remarkable respect: the father's continued to grow regularly worse, without any intervals of alleviation; but at the change of the moon the son felt comparatively much easier. As the moon advanced to the full the swelling enlarged; and as she waned it again lessened. Still, however, though this alteration continued, the disease was gaining ground.

"The moon," Mr. Galt observes, "has, or is believed to have, much more to say in the affairs of those parts than with us. The climate is more regular; and, if the air have tides, like the ocean, of course their effects are more perceptible."

In an early volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* are some observations made by Mr. Paschal on the motions of diseases, and on the births and deaths of men and other animals, in different parts of the day and night. Having suspected, he says, that the causes of the tides at sea exert their power elsewhere, though the effect may not be so sensibly perceived on the solid as on the fluid parts of the globe, he divided, for trial of this notion, the natural day into four senaries of hours; the first consisting of three hours before the moon's southing, and three after, the second of the six hours following, and the third and fourth contained the two remaining quarters of the natural day. Observing then the times of birth and death, both in human and other subjects, as many as came within the circle of his knowledge, he found, he says, none that were born or died a natural death in the first and third senaries, (which he called first and second tides,) but every one either in the second or fourth senaries (which he called the first and second ebbs.) He then made observations upon the motions of diseases, other circumstances connected with the human frame, alterations of the weather, and such accounts as he could meet with of earthquakes and other things, and he met with nothing to prevent him from laying down this as a maxim: that motion, vigour, action, strength, &c., appear most and do best in the tiding senaries, and that rest, relaxation, decay, dissolution, belong to the ebbing ones.

This theorist must have been strongly possessed with a favourite opinion before he could imagine that the deep subterranean causes of earthquakes could in any degree be affected by the tides. But that the same influences which occasion the ebb and flow of the ocean have an effect upon certain diseases is a conclusion to which Dr. Pinckard came in the West Indies, and Dr. Balfour in the East, from what they observed in the course of their own practice, and what they collected from the information of others. "In Bengal," Dr.

Balfour says, "there is no room to doubt that the human frame is affected by the influences connected with the relative situations of the sun and moon. In certain states of health and vigour this influence has not power to show itself by any obvious effects, and in such cases its existence is often not acknowledged. But in certain states of debility and disease it is able to manifest itself by exciting febrile paroxysms. Such paroxysms show themselves more frequently during the period of the spring tides, and as these advance become more violent and obstinate, and on the other hand tend no less invariably to subside and terminate during the recess."

"I have no doubt," says this practitioner, "that any physician who will carefully attend to the diurnal and nocturnal returns of the tides, and will constantly hold before him the prevailing tendency of fevers to appear at the commencement, and during the period of the spring; and to subside and terminate at the commencement and during the period of the recess, will soon obtain more information respecting the phenomena of fevers, and be able to form more just and certain judgments and prognostics respecting every event, than if he were to study the history of medicine, as it is now written, for a thousand years. There is no revolution or change in the course of fevers that may not be explained by these general principles in a manner consistent with the laws of the human constitution, and of the great system of revolving bodies which unite together in producing them."

Dr Balfour spared no pains in collecting information to elucidate and confirm his theory during the course of thirty years' practice in India. He communicated upon it with most of the European practitioners in the company's dominions; and the then governor-general, Lord Teignmouth, considered the subject as so important, that he properly as well as liberally ordered the correspondence and the treatise, in which its results were embodied, to be printed and circulated at the expense of the government. The author drew up his scheme of an astronomical ephemeris, for the purposes of medicine and meteorology, and satisfied himself that he had discovered the laws of febrile paroxysms, and unfolded a history and theory of fevers entirely new, consistent with itself in every part, and with the other appearances of nature, perfectly conformable to the laws discovered by the immortal Newton, and capable of producing important improvements in medicine and meteorology. He protested against objections to his theory as if it were connected with the wild and groundless delusions of astrology. Yet the letter of his correspondent, Dr. Helenus Scott, of Bombay, shows how naturally and inevitably it would be connected with them in that country. "The influence of the moon on the human body," says that physician, "has been observed

in this part of India by every medical practitioner. It is universally acknowledged by the doctors of all colours, of all casts, and of all countries. The people are taught to believe it in their infancy, and as they grow up, they acknowledge it from experience. I suppose that in the northern latitudes this power of the moon is far less sensible than in India. Here we universally think that the state of weakly and diseased bodies is much influenced by its motions. Every full and change increases the number of the patients of every practitioner. That the human body is affected in a remarkable manner by them I am perfectly convinced, and that an attention to the power of the moon is highly necessary to the medical practitioner in India."

This passage tends to confirm, what indeed no judicious person can doubt, that the application of astrology to medicine, though it was soon perverted, and debased till it became a mere craft, originated in actual observations of the connection between certain bodily affections, and certain times and seasons. Many, if not most of the mischievous systems in physic and divinity have arisen from dim perceptions or erroneous apprehensions of some important truth. And not a few have originated in the common error of drawing bold and hasty inferences from weak premises. Sailors say, what they of all men have most opportunities of observing, that the moon as it rises clears the sky of clouds: "A puesta del sol," says a Spanish chronicler, "parescio la luna, e comio poco a poco todas las nuves." The "learned and reverend" Dr. Goad, some time master of Merchant Tailors' School, published a work "of vast pains, reading, and many years experience," which he called "*Astro-Meteorologia*, or a Demonstration of the Influences of the Stars in the Alterations of the Air; proving that there is not an earthquake, comet, parhelia, halo, thunder storm or tempest, or any other phenomena, but is referable to its particular planetary aspect, as the subsolar cause thereof."

CHAPTER XCIII. P. I.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED.

Ἦ πολλὰ λίξας ἄρτι κἀνόνητ' ἔπη,
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκέτ' οὐδέεν.

SOPHOCLES.

NOVEL readers are sometimes so impatient to know how the story is to end, that they look at the last chapter, and so—escape, should I say—or forfeit that state of agitating suspense in which it was the author or authoress's endeavour

to keep them till they should arrive by a regular perusal at the well-concealed catastrophe. It may be apprehended that persons of this temper, having in their composition much more of Eve's curiosity than of Job's patience, will regard with some displeasure a work like the present, of which the conclusion is not before them; and some, perhaps, may even be so unreasonable as to complain that they go through chapter after chapter without making any progress in the story. "What care the public," says one of these readers, (for every reader is a self-constituted representative of that great invisible body,) "what do the public care for astrology and almanacs, and the influence of the tides upon diseases, and Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, and the Koran, and the chronology of this fellow's chapters, and Potteric Carr, and the corporation of Doncaster, and the therapy of signatures, and the philosophy of the alchemists, and the devil knows what besides! What have these things to do with the subject of the book, and who would ever have looked for them in a novel!"

"A novel do you call it, Mr. Reader?"

"Yes, Mr. Author, what else should I call it? It has been reviewed as a novel and advertised as a novel."

"I confess that in this very day's newspaper it is advertised in company with four new novels; the first in the list being 'Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak,' a Legend of Devon, by Mrs. Bray; the second, 'Dacre,' edited by the Countess of Morley; Mr. James's 'Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall' is the third; fourthly, comes the dear name of 'The Doctor;' and last in the list, 'The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Seventeenth Century.'"

I present my compliments to each and all of the authoresses and authors with whom I find myself thus associated. At the same time I beg leave to apologize for this apparent intrusion into their company, and to assure them that the honour which I have thus received has been thrust upon me. Dr. Stegman had four patients whose disease was that they saw themselves double: "they perceived," says Mr. Turner, "another self, exterior to themselves!" I am not one of Dr. Stegman's patients; but I see myself double in a certain sense, and in that sense have another and distinct self—the one incog., the other out of cog. Out of cog. I should be as willing to meet the novelist of the Polish court, as any other unknown brother or sister of the quill. Out of cog. I should be glad to shake hands with Mr. James, converse with him about Charlemagne, and urge him to proceed with his French biography. Out of cog. I should have much pleasure in making my bow to Lady Morley or her editee. Out of cog. I should like to be introduced to Mrs. Bray in her own lovely land of Devon, and see the sweet innocent face of her humble friend Mary Colling. But without a

proper introduction I should never think of presenting myself to any of these persons; and having incog. the same sense of propriety as out of cog., I assure them that the manner in which my one self has been associated with them is not the act and deed of my other self, but that of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, my very worthy and approved good publishers.

"Why, Mr. Author, you do not mean to say that the book is not printed as a novel, does not appear as one, and is not intended to pass for one? Have you the face to deny it?"

"Lecteur, mon ami, la demande est bien faite sans doute, et bien apparente; mais la response vous contentera, ou j'ai le sens malgallefretu!"

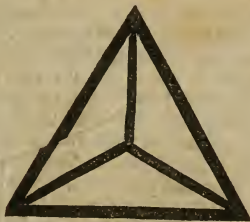
"*Lecteur, mon ami!* an incog. has no face. But this I say in the face, or in all the faces of that public which has more heads than a Hindoo divinity, that the character and contents of the book were fairly, fully, carefully, and considerably denoted—that is to say, notified or made known in the title page. Turn to it, I entreat you, sir! The first thing which you cannot but notice, is, that it is in motley. Ought you not to have inferred, concerning the author, that in his brain

he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms?*

And if you could fail to perceive the conspicuous and capacious

&c.,

which in its omnisignifican^{ce} may promise anything, and yet pledges the writer to nothing; and if you could also overlook the mysterious monograph



your attention was invited to all this by a sentence of Butler's, on the opposite page, so apposite that it seems as if he had

* Shakspeare.

written it with a second sight of the application thus to be made of it: 'There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.' This was the remark of one whose wisdom can never be obsolete; and whose wit, though much of it has become so, it will always be worth while for an Englishman to study and to understand."

Mr. D'Israeli has said that "the false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader, and that titles are generally too prodigal of their promises;" but yet there is an error on the other hand to be avoided, for if they say too little they may fail of attracting notice. I bore in mind what Baillet says upon this subject, to which he has devoted a long chapter: "Le titre d'un livre doit être son abrégé, et il en doit renfermer tout l'esprit, autant qu'il est possible. Il doit être le centre de toutes les paroles et de toutes les pensées du livre; de telle sorte qu'on n'y en puisse pas même trouver une qui n'y dit de la correspondance et du rapport." From this rule there has been no departure. Everything that is said of Peter Hopkins relates to the doctor prospectively, because he was the doctor's master; everything that may be said of, or from myself, relates to the doctor retrospectively, or reflectively, because he, though in a different sense, was mine: and everything that is said about anything else, relates to him collaterally, being either derivative or tributary, either divergent from the main subject, or convergent to its main end.

But albeit I claim the privilege of motley, and in right thereof

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;*

yet I have in no instance abused that charter, or visited any one too roughly. Nor will I ever do against the world what John Kinsaider did, in unseemly defiance—nor against the wind either; though it has been no maxim of mine, nor ever shall be, to turn with the tide, or go with the crowd, unless they are going my road, and there is no other way that I can take to escape the annoyance of their company.

"And is this any reason, Mr. Author, why you should get on as slowly with the story of your book, as the House of Commons with the business of the nation, in the present reformed parliament, with Lord Althorpe for its leader?"

"Give me credit, sir, for a temper as imperturbably good as that which Lord Althorpe presents, like a sevenfold

* Shakspeare.

shield of lamb's wool, to cover him against all attacks, and I will not complain of the disparagement implied in your comparison."

"Your confounded good temper, Mr. Author, seems to pride itself upon trying experiments on the patience of your readers. Here I am, near the end of the last volume, and if any one asked me what the book is about, it would be impossible for me to answer the question. I have never been able to guess at the end of one chapter what was likely to be the subject of the next."

"Let me reply to that observation, sir, by an anecdote. A collector of scarce books was one day showing me his small but curious hoard: 'Have you ever seen a copy of this book?' he asked, with every rare volume that he put into my hands; and when my reply was that I had not, he always rejoined, with a look and tone of triumphant delight, 'I should have been exceedingly sorry if you had!'

"Let me tell you another anecdote, not less to the purpose. A thorough-bred foxhunter found himself so much out of health a little before the season for his sport began, that he took what was then thought a long journey to consult a physician, and get some advice which he hoped would put him into a condition for taking the field. Upon his return his friends asked him what the doctor had said. 'Why,' said the squire, 'he told me that I've got a dyspepsy. I don't know what that is; but it's some damned thing or other, I suppose.' My good sir, however much at a loss you may be to guess what is coming in the next chapter, you can have no apprehension that it may turn out anything like what he, with too much reason, supposed a dyspepsy to be.

"*Lecteur, mon ami*, I have given you the advantage of a motto from Sophocles; and were it as apposite to me as it seems applicable when coming from you, I might content myself with replying to it in a couplet of the honest old wine-bibbing Water Poet:—

'That man may well be called an idle mome
That mocks the cock because he wears a comb.'

