IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

OF

LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

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TO

BOLIVAR

THE LIBERATOR.

If the volume I present to you, O Liberator, be in itself of a perishable nature, not even your name can support it; for dust drops off a golden image as readily as off an earthen one: and if the sentiments I profess are untrue, that illustrious name can but render them the more detestable. So be it!

Deign to accept, sir, I will not say the homage . . such words ill suit both you and me . . let me rather say the dutiful and pious offering, of one who from youth upward has laboured in the same cause with

you, and whom nothing in life or death shall induce or force to desert it. I do not believe that these pages will, now or ever, lie inert on generous minds; yet little is the effect I can hope from them, in comparison with what has been produced, and is stil to be expected, from the iniquity of usurpers. Without it, even your own efforts would have been ineffectual. Freedom rises from tyranny, truth from falsehood, great men from great injuries. The moment is arrived when all despotic governments are ranged against all the constitutional, and (what is worse) when the more powerful of the latter shew an inclination to abandon the rest. Wherever there is any taint of monarchy, the government is disposed toward the despot of another state, rather than toward the people of it, or than toward those, whoever they may be, that resist him. For, the ministers, being the prince's, not the people's, cling to him on whom their au-

thority and their salaries are dependent; and his sympathies are with his kind. This great evil is avoided by the wiser institutions of America; which continent will then only be secure, when no portion of it retains the vestiges of a court. Never can there be safety, or indeed peace, in the nations you have redeemed from bondage, while a neighbour is apprehensive of the principles you have laid down, and can hold out ecclesiastical wealth and aulic dignities, to unreflecting avarice and unenlightened ambition. The Anglo-Americans will equally see the necessity, that the several states of your continent shall enjoy the same rights and acknowledge the same interests; and that, in the event of war with an European power, no American port be open to the enemy. Hardly then can we suppose that either you or they will permitt an arbitrary government, under whatever form, to be consolidated in your vicinity. Just reasons

are not wanting for its subversion; and not only what your policy and security, but what its own aggression and usurpation, have supplied. A puny, rickety, peevish despotism has displayed already its fatuous family-lineaments, and has grasped and defaced and dismembered what lies nearest. Such being the fact, no free people will oppose your claims of restitution and indemnity, or deny your right of making war for the indignity and injury done to your allie.

It cannot be imagined that the empire of Brazil will make the person who occupies it happier than the kingdom of Portugal would do; the country of his birth, of his family, of his education, of his affections. In fact, the possession of power was never, on the whole, the happiness of any one: the entrance into the possession is alone attended by enjoyment. Splendour gratifies pride, novelty gratifies weakness, and do-

minion all the infirmities of the human mind, where it has nothing else in it but infirmities.

He has had this, such as it is. Let him consider, if he can consider any thing rationally, whether he would not bring more content, to himself, his father, and his country, by returning to Portugal. He might remove from the people of his native land the apprehension of a bigoted and cruel tyrant; he might render its crown secure; he might retrieve its embarrassments; he might annihilate its parties; he might extend its commerce; he might (by only giving it a free constitution) draw under his sceptre the whole Peninsula. Gladly would the Brazilians pay millions for perfect independence, which nothing but a republican form of government can ensure to them. Until they possess it, they and the Portuguese, from mutual distrust, will be compelled to maintain such a military

and naval force as would be else unnecessary; and both nations will be invidious and hateful to their neighbours. If the title of Emperor is amusing to the last in the list of emperors, he must enjoy it in common with the sovrans of Muscovy, of Morocco, and of Austria; in common with that wild and witless adventurer whom the shouts of aggregated nations shook from his sanguinary throne. These men, or their predecessors, have given it to themselves. Is it better to call one's self a wise man, a brave man, a good man, or to be it? is it better to rule, or to be acknowledged worthy of ruling? If the latter, if the voices, and hearts of men are any thing, should he not rather bend his brow over your footsteps, and, without your labours and anxieties, be *in his way* a liberator? To obtain the title, he has nothing more to do than to perform again that feat, which he has already performed with much applause; to step aboard

a frigate and traverse the Atlantic. Whatever may be his decision, and the wisest is not the most to be expected, so long as he remains on your continent, he, and his accomplices of all countries, must be watched with an unintermitted vigilance and a lofty jealousy. So long as he remains, I say it plainly, he will double or triple the expenditure of every state in your confederation. He must either then be bought out or driven out: I would recommend the milder scheme, as the more frugal, and in no respect injurious to your mercantile or political relations.

Let something be now effected by wisdom: the good that hath arisen latterly, originated in folly, and was exposed to chance. Napoleon and Ferdinand, the worst princes and worst politicians in Europe, equally void of faith, reflexion, and humanity; equally false and fickle, equally rapacious and ungrateful, equally cool, com-

placent, collected, in cruelty, equally rash in prosperity, equally indecisive, blind, locomotionless, torpid, in adversity, were the causes of that liberty which they both abhorred. Massacres, perjuries, parricides, national shame, defeat, subjection, degradation, should be traced and recorded, O Bolivar! but History has other pages for your attention. Timoleon in ancient days, Washington in later, have left the most glorious name among mortals, by the union of military and civic virtues, and the effect of them on society. What they did, you have done more largely: their difficulties were great, yours were greater: they delivered many, you more: they hazarded their fortunes, you ceded yours: they established freedom, you freedom and civilization: they found men to act with, you created them. Rarely hath it happened that Humanity hath not wept at last over those who best served her: but these lived honoured and

beloved among the people they had delivered, and descended to the grave (if by years be the computation) not immaturely.

May Providence assign to you, O Liberator! the same destiny!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

June 3, 1825.

P. S. God grant that the accusations brought lately against Bolivar, of injustice, of cruelty, of apostasy, of usurpation, be founded on error, and even on malignity, rather than on truth. For the greatest crimes of many millions are of less importance than a single one in him. I cannot give credit to these evil reports: if however they should be true and unexaggerated still I do not regret, and never shall, that I praised him in his unfallen state, the *Liberator*, the *Protector*. Nothing keeps

bad men bad so much as praise; nothing so much as praise keeps good men good. Whenever I have another motive for mine, let me be exposed as the vilest and most pernicious sycophant! Our safety as eulogists lies among our commendations of the dead.

July 1, 1827.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

IN

THE THIRD VOLUME.

CONVERSATION I.

ROUSSEAU

AND

MALESHERBES.

ROUSSEAU

AND

MALESHERBES*.

ROUSSEAU.

I AM ashamed, sir, of my countrymen: let my humiliation expiate their offences. I wish it had

* Among the four illustrious victims of the French Revolution, Malesherbes was, I think, the most so. Roland, Lavoisier, Bailly, and he, were four such characters as the princes of Europe could not consign to the scaffold or the flames, to banishment or neglect. France seems to have thought herself unable to show her great men, unless the executioner held up their heads.

The condemnation of Malesherbes, and the coronation of Buonaparte, are the two most detestable crimes committed by the French in the whole course of their Revolution. How different the destiny of the best and worst man amongst them! Never has there been so deplorable a judgement as that by which Malesherbes was sent in his old age, and with his daughter and his grandaughter, to the scaffold, since the same of Phocion.

not been a minister of the gospel who received you with such inhospitality.

MALESHERBES.

Nothing can be more ardent and more cordial than the expressions with which you greet me, M. Rousseau, on my return from your lakes and mountains.

ROUSSEAU.

If the pastor took you for a courtier, I reverence him for his contemptuousness.

MALESHERBES.

Why so? Indeed you are in the wrong, my friend. No person has a right to treat another with contemptuousness unless he knows him to deserve it. If a courtier enters the house of a pastor in preference to his neighbour's, the pastor should partake in the sentiment that induced him to do so, or at least not be offended to be preferred. A courtier is such at court: in the house of a clergyman he is not a courtier, but a guest. If to be a courtier is offensive, remember that we punish offences where they are committed; where they can be examined; where pleadings can be heard for and against the accused; and where nothing is admitted extraneous from the indictment, excepting what may be adduced in his favour, by witnesses as to the general tenor of his character.

ROUSSEAU.

Is it really true that the man told you to mount the hay-loft, if you wished a night's lodging?

MALESHERBES.

He did: a certain proof that he no more took me to be a courtier than I took him to be. I accepted his offer, and never slept so soundly. Moderate fatigue, the Alpine air, the blaze of a good fire (for I was admitted to it some moments), and a profusion of the most odoriferous hay, below which a cow was sleeping, subdued my senses, and protracted my slumbers beyond the usual hour.

ROUSSEAU.

You have no right, sir, to be the patron and remunerator of inhospitality. Three or four such men as you would corrupt all Switzerland, and prepare it for the fangs of France and Austria. Kings, like hyenas, will always fall upon dead carcases, although their bellies are full, and although they are conscious that in the end they will tear one another to pieces over them. Why should you prepare their prey? were your fire and effulgence given you for this? Why, in short, did you thank this churl? why did you recommend him to his superiors for preferment on the next vacancy?

MALESHERBES.

I must adopt your opinion of his behaviour in

order to answer you satisfactorily. You suppose him inhospitable: what milder or more effectual mode of reproving him for it, than to make every dish at his table admonish him? If he did evil, have I no authority before me, which commands me to render him good for it? Believe me, M. Rousseau, the execution of this command is always accompanied by the heart's applause, and opportunities of obedience are more frequent here than anywhere. Would not you exchange resentment for the contrary feeling, even if religion or duty said nothing about the matter? I am afraid the wisest of us are sometimes a little perverse, and will not be so happy as they might be, because the path is pointed out to them, and because he who points it out is wise and powerful. Obstinacy and jealousy, the worst parts of childhood and of manhood, have range enough for their ill humours, without the heavens.

ROUSSEAU.

Sir, I perceive you are among my enemies: I did not think it; for, whatever may be my faults, I am totally free from suspicion.

MALESHERBES.

And do not think it now, I entreat you, my good friend.

ROUSSEAU.

Courts and society have corrupted the best heart in France, and have perverted the best intellect.

MALESHERBES.

They have done much evil then.

ROUSSEAU.

Answer me, and your own conscience; how could you choose to live among the perfidies of Paris and Versailles?

MALESHERBES.

Lawyers, and advocates in particular, must live there; philosophers need not. If every honest man thought it requisite to leave those cities, would they be the better for it?

ROUSSEAU.

You have entered into intimacies with the members of various administrations, opposite in plans and sentiments, but all alike hostile to you, and all of whom, if they could have kept your talents down, would have done it. Finding the thing impossible, they ceased to persecute and malign you, and would gladly tempt you, under the semblance of friendship and esteem, to supplicate for some office, that they might indicate to the world your unworthiness by refusing you: a proof, as you know, quite sufficient, and self-evident to all.

MALESHERBES.

They will never tempt me to supplicate for any thing but justice, and that in behalf of others. I know nothing of parties: if I am acquainted with two persons of opposite sides in politics, I consider them as you consider a watchmaker and a cabinet-maker: one desires to rise by one way, the other by another. Administrations and systems of government would be quite indifferent to those very functionaries and their opponents, who appear the most zealous partisans, if their fortunes and consequence were not affixed to them. Several seem consistent, and indeed are so; the reason is, versatility would loosen and detach from them the public esteem and confidence..

ROUSSEAU.

By which their girandoles are lighted, their dinners served, their lacquies liveried, and their opera-girls vie in benefit-nights. There is no state in Europe where the least wise have not governed the most wise. We find the light and foolish keeping up with the machinery of government easily and leisurely, just as we see butterflies keep up with carriages at full speed. This is owing in both cases to their levity and their position: the stronger and the more active are

left behind. I am resolved to prove that farmers-general are the main causes of the defects in our music.

MALESHERBES.

Prove it, or any thing else, provided that the discussion does not irritate and torment you.

ROUSSEAU.

Truth is the object of philosophy.

MALESHERBES.

Not so of philosophers: the display of ingenuity, for the most part, is and always has been it. I must here offer you an opinion of my own, which, if you think well of me, you will pardon, though you should disbelieve its solidity. My opinion then is that truth is not reasonably the main and ultimate object of philosophy; but that philosophy should seek truth merely as the means of acquiring and of propagating happiness. Truths are simple: wisdom, which is formed by their apposition and application, is concrete: out of this, in its vast varieties, open to our wants and wishes, comes happiness: but the knowledge of all the truths ever yet discovered does not lead immediately to it, nor indeed will ever reach it, unless you make the more important of them bear upon your heart and intellect, and form, as it were, the blood that moves and nurtures them.

ROUSSEAU.

I never until now entertained a doubt that truth is the ultimate aim and object of philosophy: no writer has denied it, I think.

MALESHERBES.

Designedly none may have done so: but when it is agreed that happiness is the chief good, it must also be agreed that the chief wisdom will pursue it; and I have already said, what your own experience cannot but have pointed out to you, that no truth, or series of truths, hypothetically, can communicate or attain it . . . Come, M. Rousseau, tell me candidly, do you derive no pleasure from a sense of superiority in genius and independence?

ROUSSEAU.

The highest, sir, from a consciousness of independence.

MALESHERBES.

Ingenuous is the epithet we affix to modesty: but modesty often makes men act otherwise; you, for example, now. You are angry at the servility of people, and disgusted at their obtuseness and indifference, on matters of most import to their welfare. If they were equal to you, this anger would cease, but the fire would break out somewhere else, on ground which appears at present sound and level. You would only be the most elo-

quent man that ever lived; and even here you would tread upon thorns. Cicero and your neighbour Voltaire are wittier. The latter is more Attic than any Athenian ever was.

ROUSSEAU.

If malignity is Attic.

MALESHERBES.

I will not discuss with you the character of the man, and only that part of the author's on which I spoke. There may be malignity in wit, there cannot be violence: you may irritate and disquiet with it; but it must be by means of a flower or a feather. Wit and humour stand on one side, irony and sarcasm on the other.

ROUSSEAU.

They however are in near neighbourhood.

MALESHERBES.

So are the Elysian fields and Tartarus.

ROUSSEAU.

Pray go on: teach me to stand quiet in my stall, while my masters and managers pass by.

MALESHERBES.

Well then . . Pascal argues more closely and methodically: Bossuet is as scientific in the structure of his sentences: Demosthenes, many think, has equal fire, vigour, dexterity; equal selection of topics and equal temperance in treating them,

immeasurably as he falls short of you in appeals to the sensibility of his audience, and in every thing which by way of excellence we usually call genius.

ROUSSEAU.

Sir, I see no resemblance between a pleader at the bar, or an haranguer of the populace, and me.

MALESHERBES.

Certainly his questions are occasional: but one great question hangs in the centre, and high above the rest; and this is, whether the mother of liberty and civilization shall exist, or whether she shall be extinguished in the bosom of her family. As we often apply to eloquence and its parts the terms we apply to architecture and hers, let me do it also, and remark that nothing can be more simple, solid, and symmetrical, nothing more frugal in decoration or more appropriate in distribution, than the apartments of Demosthenes. Yours excell them in space and altitude: your ornaments are equally chaste and beautiful, with more variety and invention, more airiness and light. But why among the Loves and Graces does Apollo flea Marsyas? and why cannot the tiara still cover the ears of Midas? Cannot you, who detest kings and courtiers, keep away from them? If I must be with them, let me be in good humour and good spirits: if I will tread upon a Persian carpet, let

it at least be in clean shoes. As the raciest wine makes the sharpest vinegar, so the richest fancies turn the most readily to acrimony. Keep yours, my dear M. Rousseau, from the exposure and heats that generate it: be contented: enjoy your fine imagination: and do not throw your sallad out of the window, or shove your cat off your knee, on hearing it said that Shakespear has a finer, or that a minister is of opinion that you know more of music than of state. My friend, the disputes and quarrels of ingenious and learned men are generally far less reasonable and just, less placable and moderate, than those of the stupid and ignorant. We ought to blush at this; and we should blush more deeply still if we bring them in as parties to our differences. Let us conquer by kindness: this we cannot do easily or well, without communication.

ROUSSEAU.

The minister would expell me from his antechamber, and order his valets to buffet me, if I offered him any proposal for the advantage of mankind.

MALESHERBES.

Call to him then from this room, where the valets are civiler. Nature has given you a speaking-trumpet, which neither storm can drown nor

enemy can silence. If you esteem him, instruct him; if you despise him, do the same. Surely you, who have much benevolence, would not despise any one willingly or unnecessarily. Contempt is for the incorrigible: now where upon earth is he whom your genius, if rightly and temperately exerted, would not influence and correct?