But no one who knows a hawk from a heronshaw, or a sheep's head from a carrot, or the Lord Chancellor Brougham, in his wig and robes, from a Guy Vaux on the fifth of November, can be so mistaken in judgment as to say that I make use of many words in making nothing understood; nor as to think me,

ἄνθρωπον ἀγριοποιον, ἀθθαδόστομον,
ἔχοντ' ἀχαλινον, ἀκρατῆς, ἀπόλωτον στῦνᾶ,
ἀπεριλάλητον, κομποφακελοῤῥήμονα.*

* Aristophanes.

“Any subject is inexhaustible if it be fully treated of; that is, if it be treated doctrinally and practically, analytically and synthetically, historically and morally, critically, popularly, and eloquently, philosophically, exegetically, and æsthetically, logically, neologically, etymologically, archaiologically, Daniologically, and Doveologically, which is to say, summing up all in one, doctorologically.

“Now, my good reader, whether I handle my subject in any of these ways, or in any other legitimate way, this is certain, that I never handle it as a cow does a musket; and that I have never wandered from it, not even when you have drawn me into a tattle-de-moy.”

“*Auctor incomparabilis*, what is a tattle-de-moy?”

“*Lecteur, mon ami*, you shall now know what to expect in the next chapter, for I will tell you there what a tattle-de-moy is.”

CHAPTER XCIV. P. I.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCES TO
THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS.

And music mild I learn'd, that tells
Tune, time, and measure of the song.
HIGGINS.

A TATTLE-DE-MOY, reader, was “a newfashioned thing” in the year of our Lord 1676, “much like a seraband, only it had in it more of conceit and of humour, and it might supply the place of a seraband at the end of a suit of lessons at any time.” That simplehearted, and therefore happy old man, Thomas Mace, invented it himself, because he would be a little modish, he said; and he called it a tattle-de-moy, “because it tattles, and seems to speak those very words or syllables. Its humour,” said he, “is toyish, jocund, harmless, and pleasant; and as if it were one playing with or tossing a ball up and down; yet it seems to have a very solemn countenance, and like unto one of a sober and innocent condition or disposition; not antic, apish, or wild.”

If, indeed, the gift of prophecy were imparted, or imputed to musicians as it has sometimes been to poets, Thomas Mace might be thought to have unwittingly foreshown certain characteristics of the unique opus which is now before the reader: so nearly has he described them when instruct-

ing his pupils how to give right and proper names to all lessons they might meet with.

"There are, first, preludes; then, secondly, fancies and voluntaries; thirdly, pavines; fourthly, allmaines; fifthly, airs; sixthly, galliards; seventhly, corantoës; eighthly, serabands; ninthly, tattle-de-moys; tenthly, chichonas; eleventhly, toys or jigs; twelfthly, common tunes; and, lastly, grounds, with divisions upon them.

"The prelude is commonly a piece of confused, wild, shapeless kind of intricate play, (as most use it,) in which no perfect form, shape, or uniformity can be perceived; but a random business, pottering and groping, up and down, from one stop, or key, to another; and generally so performed, to make trial, whether the instrument be well in tune or not; by which doing after they have completed their tuning, they will (if they be masters) fall into some kind of voluntary or fanciful play more intelligible; which (if he be a master able) is a way whereby he may more fully and plainly show his excellence and ability, than by any other kind of undertaking; and has an unlimited and unbounded liberty, in which he may make use of the forms and shapes of all the rest."

Here the quasi-prophetic lutanist may seem to have described the ante-initial chapters of this opus, and those other pieces which precede the beginning thereof, and resemble

A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which the voice shall wander.*

For though a censorious reader will pick out such expressions only as may be applied with a malign meaning; yet in what he may consider confused and shapeless, and call pottering and groping, the competent observer will recognise the hand of a master, trying his instrument and tuning it; and then passing into a voluntary, whereby he approves his skill, and foreshows the spirit of his performance.

The pavines, Master Mace tells us, are lessons of two, three, or four strains, very grave and solemn; full of art and profundity, but seldom used in "these our light days," as in many respects he might well call the days of King Charles the Second. Here he characterizes our graver chapters, which are in strains so deep, so soothing, and so solemn withal, that if such a pavine had been played in the hall of the palace at Aix, when King Charlemagne asked the archbishop to dance, the invitation could not have been deemed indecorous.

Allmaines are very airy and lively, and generally in com-

* Keats.

mon or plain time. Airs differ from them only in being usually shorter, and of a more rapid and nimble performance. With many of these have the readers of *The Doctor* been amused.

Galliards, being grave and sober, are performed in a slow and large triple time. Some of the chapters relating to the history of Doncaster come under this description: especially that concerning its corporation, which may be called a galliard *par excellence*.

The corantoes are of a shorter cut, and of a quicker triple time, full of sprightfulness and vigour, lively, brisk, and cheerful: the serabands of the shortest triple time, and more toyish and light than the corantoes. There are of both kinds in these volumes, and skilfully are they alternated with the pavines.

Now the musician
Hovers with nimble stick o'er squeaking crowd,
Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat;*

and anon a strain is heard—

Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.†

And there are chichonas, also, which consist of a few conceited notes in a grave kind of humour; these are the chapters which the Honourable Fastidious Feeblewit condemns as being in bad taste, and which Lord Makemotion Ganderman pronounces poor stuff; but at which Yorickson smiles, Macswift's countenance brightens, and Fitzrabelais laughs outright.

No prophecies can be expected to go upon all fours; and nothing in this opus corresponds to Master Mace's toys, or jigs, which are "light, squibbish things, only fit for fantastical and easy, lightheaded people;" nor to his common tunes.

Last in his enumeration is the ground: this, he says, is 'a set number of slow notes, very grave and stately; which, after it is expressed once or twice very plainly, then he that hath good brains and a good hand, undertakes to play several divisions upon it, time after time, till he hath shown his bravery, both of invention and execution.'" My worthy friend Dr. Dense can need no hint to make him perceive how happily this applies to the ground of the present work, and the manner of treating it. And if Mr. Dulman disputes the

* Marston.

† Milton.

application, it can only be because he is determined not to see it. All his family are remarkable for obstinacy.

And here taking leave for a while of the good old lutanist, I invite the serious and the curious to another pavine among the stars.

CHAPTER XCV. P. I.

WHEREIN MENTION IS MADE OF LORD BYRON, RONSARD, RABBI KAPOL, AND CO.—IT IS SUGGESTED THAT A MODE OF READING THE STARS HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THE RECOVERY OF OBLITERATED ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS; AND IT IS SHOWN THAT A MATHEMATICIAN MAY REASON MATHEMATICALLY, AND YET LIKE A FOOL.

Thus may ye behold
 This man is very bold,
 And in his learning old
 Intendeth for to sit.
 I blame him not a whit;
 For it would vex his wit,
 And clean against his earning
 To follow such learning
 As nowadays is taught.

DOCTOUR DOUBLE-ALE.

LORD BYRON calls the stars the poetry of heaven, having perhaps in mind Ben Jonson's expression concerning bell-ringing. Ronsard calls them the characters of the sky:

“Alors que Vesper vient embrunir nos yeux,
 Attaché dans le ciel je contemple les cieux,
 En qui Dieu nous escrit, en notes non obscures,
 Les sorts et les destins de toutes creatures.
 Car luy, en desdaignant (comme font les humains)
 D'avoir encre et papier et plume entre les mains,
 Par les astres du ciel, qui sont ses caracteres,
 Les choses nous predict et bonnes et contraires.
 Mais les hommes, chargez de terres et du trespas,
 Meprisent tel escrit, et ne le lisent pas.”

The great French poet of his age probably did not know that what he thus said was actually believed by the Cabalists. According to them the ancient Hebrews represented the stars, severally and collectively, by the letters of their alphabet: to read the stars, therefore, was more than a metaphorical expression with them. And an astral alphabet for genethliacal purposes was published near the close of the

fifteenth century, at Cracow, by Rabbi Kapol Ben Samuel, in a work entitled "The Profundity of Profundities."

But as this would rest upon an insecure foundation—for who could be assured that the alphabet had been accurately made out?—it has been argued that the heavens are repeatedly in the Scriptures called a book, whence it is to be inferred that they contain legible characters: that the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis ought to be translated "In the beginning God created the letter, or character of the heavens;" and that in the nineteenth Psalm we should read "their line," instead of "their sound has gone forth into all lands," this referring to their arrangement in the firmament like letters upon a roll of parchment. Jews, Platonists, and fathers of the church, are shown to have believed in this celestial writing. And there can be no question but that both the language and the characters must be Hebrew, that being the original speech, and those the original characters, and both divinely communicated to man, not of human invention. But single stars are not to be read as letters, as in the astral alphabet. This may be a convenient mode of noting them in astronomical observations; the elements of this celestial science are more recondite in proportion as the science itself is more mysterious. An understanding eye may distinguish that the stars in their groups form Hebrew letters, instead of those imaginary shapes which are called the signs of the Zodiac.

But as the stars appear to us only as dots of light, much skill and sagacity are required for discovering how they combine into the complex forms of the Hebrew alphabet. The astral scholar reads them as antiquaries have made out inscriptions upon Roman buildings by the marks of the nails, when the letters themselves had been torn away by rapacious hands for the sake of the metal. Indeed it is not unlikely that the Abbé Barthelemi took the hint from the curiously credulous work of his countryman, Gaffarel, who has given examples of this celestial writing from the Rabbis Kapol, Chomer, and Abiudan. In these examples the stars are represented by white spots upon the black lines of the Hebrew letter. The abbé, when he writes upon this subject to Count Caylus, seems not to have known that Peiresc had restored ancient inscriptions by the same means; if, however, he followed the example of Peiresc without choosing to mention his name, that omni-erudite man himself is likely to have seen the books from whence Gaffarel derived his knowledge.

There is yet another difficulty; even the book of heaven is not stereotyped; its types are continually changing with the motion of the heavenly bodies, and changes of still greater importance are made by the appearance of new stars.

One important rule is to be observed in perusing this great stelliscript. He who desires to learn what good they prefigure, must read them from west to east; but if he would be forewarned of evil, he must read from north to west; in either case beginning with the stars that are most vertical to him. For the first part of this rule, no better reason has been assigned than the conjectural one, that there is a propriety in it, the free and natural motion of the stars being from west to east; but for the latter part a sufficient cause is found in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah: *Septentrione pandetur malum*. "Out of the North evil shall break forth."

Dionyse Settle was persuaded that Martin Frobisher, being a Yorkshire man, had, by his voyage in search of a north-west passage, repelled the rehearsal of those opprobrious words; not only he, but many worthy subjects more, as well as the said Dionyse, who was in the voyage himself, being "Yorkshire too."

But why should evil come from the North? "I conceive," says Gaffarel, "it would stand with sound philosophy to answer, by reason of the darkness and gloominess of the air of those parts, caused by the great distance of the sun; and also by reason of the evil spirits which inhabit dark places." This reason becomes stronger when it is considered that the word which in the Vulgate is rendered *pandetur*, may also be rendered *depingetur*, so that the verse might be translated, "All evils shall be described (or written) from the North;" and if written, then certainly to be read from that direction.

This theory of what Southey has called "the language of the lights of Heaven," is Jewish. Abu Almasar (nominally well known as Albumazar, by which name the knaves called him who knew nothing of him or his history) derived all religions from the planets. The Chaldean, he said, was produced by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mars; the Egyptian by Jupiter with the sun; Judaism, by Jupiter with Saturn; Christianity, by Jupiter with Mercury; Mohammedanism, by Jupiter with Venus. And in the year 1460, when, according to his calculation, the conjunction of Jupiter and Mercury would again occur, he predicted that the Christian religion would receive its deathblow, and the religion of anti-christ begin. Pursuing these fancies, others have asserted that the reason why the Jewish nation always has been miserable, and always must be so, is because the irreligion was formed under the influences of Saturn:

Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy.
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.*

A malevolent planet he is, and also an unfortunate one, and it was he that,

* Wallenstein.

With lead-coloured shine lighting it into life,*

threw a tincture of severity and moroseness over the religion of the Jews; he it was that made them obstinate and covetous, and their Sabbath, accordingly, is his day. In like manner the character of the Turks and their day of rest have been determined by the planet Venus, which is the star of their religion. And as Christianity began under the influence of the sun, Sunday is the Christian Sabbath; and the visible head of the Christian church has his seat in Rome, which is a solar city, its foundations having been laid when the sun was in Leo, his proper house. Further proof of this influence is, that the cardinals wear red, which is a solar colour.

Dr. Jenkin, in his Discourses upon the Reasonableness and certainty of the Christian Religion, takes into his consideration the opinion of those persons who thought that the stars would shine to little purpose unless there were other habitable worlds besides this earth whereon we dwell. One of the uses for which they serve he supposes to be this, that in all ages the wits of many men whose curiosity might otherwise be very ill employed, have been busied in considering their end and nature, and calculating their distances and motions: a whimsical argument, in advancing which he seems to have forgotten the mischievous purposes to which so much of the wit which had taken this direction had been applied.

Yet these fancies of the wildest astrologers are not more absurd than the grave proposition of John Craig, whose "Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica" were published in London at the close of the seventeenth century. He asserted, and pretended to show by mathematical calculations, that the probability of the truth of the Gospel history was as strong at that time, as they would have been in the days of the Saviour himself, to a person who should have heard it related by twenty-eight disciples; but that, upon the same mathematical grounds, the probability will entirely cease by the year 3150; there would then be no more faith on earth, and, consequently, according to St. Luke, the world would then be at an end, and the Son of man would come to judge the quick and the dead.

Bayle always ridiculed that sort of evidence which is called mathematical demonstration.

* Wallenstein.

CHAPTER XCVI. P. I.

A MUSICIAN'S WISH EXCITED BY HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE—SYMPATHY BETWEEN PETER HOPKINS AND HIS PUPIL—INDIFFERENTISM USEFUL IN ORDINARY CASES, BUT DANGEROUS IN RELIGION.

Noi intendiamo parlare alle cose che utili sono alla umana vita, quanto per nostro intendimento si potrà in questa parte comprendere; e sopra quelle particelle che detto avemo di comporre.—BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

WHEN Miller talked of his friend Herschel's good fortune, and of his astronomical discoveries, and of his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who, while in his absence she could get possession of his twenty-feet reflector, amused herself with sweeping the sky, and searching for comets in the neighbourhood of the sun, the warmhearted and musical-minded man used to wish that the science of acoustics had been advanced in the same degree as that of optics, and that his old friend, when he gave up music as a profession, had still retained it as a pursuit; for, had he constructed auditory tubes of proportionate power and magnitude to his great telescope, "who knows," said Miller, "but we might have been enabled to hear the music of the spheres!" Pythagoras used to listen to that music, when he retired into the depths of his own being; and, according to his disciples, to him alone of all mortals has it been audible. But philosophers in modern times have thought that the existence of this music is more than an enthusiast's dream, a poet's fiction, or an impostor's fable. They say it may be inferred as probable from some of Newton's discoveries; and as a consequence of that principle of harmony which in some parts of the system of nature is so clearly shown, and in others so mysteriously indicated.

As for the doctor, when Miller talked to him of Miss Herschel's performances in sky-sweeping and comet-hunting, it reminded him of the nursery song, and he quoted the lines:—

"Old woman, old woman, whither so high?
I'm going to sweep cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again by-and-by."

not meaning, however, any disrespect to the lady, nor knowing anything of her age.

Herschel would have opened no new field of speculation

for Peter Hopkins, if Hopkins had lived till that day ; but he would have eradicated the last remains of his lurking belief in astrology, by showing how little those who pretended to read the stars had seen or known of them. The old man would have parted with it easily, though he delighted in obsolete knowledge, and took as much interest in making himself acquainted with the freaks of the human mind, as with the maladies of the human frame. He thought that they belonged to the same study ; and the affection which he had so soon contracted for his pupil, was in no small degree occasioned by his perceiving in him a kindred disposition. Mr. Danby says, "there is perhaps more of instinct in our feelings than we are aware of, even in our esteem of each other;" it is one of the many wise remarks of a thoughtful man.

This intellectual sympathy contributed much to the happiness of both, and no little to the intellectual progress of the younger party. But Hopkins's peculiar humour had rendered him indifferent upon some points of great moment. It had served as a prophylactic against all political endemics, and this had been a comfortable security for him in times when such disorders were frequent and violent ; and when, though far less malignant than those of the present age, they were far more dangerous, in individual cases. The reader may perhaps remember, (and if not, he is now reminded of it,) how, when he was first introduced to Peter Hopkins, it was said that any king would have had in him a quiet subject, and any church a contented conformist. He troubled himself with no disputations in religion, and was troubled with no doubts, but believed what he was taught to believe, because he had been taught to believe it ; and owing to the same facility of mind, under any change of dynasty, or revolution of government that could have befallen, he would have obeyed the ruling power. Such would always be the politics of the many, if they were let alone ; and such would always be their religion. As regards the civil point, this is the best condition in which a people can be, both for themselves and their rulers ; and if the laws be good and well administered, the form of government is good so far as it is causative of those effects, and so far as it is not causative, it is a trifle for which none but fools would contest. The proper end of all government being the general good, provided that good be attained, it is infinitesimally insignificant by what means. That it can be equally attained under any form, is not asserted here. The argument from the analogy of nature, which might seem to favour such an assertion, cannot be maintained. The bees have their monarchy, and the ants their republic ; but when we are told to go to the ant and the bee, and consider their ways, it is not that we should borrow from them formic laws or apiarian policy. Under the worst scheme of government, the desired end would be

in a great degree attainable, if the people were trained up as they ought to be in the knowledge of their Christian duties; and unless they are so trained, it must ever be very imperfectly attained under the best.

Forms of government alone deserving to be so called of whatever kind, are here intended, not those of savage or barbarous times and countries. Indeed it is only in advanced stages of society that men are left sufficiently to themselves to become reasonably contented; and then they may be expected, like our friend Peter Hopkins, to be better subjects than patriots. It is desirable that they should be so. For good subjects promote the public good at all times, and it is only in evil times that patriots are wanted—such times as are usually brought on by rash, or profligate and wicked men, who assume the name.

From this political plasticity, in his days and in his station, no harm could arise either to himself or others. But the same temperament in religion, though doubtless it may reach the degree of saving faith, can hardly consist with an active and imaginative mind. It was fortunate, therefore, for the doctor, that he found a religious friend in Mr. Bacon. While he was at Leyden, his position in this respect had not been favourable. Between the Dutch language and the burgemeester's daughter, St. Peter's Kirk had not been a scene of much devotion for him. Perhaps many churches in his own country might have produced no better effect upon him at that time of life; but the loose opinions which Bayle had scattered were then afloat in Holland, and even these were less dangerous to a disposition such as his, than the fierce Calvinistic tenets by which they were opposed. The former might have beguiled him into skepticism, the latter might have driven him into unbelief, if the necessary attention to his professional studies, and an appetite for general knowledge, which found full employment for all leisure hours, had not happily prevented him from entering without a guide upon a field of inquiry, where he would either have been entangled among thorns, or beset with snares and pitfalls.

True indeed it is, that nothing but the most injurious and inevitable circumstances could have corrupted his natural piety, for it had been fostered in him by his father's example, and by those domestic lessons which make upon us the deepest and most enduring impressions. But he was not armed, as it behooved him to be, against the errors of the age, neither those which, like the pestilence, walked in noonday, nor those which did their work insidiously, and in darkness.

Methodism was then in its rampant stage; the founders themselves had not yet sobered down; and their followers, though more decent than the primitive Quakers, and far less offensive in their operations, ran, nevertheless, into extrava-

gances which made ill-judging magistrates slow in protecting them against the insults and outrages of the rabble. The dissenters were more engaged in controversy among themselves than with the establishment; their old leaven had at that time no mass whereon to work, but it was carefully preserved. The Nonjurors, of all sects (if they may be called a sect) the most respectable in their origin, were almost extinct. The Roman Catholics were quiet, in fear of the laws—no toleration being then professed for a church which proclaimed, and everywhere acted upon, the principle of absolute intolerance; but there were few populous parts of the kingdom in which there was not some secular priest, or some regular, not indeed

“Black, white, and gray with all their trumpery,”

for neither the uniform nor the trumpery were allowed, but monk, or friar, or Jesuit in lay clothing, employed in secretly administering to the then decreasing numbers of their own communion, and recruiting them whenever they safely could; but more generally venturing no further than to insinuate doubts, and unsettle the belief, of unwary and unlearned members of the established religion, for this could always be done with impunity. And in this they aided, and were aided by, those who in that age were known by the name, which they had arrogated to themselves, of free-thinkers.

There was among the higher classes in those days a fashion of infidelity, imported from France; Shaftesbury and “the cankered Bolingbroke” (as Sir Robert Walpole used justly to call that profligate statesman) were beholden for their reputation more to this, than to any solidity of talents, or grace of style. It had made much less way in middle life than in the higher and lower ranks; for men in middle life, being generally trained up when children in the way they should go, were less likely to depart from it than those who were either above or below them in station: indeed they were not exposed to the same dangers. The principles which were veiled but not disguised, by Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and exposed in their nakedness by Wilkes and his blasphemous associates at their orgies, were discussed in the Robin Hood Society, by men who were upon the same level with the holders-forth at the Rotunda in our own times, but who differed from them in these respects, that they neither made a trading profession of impiety, nor ventured into the treason line.

Any man may graduate in the schools of irreligion and mispolicy, if he have a glib tongue and a brazen forehead; with these qualities, and a small portion of that talent which is producible on demand, he may take a wrangler’s degree.

Such men were often met with in the common walks of society, before they became audacious enough to show themselves upon the public theatre, and aspire to form a party in the state. Peter Hopkins could listen to them just with as much indifference as he did to a Jacobite, a Nonjuror, or one to whom the memory of Oliver and the saints in buff was precious. The doctor, before he happily became acquainted with Mr. Bacon, held his peace when in the presence of such people, but from a different cause : for though his heart rose against their discourse, and he had an instinctive assurance that it was equally pernicious and false, he had not so stored himself with needful knowledge as to be able to confute the commonplaces of an infidel propagandist. But it has an ill effect upon others, when a person of sounder judgment and more acquirements than themselves, remains silent in the company of such talkers ; for, from whatever motive his silence may proceed, it is likely to be considered, both by the assailants of the truth, and by the listeners, as an admission of his inability to maintain the better cause. Great evil has arisen to individuals, and to the community, from allowing scoffers to go unrebuked in private life ; and fallacies and falsehoods to pass uncontradicted and unexposed in those channels through which poison is conveyed to the public mind.

CHAPTER XCVII. P. I.

MR BACON'S PARSONAGE — CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION — TIME AND CHANGE — WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN a Scotch village the manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best ; almost, indeed, what in old times the mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness : and when the reunion which blessed them both

rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep everything in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterize, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our heavenly Father—to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, "Thy will be done!"—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when he takes away as when he gives, and with a depth of feeling of which perhaps none but the afflicted heart is capable—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires. This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the gods: *ὅν ὅτι θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκου νεώς*. It was because he was "a mere philosopher," that he failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit." And the heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest dis-

tress, hath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What if she had been summoned in the flower of her years, and from a state of conjugal happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted—how surely must it have faded! how easily might that happiness have been interrupted by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solicitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were sinful as well as selfish to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was that he loved her too well to bring her again into this world of instability and trial. Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

Ah! male *FORTUNÆ* devota est ara *MANENTI!*
Fallit, et hæc nullas accipit ara preces.*

All things here are subject to time and mutability:

Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistrâ.†

We must be in eternity before we can be secure against change. "The world," says Cowper, "upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning."

It was to the perfect order he should find in that state upon which he was about to enter, that the judicious Hooker looked forward at his death with placid and profound contentment. Because he had been employed in contending against a spirit of insubordination and schism which soon proved fatal to his country; and because his life had been passed under the perpetual discomfort of domestic discord, the happiness of Heaven seemed, in his estimation, to consist primarily in order, as indeed in all human societies this is the first thing needful. The discipline which Mr. Bacon

* Wallius.

† Casimir.

had undergone was very different in kind ; what he delighted to think, was, that the souls of those whom death and redemption have made perfect, are in a world where there is no change, no parting, where nothing fades, nothing passes away and is no more seen, but the good and the beautiful are permanent.

Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone ;
Ma, chi non ve la done ?*

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years: during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"

I wish I could record the name of the monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

"The shows of things are better than themselves,"

says the author of the tragedy of Nero, whose name, also, I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles:—

Ορῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
* "Εἰδῶλ', ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.†

These are reflections which should make us think

Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly staid
Upon the pillars of eternity,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.
that great Sabaoth God grant me that sabbath's sight !‡

* Petrarch.

† Sophocles.

‡ Spencer.

CHAPTER XCVIII. P. I.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION—OPINIONS CONCERNING THE SPIRITS OF
THE DEAD.

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key ;
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day ;
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard, or seen ;
 But what I once enjoyed in them,
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
 So little hold of them have we,
 That we from them, or they from us,
 May in a moment ravished be.
 Yet we are neither just nor wise,
 If present mercies we despise ;
 Or mind not how there may be made
 A thankful use of what we had.

WITHER.