I never was more flattered or honoured than by your patience in listening to me. Consider me as an old woman who sits by the bedside in your infirmity, who brings you not savoury viands or exotic fruits, but a basin of whey or a basket of strawberries from your native hills, assures you that what oppressed you was a dream, occasioned by the wrong position in which you lay, opens the window, gives you fresh air, and entreats you to recollect the features of nature, and to observe (which no man ever did so accurately) their beauty. In your politics, you cut down a forest to make a toothpick, and cannot make even that out of it. Do not let us in jurisprudence be like Dr. Bentley in the classics, and change whatever can be changed, right or wrong. No statesman will take your advice. Supposing that any one is liberal in his sentiments and clear-sighted in his views, nevertheless love of power is jealous, and he would rejoice to see you fleeing from persecution, or

turning to meet it. The very men whom you would benefit will treat you worse. As the ministers of kings wish their masters to possess absolute power, that the exercise of it may be delegated to them, which it naturally is, from the violence and sloth alternate with despots as with wild beasts, and that they may apprehend no check or controul from those who discover their misdemeanours, in like manner the people places more trust in favour than in fortune, and hopes to obtain by subserviency what it never might by selection or by chance. Else in free governments, so some are called (for names once given are the last things lost), all minor offices and employments would be assigned by ballot. Each province or canton would present a list annually of such persons in it as are worthy to occupy the local administrations. To avoid any allusion to the country in which we live, let us take England for example. Is it not absurd, iniquitous, and revolting, that the minister of a church in Yorkshire should be appointed by a lawyer who resides in London, who never knew him, never saw him, never heard from a single one of the parishioners a recommendation of any kind, or a syllable in his favour? Is it not more reasonable that a collector of taxes, or a justice of the peace, should be chosen by those who have always been

witnesses of his integrity? The king should appoint his own ministers, and should invest them with power and splendour; but those ministers should not appoint to any civil or religious place of trust or profit which the community could manifestly fill better. The greater part of offices and dignities should be conferred for a short and stated time, that all might hope to attain and strive to deserve them. Embassies in particular should never exceed one year in Europe, nor consulates two. To the latter office I assign this duration, as the more difficult to fulfill properly, from requiring a knowledge of trade, although a slight one, and because those who possess any such knowledge are inclined, for the greater part, to turn it to their own account, which a consul ought by no means to do.

ROUSSEAU.

Frequent election of representatives, and frequent election of civil officers in the subordinate employments, would remove all causes of discontent in the people, and of instability in kingly power. Here is a lottery in which every one is sure of a prize, if not for himself this year, at least for somebody in his family or among his friends; and the ticket he would consider as fairly paid for from the taxes.

MALESHERBES.

So it appears to me. What other system can present so obviously to the great mass of the people the two principal piers and buttresses of government, tangible interest and certain hope? No danger of any kind can arise from it, no antipathies, no divisions, no imposture of demagogues, no caprice of despots . . on the contrary, many and great advantages, in places which at the first survey do not appear to border on it. At present, the best of the English juridical institutions, that of justices of the peace, is viewed with diffidence and distrust. Elected as they would be, and increased in number, the whole judicature, civil and criminal, might be confided to them, and their labours be not only not aggravated but diminished. Suppose them in four divisions to meet at four places in every county, once in ten days, and to possess the power of imposing a fine not exceeding two hundred franks on every cause implying oppression, and one not exceeding fifty on such as they should unanimously declare frivolous.

ROUSSEAU.

Few would become attornies, and those from among the indigent.

MALESHERBES.

The greatest evil that exists in the world, moral

or physical, would be removed. A second appeal might be made in the following session: a third could only come before parliament, and this alone by means of attornies; the number of whom altogether would not exceed the number of coroners; for in England there are as many who cut their own throats as who would cut their own purses.

ROUSSEAU.

The famous *trial by jury* would cease: this would disgust the English.

MALESHERBES.

The number of justices would be very much augmented: nearly all those who now are jurymen would enjoy this rank and dignity, and would be flattered by sitting on the same bench with the first gentlemen of the land.

ROUSSEAU.

What number would sit?

MALESHERBES.

Three or five in the first instance; five or seven in the second; as the number of causes should permitt.

ROUSSEAU.

The laws of England are extremely intricate and perplexed: such men would be puzzled.

MALESHERBES.

Such men, having no interest in the perplexity,

but, on the contrary, an interest in unraveling it, would see such laws corrected. Intricate as they are, questions on those which are the most so are usually referred by the judges themselves to private arbitration, of which my plan, I conceive, has all the advantages, united to those of open and free discussion among men of unperverted sense, and unbiassed by professional hopes and interests. The different courts of law in England cost about seventy millions of franks annually. On my system the justices or judges would receive five-and-twenty franks daily: as the *special jurymen* do now, without any sense of shame or impropriety, however rich they may be, such being the established practice.

ROUSSEAU.

Seventy millions! seventy millions!

MALESHERBES.

There are attornies and conveyancers in London who gain one hundred thousand franks ayear, and advocates considerably more. The Chancellor . . .

ROUSSEAU.

The Celeno of these harpies . .

MALESHERBES.

nets above one million, and is greatly more than an archbishop in the church, scattering prefer-

ferment in Cumberland and Cornwall from his bench at Westminster.

ROUSSEAU.

Absurdities and enormities are great or small in proportion to custom or insuetude. If we had lived from childhood with a *boa constrictor*, we should think it no more a monster than a canary-bird. The sum you mention is incredible.

MALESHERBES.

In this estimate the expenses of letters by the post, and of journies made by the parties, is not and cannot be included.

ROUSSEAU.

The whole machine of government, civil and religious, ought not to bear upon the people with a weight so heavy and oppressive: I do not add the military, which being naval, is more costly, nor institutions for the promotion of the arts, which in a country like England must be and ought to be greatly so; but such an expenditure should nearly suffice for these also, in time of peace. Religion and law indeed should cost nothing, or nearly nothing, to the individual: at present the one hangs property, and the two quarter it. I am confounded at the profusion. I doubt whether the Romans expended so much in that year's war

which dissolved the Carthaginian empire, and left them masters of the universe. What is certain, and what is better, it did not cost a tenth of it to colonize Pennsylvania, in whose forests the cradle of Freedom is suspended, and where the eye of Philanthropy, tired with tears and vigils, may wander and may rest. Your system, or rather your arrangement of one already established, pleases me. Ministers would only lose thereby that portion of their possessions, which they give away to needy relatives, unworthy dependents, or the requisite supporters of their authority and power.

MALESHERBES.

On this plan, no supporters like the present would be necessary, no such dependents could exist, and no such relatives could be disappointed. Besides, the conflicts of their opponents would be periodical, weak, and irregular.

ROUSSEAU.

The country would be, at worst, but as one Prometheus to one vulture, and there being no instruments at hand, no voices under the rock, to drive him off, the craving for the rich carrion would be less keen; the zeal of opposition, as usual, would be measured by the stomach, whereon hope and overcooking have always a strong influence. The meaning of the word *ambition*, which few under-

stand even now, and which many have an interest in misinterpreting, must after a time be sought for in the dictionary.

MALESHERBES.

My excellent friend, do not be offended with me for an ingenuous and frank confession; promise me your pardon.

ROUSSEAU.

You need none.

MALESHERBES.

Promise it nevertheless.

ROUSSEAU.

You have said nothing, done nothing, which could in any way displease me.

MALESHERBES.

You grant me then a bill of indemnity for what I may have done with a good intention since we have been together.

ROUSSEAU.

Willingly.

MALESHERBES.

I fell into your views; I walked along with you side by side, merely to occupy your mind, which, I perceived, was agitated. You are fond of discoursing on these matters; I dislike it. In compliance with your humour, to engage your fancy, and to divert it from Switzerland and France, I

raised up another cloud in the region of them, light enough to be fantastic and diaphanous, and to catch some little irradiation from its western sun. Do not run after it farther; it has vanished already. Consider; the three great nations . . .

ROUSSEAU.

Pray, which are those?

MALESHERBES.

I cannot in conscience give the palm to the Hottentots, the Greenlanders, or the Hurons: I meant to designate those who united to empire the most wisdom, social virtue, and civil freedom. Athens, Rome, and England, have received on the subject of government the most elaborate treatises from their greatest men. You, and many others, have reasoned more dispassionately and profoundly on it than Plato has done, or probably than Cicero, led away, as he often is, by the authority of those who are inferior to himself: but do you excell Aristoteles in calm and patient investigation? or, think you, is your reading and range of thought more extensive than Harington's and Milton's? Yet what effect have the political works of these marvelous men produced upon the world? what effect upon any one state, any one city, any one hamlet? A clerk in office, an accountant, a gauger of small-beer, a song-writer for a tavern

dinner, produces more. He thrusts his rags into the hole whence the wind comes, and sleeps soundly. While you and I are talking about elevations and proportions, pillars and pillasters, architraves and friezes, the buildings we should repair are falling to the earth, and the materials for their restoration are in the quarry.

ROUSSEAU.

I could answer you: but my mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb. Music, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them.

MALESHERBES.

Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them, if possible, to months and years. It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as in what meadow you shall botanize; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys in your harpsichord.

ROUSSEAU.

If this were true, who could be unhappy?

MALESHERBES.

Those of whom it is not true; those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.

CONVERSATION II.

DON VICTOR SAEZ

AND

EL REY NETTO.

DON VICTOR SAEZ

AND

EL REY NETTO.

SAEZ.

The first business of an enlightened prince is twofold; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants. This is a truth so sound and solid, that it will keep its whole weight for another time and occasion, and indeed half the difficulty is surmounted already. Of another truth nobody can be ignorant; that it is a kindness to lead the sober; a duty to lead the drunk; in which plight is to be considered a nation that fancies it can rule itself.

Your Majesty will now perhaps favour me with what occurred in your interview with the arch-traitor.

REY NETTO.

Quiroga did not place in my word the trust I had a right to expect.

SAEZ.

What did you tell him?

REY NETTO.

That I had need of his talents; and I earnestly pressed him to return with me to Madrid. He bowed, but was silent. I added that my heart was royal: he seemed less assured than ever . . lastly that, whatever my mother might say to the contrary, I was a descendant of St. Louis: he almost turned his back . . I was so angry I could have killed him, if he had not turned round to me. I then began to shew him my confidence; not, father, such confidence as I repose in you, the director of my conscience.

SAEZ.

Sire, when our consciences ache we unbosom; when our bellies ache we unbutton. Confidence has no more to do in the one case than in the other; in fact, those who shew a great deal of it, gain none. Hens that cackle immoderately, and run about the straw-yard, and drop their eggs anywhere, in clean places or in foul, are carried to market and sold cheap. It is well that the rebel did not take you by the throat and strangle you: there are many who would have cried *well done!* even though your Majesty had died without confession and extreme unction . . to such a

condition are piety and loyalty now reduced in Spain.

REY NETTO.

With my usual presence of mind I drew out and presented to him the image of Saint Antonio, and swore before it, calling it to witness, that I had quite forgotten all possible and imaginable reasons for displeasure and discontent with him. He looked upon the Saint, and, observing that it was not the leaden one, recoiled with distrust. If I had sworn upon the leaden one, would you have absolved me, father?

SAEZ.

Venerable as indeed is that image, and manifold as are the miracles it has performed in the preservation of your Majesty, still, on this holy occasion, the punishment of a rebel, in your place I would not have hesitated; and certainly if your Majesty had even kissed the Saint, head and feet, my duty would have prompted me to absolve you.

REY NETTO.

But the Saint might have punished me with the nightmare, or even with his fire, before I could have confessed.

SAEZ.

Supposing him angry; but why suppose him so?

REY NETTO.

Because he knows that I have another image for such purposes, which has always answered them very well.

SAEZ.

In reconciliations we take down the scaling-ladder and prepare the mine.

"Mais les dieux sont trop grands pour être difficiles ;
Tout est payé d'un simple grain d'encens *."

REY NETTO.

Quiroga, I doubt not, has dealings with the devil, who prompted him to look sharply, and to discover that the image was not the true one, and little or no better than a common Madonna or a paultry crucifix.

SAEZ.

The malice of Satan is beyond our prudence and calculation. What, in the name of Our Lady, makes your Majesty laugh so heartily? True indeed, your deliverance, which spreads such universal joy over the nation and over Europe, cannot be indifferent to yourself; but these are not the first moments of it; the first were, I remember, less rapturous.

I look forward to quiet times, when your Majesty

* Delille.

may follow the glorious example of his Most Christian . . .

REY NETTO.

No, no: not a word more about that; and I am surprised, don Victor, that you should change your tone so suddenly. The French may have amnesties: they are made up of them; they remember nothing upon earth: turn them into a new road, and they will run along in it until they find another . . that leads to nothing. But Spaniards have spinal bones in their backs, and bend slowly. You must collar them, and goad them, and bleed them under the tongue, like oxen in spring, if they grow riotous. No amnesty! no talk about it!

SAEZ.

Sire, I had no such meaning. I would only have mentioned the innocent and devout office of his Most Christian Majesty, in condescending to be the godfather of a bell in the church of Saint Louis at Paris. The duke Blacas was proxy, and promised, no doubt, in his Majesty's name, to instruct the new Christian in its duties, to watch over its morals, and in short to educate it as a good child and good catholic, until it come to years of discretion.

REY NETTO.

This indeed is better than such things as amnesties; the idea of which banished from my royal breast the delight I foretasted in the agonies of Riego. The rogue Riego! I had not resolved how to punish him. My cousin Louis of Angoulême would not hear of racks and wheels, nor even of thumb-screws and other trinkets of justice, and requested me not to mention the subject, lest any impediment or remonstrance on his part, if publicly known, might raise a mutiny in his army. I have been illuminated from above: my heart floats in the fulness of joy. The rogue Riego! If there is an ass in Madrid, he shall be drawn along the streets by one. I will give orders under my royal hand and seal, that the hurdle shall have some sharp pointed sticks in it, with a nail or two here and there *. I prayed to the archangel Saint Michael, and within a few minutes—ha! ha! ha!

* When Riego was taken prisoner, there was with him an English officer named Matthews, bearing a regular commission from the Spanish government, constitutionally established, and sworn to be religiously observed by His Catholic Majesty. This officer was treated with every cruelty and ignominy for several months; he was detained in solitary confinement, and kept without food, at one time, fifty-three hours.

SAEZ.

Your Majesty is really too jocose with such heavenly names.

REY NETTO.

I cannot help it . . he knows my purity . . I yield to his inspiration.

SAEZ.

What did he inspire ?

REY NETTO.

First, that the fetters should pinch the traitor's legs to the bone, swell them like his Most Christian Majesty's, and blacken them like a *zampa di Modena*.

SAEZ.

This is not a thought for laughter, but for justice.

REY NETTO.

I cannot help it, upon my conscience.

SAEZ.

The second inspiration, what was that ?

REY NETTO.

My sides shake again and ache with laughter. It was that, before he is carted, a good dose of physic should be given to him ; for compunction

General Martin, called the Empecinado, was exposed in an iron cage, on festivals, in the public square of Roda. He killed many thousands of the French soldiers in the late war, and they abandoned him to those of the Faith.

is never so certain as with the belly-ache ; it makes people as grave as the *miserere*.

SAEZ.

I know the rebel too well : nothing will move him . . .

REY NETTO.

Not jalap ?

SAEZ.

I would say, to confess his offences.

REY NETTO.

Let there be monks enough about him, and I will force him to edify the people : I will make him sing and sigh and beg pardon of Saint Jaime and the virgin, of God and man and me. He may bristle like a wild boar of the Bierzo ; I will make a lamb of him : he shall grin like a stuffed crocodile : he shall sweat like a Jew in a *benito*, roasting at a royal marriage-feast in the good old times.

What think you, father, of these his last words : read them, and correct them as you please.

SAEZ.

He cannot speak better.

REY NETTO.

I will despach them instantly.

SAEZ.

With strict orders that they be not printed before the offender is dead. Who wrote them ?

REY NETTO.

Father Gil Roncalle of Valmaseda.

SAEZ.

Father Gil is a Carmelite. I wonder at his precipitancy . . he may mean well; but he must correct several of the expressions.

REY NETTO.

I doubted at first whether it was quite proper to represent a man saying what he never said.

SAEZ.