THERE is a book written in Latin by the Flemish Jesuit Sarasa, upon the art of rejoicing always in obedience to the apostle's precept: "*Ars semper gaudendi, demonstrata ex solâ consideratione Divinæ Providentiæ.*" Leibnitz and Wolf have commended it; and a French Protestant minister abridged it under the better title of "*L'Art de se tranquiliser dans tous les evenemens de la vie.*" "I remember," says Cowper, "reading, many years ago, a long treatise on the subject of consolation, written in French; the author's name I have forgotten; but I wrote these words in the margin: 'Special consolation!' at least for a Frenchman, who is a creature the most easily comforted of any in the world!" It is not likely that this should have been the book which Leibnitz praised; nor would Cowper have condemned one which recommends the mourner to seek for comfort, where alone it is to be found, in resignation to God's will, and in the prospect of the life to come. The remedy is infallible for those who, like Mr. Bacon, faithfully pursue the course that the only true philosophy prescribes.

At first, indeed, he had felt like the bereaved maiden in Schiller's tragedy, and could almost have prayed, like her, for a speedy deliverance:—

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
 Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
 Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück!
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

But even at first the sense of parental duty withheld him from such a prayer. The grief, though "fine, full, perfect," was not a grief that

violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it.*

There was this to compress, as it were, and perhaps to mitigate it, that it was wholly confined to himself, not multiplied among others, and reflected from them. In great public calamities, when fortunes are wrecked in revolutionary storms, or families thinned or swept off by pestilence, there may be too many who look upon it as

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris;†

and this is not so much because

fellowship in wo doth wo assuage,*

and that

the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
 When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship,*

as because the presence of a fellow-sufferer at such times calls forth condolence, when that of one who continues in the sunshine of fortune might provoke an envious self-comparison, which is the commonest of all evil feelings. But it is not so with those keener griefs which affect us in our domestic relations. The heart wounds which are inflicted by our fellow-creatures are apt to fester: those which we receive in the dispensations of Almighty wisdom and the course of nature, are remedial and sanative. There are some fruits which must be punctured before they can ripen kindly; and there are some hearts which require an analogous process.

He and Margaret had been all in all to each other, and the child was too young to understand her loss, and happily just too old to feel it as an infant would have felt it. In the sort of comfort which he derived from this sense of loneliness, there was nothing that resembled the pride of stoicism; it was a consideration that tempered his feelings and assisted

* Shakspeare.

† *Incerti Auctoris.*

in enabling him to control them, but it concentrated and perpetuated them.

Whether the souls of the departed are cognizant of what passes on earth, is a question which has been variously determined by those who have reasoned concerning the state of the dead. Thomas Burnet was of opinion that they are not, because they "rest from their labours." And South says, "it is clear that God sometimes takes his saints out of the world for this very cause, that they may not see and know what happens in it. For so says God to King Josiah, 'Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace; neither shall thy eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and the inhabitants thereof.'" This he adduces as a conclusive argument against the the invocation of saints, saying the "discourse would have been hugely absurd and inconsequent, if so be the saints separation from the body gave them a fuller and a clearer prospect into all the particular affairs and occurrences that happen here upon earth."

Aristotle came to an opposite conclusion; he thought not only that the works of the deceased follow them, but that the dead are sensible of the earthly consequences of those works, and are affected in the other world by the honour or the reproach which is justly ascribed to their memory in this. So Pindar represents it as one of the enjoyments of the blessed, that they behold and rejoice in the virtues of their posterity:—

Ἔσσι δὲ καὶ τι θανάτεσσιν μέρος
 Καννόμεν ἔρδόμενον,
 Κατακρύπτει δ' οὐ κόνις
 Συγγόνων κεδνάν χάριν.*

So Sextus, or Sextius, the Pythagorean, taught: "*Immortales crede te manere in judicio honores et pœnas.*" And Bishop Ken deemed it would be an addition to his happiness in paradise, if he should know that his devotional poems were answering on earth the purpose for which he had piously composed them:—

should the well-meant songs I leave behind
 With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
 'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know
 That in my verse the saints hymn God below.

The *consensus gentium universalis* is with the philosophers and the bishop against South and Burnet: it affords an argument which South would not have disregarded, and to which Burnet has, on another occasion, triumphantly appealed.

* Pindar.

All sacrifices to the dead, and all commemorations of them, have arisen from this opinion, and the Romish church established upon it the most lucrative of all its deceitful practices. Indeed, the belief in apparitions could not prevail without it; and that belief, which was all but universal a century ago, is still, and ever will be held by the great majority of mankind. Call it a prejudice if you will: "What is a universal prejudice," says Reginald Heber, "but the voice of human nature?" And Shakspeare seems to express his own opinion when he writes, "They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

That the spirits of the departed are permitted to appear only for special purposes, is what the most credulous believer in such appearances would probably admit, if he reasoned at all on the subject. On the other hand, they who are most incredulous on this point would hardly deny that to witness the consequences of our actions may be a natural and just part of our reward or punishment in the intermediate state. We may well believe that they whom faith has sanctified, and who upon their departure join the spirits of the "just made perfect," may at once be removed from all concern with this world of probation, except so far as might add to their own happiness, and be made conducive to the good of others, in the ways of Providence. But, by parity of reason, it may be concluded that the sordid and the sensual, they whose affections have been set upon worldly things, and who are of the earth earthy, will be as unable to rise above this earth as they would be incapable of any pure and spiritual enjoyment. "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." When life is extinguished, it is too late for them to struggle for deliverance from the body of that death, to which, while the choice was in their power, they wilfully and inseparably bound themselves. The popular belief that places are haunted where money has been concealed, (as if where the treasure was and the heart had been, there would the miserable soul be also,) or where some great and undiscovered crime has been committed, shows how consistent this is with our natural sense of likelihood and fitness.

There is a tale in the Nigaristan of Kemal-Pasha-zade, that one of the sultans of Khorassan saw in a dream Mahmoud, a hundred years after his death, wandering about his palace—his flesh rotten, his bones carious, but his eyes full, anxious, and restless. A dervise who interpreted the dream said the eyes of Mahmoud were thus troubled, because the

kingdom, his beautiful spouse, was now in the embrace of another.

This was that great Mahmoud the Gaznevide, who was the first Mohammedan conqueror that entered India, and the first who dropped the title of malek and assumed that of sultan in its stead. He it was who, after having broken to pieces with his own hands the gigantic idol of Soumenat, put to death fifty thousand of its worshippers as a further proof of his holy Mohammedan indignation. In the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East, to be displayed before him. The latter were so numerous that they were arranged in separate cabinets according to their colour and size. It was in the royal residence which he had built for himself in Gazna, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt conviction that all is vanity, he wept like a child. "What toils," said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind, have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures, and what cares in preserving them, and now I am about to die and leave them!" In this same palace he was interred, and there it was that his unhappy ghost, a century afterward, was believed to wander.

CHAPTER XCIX. P. I.

A COUNTRY PARISH—SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST.

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delectabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delectabili, et in tutte due alcune si truovano honeste.—LEONE MEDICO (HEBREQ.)

MR. BACON'S parsonage was as humble a dwelling in all respects as the cottage in which his friend Daniel was born. A best kitchen was its best room, and in its furniture an Observantine friar would have seen nothing that he could have condemned as superfluous. His college and later school books, with a few volumes which had been presented to him by the more grateful of his pupils, composed his scanty library: they were either books of needful reference, or such as upon every fresh perusal might afford new delight. But he had

obtained the use of the church library at Doncaster, by a payment of twenty shillings, according to the terms of the foundation. Folios from that collection might be kept three months, smaller volumes one or two, according to their size ; and as there were many works in it of solid contents as well as of sterling value, he was in no such want of intellectual food as too many of his brethren are, even at this time. How much good might have been done, and how much evil might probably have been prevented, if Dr. Bray's design for the formation of parochial libraries had been everywhere carried into effect !

The parish contained between five and six hundred souls. There was no one of higher rank among them than entitled him, according to the custom of those days, to be styled gentleman upon his tombstone. They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, alehouses to brutalize, nor newspapers to mislead them. At first coming among them he had won their good will by his affability and benign conduct, and he had afterward gained their respect and affection in an equal degree.

There were two services at his church, but only one sermon, which never fell short of fifteen minutes in length, and seldom extended to half an hour. It was generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in these days ; but there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his congregation liked that they should be repeated.

Young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions, in an excellent little book addressed by a father to his son, preparatory to his receiving holy orders. Its title is a "Monitor for Young Ministers ;" and every parent who has a son so circumstanced, would do well to put it into his hands. "It is not possible," says this judicious writer, "that a young minister can at first be competent to preach his sermons with effect, even if his abilities should qualify him to write well. His very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, will preclude him from being effective. Unquestionably it is very rare indeed for a man of his age to have his mental abilities sufficiently chastened, or his method sufficiently settled, to be equal to the composition of a sermon fit for public use, even if it should receive the advantage of a chaste and good delivery. On every account, therefore, it is wise and prudent to be slow and backward in venturing to produce his own efforts, or in thinking that they are fit for the public ear. There is an abundant field of the works of others open to him, from

the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, even at his highest maturity. There is clearly no *want* of new compositions, excepting on some new or occasional emergencies: for there is not an open subject in the Christian religion, which has not been discussed by men of the greatest learning and piety—who have left behind them numerous works for our assistance and edification. Many of these are so neglected, that they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort—till experience and a rational and chastened confidence shall warrant him in believing himself qualified to work upon his own resources.”

“He that learns of young men,” says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, “is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine out of the winepress; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.”*

It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this, that Mr. Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural humility. His only ambition was to be useful; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sincere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation. He was especially careful never to weary them, and therefore never to preach anything which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling: and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word *stile*, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson, and Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South, and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

Mr. Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor overvalued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that those who listened to it would be

* Lightfoot.

able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would do anything more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. "Wud I hae the persumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant—"well, Master Jackson. Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week: And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

"Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it."* The author to whose little book† I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying "Such was the religion of this worthy man," justly adds, "and such must be the religion of most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise."

"In spite," says this judicious writer, "of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity be the case with all men, who from defect of nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion, should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience, forbearance, and a great

* Fuller.

† Few Words on many Subjects.

latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt."

CHAPTER C. P. I.

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
 The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
 For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
 Deem worst of things which best, perchance, deserved.
 But what for that? This med'cine may suffice,
 To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

THE first thing which Mr. Bacon had done after taking possession of his vicarage, and obtaining such information about his parishioners as the more considerate of them could impart, was to inquire into the state of the children in every household. He knew that to win the mother's good will was the surest way to win that of the family, and to win the children was a good step towards gaining that of the mother. In those days reading and writing were thought as little necessary for the lower class, as the art of spelling for the class above them, or indeed for any except the learned. Their ignorance in this respect was sometimes found to be inconvenient, but by none, perhaps, except here and there by a conscientious and thoughtful clergyman, was it felt to be an evil, an impediment in the way of that moral and religious instruction, without which men are in danger of becoming as the beasts that perish. Yet the common wish of advancing their children in the world, made most parents in this station desire to obtain the advantage of what they called book learning for any son who was supposed to manifest a disposition likely to profit by it. To make him a scholar was to raise him a step above themselves.

Qui ha les lettres, ha l'adresse
Au double d'un qui n'en ha point.*

Partly for this reason, and still more that industrious mothers might be relieved from the care of looking after their children, there were few villages in which, as in Mr. Bacon's parish, some poor woman in the decline of life and of fortune did not obtain day scholars enough to eke out her scanty means of subsistence.

The village schoolmistress, such as Shenstone describes in his admirable poem, and such as Kirke White drew from the life, is no longer a living character. The new system of education has taken from this class of women the staff of their declining age, as the spinning jennies have silenced the domestic music of the spinning wheel. Both changes have come on unavoidably in the progress of human affairs. It is well when any change brings with it nothing worse than some temporary and incidental evil; but if the moral machinery can counteract the great and growing evils of the manufacturing system, it will be the greatest moral miracle that has ever been wrought.

Sunday schools, which make Sunday a day of toil to the teachers, and the most irksome day of the week to the children, had not at that time been devised as a palliative for the profligacy of large towns, and the worsened and worsening condition of the poor. Mr. Bacon endeavoured to make the parents perform their religious duty towards their children, either by teaching them what they could themselves teach, or by sending them where their own want of knowledge might be supplied. Whether the children went to school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the creed, and the commandments, at home. These he thought were better learned at the mothers' knees than from any other teacher; and he knew also how wholesome for the mother it was that the child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine. In a purely agricultural parish, there were at that time no parents in a state of such brutal ignorance as to be unable to teach these, though they might never have been taught to read. When the father or mother could read, he expected that they should also teach their children the catechism; in other cases this was left to his humble coadjutrix the schoolmistress.