Very proper, if the glory of God be increased thereby. Besides, what is falsehood on earth may be truth in heaven: for it is unlawful to suppose that any thing will be the same there as here, excepting our bodies, which we know will be identically what they are now, without the alteration of a single hair in the most hidden part of them.

REY NETTO.

O how comfortable! I do not mean the hair, but that blessed doctrine touching falsehood.

What are you writing with your pencil under the last words of Riego?

SAEZ.

Gloria Deo in excelsis.

REY NETTO.

Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!

SAEZ.

Your Majesty should not have crossed yourself at *Deo ;* but only at *demonio*, or *eretico*, or *constitucional.*

REY NETTO.

Father, what have you been eating ? your garlic, I think, smells of mutton.

SAEZ.

I only added a few ounces of mutton, as many of beef, pork, and veal, with a little virgin oil and caravanees, and, having finished them, laid down my spoon and fork upon the plate as the clock was striking.

REY NETTO.

You are truly religious ; but godliness and garlic cannot always keep down virgin oil and caravanees.

SAEZ.

I must go to the mineral waters.

REY NETTO.

Come with me to Sacedon.

SAEZ.

They report that those of Toledo are good for the stomach.

REY NETTO.

I would make you archbishop, if my family could do without it . . and besides, I want you

about me. You must be my spiritual guide, my confessor.

SAEZ.

No office is so glorious as that of guiding the conscience of my king, to extricate him from the machinations of his enemies, to examine his laws and treaties, to controul his judges, to awe and regulate the Council of Castile, to provide that his taxes be punctually paid and honestly expended, and, above all, to provide that the royal house be maintained in its ancient dignity and lustre.

REY NETTO.

That is to be minister.

SAEZ.

Confessors must always rule ministers.

REY NETTO.

I have scarcely any money: it would save me something if you would exercise both offices.

SAEZ.

I am too poor: I cannot give cabinet-dinners. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties; fat turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.

REY NETTO.

Being my confessor, you will dine with me. I do not hear that any cook is a president, excepting one in Tuscany, where the people of the Austrian emperor do the business. As to here-

ditary wealth or poverty, take ten of the leading men in Europe, and you will find either them or their fathers void of all inheritance. Even the honour of paternity, as to some of them, is still in abeyance: they have risen by the same merits as will raise you, without your piety and devotion. Faithful to the good cause, they have (to speak decorously) watered with salt water the eyes of their first admirers, who forsooth cried up their liberal principles.

SAEZ.

These principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them, but every one who has a pair to himself, and common sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that they were ever his.

REY NETTO.

Several of these gentlemen the kings my brothers have even made their cousins: some are dukes . . for instance Fouché and Savary, and the Gascon whom his Most Christian Majesty would have made running-footman to some ambassador; but he humbly represented that, being born among rocks, he could not run upon level ground. My brother of France, the best-natured man in the world at all times, happened then to be patting the breast of a plump and fresh-plucked pullet. He

changed his royal resolution, and made a running-footman of the intended ambassador, and an ambassador of the intended running-footman. This, I understand, has drawn closer the ties of affinity between his Most Christian Majesty and his Most Mahometan, who feels himself highly complimented by the gradual adoption of his political system in every court of Europe.

SAEZ.

It is much to be feared that the French will corrupt our people by their flutes and fiddles; and they are so fond too of chattering and of scribbling, that I should not wonder if, deliverers as they call themselves, they drew their pens against us, proving this thing and disproving that. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.

REY NETTO.

Neither the fiddle-bow nor flute can overthrow us; but Heaven deliver us from the sharpness of the pen and from the wiliness of demonstrations! We have Chateaubriand on our side, if we can trust him.

SAEZ.

The scholars on other benches may make a clatter and clamour; the treasury-bench is the only bench that stands firm. As for Chateaubriand, he is not half so great a rogue as he would make

you believe he is. He wishes the world to forget that he was an author of voyages and novels, pasquinades and puffs, and to be persuaded that he has nothing of the ungartered *bonhommie* which passes in all quarters for honesty and sincerity; and, in short, is ambitious of rivalling the Talleyrands and Fouches: a sort of ambition very natural to people who leave the pamphlet for the portfolio, the common reading-room for the king's cabinet.

According to M. Talleyrand, one of these royal cousins, by his own peculiar virtue, has anticipated what we suppose may hereafter take place in heaven, by converting falsehood into truth. I hope, sire, it was not the same person who swore that Napoleon was innocent as a child.

REY NETTO.

Between ourselves, there are worse men than don Napoleon. I was never better lodged or better fed than at Vallancey. Don Napoleon gave me the most beautiful watch I ever saw, together with five seals, at parting. One of them plays chimes. You have nothing to do but to say three *paternosters* and wind it up, and it will chime of its own accord. The same don Napoleon too gave me other things: a coral crucifix, which coral was once white, but became red through the blood of our Redeemer; a silver gridiron, the original model of that on which the blessed Saint Lorenzo

suffered martyrdom, and a rosary as miraculous as the chiming seal, good against musket-balls and pleuresies. But prince Talleyrand, who was present, told me that I must not tempt God by catching cold, nor by exposing my sacred person in battle. For none of these things was there any stipulation made by my brothers of the Holy Alliance . . It is true, don Napoleon laughed at me when he caught me first. This is natural . . I laughed at him when he was caught.

SAEZ.

The heretics did not punish him as they ought to have done.

REY NETTO.

They might at least have pinched him and stuck a needle under his nail. But these kings, God help them! have little power at present: they are kept in jeopardy by the constitutionalists, and are deprived of their confessors. *Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!*

SAEZ.

It will not be long so. All the princes in Europe, constitutional or legitimate, have one mind, one administration. Those of their ministers who talk the most boldly, talk so by permission; and it is understood, as your Majesty knows, that it is only to delude the people and keep them quiet. What was done at Naples, has

been done at Cadiz, is doing in Greece, and will be done in America. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner. They have begun to learn something from us.

REY NETTO.

But they are so ungrateful as not to acknowledge it. As for religion, I have no hope of them. They care not whether God laughs or cries: they do nothing for his glory: no processions, no *autos da fé*, no embroidery, no artificial flowers, no head-dresses, no canopies, no candles. Surely, for the sake of keeping up appearances with him, they might paint a couple of poles white, stick a wick on the top, and place one on each side of him at the altar, as they do in Italy, where piety of late years is grown frugal.

SAEZ.

Again and again ought we to render thanks to the mother of God for our deliverance from the worst of them, as we did when they followed the French across the Pyrenees, and left our beloved country without stain.

REY NETTO.

Kyrie eleison! jubilate domino! Kyrie eleison! Amen de profundis! Amen dico vobis. Unus

vestrûm, unus vestrûm, traditurus est me. Jubilate domino. Kyrie eleison!

SAEZ.

I do not despair of seeing the day, when the parliament of England, like that of France, will serve only to register royal edicts, and when her kings shall recommend to colleges and cathedrals the sound doctors of Salamanca.

REY NETTO.

Sanguine as are my hopes, I sometimes am discouraged, and hardly can expect it. Heretics are very stubborn: fire alone can soften and bend them. At present we are able but to treat them as ferrets, and sew their mouths up. On this achievement the sons of Saint Louis are unanimously resolved.

SAEZ.

Faith, hope, and charity, are resplendent on your Majesty's countenance, whose gracious smiles, like beams from heaven, announce the certain accomplishment of your pious wishes.

REY NETTO.

I did not smile about sewing up their mouths like ferrets; but, upon my life I cannot help laughing . . do you think it practicable? They must be careful in binding well both arms and feet. Now, my dear father, Don Victor, as there should always be some person to seize the legs of

the criminal who is hanged, could not I be so disguised as to perform the office, and nobody know it? The hand of a man who dies by the halter is a cure for some diseases; a mere touch effects it: the leg of Riego, pulled as I should pull it, would to me be a panacea, like the milk of Saint Catharine's neck, or the oil running from her body.

SAEZ.

If his accomplices should ever hear of it, they would be exasperated to madness.

REY NETTO.

I have ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung for my deliverance, not only in Spain, but also in my kingdoms of America and India: this will bring them to reason.

SAEZ.

Those flourishing kingdoms will, I trust, furnish your Majesty with temporal no less than spiritual means of overcoming your enemies.

REY NETTO.

To encourage my brothers, the Holy Allies, in their good intentions, and to reward them for their past services, I intend to open a free trade to them with my kingdoms in both hemispheres; providing however that no mercantile or other ship sail nearer than within one mile of Delhi and Candahar in India, or of Mexico in America, so that

the pestilential breath of heresy may not taint my people. Furthermore I shall authorize my minister of grace and justice, to revoke all diplomas granted to physicians, and all licenses to surgeons, by the pretended Cortes*: thus permitting every man to recover the money he has paid in fees, taking back his health *in statu quo*.

SAEZ.

Sire, the great difficulty is the last.

REY NETTO.

Long as I have resisted all intercession for a general amnesty, I am at last inclined to grant that also, excluding those only who have borne arms against me, voted against me, written against me, and spoken against me.

SAEZ.

Generous resolution! Your Majesty with good reason rubs your hands together, and tucks them comfortably between the knees.

REY NETTO.

The rogue Riego! I have found a confessor for him also.

SAEZ.

True Christian charity! to think of our worst enemies in our happiest moments, and to provide

* Incredible as it may seem, this ordinance actually was issued afterwards.

for the safety of their souls when the laws demand them!

REY NETTO.

Father Gil Roncalle is the man. He shall accompany him on the road, and never leave him. I warrant he will make him penitent enough, and as pale in five minutes as a quaresimal fast could do. The father stank so, I had nearly lost the salvation of my soul by him.

SAEZ.

How, sire?

REY NETTO.

He stood before me and presented the eucharist: such a vapour came up with it into my mouth, I was within a hair's-breadth of spitting out my Maker with chocolate and anchovies.

SAEZ.

He would have pardoned an involuntary sin, at the intercession of his Church.

REY NETTO.

Involuntary sin! what sin, father, may that be?

SAEZ.

Unintentional. Those who committ no voluntary sins, committ involuntary; for without sin is none, not even the babe. Infants are born in it.

REY NETTO.

That I knew before; but a little water, and

some blessed words, and a cross, so it be not a Greek one . . . O what mercy!

SAEZ.

Yes, we may all come into the right way, if our parents and nurses do not look about and chatter at the font, but hold our heads quiet, and take especial care we never sneeze.

REY NETTO.

Would that quite undo it?

SAEZ.

Such a sign of contempt, so early! there is no hope for it, no office appointed, no ceremony, no procession.

REY NETTO.

This knowledge is more important than any other; but you will be pleased and surprised, no doubt, to hear, that I have a *motu proprio*, by which I can restore my finances and fill my treasury.

SAEZ.

Sire, I shall indeed rejoice to learn it.

REY NETTO.

As king of the Indies, where the people are more tractable than in America, I shall propose to my vassal, the Great Mogul, his independence of my crown, on condition that he pays me immediately one hundred million of dollars, and twenty million

yearly for ever. From the English I shall demand no more than a few millions, they being powerful and proud, and disinclined to acknowledge my sovranty *de jure!*

SAEZ.

Your Majesty would perhaps have said *de facto.*

REY NETTO.

We kings confuse these terms: indeed they are immaterial.

SAEZ.

The plan is admirable: the only difficulty is in the execution. It must ripen a short time yet in your Majesty's royal mind.

The *Rey Netto* is a character of such feelings as absolute power is capable of exciting in a weak uneducated prince, the plaything of a childish religion covered with a poisonous paint, in the hands of an ambitious priest and hypocrite, operating by a sort of Anacyropedia.

CONVERSATION III.

BENIOWSKI

AND

APHANASIA.

BENIOWSKI

AND

APHANASIA.

APHANASIA.

You are leaving us! you are leaving us! O Maurice, in these vast wildernesses are you then the only thing cruel!

BENIOWSKI.

Aphanasia! who, in the name of heaven, could have told you this?

APHANASIA.

Your sighs, when we met at lesson.

BENIOWSKI.

And may not an exile sigh? Does the merciless Catharine, the murderer of her husband, does even she forbid it? Loss of rank! of estate, of liberty, of country . . .

APHANASIA.

You had lost them, and still were happy. Did not you tell me that our studies were your consolation, and that Aphanasia was your heart's content?

BENIOWSKI.

Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspicious.

APHANASIA.

I am then wicked in your eyes! It was no suspicion in me. Fly, Maurice! fly, my beloved Maurice! my father knows your intention .. fly! fly!

BENIOWSKI.

Impossible! how know it! Hear me, sweet girl! be calm.

APHANASIA.

Only do not go while there is nothing under heaven but the snows and sea. Where will you find food? who will chafe your hands? who will warn you not to sleep lest you should die? and whose voice, can you tell me, will help your smiles to waken you? Maurice, dear Maurice, only stay until the summer: my father will then have ceased to suspect you, and I may learn from you how to bear it. March, April, May . . three months are little . . you have been here three months . . one faggot's blaze! Do promise me. I will throw myself on the floor, and ask my good kind father to let you leave us.

BENIOWSKI.

Aphanasia! are you wild! My dearest girl, abandon the idea! you ruin me; you cause my imprisonment, my deprivation of you, my death. Listen to me: I swear to do nothing without you.

APHANASIA.

O yes; you go without me.

BENIOWSKI.

Painfullest of all my thoughts! no; let me live here, lost, degraded, useless; and let Aphanasia be the witness of nothing but my ignominy. O God! was I born for this! is mine a light to set in this horizon!

APHANASIA.

I do not understand you: did you pray? May the saints of heaven direct you! . . but not to leave me!

BENIOWSKI.

O Aphanasia! I thought you were too reasonable and too courageous to shed tears: you did not weep before; why do you now?

APHANASIA.

Take me, take me with you! let us away this instant. Do not look at me; I am so ashamed; loose me from your arms, dear Maurice; let me go; I will return again directly. O do forgive me! do not think me vile! you do not; I know you do not, now you kiss me.

BENIOWSKI.

Never will I consent to loose you, light of my deliverance! Let this unite us eternally, my sweet espoused Aphanasia!

APHANASIA.

I could no longer be silent; I could not speak otherwise. The seas are very wide, they tell me,

and covered with rocks of ice and mountains of snow for many versts, upon which there is not an aspin or birch or alder to catch at, if the wind should blow hard. There is no rye, nor berries, nor little birds, nor beasts asleep: and many days, and many long stormy nights, must be endured upon the waves, without food. Could you bear this quite alone?

BENIOWSKI.

Could you bear it, Aphanasia?

APHANASIA.

Alone I could not.

BENIOWSKI.

Could you with me? think again; we both must suffer.

APHANASIA.

How can we, Maurice! shall not we die together? Loose me again . . why do you clasp me so hard?

BENIOWSKI.

Could you endure to see, hour after hour, the deaths and the agonies of the brave? how many deaths! what dreadful agonies! the fury of thirst, the desperation of hunger! to hear their bodies plunged nightly into the unhallowed deep . . but first, Aphanasia, to hear them curse me as the author of their sufferings, the deluder of an innocent and an inexperienced girl, dragging her with me to a

watery grave, famished and ghastly, so lovely and so joyous but the other day! O my Aphanasia! there are things which you have never heard, never should have heard, and must hear. You have read about the works of God in the creation.

APHANASIA.

My father could teach me thus far *: it is in the Bible.

BENIOWSKI.

You have read "In his image created he Man."

APHANASIA.

I thought it strange, until I saw you, Maurice!

BENIOWSKI.

Strange then will you think it that Man himself breaks this image in his brother.

APHANASIA.

Cain did so, and was accursed for it.

BENIOWSKI.

We do so, and are honoured; dishonoured if we do not. This is yet distant from the scope of my discourse. You have heard the wolves and bears howl about our sheds.

APHANASIA.

O yes; and I have been told that they come

* Aphanasia was in her sixteenth year: we may suppose her to have received but an imperfect education in Siberia, and never to have conversed with any who could have corrupted or depraved the simplicity of her heart.

upon the ice into the sea: but I am not afraid of them: I will give you a signal when they are near us.

BENIOWSKI.

Hunger is sometimes so intolerable that it compels them to kill and devour one another.

APHANASIA.

They are violent and hurtful creatures; but that shocks me.

BENIOWSKI.

What, if men did it!

APHANASIA.

Merciful Redeemer! You do not mean devour each other!

BENIOWSKI.

Hunger has driven men to this extremity. You doubt my words.

APHANASIA.