During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechizing the children, after the second lesson in the evening service. His method was to ask a few questions in succession, and only from those who he knew were able to answer them; and after each answer he entered into a brief exposition suited to their capacity. His manner

* Baif

was so benevolent, and he had made himself so familiar in his visits, which were at once pastoral and friendly, that no child felt alarmed at being singled out; they regarded it as a mark of distinction, and the parents were proud of seeing them thus distinguished. This practice was discontinued in winter; because he knew that to keep a congregation in the cold is not the way either to quicken or cherish devotional feeling. Once a week during lent he examined all the children, on a week day; the last examination was in Easter week, after which each was sent home happy with a homely cake, the gift of a wealthy parishioner, who by this means contributed not a little to the good effect of the pastor's diligence.

The foundation was thus laid by teaching the rising generation their duty towards God and towards their neighbour, and so far training them in the way they should go. In the course of a few years every household, from the highest to the lowest, (the degrees were neither great nor many,) had learned to look upon him as their friend. There was only one in the parish whose members were upon a parity with him in manners, none in literary culture; but in good will, and in human sympathy, he was upon a level with them all. Never interfering in the concerns of any family, unless his interference was solicited, he was consulted upon all occasions of trouble or importance. Incipient disputes, which would otherwise have afforded grist for the lawyer's mill, were adjusted by his mediation; and anxious parents, when they had cause to apprehend that their children were going wrong, knew no better course than to communicate their fears to him, and request that he would administer some timely admonition. Whenever he was thus called on, or had of himself perceived that reproof or warning was required, it was given in private, or only in presence of the parents, and always with a gentleness which none but an obdurate disposition could resist. His influence over the younger part of his flock was the greater because he was no enemy to any innocent sports, but on the contrary was pleased to see them dance round the maypole, encouraged them to dress their doors with oaken boughs on the day of King Charles's happy restoration, and to wear an oaken garland in the hat, or an oak apple on its sprig in the buttonhole; went to see their bonfire on the fifth of November, and entertained the morris dancers when they called upon him in their Christmas rounds.

Mr. Bacon was in his parish what a moralizing old poet wished himself to be, in these pleasing stanzas:—

I would I were an excellent divine,
 That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
 That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
 How God doth make his enemies his friends;

Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God :
And know there is none other God but he,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace :
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease ;

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.*

CHAPTER CI. P. I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

HORACE.

IN all Mr. Bacon's views he was fortunate enough to have the hearty concurrence of the wealthiest person in the parish. This was a good man, Allison by name, who having realized a respectable fortune in the metropolis as a tobacconist, and put out his sons in life according to their respective inclinations, had retired from business at the age of threescore, and established himself with an unmarried daughter, and a maiden sister some ten years younger than himself, in his native village, that he might there, when his hour should come, be gathered to his fathers.

"The providence of God," says South, "has so ordered

* N. B., supposed to be Nicholas Breton.

the course of things, that there is no action the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil: custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it." The great preacher contrasts this with the wearisomeness of an idle life, and the misery of a continual round of what the world calls pleasure. "But now," says he, "if God has interwoven such a contentment with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-governed life."

This passage bears upon Mr. Allison's case, partly in the consolatory fact which it states, and wholly in the application which South has made of it. At the age of fourteen he had been apprenticed to an uncle in Bishopsgate-street-within; and twenty years after, on that uncle's death, had succeeded to his old and well established business. But though he had lived there prosperously and happily six-and-twenty years longer, he had contracted no such love for it as to overcome the recollections of his childhood. Grateful as the smell of snuff and tobacco had become to him, he still remembered that cowslips and violets were sweeter; and that the breath of a May morning was more exhilarating than the air of his own shop, impregnated as it was with the odour of the best Virginia. So, having buried his wife, who was a Londoner, and made over the business to his eldest son, he returned to his native place, with the intention of dying there; but he was in sound health of body and mind, and his green old age seemed to promise—as far as anything can promise—length of days.

Of his two other sons, one had chosen to be a clergyman, and approved his choice both by his parts and diligence, for he had gone off from Merchant Taylors' School to St. John's, Oxford, and was then a fellow of that college. The other was a mate in the merchants' service, and would soon have the command of a ship in it. The desire of seeing the world led him to this way of life; and that desire had been unintentionally implanted by his father, who, in making himself acquainted with everything relating to the herb out of which his own fortune was raised, had become fond of reading voyages and travels. His conversation induced the lad to read these books, and the books confirmed the inclination which had already been excited; and as the boy was of an adventurous temper, he thought it best to let him follow the pursuit on which his mind was bent.

The change to a Yorkshire village was not too great for

Mr. Allison, even after residing nearly half a century in Bishopsgate-street-within. The change in his own household, indeed, rendered it expedient for him to begin, in this sense, a new life. He had lost his mate; the young birds were full-fledged and had taken flight; and it was time that he should look out a retreat for himself and the single nestling that remained under his wing, now that his son and successor had brought home a wife. The marriage had been altogether with his approbation; but it altered his position in the house, and in a still greater degree his sister's; moreover, the nest would soon be wanted for another brood. Circumstances thus compelled him to put in effect what had been the dream of his youth, and the still remote intention of his middle age.

Miss Allison, like her brother, regarded this removal as a great and serious change, preparatory to the only greater one in this world that now remained for both; but like him she regarded it rather seriously than sadly, or sadly only in the old sober meaning of the word; and there was a soft, sweet evening sunshine in their prospect, which both partook, because both had retained a deep affection for the scenes of their childhood. To Betsey, her niece, nothing could be more delightful than the expectation of such a removal. She, who was then only entering her teens, had nothing to regret in leaving London; and the place to which she was going was the very spot which, of all others in this wide world, from the time in which she was conscious of forming a wish, she had wished most to see. Her brother, the sailor, was not more taken with the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, or Dampier's Voyages, than she was with her aunt's details of the farm and the dairy at Thaxted Grange, the May games and the Christmas gambols, the days that were gone, and the elders who were departed. To one born and bred in the heart of London, who had scarcely ever seen a flock of sheep, except when they were driven through the streets, to or from Smithfield, no fairy tale could present more for the imagination than a description of green fields and rural life. The charm of truth heightened it, and the stronger charm of natural piety; for the personages of the tale were her near kin, whose names she had learned to love, and whose living memory she revered, but whose countenances she never could behold till she should be welcomed by them in the everlasting mansions of the righteous.

None of the party were disappointed when they had established themselves at the Grange. Mr. Allison found full occupation at first in improving the house, and afterward in his fields and garden. Mr. Bacon was just such a clergyman as he would have chosen for his parish priest if it had been in his power to choose, only he would have had him provided with a better benefice. The single thing on which there

was a want of agreement between them was, that the vicar neither smoked nor took snuff; he was not the worse company on this account, for he had no dislike to the fragrance of a pipe; but his neighbour lost the pleasure which he would have had in supplying him with the best pigtail, and with Strasburg or rappee. Miss Allison fell into the habits of her new station the more easily, because they were those which she had witnessed in her early youth; she distilled waters, dried herbs, and prepared conserves—which were at the service of all who needed them in sickness. Betsey attached herself at first sight to Deborah, who was about five years elder, and soon became to her as a sister. The aunt rejoiced in finding so suitable a friend and companion for her niece; and as this connection was a pleasure and an advantage to the Allisons, so was it of the greatest benefit to Deborah.

What of her ensues
I list not prophecy, but let time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. Of this allow
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, the author then doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may.*

INTERCHAPTER XI. P. I.

ADVICE TO CERTAIN READERS INTENDED TO ASSIST THEIR DIGESTION OF THESE VOLUMES.

Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.

TUSSER.

THE wisest of men hath told us that there is a time for everything. I have been considering what time is fittest for studying this elaborate *opus*, so as best to profit by its recondite stores of instruction, as the great chronicler of Garagantua says, “avec espoir certain d’acquerrir moult prudence et preud’homme à la ditte lecture, la quelle vous relevera de tres-hauts sacrements et mysteres horrifiques.”

The judicious reader must ere this have perceived that this work, to use the happy expression of the Demoiselle de Gourney, is, “edifié de telle sort que les mots et la matière sont consubstantiels.” In one sense indeed it is

Meet for all hours and every mood of man;*

* Shakspeare.

† Dr. Butt.

but all hours are not equally meet for it. For it is not like Sir Walter Scott's novels, fit for men, women, and children, at morning, noon, or night, summer and winter, and every day, among all sorts of people—Sundays excepted with the religious public. Equally sweet in the mouth it may be to some; but it will not be found equally light of digestion.

Whether it should be taken upon an empty stomach, must depend upon the constitution of the reader. If he is of that happy complexion that he awakes in the morning with his spirits elastic as the air, fresh as the dawn, and joyous as the sky lark, let him by all means read a chapter before breakfast. It will be a carminative, a cordial for the day. If on the contrary his faculties continue to feel the influence of the leaden sceptre till breakfast has resuscitated them, I advise him not to open the book before the stomach has been propitiated by a morning offering.

Breakfast will be the best time for bachelors, and especially for lawyers. They will find it excellent to prime with.

I do not recommend it at night. Rather, indeed, I caution the reader against indulging in it at that time. Its effect might be injurious, for it would counteract the genial tendency to repose which ought then to be encouraged. Therefore when the hour of sleep approaches, lay this book aside, and read four pages upon political economy—it matters not in what author, though the Scotch are to be preferred.

Except at night, it may be perused at any time by those who have the *mens sana in corpore sano*; those who fear God, honour the king, love their country and their kind, do their duty to their neighbours, and live in the performance and enjoyment of the domestic charities.

It will be an excellent Saturday book for Rowland Hill; his sermon will be pleasanter for it next day.

The book is good for valetudinarians, and may even be recommended in aid of Abernethy's blue pill. But I do not advise it with water gruel or sago; hardly with chicken broth, calf's foot jelly, or beef tea. It accords well with a course of tonics. But a convalescent will find it best with his first beef steak and glass of wine.

The case is different for those who have either a twist in the head or a morbid affection about the pericardium.

If Grey Bennet will read it, (from which I dehort him,) he should prepare by taking the following medicine to purge cholera:

℞. Extract: Colocynth: Comp: gr. x.

Calomel: gr. v.

Syr: q. s. f. Massa in pilulas iij. dividenda. Sumat pilulas iii. nocte somni.

It will do Lord Hollard no harm.

Lord John Russel is recommended to use sage tea with it.

If this operate as an alterative, it may save him from taking oil of rue hereafter in powerful doses.

For Mr. Brougham, a strong decoction of the herb *lunaria* will be needful: a plant "elegantly so named by the elder botanists, and by all succeeding ones, from *luna*, the moon, on account of the silvery semi-transparent aspect, and broad circular shape of its seed vessels." *Honesty*, or *satin flower*, are its trivial names. It is recommended in this case not so much for the cephalic properties which its Linnean appellation might seem to denote, as for its emollient and purifying virtue.

The lord chancellor must never read it in his wig. Dr. Parr, never without it.

Mr. Wilberforce may dip into it when he will. At all times it will find him in good humour, and in charity with all men. Nay, if I whisper to him that it will be no sin to allow himself a few pages on a Sunday, and that if the preacher under whom he has been sitting, should have given his discourse a strong spice of Calvinism, it may then be useful to have recourse to it; though he should be shocked at the wholesome hint, the worst thing he will say of the incognizable incognito from whom it comes, will be Poo-oo-oo-r cree-ee-eature! shaking his head, and lowering it at the same time till his forehead almost touches the table, and his voice, gradually quickening in speed and sinking in tone, dies away to a whisper, in a manner which may thus be represented in types:

Poo-oo-oo-oo-r Creeeature

Pooo-oo-oo-oo-r Creeeature

Poo-oo-oo-oo-r Creature

Poo-oo-oo-r Creature

Pooo-oo-r Creature

Poooor Creature

Poor Creature

Poor Creature

Poor Cretur

Poor Cretur

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CHAPTER CII. P. I.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature where with God hath above the common rate endued him.—ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

MR. ALLISON was as quiet a subject as Peter Hopkins, but he was not like him a political quietist from indifference, for he had a warm sense of loyalty, and a well-rooted attachment to the constitution of his country, in church and state. His ancestors had suffered in the great rebellion, and much the greater part of their never large estates had been alienated to raise the fines imposed upon them as delinquents. The uncle whom he succeeded in Bishopsgate-street, had, in his early apprenticeship, assisted at burning the Rump, and, in maturer years, had joined as heartily in the rejoicings, when the seven bishops were released from the Tower; he subscribed to Walker's "Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy," and had heard sermons preached by the famous Dr. Scott, (which were afterward incorporated in his great work upon the Christian Life,) in the church of St. Peter le Poor; (oddly so called, seeing that there are few districts within the city of London so rich, insomuch that the last historian of the metropolis believed the parish to have scarcely a poor family in it;) and in All-hallows, Lombard-street, where, during the reign of the godly, the Puritanical vestry passed a resolution that if any persons should come to the church "on the day called Christ's birthday," they should be compelled to leave it.