I do believe you . . Was I then so pale? I know they kill one another, when they are not famished; can I wonder that they eat one another, when they are. The cruelty would be less even without the compulsion; but the killing did not seem so strange to me, because I had heard of it before.

BENIOWSKI.

Think! our mariners may draw lots for the victim, or may seize the weakest.

APHANASIA.

I am the weakest. Are there no better hopes for them of living, strong as they are, and accustomed to the hardships and dangers of the ocean?

BENIOWSKI.

Hopes there are always.

APHANASIA.

Why then do you try to terrify me, with what is not and may not ever be? Look not as if it pained you to be kind to me. Do you retract the promise yet warm upon your lips? Would you render the sea itself more horrible than it is? Am I ignorant that it has whirlpools and monsters in its bosom; and storms and tempests that will never let it rest; and revengeful and remorseless men, that mix each others blood in its salt waters, when cities and solitudes are not vast enough to receive it. The sea is indeed a very frightful thing: I will look away from it: I protest to you I never will be sad or frightened at it, if you will but let me go with you. If you will not, O Maurice, I shall die with fear; I shall never see you again though you return . . and you will so wish to see me! . . for you will grow kinder when you are away.

BENIOWSKI.

O Aphanasia! how little you know me or yourself!

APHANASIA.

While you are with me, I know how much I love you: when you are absent I cannot think it half. And you will love me very much when you are gone! Even this might pain you . . do not let it! No! you have promised: 'twas I who had forgotten it, not you.

How your heart beats! These are your tears upon my hair and shoulders.

BENIOWSKI.

May they be the last we shall mingle!

APHANASIA.

Let me run then and embrace my father: if he does not bless me, you ought not.

BENIOWSKI.

Aphanasia, I will not refuse you even what would disunite us. Let me too stay and perish!

APHANASIA.

Ah my most tender, most confiding father! must you then weep for me, or must you hate me!

BENIOWSKI.

You shall meet again; and soon perhaps: I promise it. The seas will spare us. He who inspires the heart of Aphanasia, will preserve her days.

CONVERSATION IV.

ROMILLY

AND

PERCEVAL.

ROMILLY

AND

PERCEVAL.

ROMILLY.

PERCEVAL, I congratulate you on your appointment.

PERCEVAL.

It is an arduous one, Romilly, and the more so after such eloquent men as have preceded me.

ROMILLY.

What! and do you too place eloquence in the first rank among the requisites of a minister? Pitt, who could speak fluently three hours together, and whom speaking made less thirsty than drinking, came about us like the tide along the Lancashire sands, always shallow, but always just high enough to drown us.

PERCEVAL.

Despise him as you may, he did great things.

ROMILLY.

Indeed he did: he made the richest nation in

the world the most wretched, and the poorest the most powerful.

PERCEVAL.

He was unfortunate, I acknowledge it, on the continent.

ROMILLY.

Like the apparition in the *Revelations*, he put the right foot upon the sea, and the left upon the land, but in such a manner that they could not act in concert.

PERCEVAL.

He was placed among the immortals while living.

ROMILLY.

And there still are clubs which are expressly formed for the purpose of irrigating this precious plant of immortality with port and claret. They or their fathers sprang up rapidly in their obscurity under the rank litter of this improvident husbandman. He was called *immortal* by those who benefited from him, the word *God* on such occasions being obsolete.

PERCEVAL.

I do not go so far as to call him, as some do, heavenly and godlike.

ROMILLY.

I do.

PERCEVAL.

How! you?

ROMILLY.

Yes: men who have much to give are very like God; and the more so when the sun of their bounty shines on the unworthy as on the worthy. However he was eloquent, if facility in speaking is eloquence. When we were together in the law-courts, it was reasonable enough to consider our tongues as the most valuable parts of us, knowing that their motion or quiescence would be purchased by dignities and emoluments; but the present times require men of business, men of firmness, men of consistency, men of probity; and what is first-rate at the bar is but second-rate on the treasury-bench.

PERCEVAL.

I should be glad of your assistence, as our opinions in general are the same.

ROMILLY.

We could not take the same side on civil and criminal causes, neither can we, for the same reason, in the House of Commons. Whichever may win, we will both lead, if you please.

PERCEVAL.

I understand you, and cannot but commend your determination.

ROMILLY.

On certain points disconnected from party, there is no reason why we should not agree: for instance, I will support you in your favorite plan.

PERCEVAL.

What is that?

ROMILLY.

To soften the rigour of the penal statutes.

PERCEVAL.

I once thought it necessary, or at least advisable. My colleagues oppose it, feeling that, if reform is introduced, it may reach at last so high as the court of chancery, and tend to diminish the dignity of the first office under the crown.

ROMILLY.

If you would propose a grant of fifty or sixty thousand pounds ayear to the present chancellor, to indemnify him for the losses he would sustain by regulating his court, I am convinced he would not oppose you.

PERCEVAL.

The people are turbulent, and might dislike the grant, reasonable as it must appear to any unprejudiced man. But the principal objection is, that an inquiry would exhibit to the world such a mass of what we have been lately taught to call abuses, as must greatly tend to alienate the affections of the people from the institutions of their country.

ROMILLY.

Fees are ticklish things to meddle with, forms are venerable, and silk gowns are non-conductors of inquiry into courts of chancery. I confine myself to the criminal statutes, and would diminish the number of capital offences, which is greater in England, I imagine, than the light and heavy put together in the tables of Solon or Numa. Nay, I am ready to believe that Draco himself did not punish so many with blood as we do, although he punished with blood every one.

PERCEVAL.

You can adduce no proof, or rather no support, of this paradox.

ROMILLY.

A logician will accept many things which a lawyer would reject, and a moralist will attend to some which would be discountenanced by the logician. Let me remark to you that we punish with death certain offences which Draco did not even note as crimes, and many others had not yet sprung up in society. On the former position I need not expatiate; on the latter let me recall to your memory the vast number of laws on various kinds of forgery; and having brought them before you, let me particularly direct your attention to that severe one on fraudulent bankruptcy.

PERCEVAL.

Severe one! there at least we differ. If any crime deserves the punishment of death, that does. Is it not enough that a creditor loses the greater part perhaps of his property, by the misfortune or imprudence of another, without losing the last farthing of it by the same man's dishonesty?

ROMILLY.

Enough it is, and more than enough: but lines of distinction are drawn on murder, and even on the wilful and malicious.

PERCEVAL.

There indeed they may be drawn correctly: malice may arise from injury, more or less grievous, more or less recent; revenge may be delayed and meditated a longer time or a shorter, and may be perpetrated with more or less atrocity; but rarely is it brought to maturity in the coolness of judgement. The fraud under consideration not only is afore-thought; it is formed and grounded upon calculation. You remember a trial at Warwick, or rather the report of it, the result of which was, that a serjeant-major, an elderly man, of irreproachable character antecedently, as was proved by the testimony of his superior officer, who had known him for twenty years, was condemned to be hanged

(and not by Buller) for stabbing a young reprobate who had insulted and struck him. It was proved that he ran up stairs for his sword, in order to committ the crime. This hardly was afore-thought, and certainly was uncalculated.

ROMILLY.

It is probable that if he had run downstairs, instead of upstairs, his life would not have been forfeited, or even if his counsel had proved that the mounting of the stairs could have been performed at five steps, as I am inclined to think it might be by an outraged man. But it appeared to the judge, on the evidence before him, and perhaps on thinking more about his own staircase than about the staircase of an ale-house, that time sufficient had elapsed for his anger to subside and cool.

PERCEVAL.

We have seen judges themselves who required a longer time for their anger to subside and cool, though sitting at their ease upon the cushion, to deliberate on matters where, if life was not at stake, property and character were so; and not the property and character of drunkards and reprobates, but of gentlemen in their own profession, their equals in birth, education, honour, and abilities.

ROMILLY.

Dear Perceval, you have forgotten your new dignity; however I will not betray you. Come you must dip one foot in Lethe, or the other will have a thorn in it ere long.

We are treating this matter a little more loosely than we should do in parliament, but more openly and fairly. After an acquaintance and, I am proud to say it, a friendship of twenty-seven years, I think you will give me credit for some soundness of principle.

PERCEVAL.

If any man upon earth possesses it.

ROMILLY.

Then I will offer to you, if not as my opinion, at least as a subject worth reflection and consideration, whether even a virtuous man, about to fall into bankruptcy, may not committ a fraud, such as by our laws and practice is irremissibly capital?

PERCEVAL.

There, my dear Romilly, you go too far: the question (you must pardon me) is not only inconsiderate, but contradictory; the thing impossible. Your problem, in other figures, is this; whether a man may not be at once vicious and virtuous, a rogue and an honest man: for you do not put a

case in this manner, whether a man who has hitherto been always honest, may not committ a capital crime, and afterwards be an honest man again. An useless question even thus, not to say a dangerous one, and among those which a wise man need not, and a scrupulous man would not, discuss. For the limits that separate us from offences ought not to be too closely under our eyes: a large space of neutral ground should be left betwixt. Part of mankind, like boys and hunters, by seeing a hedge before them, are tempted to leap it, only because it is one. Whenever we doubt whether a thing may be done, let us resolve that it may not. I speak as a moralist, by no means as an instructor: in the former capacity all may speak to all; in the latter, none to you. Excuse me however, my dear Romilly, if in this instance I tell you plainly, that the joints of your logic seem to me to have been relaxed by your philanthropy.

ROMILLY.

There are questions which may be investigated by two friends in private, and which I would on no account lay before the public in all their rank freshness and fulness. In like manner there are substances, the chief nutriment of whole nations, which were poison until prepared. I would

appeal to the judgement and the heart together. He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgement, and he is the most ferocious of scismatics who divides the judgement from the heart. My argument, if it carried such weight with it as to lay the foundation of a law, would render many men more compassionate (which, after all, is the best and greatest thing we can do on earth), and it would render no man fraudulent.

Suppose a young gentleman to have married a girl equal to himself in fortune, and that in the confidence of early affection, or by the improvidence of her parents, or from any other cause, there is no settlement. A family springs up around them: he is anxious to provide for it more amply than his paternal estate or his wife's property will allow: he enters into business: from unskilfulness, from the infidelity of agents, or from a change in the times and in the channels of commerce, he must become a bankrupt: his creditors are inexorable.

PERCEVAL.

That may happen: he is much to be pitied: I see no remedy.

ROMILLY.

Speaking of those things which arise from our civil institutions, whatever is to be pitied is to be

remedied. The greatest evils and the most lasting are the perverse fabrications of unwise policy, but neither their magnitude nor their duration are proofs of their immobility. They are proofs only that ignorance and indifference have slept profoundly in the chambers of tyranny, and that many interests have grown up, and seeded, and twisted their roots, in the crevices of many wrongs. The wrongs in all cases may be redressed, the interests may be transplanted. Prudence and patience do the work effectually.

I must proceed, although I see close before me the angle of divergence in our opinions.

I will not attempt to run away with your affections, Perceval; I will not burst into the midst of your little playful family, beginning to number it, and forgetting my intent, at the contemplation of its happiness, its innocence, its beauty; I will remove on the contrary every image of grief from the house of my two sufferers; I will suppose the boys and girls too young (just as yours are) for sorrow; I will suppose the mother not expressing it by tears or wringing of hands or frantic cries or dump desperation, or in any other way that might move you, but so devoted to her husband as for his sake to cover it with smiles, and to engulph it in the abysses of a broken heart. Yet I cannot

make him, who is a man as we are, ignorant of her thoughts and feelings, ungrateful to her affection, past and present, or indifferent to her future lot. Obduracy and cruelty press upon him from one side, on the other are conjugal tenderness and parental love. A high and paramount sense of justice too supervenes. What he had received with his partner in misfortune, his conscience tells him, is hers; he had received it before he had received any thing from his creditors; he collects the poor remains of it, and places them apart. Unused to fallacy and concealment, the unlawful act is discovered; the criminal is seized, imprisoned, brought out before the judge. Sunday, the day of rest from labour, the day formerly of his innocent projects, of his pleasantest walks, of visits from friends and kindred, of greeting and union and hospitality and gladness; Sunday, the day on which a man's own little ones are dearer to him than on other days . . Sunday is granted to him . . a further act of grace is extended . . his widow may bury him, and his children may learn their letters on his tombstone.

PERCEVAL.

What can be done? We are always changing our laws.

ROMILLY.

A proof how inconsiderately we enact them. I verily do believe that a balloon by flying over the House would empty it; so little sense of public good or of national dignity is left amongst us.

What I would propose is this: I would, in such cases, deduct the widow's third from the bankrupt's property, and place it in the hands of trustees for the benefit of herself and her children by that marriage.

PERCEVAL.

The motion would do you honour.

ROMILLY.

I willingly cede the honour to you. We who are out of place are suspected of innovation; or are well-meaning men, but want practice.

CONVERSATION V.

JOSEPH SCALIGER

AND

MONTAIGNE.

JOSEPH SCALIGER

AND

MONTAIGNE.

MONTAIGNE.

WHAT could have brought you, M. de l'Escalle, to visit the old man of the mountain, other than a good heart? O how delighted and charmed I am to hear you speak such excellent Gascon*. You rise very early, I see: you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour: it is a good half-hour's walk from the brook. I have excellent white wine and the best cheese in Auvergne. You saw the goats and the two cows before the castle. Pierre, thou hast done well: set it upon the table, and tell Master Matthew to split a couple of chickens and broil them, and to pepper but one. Do you like pepper, M. de l'Escalle?

SCALIGER.

Not much.

* Ma mere etoit fort eloquente en Gascon. *Scaligerana*, p. 232.

MONTAIGNE.

Hold hard! let the pepper alone: I hate it. Tell him also to broil plenty of ham; only two slices at a time, upon his salvation.

SCALIGER.

This, I perceive, is the antichamber to your library: here are your every-day books.

MONTAIGNE.

Faith! I have no other: these are plenty, methinks; is not that your opinion?

SCALIGER.

You have great resources within yourself, and therefor can do with fewer.

MONTAIGNE.

Why, how many now do you think here may be?

SCALIGER.

I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore.

MONTAIGNE.

Well! are fourscore few? are we talking of peas and beans?

SCALIGER.

I and my father (put together) have written well-nigh as many.

MONTAIGNE.

Ah! to write them is quite another thing: but one reads books without a spur or even a pat from

our lady Vanity. How do you like my wine? it comes from that little knoll: you cannot see the vines: those chesnut-trees are between.

SCALIGER.

The wine is excellent; light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle.

MONTAIGNE.

It never goes to the head, nor pulls the nerves, which many do as if they were guitar-strings. I promise you it is mighty passive: I drink a couple of bottles aday, winter and summer, and never am the worse for it. You gentlemen of the Agennois have better in your province, and indeed the very best under the sun. I do not wonder that the parliament of Bordeaux should be jealous of their privileges, and call it Bordeaux wine. All privileges are unjust: this is as bad as any. Now, if you preferr your own country wine, only say it. I have several bottles in my cellar, with corks as long as rapiers, and as polished. I do not know, M. de l'Escalle, whether you are particular in these matters: not quite, I should imagine, so great a judge in them as in others.

SCALIGER.

I know three things; wine, poetry, and the world.*

* Je me connois en trois choses, *non in aliis, in vino, poesi, et juger des personnes.* Scaligerana, p. 232.

MONTAIGNE.

You know one too many, then. I hardly know whether I know any thing about poetry; for I like Clem Marot better than Ronsard; Ronsard is so plaguily stiff and stately, where there is no occasion for it, I verily do think the man must have slept with his wife in a cuirass.

SCALIGER.

It pleases me greatly that you like Marot. His version of the Psalms is lately set to music, and added to the New Testament of Geneva.

MONTAIGNE.

It is putting a honeycomb into a barrel of vinegar, which will never grow the sweeter for it.

SCALIGER.

Surely you do not think in this fashion of the New Testament!

MONTAIGNE.

Who supposes it? Whatever is mild and kindly, is there. But Jack Calvin has put bird-lime and vitriol upon it, and whoever but touches the cover, dirties his fingers or burns them.

SCALIGER.

Calvin is a very great man, I do assure you, M. de Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE.

I do not like your very great men who beckon me to them, call me their begotten, their dear child, and their entrails, and if I happen to say on any occasion *I beg leave, sir, to dissent a little from you,* stamp and cry *The devil you do!* and whistle to the executioner.

SCALIGER.

You exaggerate, my worthy friend!

MONTAIGNE.

Exaggerate do I, M. de l'Escalle! What was it he did the other day to the poor devil there with an odd name? Melancthon I think it is.

SCALIGER.

I do not know: I have received no intelligence of late from Geneva.

MONTAIGNE.

It was but last night that our curate rode over from Lyons (he made two days of it, as you may suppose) and supped with me. He told me that Jack had got his old friend hanged and burnt. I could not join him in the joke, for I find none such in the New Testament, on which he would have founded it, and, if it is one, it is not at all in my manner or to my taste.

SCALIGER.

I cannot well believe the report, my dear sir.

He was rather urgent indeed on the combustion of the heretic Michael Servetus some years past.

MONTAIGNE.

A thousand to one, my spiritual guide mistook the name. He has heard of both, I warrant him, and thinks in his conscience that either is as good a roast as the other.

SCALIGER.

Theologians are proud and intolerant, and truly the farthest of all men from theology, if theology means the rational sense of religion, or indeed has any thing to do with it in any way. Melancthon was the very best of the reformers; quick, sedate, intrepid, firm in friendship, firm in faith, acute in argument, deep in learning.

MONTAIGNE.

Who cares about his argument or his learning, if he was all the rest?

SCALIGER.

I hope you will suspend your judgement on this affair, until you receive some more certain and positive information.

MONTAIGNE.

I can believe it of the Sieur Calvin.

SCALIGER.

I cannot. John Calvin is a grave man, orderly and reasonable.

MONTAIGNE.

In my humble opinion he has not the order nor the reason of my cook. Mat never took a man for a sucking-pig, cleaning and scraping, and buttering, and then roasting him; nor ever twitched God by the sleeve and swore he should not have his own way.

SCALIGER.

M. de Montaigne, have you ever studied the doctrine of predestination?

MONTAIGNE.

I should not understand it, if I had; and I would not break through an old wall, merely to get into a cavern. I would not give a fig or a fig-leaf to know the truth of it, as far as any man can teach it me. Would it make me an honester man, or a happier, or, in other things, a wiser?

SCALIGER.

I do not know whether it would materially.

MONTAIGNE.

I should be an egregious fool then to care about it. Our disputes on controverted points have filled the country with missionaries and cut-throats. Both parties have shewn an inclination to turn this comfortable old house of mine into a fortress. If I had inclined to either, the other would have done it. Come walk about it with me a little;

after a ride you can do nothing better to take off fatigue.

SCALIGER.

A most spacious kitchen!

MONTAIGNE.

Look up!

SCALIGER.

You have twenty or more flitches of bacon hanging there.

MONTAIGNE.

And if I had been a doctor or a captain, I should have had a cobweb and predestination in the place of them. Your soldiers of the *religion* on the one side, and of the *good old faith* on the other, would not have left unto me safe and sound even that good old woman there.

SCALIGER.

O yes they would, I hope.

OLD WOMAN.

Why dost giggle, Mat? What should he know about the business? he speaks mighty bad French, and is as spiteful as the devil. Praised be God, we have a kind master, who thinks about us, and feels for us.

SCALIGER.

Upon my word, M. Montaigne, this gallery is an interesting one.

MONTAIGNE.

I can shew you nothing but my house and my dairy. We have no chase in the month of May, you know . . unless you would like to bait the badger that is in the stable. That is rare sport in rainy days.

SCALIGER.

Are you in earnest, M. de Montaigne?

MONTAIGNE.

No, no, no, I cannot afford to worry him outright: only a little for pastime . . a morning's merriment for the dogs and wenches.

SCALIGER.

You really are then of so happy a temperament that, at your time of life, you can be amused by baiting a badger!

MONTAIGNE.

Why not? your father, a wiser and graver and older man than I am, was amused by baiting a professor or critic. I have not a dog in the kennel that would treat the badger worse, than brave Julius treated Cardan and Erasmus, and some dozens more. We are all childish, old as well as young; and our very last tooth would fain stick, M. de l'Escalle, in some tender place of a neigh-

bour. Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt; men laugh rather when they make him fall, and most when the dirt is of their own laying.

Is not the gallery rather cold, after the kitchen? We must go through it to get into the court where I keep my tame rabbits: the stable is hard by: come along, come along.

SCALIGER.

Permitt me to look a little at those banners. Some of them are old indeed.

MONTAIGNE.

Upon my word, I blush to think that I never took notice how they are tattered. I have no fewer than three women in the house, and in a summer's evening, two hours long, the worst of these rags might have been darned across.

SCALIGER.

You would not have done it surely!

MONTAIGNE.

I am not over-thrifty . . the women might have been better employed . . it is as well as it is then; aye?

SCALIGER.

I think so.

MONTAIGNE.

So be it.

SCALIGER.

They remind me of my own family. We are descended, as you know, from the great Cane Della Scala, prince of Verona, and from the house of Hapsburg *. This you must have heard already from my father.

MONTAIGNE.

If all the princes of Italy had jumped out of their beds from beside their minions to beget him, would they have begotten one learneder and acuter? What signifies it to the world whether the great Cane was tied to his granmother or not? As for the house of Hapsburg, if you could put together as many such houses as would make up a city larger than Cairo, they would not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on the table of it.

* Descendimus ex filia Comitis Hapsburgensis. *Scaligerana*, *p.* 231.

CONVERSATION VI.

ANACREON

AND

POLYCRATES.

ANACREON

AND

POLYCRATES.

POLYCRATES.

EMBRACE me, my brother poet.

ANACREON.

What have you written, Polycrates?

POLYCRATES.

Nothing: but invention is the primary part of us; and the mere finding of a brass ring in the belly of a dogfish, has afforded me a fine episode in royalty. You could not have made so much out of it.

ANACREON.

I have heard various stories this morning about the matter; and, to say the truth, my curiosity has led me hither.

POLYCRATES.

It was thus. I ordered my cook to open, in the presence of ten or twelve witnesses, a fine

fresh mullet, and to take out of it an emerald ring, which I had laid aside from the time when, as you may remember, I felt some twitches of the gout in my knuckle.

ANACREON.

With what object?

POLYCRATES.

To prove the constancy and immutability of my fortune. It is better for a prince to be fortunate than wise; people know that his fortune may be communicated, his wisdom not; and, if it could, nobody would take it who could as readily carry off a drachma. In fact, to be fortunate is to be powerful, and not only without the odium and the danger of it, but without the envy and displeasure.

ANACREON.

Ministers are envied, princes never; because envy can exist there only where something (as people think) may be raised or destroyed . . You were proceeding very smoothly with your reflections, Polycrates, but, with all their profundity, are you unaware that mullets do not eat such things?

POLYCRATES.

True: they however, like the people, swallow anything; and, the further out of the course of nature the action is, the greater name for good

fortune, or rather, for the favour of divine providence, shall I acquire.

ANACREON.

Is that the cook yonder?

POLYCRATES.

Yes; and he also has had some share of the same gifts: I have rewarded him with an Attic talent: he seems to be laying the gold pieces side by side, or in lines and quincunxes, just as if they were so many dishes.

ANACREON.

I go to him and see . . . By Jupiter! my friend, you have made no bad kettle of fish of it today . . . The fellow does not hear me . . . Let us hope, Polycrates, that it may not break in turning out. If your cook was remunerated so magnificently, what must you have done for the fisherman!

POLYCRATES.

He was paid the price of his fish.

ANACREON.

Royally said and done! The fiction does not appear to me absurd. Your former plan was rather extensive. To feign that a brazen ring was the ring of Gyges was indeed in itself no very great absurdity; for as much may be done by brass as by gold, in the proper place; but to lay claim to the kingdom of Lydia by the possession of this

ring, was going too far. Crœsus is unwarlike and weak, confident and supercilious, and you had prepared the minds of his officers by your liberality, not to mention the pity and sorrow we put together over our wine, ready to pour it forth on the bleeding hearts of his subjects, treated so ungenerously for their fidelity; still your own people might require, at least once ayear, the proof of your invisibility in public by putting on the ring.

POLYCRATES.

I had devised as much: nothing is easier than an optical deception, at the distance that kings on solemn occasions keep from the people. A cloud of incense rising from under the floor through several small apertures, anywhere between us, and many other contrivances, ready made successively. The Orientals, the founders of this fable, teach us by it that we princes should see everything and be unseen. Those who relate it are ignorant of its meaning. Gyges, it is said, was a shepherd. Until I recollected his condition, I had sealed my orders with the seal of the fisherman, and, submitting all things to the will of Fortune, or of Providence, I was inclined to owe my elevation to this their instrument, to follow the conduct of the shepherd, and to be merely the vice-gerent of one or other, according to times and circum-

stances. On recalling to mind my own ring, I abandoned my first design, discarded my shepherd and fisherman, and thought of conquering Lydia, instead of claiming it from inheritance. For, the ring of a fisherman would be too impudent a fabrication, in the claim of a kingdom or even of a village, and my word upon other occasions might reasonably be doubted. Crœsus is superstitious: there are those about him who will persuade him not to contend with a man so signally under the protection of the Gods, but rather to implore my alliance against the Persian. Now, as I have subverted the laws of Samos, my authority can only be ensured by the king of kings. In Samos I shall always be safe from him, in Lydia from the Samians, if ever they rebell.

ANACREON.

Cannot you be quiet and contented here?

POLYCRATES.

No man, O Anacreon, can be quiet or secure who has deprived his fellow citizens of their liberties; and contented are those only who have taken nothing from another, and few even of those. As, by eating much habitually, we render our bodies by degrees capacious of more, and uncomfortable without it, so, after many acquisitions, we think new ones necessary. Hereditary kings invade

each others dominions from the feelings of children, the love of having and of destroying; their education being always bad, and their intellects for the most part low and narrow: but we who have great advantages over them in our mental faculties, these having been constantly exercised and exerted, and in our knowledge of men, wherin the least foolish of them are quite deficient, find wars and civil tumults absolutely needful to our stability and repose.

ANACREON.

By Hercules! you people in purple are very like certain sea-fowls, which I saw in my voyage from Teios hither. In fine weather they darted upwards and downwards, sidelong and circuitously; they fished, and screamed, as if all they seized and swallowed was a torment to them: when it blew a violent gale they appeared to sit perfectly at their ease, buoyant upon the summits of the waves.

Every thing is every man's over which his senses can extend. What you can enjoy is yours; what you cannot, is not. Of all the islands in the world the most delightful and the most fertile is Samos. Crete and Cyprus are larger; what then? The little Teios, my own native country, affords more pleasure than any one heart can receive: not a hill in it but contains more beauty,

more wine, more flowers, more arbours, than the most restless and active youth could enjoy. Teach the fair Samiots, O Polycrates, to refuse you and each other no delight that is reciprocal and that lasts. Royalty is the farthest of all things from reciprocity, and what delight it gives must be renewed daily, and with difficulty. In the order of nature, flowers grow on every side of us: why take a ploughshare to uproot them? We may shew our strength and dexterity in guiding it for such a purpose, but not our wisdom. Love, in its various forms, according to our age, station, and capacity, is the only object of reasonable and just desire. I preferr that which is the easiest to give and to return: you, since you have chosen royalty, have taken the most difficult in both: yet by kindness and courtesy you may conciliate those minds, which, once abased by royalty, never can recover their elasticity and strength unless in the fires of vengeance. The Gods avert that from you, my friend! Do not inure your people to war. Instead of arming and equipping them, soften them more and more by peace and luxury. Let your deceit in the ring be your last; for people will much rather be subjugated than deceived, not knowing, or not reflecting, that they must have been deceived before they could be

subjugated. Let you and me keep this secret: that of the cook is hardly so safe.

POLYCRATES.

Perfectly so, or Death would have sealed it, although my cook is, you know, an excellent one, and would be a greater loss to me than any native of the island. A tolerably good minister of state may be found in any cargo of slaves that lands upon the coast. Interest ensures fidelity. As for difficulty, I see none: to handle great bodies requires little delicacy. He would make in a moment a hole through a mud-wall, who could never make the eye of a needle: and it is easier to pick up a pompion than a single grain of dust. With you however, who have lived among such people, and know them thoroughly, I need not discourse long about them, nor take the trouble to argue how impossible it is to blunder on so wide and smooth a road, where every man is ready with a lamp if it is dark, or with a cart if it is miry. You also know that a good cook is the peculiar gift of the Gods. He must be a perfect creature, from the pineal gland to the palate, from the palate to the fingers' end. Pleasure and displeasure, sickness and health, life and death, are consigned to his arbitration. It would be little to add that he alone shares with royalty the privilege of ex-

emption from every punishment but capital: for it would be madness to flog either, and turn it loose.

The story of the ring will be credited as long as I want it; probably all my life, perhaps after. For when men take up a miracle, they never drop it; and woe to the impious wretch who would undeceive them! They never will believe that I can be unprosperous, until they see me put to death: some, even then, would doubt whether it was I, and others whether I was really dead, the day following. As we are in no danger of any such event, let us go and be crowned for the feast, and prove whether the mullet has any other merits than we have yet discovered.

Come, Anacreon, you must write an ode to Fortune, not forgetting her favorite.

ANACREON.

I dare not, before I have written one to Juno, the patroness of Samos: but, as surely as you are uncrucified, I will do it then. Pardon me, however, if I should happen to praise the beauty of her eyes, for I am used to think more about the goddess who has the loveliest; and, even if I began with the Furies, I should end in all likelihood with her.

POLYCRATES.

I had less trouble in becoming the master of Samos than you in saying it: indeed when I consider how little I experienced, I wonder that liberty can exist in any country where there is one resolute and sagacious man.

ANACREON.

And I that tyranny can where there are two.

POLYCRATES.

What! Anacreon, are even you my adversary?

ANACREON.

Silly creature! behold the fruit of royalty! rottenness in the pulp, and bitterness in the kernel.

Polycrates, if I had uttered those words before the people, they would have stoned me for being your enemy . . for being a traitor! This is the expression of late, not applied to those who betray, but to those who resist or traverse the betrayer. To such a situation are men reduced when they abandon self-rule! I love you from similarity of studies and inclinations, from habit, from gaiety of heart, and because I live with you more conveniently than in a meaner house and among coarser slaves. As for the Samiots, you cannot suppose me much interested about them. Beauty itself is the less fierce from servitude; and there is no person, young or old, who does not respect

more highly the friend of Polycrates than the poet of Teios. But really there is a pleasure in seeing it, be where it may. You, my dear Polycrates, who are an usurper, for which courage, prudence, affability, liberality, are necessary, would surely blush to act no better or more humanely than an hereditary and established king; the disadvantages of whose condition you yourself have stated admirably. Society is not yet trodden down and forked together by you, into one and the same rotten mass, with rank weeds covering the top and sucking out its juices: though somewhat soiled, the straws are yet distinct, and may be assorted out for different uses as you want them. Circe, when she transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine, did not take any delight in drawing their tusks and ringing their snouts, but left them, by special grace, in quiet and full possession of their new privileges and dignities. The rod of enchantment was the only rod she used among them, finding a much better music in the chorusses of her nymphs, than in the grunts and squeals of her subjects.

POLYCRATES.

Now tell me truly, Anacreon, if you knew of a conspiracy against me, would you reveal it?

ANACREON.

I would; both for your sake and for the con-

spirators. On all occasions, even were I not your guest and friend, I would dissuade from every similar design.

POLYCRATES.

You appear to have a fellow-feeling.

ANACREON.

Answer me as frankly as I answered you. If by accident you met a girl carried off by force, would you stop the ravisher?

POLYCRATES.

Certainly, if she were pretty: if not, I would leave the offence to its own punishment.

ANACREON.

If the offence had been perpetrated in all its parts, if the girl were silent, and if the brother unarmed should rush upon the perpetrator armed....

POLYCRATES.

I would catch him by the sleeve and stop him.

ANACREON.

I would act so in this business of yours. You have deflowered the virgin: whether the action will bring after it the full chastisement, I know not; nor whether the laws will ever wake upon it, or, waking upon it, whether they will not hold their breath and lie quiet. Weazels, and other animals that consume our corn, are strangled or poisoned, as may happen: usurpers and conquerors

must be taken off quietly in one way only, lest many perish in the attempt, and lest it fail. No conspiracy of more than two persons ought ever to be entered into on such a business. Hence the danger is diminished to those concerned, and the satisfaction and glory is encreased. Statues can be erected to two, not to many; gibbets can be erected as readily to many as to few; and would be; for nearly all conspiracies have been discovered and punished, while hundreds of usurpers have been removed by their cooks, their cup-bearers, and their mistresses, as easily, and with as little noise or notice, as a dish from the table, or a slipper from the bed-side.