In these principles, Mr. Allison had grown up; and without any profession of extra religion, or ever wearing a sanctified face, he had in the evening of his life attained "the end of the commandment, which is charity, proceeding from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned." London, in his days, was a better school for young men in trade than it ever was before, or has been since. The civic power had quietly and imperceptibly put an end to that club law, which once made the apprentices a turbulent and formidable body, at any moment armed as well as ready for a riot; and masters exercised a sort of parental control over the youth intrusted to them, which in later times, it may be feared, has not been so conscientiously exerted, because it is

not likely to be so patiently endured. Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition, which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age. At all times men have been to be found, who engaged in hazardous speculations, gamesterlike, according to their opportunities, or who, mistaking the means for the end, devoted themselves with miserable fidelity to the service of Mammon. But "Live and let live," had not yet become a maxim of obsolete morality. We had our monarchy, our hierarchy, and our aristocracy—God be praised for the benefits which have been derived from all three, and God in his mercy continue them to us ! but we had no plutarchy, no millionaires, no great capitalists to break down the honest and industrious trader, with the weight of their overbearing and overwhelming wealth. They who had enriched themselves in the course of regular and honourable commerce, withdrew from business, and left the field to others. Feudal tyranny had passed away, and moneyed tyranny had not yet arisen in its stead—a tyranny baser in its origin, not more merciful in its operations, and with less in its appendages to redeem it.

Trade, in Mr. Allison's days, was a school of thrift and probity, as much as of profit and loss ; such his shop had been when he succeeded to it upon his uncle's decease, and such it continued to be when he transmitted it to his son. Old Mr. Strahan the printer (the founder of his typarchical dynasty) said to Dr. Johnson, that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money;" and he added, that "the more one thinks of this, the juster it will appear." Johnson agreed with him ; and though it was a money-maker's observation, and though the more it is considered now, the more fallacious it will be found, the general system of trade might have justified it at that time. The entrance of an exciseman never occasioned any alarm or apprehension at No. 113 Bishopsgate-street-within, nor any uncomfortable feeling, unless the officer happened to be one, who, by giving unnecessary trouble, and by gratuitous incivility in the exercise of authority, made an equitable law odious in its execution. They never there mixed weeds with their tobacco, nor adulterated it in any worse way ; and their snuff was never rendered more pungent by stirring into it a certain proportion of pounded glass. The duties were honestly paid, with a clear perception that the impost fell lightly upon all whom it affected, and affected those only who chose to indulge themselves in a pleasure which was still cheap, and which, without any injurious privation, they might forego. Nay, when our good man expatiated upon the uses of tobacco, which Mr. Bacon demurred at, and the doctor sometimes playfully disputed, he

ventured an opinion that among the final causes for which so excellent an herb had been created, the facilities afforded by it towards raising the revenue in a well-governed country like our own, might be one.

There was a strong family likeness between him and his sister, both in countenance and disposition. Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence, if she had been allotted to him for helpmate. But though she had, in Shakspeare's language, "withered on the virgin thorn," hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable but sickly sister-in-law from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, the transfer of the business to the eldest, and the breaking up of his old establishment, to the widow and his daughter, the only child who cleaved to him—not like Ruth to Naomi, by a meritorious act of duty, for in her case it was in the ordinary course of things, without either sacrifice or choice; but the effect in endearing her to him was the same.

In advanced stages of society, and nowhere more than in England at this time, the tendency of all things is to weaken the relations between parent and child, and frequently to destroy them, reducing human nature in this respect nearer to the level of animal life. Perhaps the greater number of male children who are "born into the world" in our part of it, are *put out* at as early an age, proportionally, as the young bird is driven from its nest, or the young beast turned off by its dam as being capable of feeding and protecting itself; and in many instances they are totally lost to the parent, though not in like manner forgotten. Mr. Allison never saw all his children together after his removal from London. The only time when his three sons met at the grange, was when they came there to attend their father's funeral; nor would they then have been assembled, if the captain's ship had not happened to have recently arrived in port.

This is a state of things more favourable to the wealth than to the happiness of nations. It was a natural and pious custom in patriarchal times that the dead should be gathered unto their people. "Bury me," said Jacob, when he gave his dying charge to his sons—"bury me with my fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." Had such a passage occurred in Homer, or in Dante, all critics would have concurred in admiring the truth and beauty of the sentiment. He had buried his beloved

Rachel by the way where she died ; but although he remembered this at his death, the orders which he gave were that his own remains should be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers. The same feeling prevails among many, or most of those savage tribes who are not utterly degraded. With them the tree is not left to lie where it falls. The body of one who dies on an expedition is interred on the spot, if distance or other circumstances render it inconvenient to transport the corpse ; but however long the journey, it is considered as a sacred duty that the bones should at some time or other be brought home. In Scotland, where the common rights of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burial grounds in the remoter parts are preserved, may be referred as much to natural feeling as to hereditary pride.

But as indigenous flowers are eradicated by the spade and plough, so this feeling is destroyed in the stirring and bustling intercourse of commercial life. No room is left for it : as little of it at this time remains in wide America as in thickly peopled England. That to which soldiers and sailors are reconciled by the spirit of their profession and the chances of war and of the seas, the love of adventure and the desire of advancement cause others to regard with the same indifference ; and these motives are so prevalent, that the dispersion of families and the consequent disruption of natural ties, if not occasioned by necessity, would now in most instances be the effect of choice. Even those to whom it is an inevitable evil, and who feel it deeply as such, look upon it as something in the appointed course of things, as much as infirmity and age and death.

It is well for us that in early life we never think of the vicissitudes which lie before us ; or look to them only with pleasurable anticipations as they approach.

“ Youth

Knows naught of changes : age hath traced them oft,
Expects and can interpret them.”*

The thought of them, when it comes across us in middle life, brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a passing cloud. We turn our eyes from them while they are in prospect, but when they are in retrospect many a longing, lingering look is cast behind. So long as Mr. Allison was in business, he looked to Thaxted Grange as the place where he hoped one day to enjoy the blessings of retirement—that *otium cum dignitate*, which in a certain sense the prudent citizen is more likely to attain than the successful statesman. It was the pleasure of recollection that gave

* Isaac Commenus.

this hope its zest and its strength. But after the object which during so many years he had held in view had been obtained, his day dreams, if he had allowed them to take their course, would have recurred more frequently to Bishopsgate-street than they had ever wandered from thence to the scenes of his boyhood. They recurred thither oftener than he wished, although few men have been more masters of themselves; and then the remembrance of his wife, whom he had lost by a lingering disease in middle age; and of the children, those who had died during their childhood, and those who in reality were almost as much lost to him in the ways of the world, made him always turn for comfort to the prospect of that better state of existence in which they should once more all be gathered together, and where there would be neither change nor parting. His thoughts often fell into this train, when on summer evenings he was taking a solitary pipe in his arbour, with the church in sight, and the churchyard wherein at no distant time he was to be laid in his last abode. Such musings induced a sense of sober piety—of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which might vainly have been sought at prayer meetings, or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings.

The happiness which he had found in retirement was of a different kind from what he had contemplated: for the shades of evening were gathering when he reached the place of his long wished for rest, and the picture of it which had imprinted itself on his imagination was a morning view. But he had been prepared for this by that slow change of which we are not aware during its progress till we see it reflected in others, and are thus made conscious of it in ourselves; and he found a satisfaction in the station which he occupied there, too worthy in its nature to be called pride, and which had not entered into his anticipations. It is said to have been a saying of George the Third, that the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed, was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as a justice of the peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. This was just Mr. Allison's position: there was nothing which brought him into rivalry or competition with the surrounding squirarchy, and the yeoman and peasantry respected him for his own character, as well as for his name's sake. He gave employment to more persons than when he was engaged in trade, and his indirect influence over them was greater; that of his sister was still more. The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been as well as for what she now was; the young

looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied in vain. She it was who provided those much approved plumcakes, not the less savoury for being both homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in a parish which are the province of the clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty, and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed; and she rendered Mr. Bacon the further, and to him individually the greater service of imparting to his daughter those instructions which she had no mother to impart. Deborah could not have had a better teacher; but as the present chapter has extended to a sufficient length,

Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,
Per non venire a noja a me e voi.*

CHAPTER CIII. P. I.

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113 BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN; AND OF THE FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

CATHARINE PHILIPS.

THE house wherein Mr. Allison realized by fair dealing and frugality the modest fortune which enabled him to repurchase the homestead of his fathers, is still a tobacconist's, and has continued to be so from "the palmy days" of that trade, when King James vainly endeavoured by the expression of his royal dislike, to discountenance the newly imported practice of smoking; and Joshua Sylvester thundered from Mount Helicon a volley of holy shot, thinking that thereby "tobacco" should be "battered, and the pipes shattered, about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise overlove so loathsome vanity." For he said,

"If there be any herb in any place
Most opposite to God's good herb of grace,
'Tis doubtless this; and this doth plainly prove it,
That for the most, most graceless men do love it."

* Orlando Innamorato.

Yet it was not long before the dead and unsavory odour of that weed, to which a Parisian was made to say that "sea coal smoke seemed a very Portugal perfume," prevailed as much in the raiment of the more coarsely clad part of the community, as the scent of lavender among those who were clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and it had grown so much in fashion, that it was said children "began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth."

Louis XIV. endeavoured just as ineffectually to discourage the use of snuff-taking. His *valets de chambre* were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy in consequence of having, to please his majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

I know not through what intermediate hands the business at No. 113 has passed, since the name of Allison was withdrawn from the firm; nor whether Mr. Evans, by whom it is now carried on there, is in any way related by descent with that family. Matters of no greater importance to most men have been made the subject of much antiquarian investigation; and they who busy themselves in such investigations must not be said to be ill employed, for they find harmless amusement in the pursuit, and sometimes put up a chance truth of which others, soon or late, discover the application. The house has at this time a more antiquated appearance than any other in that part of the street, though it was modernized some forty or fifty years after Mr. Bacon's friend left it. The first floor then projected several feet farther over the street than at present, and the second several feet farther over the first; and the windows, which still extend the whole breadth of the front, were then composed of small casement panes. But in the progress of those improvements which are now carrying on in the city with as much spirit as at the western end of the metropolis, and which have almost reached Mr. Evan's door, it cannot be long before the house will be either wholly removed, or so altered as no longer to be recognised.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago; their own city, I was about to have said—but it was the city of their great-grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no footpaths; spouts projected the rainwater in streams, against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swing-

ing of one of these broad signs in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front fall of this kind in Fleet-street maimed several persons, and killed "two young ladies, a cobbler, and the king's jeweller."

The sign at No. 113 was an Indian chief smoking the calumet. Mr. Allison had found it there; and when it became necessary that a new one should be substituted, he retained the same figure, though if he had been to choose he would have greatly preferred the head of Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, according to the common belief, he supposed tobacco had been introduced into this country. The Water Poet imputed it to the devil himself, and published

" A Proclamation,
Or Approbation,
From the King of Execration
To every Nation,
For Tobacco's propagation."

Mr. Allison used to shake his head at such libellous aspersions. Raleigh was a great favourite with him, and held, indeed, in especial respect, though not as the patron of his old trade, as St. Crispin is of the gentle craft, yet as the founder of his fortune. He thought it proper, therefore, that he should possess Sir Walter's History of the World, though he had never found inclination, or summoned up resolution, to undertake its perusal.

Common sense has been defined by Sir Egerton Brydges "to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this," he adds, "be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation." Except that there was no coarseness in his nature, this would apply to Mr. Allison. He had been bred up with the notion that it behooved him to attend to his business, and that reading formed no part of it. Nevertheless he had acquired some liking for books by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those unfortunate volumes with which the shop was continually supplied for its daily consumption.

Many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains,*

went there; and many a tome of old law, old physic, and old divinity; old history as well; books of which many were at all times rubbish; some which, though little better, would

* Akenside.

now sell for more shillings by the page than they then cost pence by the pound; and others, the real value of which is perhaps as little known now as it was then. Such of these as in later years caught his attention, he now and then rescued from the remorseless use to which they had been condemned. They made a curious assortment with his wife's books of devotion or amusement, wherewith she had sometimes beguiled, and sometimes soothed the weary hours of long and frequent illness. Among the former were Scott's "Christian Life," Bishop Bayly's "Practice of Piety," Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Drelincourt on Death, with Defoe's lying story of Mrs. Veal's ghost as a puff preliminary, and the Night Thoughts. Among the latter were Cassandra, the Guardian, and Spectator, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Richardson's novels, and Pomfret's Poems.