Banish the bloated and cloudy ideas of war and conquest. Continue to eat while you have any thing in your mouth, particularly if sweet or savoury, and only think of filling it again when it is empty.

Crœsus has no naval force, nor have the Persians: they desire the fish but fear the water, and will mew and purr over you until they fall asleep and forget you, unless you plunge too loud and glitter too near. He or they would have attacked you in the beginning, if they had ever wished to do so, or if they were ignorant that kings have an enemy the less on the ruin of every

free nation. I do not tell you to sit quiet, any more than I would a man who has a fever or an ague, but to sit as quiet as your condition will permitt. If you leave to others their enjoyments, they will leave yours to you. Tyrants never perish from tyranny, but always from folly, when their fantasies build up a palace for which the earth has no foundation. It then becomes necessary, they think, to talk about their similitude to the Gods, and to tell the people, *We have a right to rule you, just as they have a right to rule us . . . the duties they exact from us, we exact from you . . . we are responsible to none but to them.*

POLYCRATES.

Anacreon! Anacreon! who, in the name of Hermes, ever talked so, since the reign of Salmoneus? People who would listen to such inflated and idle arrogance, must be deprived, not of their liberties only, but their senses. Lydians or Carians, Cappadocians or Carmanians, would revolt at it: I myself would tear the diadem from my brow, before I would committ such an outrage on the dignity of our common nature. A little fallacy, a little fraud and imposture, may be requisite to our office, and principally on entering it: there is however no need to tell the people that we, on our consciences, lay the public ac-

counts before Jupiter for his signature; that, if there is any surplus, we will return it hereafter; but that, as honest and pious men, their business is with him, not with us.

My dear Anacreon, you reason speciously, which is better in most cases than reasoning soundly; for many are led by it and none offended. But as there are pleasures in poetry which I cannot know, in like manner there are pleasures in royalty which you cannot. Say what you will, we have this advantage over you: sovrans and poets alike court us; they alike treat you with malignity and contumely. Do you imagine that Hylactor, supposing him to feign a little in regard to me, really would on any occasion be so enthusiastic in your favour as he was in mine?

ANACREON.

You allude to the village-feast, in which he requested from your hand the cup you had poured a libation from, and drank.

POLYCRATES.

The very instance I was thinking on.

ANACREON.

Hylactor, if he were not a sycophant, would be admirable: he tells a story delightfully, and his poetry is far better than most poets will allow.

POLYCRATES.

I do not think so . . I speak of the poetry.

ANACREON.

Now, my dear Polycrates, without a word of flattery to you, on these occasions you are as ignorant as a goat-herd.

POLYCRATES.

I do not think that either.

ANACREON.

Who does, of himself? Yet poetry and the degrees of it are just as difficult to mark and circumscribe, as love and beauty. All men are affected by them, more or less: no man ever could say exactly what proportions they bore in any one object to another. We shall see ten Iliads before we see one right criticism on good poetry.

POLYCRATES.

Madman!

ANACREON.

All are madmen who first draw out hidden truths.

POLYCRATES.

You are envious of Hylactor, because on that day I had given him a magnificent dress, resembling those of the Agathyrsi.

ANACREON.

I can go naked at my own expense. I would

envy him (if it gave me no trouble) his lively fancy, his convivial fun, and his power to live in a crowd, which I can do no longer than a trout can in the grass. What I envied on that day, I had. When with eyes turned upward to you, modestly and reverentially, he entreated the possession of the beachen bowl, out of which you had taken *one* draught, I, with like humility of gesture and similar tone of voice, requested I might be possessor of the barrel, out of which you had taken *but* one. The people were silent at his request; they were rapturous at mine . . one excepted.

By Bacchus! he exclamed, *I thought sycophants were the most impudent people in the world: but, Anacreon, verily thou surpassest them: thou puttest them out of countenance, out of breath, man!*

Your liberality was, as usual, enough for us; and, if Envy must come in, she must sit between us. Really the dress, coarse as it was, that you gave Placolis, would have covered Tityus . . nay, would have made winding-sheets, and ample ones, for all the giants. Meditating the present of such another investiture, you must surprise or scale Miletus; for, if in addition to the sheep of Samos, the cows and oxen, the horses and swine, and goats and dogs were wooly, the fleeces of ten years

would be insufficient. As Placolis moved on, there were exclamations of wonder on all sides, at all distances. *Another Epeus must have made that pageant!* was the cry: and many were trodden under foot from wishing to obtain a sight of the rollers. His heat, like the sun's, encreased as he proceeded; and those who kept egg-stalls and fish-stalls cursed him and removed them.

CONVERSATION VII.

LORD COLERAINE,

REV. M BLOOMBURY,

AND

REV. M. SWAN.

LORD COLERAINE,

REV. M. BLOOMBURY,

AND

REV. M. SWAN.

SWAN.

WHITHER are you walking so fast, M. Bloombury?

BLOOMBURY.

My dear brother in Christ, M. Swan; I am truly happy to meet you. I am going to visit Lord Coleraine, who has been attacked by an apoplexy.

SWAN.

Such was the report I heard yesterday. Accidents of this kind, when they befall the light and thoughtless, shock us even more than when it pleases God to inflict them on the graver and the better. What is more awful than to confront so unexpectedly the gay in spirit with the king of terrors? Sincerely as I grieve to hear of this

appalling visitation, it is consolatory to think that his Lordship has brought himself to such a comfortable and cheering frame of mind.

BLOOMBURY.

Has he so, M. Swan? Methinks it is rather early, if he has.

SWAN.

He must be sensible of his situation, or he would not have required your spiritual aid.

BLOOMBURY.

He require it! no more than a rank heathen or unchristened babe. He shall have it though: I will awaken him; I will prick him; I will carry to him the sword of faith; it shall pierce his heart.

SWAN.

Gently with the rowels on a foundered steed.

BLOOMBURY.

M. Swan, our pulpits should not smell of the horse-cloth. I never heard that text before.

SWAN.

You have heard many a worse.

BLOOMBURY.

Profane man! there are none but from the Bible.

SWAN.

The application and intent makes them more

or less good. *Smite* is in that book; *do not smite* is there also: now which is best?

BLOOMBURY.

Both are excellent if they are there: we can only know which is best by opening the volume of grace, and the text that we open first is the best of the two.

SWAN.

There is no logic for this . . Of course you are intimately acquainted with Lord Coleraine: you can remind him of faults which it is still in his power to correct; of wrongs. . .

BLOOMBURY.

I can, and will. When I was in the Guards, he won a trifle of money from me: I shall bring him to a proper sense of his sinfulness in so doing.

SWAN.

In winning your money?

BLOOMBURY.

He may make some reparation to society for his offence.

SWAN.

He could not have won your money if you had not played with him.

BLOOMBURY.

I was young: he ought to have taught me better.

SWAN.

He did so, if he won much.

BLOOMBURY.

He won fifty guineas.

SWAN.

How? and were you, M. Bloombury, ever a gamester?

BLOOMBURY.

At that time I was not under grace.

SWAN.

Well, really now I would converse with a dying man on other topics. Comfort him; prepare him for his long journey.

BLOOMBURY.

Aye, sing to him; read to him Shakespear and Cervantes and Froissart! make him believe that man is better than a worm, lovelier than a toad, wiser than a deaf adder. M. Swan, you are a virtuous man, (I mean no offence by calling you so) a good neighbour, a cordial friend, but you are not touched.

SWAN.

Bloombury, if you are sincere, you will acknowledge that, among your evangelicals, this touching for the most part begins with the pocket, or its environs.

BLOOMBURY.

O for shame! such indecency I never heard! This comes from your worldly and university view of things, your drinkings and cricketings.

SWAN.

Too frequently. We want drilling in our armour of faith from the Horse-guards: we want teaching from those who pay fifty guineas the lesson. I am not so unchristian as to deny that you are adepts in the practise of humility, but it is quite of a new kind: you are humble while you speak, but the reverse when you are spoken to; and, if it were not for your sanctification, I should call you the most arrogant and self-sufficient of sectarians.

BLOOMBURY.

We are of the church; the true English church.

SWAN.

Few sects are not, opposite as they may be. Take the general spirit and practise of it, and shew me what nation under heaven is more liberal and forbearing.

BLOOMBURY.

Because you forego and forget the most prominent of the thirty-nine articles. There is the sword in them.

SWAN.

Let it lie there, in God's name.

BLOOMBURY.

There is doctrine.

SWAN.

I take what I understand of it, and would not give a pinch of snuff for the rest. Our Saviour has taught me whatever is useful to know in Christianity. If churches or individuals wanted more from his apostols, I hope they enjoyed what they wanted. The coarser Gentiles must needs have cheese and garlic upon their bread of life: my stomach wont digest them. Those who like the same fare may take it; only let them, when their mouths are full of it, sit quiet, and not open them upon me. We are at the house, I think. Good morning . . A word at parting . . May not that musk about you hurt the sick man?

BLOOMBURY.

What musk? I protest I never have used any.

SWAN.

Then the creature that bears it has been between your legs, and rubbed its fur against your dress but lately. Adieu.

BLOOMBURY (*to a Servant*).

Is your master, my lord Coleraine, at home?

SERVANT.

No, sir.

BLOOMBURY.

Mark me, young man; the ways of the world are at an end so near the chamber of death. Tell his Lordship that the Reverend . . . better tell him that Captain Frederick Bloombury, late of the Guards, has something of great importance to communicate.

SERVANT (*returning*).

My master desires you to walk up, sir.

COLERAINE.

I have had the pleasure, I think, of meeting you formerly, Captain Bloombury; I cannot say exactly where; for we Guardsmen meet in strange places. I had sold out: and, as you are not in uniform, I presume that you too have left the service.

BLOOMBURY.

On the contrary, I have just entered it.

COLERAINE.

Rather late in the day; is not it? however, if I can serve you, speak. I feel a difficulty in conversing: this apoplexy has twisted my mouth on one side like a turbot's, and Death and I seem to be grinning for a wager.

What do you lift up your eyebrows at? My

sight is so imperfect, they seem to me to be greyish, and fitter for a lieutenant-general than a captain.

BLOOMBURY.

I am aging . . that is, I have a whitish or rather a lighter-coloured hair here and there. Sober thinking brings them.

COLERAINE.

Particularly when it comes after the thinking that is not quite so sober . . aye, Bloombury! Excuse me, was it expedient to enter the service so late in life, and in the midst of peace?

BLOOMBURY.

There begins our warfare: these are riotous and bloody times.

COLERAINE.

They are getting better, if people will let them. What would they have? Would they tear a new coat to pieces because the old one did not fit?

How do you like your brother officers?

BLOOMBURY.

Reasonably well.

COLERAINE.

And the service at large?

BLOOMBURY.

The sweetest of all services is the service of the Lamb.

COLERAINE.

They told me so . . talking does me harm . . yet I did not feel it. Gentlemen, it is of no use to bleed me any more . . You need not feel my pulse . . I am too weak . . I am losing my intellects, such as they are. I seem to see faces and to hear words the strangest in the world.

BLOOMBURY.

He shuts his eyes and appears to doze a little. He smiles . . a very bad sign in a dying man !

PHYSICIAN.

With deference, I think otherwise, sir. He cannot live the day through, but he is in full possession of his senses. If you have any secret, any thing interesting to his family, any omission to suggest, we will retire. Let me however request of you, not to disturb him on matters of business.

BLOOMBURY.

The Lord forbid !

PHYSICIAN.

He seems quite tranquil, and may go off so.

BLOOMBURY.

In that perilous state ! It is the dimple of a whirlpool, at the bottom whereof is hell. I will arouse him : I will wrestle with Christ for him.

PHYSICIAN.

In another ring then : I keep the ground here.

BLOOMBURY.

You physicians are *materialists.*

PHYSICIAN.

Undoubtedly, sir, you would desire to be the contrary.

BLOOMBURY.

Undoubtedly, indeed.

PHYSICIAN.

You methodists then are *immaterialists.*

BLOOMBURY.

Ho! ho! grace and election and sanctification are things immaterial!

PHYSICIAN.

Which of you ever has preached gratitude to God, in another word, contentment? Which of you has ever told a man that his principal duty is to love his neighbour?

BLOOMBURY.

Who dares lie, in the face of God? We love the Lamb; the rest follows.

PHYSICIAN.

Unless the rest (as you call it) precedes, the Lamb will never be caught by you, whine to him and pipe to him as you may. Love to God must be conveyed and expressed by a mediator.

BLOOMBURY.

There you talk soundly.

PHYSICIAN.

You can shew your love to him only through the images he has set on every side of you.

BLOOMBURY.

Idolater! When I uplift my eyes to heaven and see Jupiter (so called) and Saturn (name of foolishness) and all the starry host . .

PHYSICIAN.

You see things less worthy of your attention than a gang of gypsies in a grassy lane. You cannot ask Saturn (name of foolishness) nor Jupiter (so called) whether he wants any thing, nor could you give it if he did: but one or other of these poor creatures may be befriended in some way; may in short be made better and honester and cleanlier.

BLOOMBURY.

What! no prayers, I suppose, nor thanksgivings!

PHYSICIAN.

Catch the prayer that is rising to God, and act for him; receive in turn the thanksgiving: he authorizes and commands you. If there is a man in your parish who wants a meal, while you eat two in the day, let me advise you neither to sing a psalm nor to bend a knee, until you have divided your quartern loaf with him.

I must go in and see my patient: if you follow, step gently.

COLERAINE.

I beg your pardon, Captain Bloombury: how long have you been waiting?

BLOOMBURY.

An instant only, my lord. I hope your lordship has benefited by your easy slumber.

COLERAINE.

I feel no pain.

BLOOMBURY.

Unhappy man!

COLERAINE.

Thank you: I am sure you are.

BLOOMBURY.

The Lord sends hither me, his unworthy servant, O George Lord Viscount Coleraine, to bring you unto him.

COLERAINE.

I am obliged to you both.

BLOOMBURY.

Well may you be. You have led as wild and wicked a life as one could wish. Repent! repent!

COLERAINE.

Of what? for, faith! there are so many things, I cannot see which to take hold on.

BLOOMBURY.

If I could suggest any other, I would do it in preference . . I know but one.

COLERAINE.

Speak out: don't be modest.

BLOOMBURY.

You had formerly a strange itch for gaming.

COLERAINE.

Not I indeed: but one can game when one cannot do the pleasanter thing.

BLOOMBURY.

You led me into, or at least you countenanced me in, that vice.

COLERAINE.

Which?

BLOOMBURY.

Gaming.

COLERAINE.

Pardon me, my worthy friend; we never were intimate, till now. Charmed as I certainly should have been by your acquaintance, it cannot be more than once that we met before . . for in good society no one forgets names or faces, unless of tradespeople and Jews.

BLOOMBURY.

On that one evening I lost fifty guineas to you.

COLERAINE.

Express no uneasiness; do not trouble yourself, Captain Bloombury; lay it upon the table... If it had escaped your recollection, I assure you it had escaped mine too. Do not, I entreat you, make yourself at all uncomfortable about it. I never said a word upon your leaving town and forgetting me.

BLOOMBURY.

Forgetting you, my lord! I paid the money down in five *rouleaus*. I wish I had kept it for the poor.

COLERAINE.

Pooh! another fifty is just as good as that. What do the poor care whether it is packed in *rouleaus* or not? it is unpacked, I will answer for it, long before they touch it.

BLOOMBURY.

If I had either that or another to give the broken in spirit, the sick and weary...

COLERAINE.

O! now I understand you. Upon my soul, you have a most compassionate and significant eye. Give me your hand, my good fellow! don't distress yourself. Yes, my dear Bloombury, times have been hard with me heretofore; but I never was broken in spirit; and now I want for nothing.

BLOOMBURY.

Many whom I have visited in their last hours have lent money to the Lord, unasked.

COLERAINE.

Impudent dogs!

BLOOMBURY.

I part with mine willingly: it is only a snare of Satan. Yet those who have no families have thought of me.

COLERAINE.

And those who have families too; for, I warrant, one of the flock (to say the least) reminded them. You are still a fine stout fellow.

BLOOMBURY.

I do not understand your lordship: I am, as the Lord made me, a sinner!

COLERAINE.

The deuce you are! I wish I could be! Do not groan; do not be uncomfortable; I am no worse, though I sighed a little.

BLOOMBURY.

Ah my Lord Coleraine! if you could rightly dispose of your soul and of your superfluities, then might you well exclame, *O Death! where is thy sting?*

COLERAINE.

I should not venture: he might shew it me.

BLOOMBURY.

He could not; I defy him.

COLERAINE.

You are braver: he is one too much for me: he has got me down.

BLOOMBURY.

If your lordship would take courage and resolve, it is not even yet too late for the labour of love.

COLERAINE.

It would be a labour indeed for me.

BLOOMBURY.

Try, strive.

COLERAINE.

I am no more up to it than I am to the labours of Hercules. Ah, my dear captain Bloombury, you are much more capable of such feats: I wish you joy of them: I have bidden them farewel. I begin to think that the world is a very bad world, and that every thing goes amiss in it.

BLOOMBURY.

Excellent thought! if it had but come earlier. We should think so all our lives: it would prepare us for heaven. Let us remove from the sick room all that ever gave you uneasiness, by feeding your vices. I would tear off the old man from you.

COLERAINE.

The vagabond! what! is he here? who let him in while I was sleeping? Tear him off, with a

vengeance, the old thief! Down stairs with him . . I paid the rogue fifteen per cent.

BLOOMBURY.

Be tranquilized, my lord; you misunderstood me. I would do as much for your lordship, as my brother in Christ, the reverend Christopher Rawbottom, a rooting man, did in regard to your deceased brother.

COLERAINE.

What did he?

BLOOMBURY.

Being in prison, a sufferer from false witnesses, he begat him, as Paul begat Onesimus, in his chains.

COLERAINE.

I don't believe it; I never heard it whispered or hinted. My mother is a very different sort of woman, and would hardly run after a fusty old goat, tied by the leg in a court of the Fleet.

BLOOMBURY.

O my lord! how little are you accustomed to the language of the Holy Scriptures! I spake figuratively.

COLERAINE.

Egad did you, Bloombury!

BLOOMBURY.

I cannot bring your lordship to think seriously upon death.

COLERAINE.

Excuse me, captain Bloombury, it is you who think the least seriously: it is you who would ask him where his sting lies, and who would challenge him outright.

BLOOMBURY.

My lord, if I am so unfortunate that I cannot be of use to your lordship in your eternal interests, should there be remaining any slight matter in the temporal and personal, wherin my humble abilities could be serviceable to you, I entreat you to command me . . .

He meditates! who knows what he may do yet! . . . it would be but just.

COLERAINE.

Have you a pencil?

BLOOMBURY.

Yes, my lord, yes . . but a pen and ink would be better . . let me run and find one.

COLERAINE.

No, no, no.

BLOOMBURY.

O yes, my lord . . Gentlemen, pray walk in again: his lordship is most clear in his intellects . . he has a short codicil to add. I carry the ink . . is that pen a good one? could he write legibly with it?

PHYSICIAN.

Perfectly. I wrote with it this morning.

BLOOMBURY.

My lord, the gentlemen have returned; they are in waiting; here are pen ink and paper.

COLERAINE.

Favour me, captain Bloombury; write.

BLOOMBURY.

It would not do, my lord: if the learned doctor would undertake it, your lordship might sign it.. and indeed might sign first.

COLERAINE.

Well then, doctor, write.

Death! we don't halt then! march I must,
Mortally as I hate the dust.
I should have been in rare high glee
To make an April-fool of thee*.

BLOOMBURY.

Worldly-minded man! there are no hopes then!

PHYSICIAN.

I told you so, sir; but, although he knew it, you might have spoken lower.

* George Hanger, Viscount Coleraine, died on the 1st of April, 1824.

CONVERSATION VIII.

MARCELLUS

AND

HANNIBAL.

MARCELLUS

AND

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL.

Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not . . he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers . . wide, forty paces . . give him air . . bring water . . halt! gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood . . unbrace his armour . . loose the helmet first . . his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixt on me . . they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods has overtaken the impure . . .

HANNIBAL.

We will talk about their vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Send for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is . . . The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me . . . The most formidable of my enemies is dead or dying . . . Send a vessel off to Carthage . . say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome . . Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen . . . Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot . . . How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed . . and how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! they also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood . . few other enter there. And what plain armour!

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

My party slew him . . indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king: the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it.

HANNIBAL.

My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he

pierced with his sword, these he shewed to the people and to the Gods: hardly his wife and little child saw this, ere his horse wore it.

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

Hear me, O Hannibal.

HANNIBAL.

What! when Marcellus lies before me? When his life may perhaps be recalled . . when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage . . when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me! Content thee! I will give thee my own bridle, worth ten such.

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

For myself?

HANNIBAL.

For thyself.

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

And those rubies and emeralds and that scarlet . . .

HANNIBAL.

Yes, yes.

GAULISH CHIEFTAIN.

O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an allie and defender. I swear eternal love and gratitude . . yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

HANNIBAL.

In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly

ask a longer. Go back to thy station . . I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus; the triumph of Hannibal! What else has the world in it? only Rome and Carthage . . these follow.

MARCELLUS.

I must die then! The Gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

SURGEON.

Hardly an hour of life is left.

HANNIBAL.

Could not he bear a sea-voyage! Extract the arrow.

SURGEON.

He expires that moment.

MARCELLUS.

It pains me: extract it.

HANNIBAL.

Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance: and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive . .

Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it . . is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

MARCELLUS.

Hannibal, give me thy hand . . thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

HANNIBAL.

Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistence. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring . . try to write, to sign it at least. O! what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile.

MARCELLUS.

Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, *Marcellus, is this thy writing?*

Rome loses one man: she has lost many such, and still has many left.

HANNIBAL.

Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; but the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a di-

stance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

MARCELLUS.

Hannibal, thou art not dying.

HANNIBAL.

What then? What mean you?

MARCELLUS.

That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare to be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is still the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest: this mantle oppresses me.

HANNIBAL.

I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

MARCELLUS.

Take it, Hannibal. It was given to me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torne off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless. Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the Gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered,) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee rather in some other country) it will rejoice thee to comfort and console them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from afflictions when we relieve them, although we are then the most conscious that they may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

HANNIBAL.

What?

MARCELLUS.

This body.

HANNIBAL.

Where would you be lifted? men are ready.

MARCELLUS.

I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and all my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few more bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

HANNIBAL.

You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

MARCELLUS.

Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

HANNIBAL.

Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

MARCELLUS.

Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

HANNIBAL.

A few dying lie about . . and let them lie . . they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, all flying, and but one brave man among them . . he appeared a Roman . . a youth who turned back,

though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does any thing else disquiet your thoughts?

MARCELLUS.

I have suppressed it long enough. My son . . my beloved son!

HANNIBAL.

Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

MARCELLUS.

He would have shared my fate . . and has not. Gods of my country, beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks.

CONVERSATION IX.

DUKE DE RICHELIEU,

SIR FIRE COATS,

AND

LADY GLENGRIN.

DUKE DE RICHELIEU,

SIR FIRE COATS,

AND

LADY GLENGRIN.

When the Duke de Richelieu had retired from office, ill health, which is usually the cause of such retirement, was the consequence of it: not that ministers ever care about loss of place; privation of dignity and emolument is nothing to them; and if they are excluded from the only area grand enough for the developement of their conceptions, those are much to be pitied, although not at all to be blamed, God forbid! who gave the key for that purpose to some dark designing enemy, at the very instant when they had arrived at their full maturity.

He went to Genoa: the narrowness and obscurity of the streets incommoded him, and eighty stairs were too many for an invalid. He went to

Nice: the bise wind was troublesome. Here however he was amused a little at the sight of well-drest strangers, and was not insensible of some pleasure in being looked at, and in hearing his name always mentioned in the same low tone of voice as he passed.

Do you doubt this weakness? Call it so if you please, and doubt it as you may . . it was this very low tone of voice which the manly hearts of a Marius and a Cromwel panted for. Vanity and agiotage are to a Parisian the oxygen and hydrogen of life. Richelieu, as honest a man as he was an ill-requited minister, had little of the latter; of the former as much as was requisite.

There were at Nice, at the same time, Sir Fire Coats, an Irish general, and the countess of Glengrin, an Irish lady, inconsolable for her husband .. I do not mean the one she had just lost, but the one she feared never to have.

The general thought it his duty to pay his respects to the minister, as none in place was there, and as he had a rich uniform which he never could so well shew before, and indeed had never put on. Lady Glengrin too left her card.

That is contrary to etiquette.

One among the many reasons why she did it! Confident in her beauty, for she really had been

pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply, which, if delivered with sharpness and impudence, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship, by a left-hand connexion, with wit, she never lost an opportunity of pushing into the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics; so that when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fishwomen at Paris, and had harangued the citizen sans-culottes. Related to one of those who, in Ireland as in Turkey, are raised from the dregs of the people to high station, who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the very worst in the polar circle of both vulgars.

Her petulance and liveliness amused the duke, and above all, when she talked about her country. He had not been accustomed to Irish society, though he had known many of Irish extraction, and some few born and educated in Ireland. He had found them decorous and graceful, frank and full of humour, not much addicted to study, but respectful to those who were so, until some peculiarity caught them and they exploded in loud laughter. He considered them particularly delicate in affairs of love and friendship; one of them,

suspected as it appears most wrongfully of many amorous intrigues, having sworn to him that he never had and never would have an intrigue or any thing like it with a man's wife or daughter. Richelieu admired his primitive chastity: his friends applauded the sentiment. Amongst them however was an elderly gentleman, who had meditated long upon the declaration, and felt certain that there was some blunder in it. At supper he found it out; and when they were alone, *Faith!* said he, *Marcus, your mischief will lie then in a mighty narrow compass.* Being locked up in logic, and unable to put his head through the grating, he agreed at last that the expression, to a man not very acute, might require an explanation. *I meant*, said he, *a friend's; at dinner or over a bottle . . for that would be very base.*

"You must come amongst us, duke de Richelieu," said her Ladyship.

"I must indeed," answered he.

"Sir Fire, you are witness to the promise."

"I am," said Sir Fire.

There is no person in the world upon whom idleness hangs so heavily as upon a minister of state dismissed. Reprehended for sighing when he only yawned, and ashamed of being thought so unpolite as to yawn when he really sighed, he

accepted the invitation, on condition that he should live amongst them very privately: "for," said he smiling, "your government would watch me; and I should be sorry to be under martial-law in Ireland, my skin being none of the toughest, and suspicious as my character must be, both as a catholic and a minister out of place . . I will be Colonel . . . Colonel . . . I wish I could think now of some Colonel among my old friends, who would consent to lend me his name."

"Oh," said Lady Glengrin, "if you want a name and are resolved to be a colonel, I have one for you, now you are so good and tractable: you shall be Colonel Le Doux."

"On receiving our commissions we kiss hands," said Colonel Le Doux, and by the gracefulness of his action, if Madame de Genlis had been present, she would have fancied herself in the Louvre some years before the last century.

They embarked. Of all the coasts in the universe, of the same extent, those of France for nearly their totality in three seas, are the least beautiful and the least interesting; and among those which the eye tires the worst upon are they in the vicinity of Marseilles. When you are at sea the hills above the town look like little mounds which some children have been just whitewashing.

Here they were becalmed two days. The regular beating of time by the sea against the sides of the vessel, the regular creaking as she moved slowly on, heaving and nodding like some bulky churl half-asleep, the flapping of the sail against the mast, the monotonous and wearisome song (for there was only one) of the sailors, who being Englishmen could neither dance nor fiddle, and had not even a monkey nor a cat amongst them, for the strangers to joke about and play with, rendered the colonel and his companions sad and silent. Sir Fire was flat and smooth as a billiard-table. Lady Glengrin, having no object to attack or defend, at least no person known to Le Doux, turned, as we read of scorpions, upon herself, and her features and conversation languished equally. To relieve her *ennui*, she sometimes made a spring at some friend of Sir Fire: but alas! she really had lost her elasticity. Le Doux smiled when he should have been serious, and was serious when he should have smiled. *One would think he hardly could have been attentive, though he seemed so,* said her Ladyship to herself. Sir Fire often begged leave to set her Ladyship right, upon the character of very good fellows, if she knew them thoroughly, and worthy women enough . . at least he always believed so. He never went beyond in

word or thought; excepting that, if he was mistaken, as any man might be, he was certain from her goodness of heart that her Ladyship would pardon him.

There was not a book belonging to the party. She asked the captain whether he had any interesting one: he brought her the log-book. "O that we had a book! though it were the bible or the Peerage," said the countess, and observed for the first time a young man, whom the duke had noticed before, and had taken for a run-away barber, his beard being always close-shaven, and his linen and face quite clean. He smiled with somewhat of concern and sarcasm. "Well my friend," said she, "let us hear the joke."

"Really, Madam," he replied, "I have no joke worth hearing."

"Favour us at least," added she maliciously, "with the fruits of your deep reflexion."

Sir Fire brightened. "They might not please you, madam," replied the sailor.

"O yes they would: I insist upon having them."

"In that case, madam, there is no denial. I was thinking it strange that of all the books in the world you should pitch upon either of those. On the contrary I wonder that petitions are not laid

before parliament to suppress them, and signed by all persons of the first distinction."

"Why so?"

"Because the one shews us their vices, and the other does worse."

"What does the other?"

"It shews us their ages."

"The fellow would be witty," said Sir Fire, "as all ignorant people would."

"All!" said the man submissively . . "I think I have seen some too modest; but one cannot judge of character in a couple of days."

"Sir Fire," said the captain, "you would better let that chap alone: he is too much for you and me. I have no power over him: seaman he is and a right good one; but though he lends a hand at any time, he takes nothing, not a can of grog. The lemon he puts into his water is to blame: he is the quietest and silentest man in the world, but if an oath escapes, you would fancy it was a leak, so quickly is he upon the plank. He has been a scholar not long ago, I mistrust, though he has dollars and better things in his box. As for madam, clever as she is, I would not have her fish for string-rays. I knew that at the upshot, if she did not look sharp, he would . . . in her eye like a

dog-fox. I am ashamed at his incivility to a court-lady."

"Captain, tack and stand out," growled the mate, with a strong objurgation of the elbow in his ribs. "You only make bad worse, with your foul dog-fox and his tornado. One would fancy, according to you, that dog-foxes are marines, and are practised in firing at a bottle upon deck. I never will believe, till I see it, that the best dog-fox upon earth could hit her eye."

Sir Fire went toward the shaven sailor and said I know not what, which was answered by a bow. Le Doux imagined that there was something in the man announcing high birth, and thought him, for an Englishman, respectful and well-bred, though satirical. He approached him; and first expressed his sorrow in very indifferent english that he could not perhaps make himself understood, and then that a person of an appearance so prepossessing should put forth *so much strength* (this he spoke low) where homage is best becoming. "The changes in my own country, sir," added Le Doux, "make me think it probable that they may have partially occurred in others."

"Sir," said the sailor, in better french than Le Doux's english, "your observation, I perceive, is but a delicate and discreet inquiry. There is no-

thing romantic in my history: I never was what you call noble: I never was better than a schoolmaster in a small market-town. My education has taught me to reprove any open disrespect to the bible. If the lady had spoken where only her equals were present I should have gone away quietly; but sailors may be corrupted."

"Without doubt there are good things in the bible," said Le Doux: "Bossuet has quoted it in the place about the white cimetery . . . Then you read latin!"

"No, sir!"

"How! O I forgot: you have a translation of it . . have not you? a little . . I would not say very unfairly . . but it does not quite correspond with the original." This he spoke, not so much in his own character as in his country's . . one would have supposed that he understood greek and hebrew, yet he did not understand a sentence even of latin: one would have supposed that he had collated the original with the english version, yet it was by an old and an obscure report that he knew of its existence.

"I was zealous for my bible," said the sailor: "I love my country and am proud of my language: the bible is the best thing in both. Often have I thought of those who translated it, what they

were, what their fathers were, what were their friends and teachers. Sir, I would have given my life, when it was a life of hope and happiness, to make by such holy means as this book the english language known through the world. And yet my love of it has done me for a time some harm."

Le Doux was desirous of hearing what it could be: there are few who are not; some from sympathy, some from malignity, some from curiosity, the rest from a wish of excitement. Lady Glengrin called him. "Favour me another time," said he to the sailor; "I am deeply penetrated"... Lady Glengrin called again, and asked him how he could be so ill-natured, when he had a musician with him, as not to call forth his talent.