Mrs. Allison had been able to do little for her daughter of that little, which, if her state of health and spirits had permitted, she might have done; this, therefore, as well as the more active duties of the household, devolved upon Elizabeth, who was of a better constitution in mind as well as body. Elizabeth, before she went to reside with her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the "Queen's Cabinet Unlocked." The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelled as she thought fit: but it was written in a well proportioned Italian hand, with fine down strokes and broad up ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five-and-twenty years residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding school of the first repute in one of the midland counties, used to say when they spoke of an old pupil, "*her went to school to we.*" Miss Allison's language was not of this kind—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave a raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

She had been well instructed in ornamental work as well as ornamental penmanship. Unlike most fashions, this had continued to be in fashion because it continued to be of use; though no doubt some of the varieties which Taylor the Water Poet enumerates in his praise of the needle, might have been then as little understood as now:—

"Tent-work, raised-work, laid-work, prest-work, net-work.

Most curious pearl, or rare Italian cut-work,

Fine fern-stitch, finny-stitch, new-stitch, and chain-stitch,

Brave bred-stitch, fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, and queen-stitch,

The Spanish-stitch, rosemary-stitch, and maw-stitch,
 The smarting whip-stitch, back-stitch, and the cross-stitch.
 All these are good, and these we must allow ;
 And these are everywhere in practice now.

There was a book published in the Water Poet's days, with the title of "School House for the Needle;" it consisted of two volumes in oblong quarto, that form being suited to its plates "of sundry sorts of patterns and examples;" and it contained a "Dialogue in verse between Diligence and Sloth." If Betsey Allison had studied in this "School House," she could not have been a greater proficient with the needle than she became under her aunt's teaching: nor would she have been more

versed in the arts
 Of pies, puddings, and tarts,*

if she had gone through a course of practical lessons in one of the pastry schools which are common in Scotland, but were tried without success in London, about the middle of the last century. Deborah partook of these instructions at her father's desire. In all that related to the delicacies of a country table, she was glad to be instructed, because it enabled her to assist her friend; but it appeared strange to her that Mr. Bacon should wish her to learn ornamental work, for which she neither had, nor could foresee any use. But if the employment had been less agreeable than she found it in such company, she would never have disputed or questioned his will.

For so small a household, a more active or cheerful one could nowhere have been found than at the grange. Ben Jonson reckoned among the happinesses of Sir Robert Wroth, that of being "with unbought provision blest." This blessing Mr. Allison enjoyed in as great a degree as his position in life permitted; he neither killed his own meat nor grew his own corn; but he had his poultry yard, his garden and his orchard; he baked his own bread, brewed his own beer, and was supplied with milk, cream, and butter from his own dairy. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the most intelligent farmers in the neighbourhood of London are persons who have taken to farming as a business, because of their strong inclination for rural employments; one of the very best in Middlesex, when the survey of that county was published by the Board of Agriculture, had been a tailor. Mr. Allison did not attempt to manage the land which he kept in his own hands; but he had a trusty bailiff, and soon acquired knowledge enough for superintending what was done. When he retired from trade he gave over all desire for gain, which

* T. Warton.

indeed he had never desired for its own sake ; he sought now only wholesome occupation, and those comforts which may be said to have a moral zeal. They might be called luxuries, if that word could be used in a virtuous sense without something so to qualify it. It is a curious instance of the modification which words undergo in different countries, that luxury has always a sinful acceptation in the southern languages of Europe, and lust an innocent one in the northern ; the harmless meaning of the latter word, we have retained in the verb *to list*.

Every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth, has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. The grange was that spot in Deborah's retrospect.

CHAPTER CIV. P. I.

▲ REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A WISE MAN, WHEN HE RISES IN THE MORNING, LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO BEFORE NIGHT.

Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may ;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE.

ONE summer evening the doctor, on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr. Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him ; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, "Come in, doctor," said he, "if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome."

The doctor replied, "I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?" "No," said Mr Bacon, "God be thanked ! but something has occurred which concerns both."

When the doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought. "Nothing," said he, "I hope has happened to distress you?" "Only to disturb us," was the reply. "Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her has proposed to marry Deborah."

“Indeed!” said the doctor; “and who is he?” feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

“Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak to me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she would make him a good wife; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world.”

“And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding?”

“I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain: that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes and with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. Do you know any ill of him? said I. No, she replied, but I never heard any good, and that’s ill enough. And I do not like his looks.”

“Well said, Deborah!” cried the doctor, clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

“Surely, my child, said I, he is not an ill-looking person? Father, she replied, you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.”

“Well said, Deborah!” repeated the doctor.

“Why, doctor, do you know any ill of him?”

“None. But, as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness.”

“You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation.”

“Yet,” said the doctor, “I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her.”

“Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected,

as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudentially formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him."

"And how was it possible," replied the doctor, "that you could have succeeded better? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable; and for her principles, and temper, and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one."

"You have not spoken too highly in her praise, doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that while her habits have properly been made conformable to our poor means, and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their everyday employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite: though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.

"I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so."

"Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such an apprehension?" said the doctor.

"Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions—sensations they might almost be called—which, as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them."

“Can you not describe these sensations?”

“No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable.”

“Do not,” said the doctor, “I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences, which, without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burdensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort.”

“I have this feeling, doctor; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity.”

“Let me feel your pulse!”

“You will detect no other disorder there,” said Mr. Bacon, holding out his arm as he spoke, “than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which, though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself.”

“You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?”

“In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death.”

“And you have made up your mind to part with her?”

“Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me.”

“Well, then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject. You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite. Have I your consent?”

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand, pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

“I dare say, Deborah,” said her father, composing himself, “you have been telling Betsey Allison of the advantageous offer you have this day refused.”

“Yes,” replied Deborah; “and what do you think she said! That little as she likes him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself.”

“And I,” said the doctor, “rather than such a man should have you, would marry you myself.”

“Was I not right in refusing him, doctor?”

“So right, that you never pleased me so well before; and never can please me better—unless you will accept of me in his stead.”

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously, and half angrily withal; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he took her by the hand, and said, “Will you, dear Deborah?” with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried, “Father, what am I to say? speak for me!” “Take her, my friend!” said Mr. Bacon. “My blessing be upon you both. And if it be not presumptuous to use the words—let me say for myself, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!’”

CHAPTER CV. P. I.

A WORD OF NOBS, AND AN ALLUSION TO CÆSAR—SOME CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE DOCTOR'S SECOND LOVE, WHEREBY THOSE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST ARE ACCOUNTED FOR.

Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
 Y va se derecho hasta el corazon;
 Alli en ser llegado se torna aficion,
 Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos:
 Causa alegrias, tristezas, antojos;
 Haze llorar, y haze reir,
 Haze cantar, y haze plañir,
 Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.

QUESTION DE AMOR.

“Nobs,” said the doctor, as he mounted and rode away from Mr. Bacon's garden gate, “when I alighted and fastened thee to that wicket, I thought as little of what was to befall me then, and what I was about to do, as thou knowest of it now.”

Man has an inward voice as well as an “inward eye,”* a voice distinct from that of conscience. It is the companion, if not “the bliss of solitude;”* and though he sometimes em-

* Wordsworth.

ploys it to deceive himself, it gives him good counsel, perhaps, quite as often, calls him to account, reproves him for having left unsaid what he ought to have said, or for having said what he ought not to have said, reprehends or approves, admonishes or encourages. On this occasion it was a joyful and gratulatory voice, with which the doctor spake mentally, first to Nobs, and afterward to himself, as he rode back to Doncaster.

By this unuttered address the reader would perceive, if he should haply have forgotten what was intimated in some of the ante-initial chapters, and the first post-initial one, that the doctor had a horse, named Nobs; and the question who was Nobs, would not be necessary, if this were all that was to be said concerning him. There is much to be said; the tongue that could worthily express his merits, had need be like the pen of a ready writer; though I will not say of him as Berni or Boiardo has said of

“quel valeroso e bel destriero,”

Argalia's horse, Rubicano, that

“Un che volesse dir lodando il vero,
Bisogno aria di parlar piu ch' umano.”

At present, however, I shall only say this in his praise, he was altogether unlike the horse of which it was said he had only two faults, that of being hard to catch, and that of being good for nothing when he was caught. For whether in stable or in field, Nobs would come like a dog to his master's call. There was not a better horse for the doctor's purpose in all England: no, nor in all Christendom; no, nor in all Houyhnhnmdom, if that country had been searched to find one.

Cæsarem vehis, said Cæsar to the Egyptian boatmen. But what was that which the Egyptian boat carried, compared to what Nobs bore upon that saddle to which constant use had given its polish bright and brown?

*Virtutem solidi pectoris hospitam
Idem portat equus, qui dominum.**

Nobs therefore carried—all that is in these volumes; yea, and as all future generations were, according to Madame Bourignon, actually as well as potentially contained in Adam—all editions and translations of them, however numerous.

But on that evening he carried something of more importance; for on the life and weal of his rider there depended from that hour, as far as its dependance was upon anything

* Casimir.

earthly, the happiness of one of the best men in the world, and of a daughter who was not unworthy of such a father. If the doctor had been thrown from his horse and killed, an hour or two earlier, the same day, it would have been a dreadful shock both to Deborah and Mr. Bacon; and they would always have regretted the loss of one whose company they enjoyed, whose character they respected, and for whom they entertained a feeling of more than ordinary regard. But had such a casualty occurred now, it would have been the severest affliction that could have befallen them.

Yet till that hour Deborah had never thought of Dove as a husband, nor Dove of Deborah as a wife, that is, neither had ever looked at the possibility of their being one day united to each other in that relation. Deborah liked him, and he liked her; and beyond this sincere liking neither of them for a moment dreamed that the inclination would ever proceed. They had not fallen in love with each other; nor had they run in love, nor walked into it, nor been led into it, nor entrapped into it; nor had they caught it.

How then came they to be in love at last? The question may be answered by an incident which Mr. John Davis relates in his *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America*. The traveller was making his way "faint and wearily" on foot to a place called by the strange name of Frying Pan, for the Americans have given all sorts of names, except fitting ones, to the places which they have settled, or discovered, and their Australian kinsmen seem to be following the same absurd and inconvenient course. It will occasion, hereafter, as much confusion as the sameness of Mohammedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mohammedan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, "How far, my boy, is it to Frying Pan?" The boy replied, "You be in the Pan now."

So it was with the doctor and with Deborah; they found themselves in love, as much to their surprise as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the Pan, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects; invincible necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been.*

Into such questions, however, I enter not. "*Nolo altum sapere,*" they be matters above my capacity: the cobbler's check shall never light on my head, "*Ne sutor ultru crepi-*

* Dryden,

dam."* Opportunity, which makes thieves, makes lovers also, and is the greatest of all matchmakers. And when opportunity came, the doctor

Por ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente,†

acted promptly. Accustomed as he was to weigh things of moment in the balance, and hold it with as even and as nice a hand as if he were compounding a prescription on which the life of a patient might depend, he was no shillishallier, nor ever wasted a precious minute in pro-and-conning, when it was necessary at once to decide and act.

Chi ha tempo, e tempo aspetta, il tempo perde.‡

His first love, as the reader will remember, came by inoculation, and was taken at first sight. This third and last, he used to say, came by inoculation also; but it was a more remarkable case, for eleven years elapsed before there was an appearance of his having taken the infection. How it happened that an acquaintance of so many years, and which at its very commencement had led to confidence, and esteem, and familiarity, and, friendship, should have led no farther, may easily be explained. Dove, when he first saw Deborah, was in love with another person.

He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a tendency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty-fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She who for five of those seven years fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment; that had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a happiness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in anything relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth, and tenderness, and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related,

* Thomas Lodge.

† Pulci.

‡ Serafino da L'Aquila.

if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it: for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr. Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well
The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.*

His feelings upon such a point had been expressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose poems, more perhaps than those of any other English author, deserve to be carefully winnowed, the grain, which is of the best quality, being now lost amid the heap of chaff.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To her now dead, preserve me just
In all that should performed be.
For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.†

The knowledge that the doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed; and the sisterlike feeling into which this had grown, underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He meantime saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the suitability of such a marriage in other respects had ever entered into his imagination) would have seemed to him like a breach of friendship. Yet, if Mr. Bacon had died before he opened his mind to the doctor upon occasion of Joseph Hebblethwaite's proposal, it is probable that one of the first means of consolation which would have occurred to him, would have been to offer the desolate daughter a home, together with his hand; so well was he acquainted with her domestic merits, so highly did he esteem her character, and so truly did he admire the gifts with which nature had endowed her—

* Robert Landor.

† Wither.

Her sweet humour,
That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful ;
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle *

INTERCHAPTER XII.

THE AUTHOR REGRETS THAT HE CANNOT MAKE HIMSELF KNOWN TO CERTAIN READERS; STATES THE POSSIBLE REASONS FOR HIS SECRESY; MAKES NO USE IN SO DOING OF THE LICENSE WHICH HE SEEMS TO TAKE OUT IN HIS MOTTO; AND STATING THE PRETENCES WHICH HE ADVANCES FOR HIS WORK, DISCLAIMING THE WHILE ALL MERIT FOR HIMSELF, MODESTLY PRESENTS THEM UNDER A GRECIAN VEIL.

Ἐνθά γὰρ τι δεῖ ψεῦδος λεγέσθαι λεγέσθω.

HERODOTUS.

THERE is more gratitude in the world than the worldly believe, or than the ungrateful are capable of believing. And knowing this, I consequently know how great a sacrifice I make in remaining incognito.

Reputation is a bubble upon the rapid stream of time; popularity, a splash in the great pool of oblivion; fame itself but a full-blown bladder, or at best a balloon. There is no sacrifice in declining them; for in escaping these you escape the impertinences and the intrusions which never fail to follow in their train. But that this book will find some readers after the author's own heart is certain; they will lose something in not knowing who the individual is with whom they would delight to form a personal, as they have already formed a moral and intellectual friendship:

For in this world, to reckon everything,
Pleasure to man there is none comparable
As is to read with understanding
In books of wisdom, they ben so delectable
Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable.†

And though my loss is not of this kind, yet it is great also, for in each of these unknown admirers I lose the present advantage of a well-wisher, and the possible, or even probable benefit of a future friend.

Eugenius! Eusebins! Sophron! how gladly would ye become acquainted with my outward man, and commune with

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

† Trevisa.

me face to face! How gladly would ye, Sophronia! Eusebia! Eugenia!

With how radiant a countenance and how light a step would Euphrosyne advance to greet me! With how benign an aspect would Amanda silently thank me for having held up a mirror in which she has unexpectedly seen herself!

Letitia's eyes would sparkle at the sight of one whose writings had given her new joy. Penserosa would requite me with a gentle look for cheering her solitary hours, and moving her sometimes to a placid smile, sometimes to quiet and pleasurable tears.

And you, Marcellus, from whom your friends, your country, and your kind have everything to hope, how great a pleasure do I forego by rendering it impossible for you to seek me, and commence an acquaintance with the sure presentiment that it would ripen into confidence and friendship!

There is another and more immediate gratification which this resolution compels me to forego, that of gratifying those persons who, if they knew from whom the book proceeded, would peruse it with heightened zest for its author's sake, old acquaintance who would perceive in some of those secondary meanings which will be understood only by those for whom they were intended, that though we have long been widely separated, and probably are never again to meet in this world, they are not forgotten; and old friends, who would take a livelier interest in the reputation which the work obtains, than it would now be possible for me to feel in it myself.

"And why, sir," says an obliging and inquisitive reader, "should you deprive your friends and acquaintance of that pleasure, though you are willing to sacrifice it yourself?"

"Why, sir, do you ask?"

Ah, that is the mystery
Of this wonderful history,
And you wish that you could tell!*

"A question not to be asked," said an odder person than I shall ever pretend to be, "is a question not to be answered."

Nevertheless, gentle reader, in courtesy I will give sundry answers to your interrogation, and leave you to fix upon which of them you may think likely to be the true one.

The author may be of opinion that his name, not being heretofore known to the public, could be of no advantage to his book.

Or, on the other hand, if his name were already well known, he might think the book stands in no need of it, and may safely be trusted to its own merits. He may wish to

* Southey.

secure for it a fairer trial than it could otherwise obtain, and intend to profit by the unbiased opinions which will thus reach his ear; thinking complacently with Benedict, that "happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending." In one of Metastasio's dramatic epithalamiums, Minerva says,

" L'onore, a cui
Venni proposta anch' io
Piu meritar, che conseguir desiò ;"

and he might say this with the goddess of wisdom.

He may be so circumstanced that it would be inconvenient as well as unpleasant for him to offend certain persons—Sir Andrew Agnewites, for example—whose conscientious but very mischievous notions he nevertheless thinks it his duty to oppose, when he can do so consistently with discretion.

He may have wagers dependant upon the guesses that will be made concerning him.

Peradventure it might injure him in his professional pursuits, were he to be known as an author, and that he had neglected "some sober calling for this idle trade."

He may be a very modest man, who can muster courage enough for publication, and yet dares not encounter any further publicity.

Unknown, perhaps his reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapp'd in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While critic blockheads throw their dirt;
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim."*

He may be so shy, that if his book were praised, he would shrink from the notoriety into which it would bring him; or so sensitive, that his mortification would be extreme, if it were known among his neighbours that he had been made the subject of sarcastic and contemptuous criticism.

Or if he ever possessed this diffidence, he may have got completely rid of it in his intercourse with the world, and have acquired that easy habit of simulation without which no one can take his degree as master of arts in that great university. To hear various opinions concerning the book and the various surmises concerning the author, take part in the conversation, mystify some of his acquaintance and assist others in mystifying themselves, may be more amusing to him than any amusement of which he could partake in his

* Lloyd.

own character. There are some secrets which it is a misery to know, and some which the tongue itches to communicate ; but this is one which it is a pleasure to know and to keep. It gives to the possessor, *quasically* speaking, a double existence : the exoteric person mingles as usual in society, while the esoteric is like John the Giganticide in his coat of darkness, or that knight who, in the days of King Arthur, used to walk invisible.

The best or the worst performer at a masquerade may have less delight in the consciousness or conceit of their own talents, than he may take in conversing with an air of perfect unconcern about his own dear book. It may be sport for him to hear it scornfully condemned by a friend, and pleasure to find it thoroughly relished by an enemy.

The secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.*

Peradventure he praises it himself with a sincerity for which every reader will give him full credit ; or peradventure he condemns it, for the sake of provoking others to applaud it more warmly in defence of their own favourable and pre-expressed opinion. Whether of these courses, thinkest thou, gentle reader, is he most likely to pursue ? I will only tell thee that either would to him be equally easy and equally entertaining. “Ye shall know that we may dissemble in earnest as well as in sport, under covert and dark terms, and in learned and apparent speeches, in short sentences and by long ambage and circumstance of words, and finally, as well when we lie, as when we tell the truth.”†

In any one of the supposed cases, sufficient reason is shown for his keeping, and continuing to keep his own secret.

En nous formant, nature a ses caprices,
Divers penchans en nous elle fait observer.
Les uns, à s'exposer, trouvent mille délices ;
Moi, j'en trouve à me conserver.‡

And if there be any persons who are not satisfied with this explanation, I say to them, in the words of Jupiter,

“STET PRO RATIONE VOLUNTAS.”

Moreover, resting my claim to the gratitude of this generation, and of those which are to come, upon the matter of these volumes, and disclaiming for myself all merit except that of fidelity to the lessons of my philosopher and friend, I

* Troilus and Cressida.

† Puttenham.

‡ Moliere.

shall not fear to appropriate, *mutatis mutandis* and having thus qualified them, the proud words of Arrian:—

'Ἄλλ' ἐκείνο ἀναγράφω, ὅτι ἐμοὶ πατρίς τε, καὶ γένος, καὶ ἀρχαί, οἶδ' οἱ λόγοι εἰσι τε—καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀπαξιδῶ ἑμαυτὸν τῶν πρώτων ἐν τῇ φωνῇ τῇ Δαγγλικῇ εἶπερ οὖν καὶ Δανιὴλ ὁ ἱατρός ἐμος τῶν ἐν τοῖς φαρμακοῖς.

INTERCHAPTER XIII.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
 To see if I can all men beguile.
 Ha, my name, my name would ye so fain know?
 Yes, I wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.
 I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.
 A, a, now I have it! I have it indeed!
 My name is Ambidexter, I signify one
 That with both hands finely can play.

King Cambyses.

BUT the question has been mooted in the literary and ceru-
 can circles of the metropolis, whether this book be not the
 joint work of two or more authors. And this duality or plu-
 rality of persons in one authorship has been so confidently
 maintained, that if it were possible to yield upon such a
 point to any display of evidence and weight of authority, I
 must have been argued out of my own indivisible individ-
 uality.

Fort bien! Je le soutiens par la grande raison
 Qu'ainsi l'a fait des dieux la puissance suprême;
 Et qu'il n'est pas en moi de pouvoir dire non,
 Et d'être un autre que moi-même.*

Sometimes I have been supposed to be the unknown Beau-
 mont of some equally unknown Fletcher—the moiety of a
 Siamese duplicate, or the third part of a Geryonite triplicity;
 the fourth of a quaternion of partners, or a fifth of a Smec-
 tymnuan association. Nay, I know not whether they have
 not cut me down to the dimensions of a tailor, and dwindled
 me into the ninth part of an author!

Me to be thus served! me, who am an integral, to be thus
 split into fractions! me, a poor unit of humanity, to be
 treated like a polypus under the scissors of an experimental
 naturalist, or unnaturalist.

* Moliere.

The reasons assigned in support of this pluri-personal hypothesis are, first, the supposed discrepancy of humour and taste apparent in the different parts of the book. Oh men ignorant of humorology! more ignorant of psychology! and most ignorant of Pantagruelism!

Secondly, the prodigal expenditure of mottoes and quotations, which they think could only have been supported by means of a picknick contribution. Oh men whose diligence is little, whose reading less, and whose sagacity least of all!

Yet looking at this fancy of the public—a creature entertained with many fancies, beset with many tormenting spirits, and provided with more than the four legs and two voices which were hastily attributed to the son of Sycorax—a creature which, though it be the fashion of the times to seek for shelter under its gaberdine, is, by this good light, “a very shallow monster,” “a most poor credulous monster!” I say, looking at this fancy of the public in that temper with which it is my wish to regard everything, methinks I should be flattered by it, and pleased (if anything flattering could please me) by having it supposed upon such grounds, that this book, like the *Satyre Menippée*, is the composition of several “bons et gentils esprits du tems—dans lequel souz paroles et allegations pleines de raillerie, ils boufonnerent, comme en riant le vray se peut dire;” and which “ils firent, selon leurs humeurs, caprices et intelligences, en telle sorte qu’il se peut dire qu’ils n’ont rien oublié de ce qui se peut dire pour servir de perfection à cet ouvrage, qui bien entendu sera grandement estimé par la posterité.”*

The same thing occurred in the case of Gulliver’s Travels, and in that case Arbuthnot thought reasonably; “for,” said he, “if this book were to be deciphered merely from a view of it, without any hints, or secret history, this would be a very natural conclusion: we should be apt to fancy it the production of two or three persons, who want neither wit nor humour, but who are very full of themselves, and hold the rest of mankind in great contempt; who think sufficient regard is not paid to their merit by those in power, for which reason they rail at them; who have written some pieces with success and applause, and therefore presume that whatever comes from them must be implicitly received by the public. In this last particular they are certainly right; for the superficial people of the town, who have no judgment of their own, are presently amused by a great name: tell them, by way of a secret, that such a thing is Dr. Swift’s, Mr. Pope’s, or any other person’s of note and genius, and immediately it flies about like wildfire.”†

If the book of the doctor, instead of continuing to appear,

* Cheverny.

† Gulliver deciphered.

as it originally went forth, *simplex munditiis*, with its own pithy, comprehensive, and well-considered title, were to have a name constructed for it of composite initials, like the joint-stock volume of the five Puritanical ministers above referred to, once so well known, but now preserved from utter oblivion by nothing but that name—*vox et præterea nihil*; if, I say, the book of the doctor were in like manner to be denominated according to one or other of the various schemes of bibliogony which have been devised for explaining its phenomena, the reader might be expected in good earnest to exclaim,

Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this!

For among other varieties, the following present themselves for choice:—

Isdis.
Roso.
Heta.
Harco.
Samro.
Grobe.
Theho.
Heneco.
Thojama.
Johofre.
Reverne.
Hetaroso.
Walaroso.
Rosogrobe.
Venarchly.
Satacoroso.
Samrothomo.
Verevfrawra.
Isdisbendis.
Harcoheneco.
Henecosaheco.
Thehojowicro.
Rosohenecoharco.
Thehojowicrogecro.
Harcohenecosaheco.
Satacoharcojotacohenecosaheco.

And thus, my Monster of the Isle, while I have listened and looked on like a spectator at a game of blind-man's-buff, or at a blindfold boat race, have you, with your errabund

guesses, veering to all points of the literary compass, amused the many-humoured yet single-minded Pantagruelist, the quotationipotent motlocrat, the entire unit, the single and whole *homo*, who subscribes himself,

with all sincerity and good-will,

Most delicate Monster,

and with just as much respect as you deserve,

not your's. or anybody's humble servant,

(saving always that he is the king's dutiful subject,)

and not your's, but his own, to command,

KEWINT-HEKA-WERNER.

THE END.











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