"Oracles are obscure," replied he.

"Mac Arthur tells me," she rejoined, "that Michael shewed him a flute, made by him out of a broken cane which he picked up in Genoa."

"We will have a dance then, please God!" cried he. "Life is at stake, General! You and I must draw lots for the lady, since I dare not leave it to her choice, and she would not make mortal enemies." This he spoke, appealing to her solicitously, and awaiting with deference her determination. The proposal was sanctioned: the Russian was commanded to bring out his flute: the seal-skin

that contained his cloaths and this treasure was unstrapped: he ran upon deck with it in his hand. But this and the other hand too were raised upon his head and tearing his black bear-like hair: tears ran down his cheeks: and now, for the first time after many years, was heard from his lips the Russian language.

"What is the matter?" said the Swiss, his comrade, with perfect composure, to the Irish butler Mac Arthur.

"The son of a . . is a woman!" answered the butler. "Did you ever hear such a soft language as she makes of her Russian?"

He had not finished, when his lady, indignant at some word in the sentence, walked toward him fiercely from behind, and, seizing him by the collar, gave him a hearty kick in the bull's eye of the pantaloon, with "I will teach you decency, you reptile!" He retired, and sat down by a sailor, who asked him, in the universal silence that had succeeded, "Pat, how do you like the new fashion of sharp-toed shoes?"

"Sir," answered he, "I would have you to know, my name is not Pat nor any thing like it; but Agrippa Mac Arthur."

"No offence, I hope, Mr. Agrippa Mac Arthur. It would have been uncharitable and unchristian-

like, if I could have seen such a sad mischance befall a fellow-creature, and hold my tongue upon it. Suppose you try a pickled herring while the hurt is fresh: do you think you could hold it? a rare thing to bring out the fire that flies from a witch's toe-nail!"

Agrippa was consoled by friendship. "No, thank you," replied he; "she shall never have the satisfaction of seeing it" . . and then whispered in the sailor's ear, "What a marksman the vixen is! she has fairly figged me!" shewing the latter proposition διὰ σημείων, as Cicero did in a letter to Atticus; but Cicero did it with much greater doubt of being understood.

I am fond of leading away my reader from scenes of sorrow; and of planting in such a manner as to break the angles of some prominent objects, not without care however that the plants themselves be choice and vigorous no less than apposite. We can now endure the griefs and tribulations of the poor Russian, whose flute was broken.

"Cannot you repair it, Michael?" said Le Doux, humanely.

"Mr. Nicolas could not!" answered he, with a sigh from the bottom of his heart; and his melancholy now grew deeper, for in his despair he had said too much.

"What is all this blubbering about?" cried the Captain to Le Doux.

"My servant Michael has broken his flute," answered he, "and the poor fellow is inconsolable. Indeed we could have danced if we had it; the loss is no trifling one to any of us, and heavy to him who made the instrument."

"He made it!" cried the captain incredulously.

"Yes," said Le Doux, "I saw him cutting the cane, now I remember."

"Why then, sir," replied the captain, "he could make such another out of this sugar-stick: let him try his hand."

Joy played upon deck like the sun. Even lady Glengrin grew calm, and said to Le Doux, "These cursed Irish must be treated like dogs, colonel. I hope nevertheless you will excuse my anger."

"Madam," said he, dissembling that he had seen the *voye de fait*, "if you were angry, I do assure you, your servant was not in the fault. Renault (such was the name of his Swiss) slept upon it, as I saw, last night. I would not tell Michael, to make the man more uneasy and turn friends into enemies."

"But that fellow's impudence, my butler's."

"He has been sitting among the sailors, and if

indeed he laughed a little, Michael did not see him probably, and I do assure you, if he had, poor Michael is a good creature . . they will live again in harmony."

Her ladyship was persuaded that the castigation she had given was unobserved. The flute was made within the hour: paniers of grapes and peaches stood ready for those who were thirsty from the dance, and there was a cask containing the wines of Lunel in bottles, covered over with wet leaves and sail-cloth. In the whole ship there was but one ruthful face. An old seaman, whose arms and breast had various marks upon them, punctured and inlaid with gunpowder, and whose back too bore sundry transverse white stripes, probably from his mother having dreamt of a zebra, was very officious in keeping the leaves and sail-cloth wet. At last he crept away, and whispered to the messmate in whom he placed the most confidence, "I am not superstitious: but things may happen beyond our reckoning: I have known many such and have heard of more; but none like this. The Hecla has passed us in the night! Captain Parry has been aboard! As I am a Christian there is ice among the bottles!" Le Doux had ordered a small provision of it, enough for a

day or two, and Renault had exerted his utmost skill in preserving and preparing it below.

The biblical sailor was much amused at seeing the colonel, who left him an hour before so *deeply penetrated*, dance delightfully, and return to him, after a few compliments to his partner, who was incommoded by the sea, and went to rest, with a countenance full of interest and concern, just as when he left him, and as when "life was at stake."

"I have always heard the Bible called a very dangerous book in the hands of the laity, but I am most anxious to know what was the peculiar harm it did you."

"Thomas Payne," answered the sailor, "had written something against it. I had not read this, nor thought of reading it, when I saw in a gazette, which I took weekly, the advertisement of an *Apology* for it: *an Apology for the Bible!* and by a *bishop!* The word in Greek, I am informed, does not convey the same idea as with us: but I knew nothing of Greek, and was shocked at what I thought an intimation that the book of life required an excuse. I bought it, together with the strictures which provoked it. The fierceness and effrontery of the one, the smooth insincerity and

flat yewberry sweetness of the other, equally disgusted me. I had only a single shelf for my books, in all about forty-five or fifty, and never did I think it necessary to conceal one. A neighbour asked me what I thought of these: I answered that I would rather have Payne's pen than Watson's crosier. He entreated me to lend him the volume. Unwilling to propagate the seeds of scepticism, I said, *I am sorry I cannot; I have lent it.* This deliberate and cowardly falsehood brought its punishment. I never had refused a book to an acquaintance, nor any thing else in my house, and until that moment I had always thought myself as incapable of a falsehood as a denial. In all our towns and villages the system had now commenced of that which you Frenchmen call *espionage:* we had no name for it, and have none yet. Before the war, we were somewhat different from other nations. This convulsion of Europe joined, morally speaking, the island to the continent: we then began to talk a language we had never learnt or heard; we had *aristocrat* and *democrat*, and, what is worse, our aristocrats and democrats were just like yours."

Le Doux bowed and smiled.

"I am afraid I have said an uncivil thing," continued the sailor, "and I beg pardon. In-

juries hurt the memory, by contracting it to the narrow point they spring from."

"My friend," said Le Doux, placing his hand with gentleness under the elbow of the apologist, "I have as little reason to be pleased with either of these parties as you have. Continue."

"The story, that my shelf was filled with profane and seditious and indecent books, became current in the parish. My scholars were taken away from me; even those who came upon the charity disappeared. Parents who had known me from my childhood, came to visit me now only to obtain a glance at my library. They found no other work of ill repute than Payne's, which from a sense of honour and openness I had replaced. Nevertheless all who were in business were threatened with the loss of it unless they removed their children from my tuition; others removed them, as they declared to me, that they might not quarrel with their neighbours; *for they loved* they said *peace and quiet.* Elias Halliday, that friend who had asked me for the *Age of Reason*, went to the Reverend Mr. Chisholm, now curate to his father, who, immediately on the intelligence, put on his boots and came to me.

"*Mr. Christopher Normanby*, said he, *I never thought you taught lads blasphemy and sedition.*

"*Sir*, answered I quietly, *you, being our spiritual guide, should have enquired into it; for the report I have reason to believe is a fortnight old!*

"*A dammed pretty fellow!* said he, striking his boot with a switch; *well, I must be back to the glebe.*

"Mr. Chisholm was never my friend, from the strangest of all motives, from possessing what, he thought, should have been mine. The rectory was given to his father by Lord Sandyhurst, who resides in another part of the county, and to whom that gentleman was steward. He had been an attorney; but, for some wrong erasure, which he made perhaps by candle-light, he was induced to abandon his profession. My father was educated at the expense of the late lord, for having saved his son from drowning in the Trent, and not only was indebted for his education to that worthy peer, but also for a legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to him in his last words almost. Never was there a tenderer heart, a humbler soul, than my father's. At Oxford he had made great progress in the mathematics, which brought him many enemies, that study being in his time much discouraged there. He was suspected to be a good classical scholar, but his shyness would not let it appear: those who knew him best were not certain of it,

for they could judge only from what they saw at lecture, and to those who knew him little there appeared to be a proof to the contrary. When he was about to take his degree, in order that he might be presented to the rectory of Sandyhurst, one of the examining masters was resolved to pluck him."

"A very uncivil interruption!" said Le Doux. "Are the masters themselves so rude?"

"You do not understand the term, sir: you do not know perhaps that any single master can prevent a person from taking a degree. A student, a year older than my father, and in competition with whom he had carried off a college-prize, discouraged him so at the examination that he lost his degree. He returned into the country, and told his young patron (for the father was lately dead) what had happened.

"*Pooh, Kit,* cried he, patting him on the shoulder, *go to Glasgow, man! Jim Towne, my farrier, was made a doctor there in the twinkling of an eye: the rascal was starving on horse-flesh. At present, by a good intelligence with the resurrection-men, he holds up his head like a heron half-awing from the marsh, and looks askance in your face, fiercer than a caught polecat, as he passes.*

"*My Lord,* answered my father, *their church is different from ours.*

"*Go to Cambridge then. My word for it, with your figures and two little strait lines betwixt, they will send you back nicked and cropped and spruce enough for the deanery of Durham. Remember, the rectory is a good eighty ayear . . by the bye, would you like the perpetual advowson? At the end of the twelvemonth you have five hundred, you know, and we can sign and seal thereupon . . aye, Kit?*

"*It would be simoniacal,* answered my father.

"*Simoniacal!* repeated the peer with grave mimicry. *The word itself in any man's mouth is enough to make him a hypocrite for life. A sand-boy, who does not know the meaning of it, has only to say it, and it turns him into a dexterous pick-pocket or a decent swindler. Why, thou cursed fool! simony is all in form and nothing in fact. Is there a* FATHER IN GOD *upon the bench that has not committed it, if you put the thing in place of the letter?*

"My father's health declined. *I tell you what, young man! unless you take a wife it is all over with you,* said the doctor. My father could no more take a wife than he could take a city: he was acquainted with no young woman: he declared it. *Egad, I thought as much,* cried the doctor . . looking at him, nevertheless, as he would have

done at an ibis or crocodile just unboxed . . *we will remedy that too: the drug is as easily found as buckthorn.*

" Doctor Broom had been surgeon to a ship in the fleet under Rodney, and was the intimate friend of his captain, who, after being in constant service for forty years, was made an admiral, and, as they call it, *laid on the shelf.* To kill time, when he had nothing else to kill, he married a bar-maid at Torbay. They both drank hard, and were so affectionate a couple that one did not survive the other above a year. They left an infant daughter, ill provided for: the doctor took it, and sent it to school. She was now sixteen: he rode over for her, and told her she must come and help him. His garden joined my father's; and he thought of hedges as lawyers think of laws. *I have no notion of a hedge,* said he, *without a gap in it:* his boots were thick, he was strong and corpulent; he soon made one. *Have a care!* said he, *grasp my coat-pocket! mind the onion-sauce!* He arrived at my father's with his ward, holding a dish in her two hands, and cried, *Kit, my hearty dog, hast any appetite for a young rabbit, clean as a penny, out of my own cub, fed upon bran and sowthistle, and smothered in onions.*

"My father thanked with much courtesy his kind friend, and really felt a good appetite.

"*If this young lady and yourself will favour me.*

"*Not she, nor I either: we have just eaten the fellow to it.*

"*Miss will at least sit down.*

"*No, thank you, sir: I must go.*

"*Who told you that?* cried the doctor, glancing his eye athwart the back of his chair. She looked out of the window, and answered *she did not know.*

"*Sit down then,* cried her guardian, in the same authoritative tone as before. She was walking toward the only vacant seat, one with a wooden bottom, when my father (an absent man on many occasions) rose hastily, and placed his, which had his pillow upon it, before her.

"*O no, sir!*

"*I beg and entreat you will, miss!*

"*O no!*

"He took her gently by the arm, soft as a flower, and the coolness of it refreshed him to the heart. He seated her. He spoke to her, only that he might stand near her. Was he then so feeble that he could not be heard across a chamber of fourteen feet by twelve!

"When he wanted me to marry, he told me the tale, and added, *Christopher, there is no such preservative against vice, as the recollection of these events. I do believe that beauty, in its early innocence, has something of what, for want of a better and more definite name, we call etherial; something pure and rapid, something that stands impassibly between us and evil, and holds our little world from ruin and corruption; something that unites us here in love and amity, inasmuch as what is mortal can be united, and converts us at last to itself in fulness and perfection.*"

Le Doux heard the sailor with wonder, and looked at his rigid throat, his reddened breast, his hands covered with wiry and inverted hair.

"I am at home again," said he, "I am with my father, and talk freely. If you are tired of me, leave me."

"My friend," said Le Doux, "I hear you with interest: pray procede."

"Alice hardly ever would enter the bedchamber again, but she was fond of walking in the garden, steep as it was and short and narrow, and containing but one cherry-tree, some gooseberry-bushes, and a Virginian sumach that darkened the casement of the lower room. My father must go down and talk to his little maid.

" *Go,* said the doctor, *I get fond of reading, and you have a power of books here.*

" Alice had been long in the garden . . she must now go and see what her guardian was doing . . he might want her. She tripped upstairs: my father stopped breathless in the middle. *Are you coming too, Mr. Normanby? come then . . what is the matter? are you tired, you sly romp?* . . for he had thrown a gooseberry at her bonnet . .

" *No, little Alice, the only fault of this house is, that the staircase wants air.*

" *What! with the door wide open and the window too, and hardly the middle of May? Indeed, Mr. Normanby, I cannot but think you are a very discontented man: you always want something.*

" *Who makes that noise there?* cried the doctor. Alice ran down, and found in her turn an inconvenience in the staircase to complain of. If my father had not caught her, who knows what might have happened! it was providential.

" *Alice,* said my father, *I have often seen you eating my gooseberries and cherries, and what is worse, before they are half grown.*

" *It is very true,* replied she blushing, *but I protest it was not in malice or piggishness, and that whenever I caught myself doing it I stopped.*

" *You must pay me.*

" *How can I? I have only a sampler.*

" *I will have that then.*

" She ran like a greyhound through the gap and brought it. It was admirably worked.

" *Really, Alice, these letters are formed divinely.*

" *Some of them,* said she, *are better than others.*

" *I cannot see that,* said my father.

" *O yes they are: but what do you men know about work?*

" *Come, my little Alice, shew me now the best.*

" She looked over them, and sometimes drew one straiter, and sometimes another, across her fore-finger.

" *They are not much amiss,* said she.

" *But shew me the difference.*

" *I think the N is rather better than those on each side.*

" *O you deserve a crown for such a present,* cried my father, seeing her embarasment, and, running before her that she might not suspect he saw it, leaped up at a flower on the sumach. She laughed that he had missed it, and leaped at it too; nor was it at the first attempt that she reached it, nor without help.

"*Alice*, said the doctor soon after, *you sit working all the day, and work worse than ever; where is your sampler, child? . . what do you colour at?*

"*I thought I might give it, sir, to Mr. Normanby; I took so much of his fruit whenever I went there.*

"*Alice*, said he, *you are seventeen the first of October: I cannot treat you with green gooseberries, and pale cherries, but the grapes against the kitchen chimney will be ripe, and I have such a rarity for you, as you never saw in your life.*

"*O dear, sir, do not think of it! and you have patients in the fever who care more about grapes.*

"*I have one indeed who has such a fever on him, he would play the devil with the best fruit at table, and have it all to himself.*

"*Let him have it, my dear sir.*

"*So I will.*

"Alice ran and kissed the doctor. *Poor Kit!* cried he. Alice, in the act of starting back, had fainted in his arms. *Why! how now, girl! art in love with* ME? *Blood! I'll bring thee to thyself again.* He had no more scruple with her than a child has with a doll, and his remedies were within reach. *Simpleton!* whined he in derision, when she began to recover, *he has just as much of a fever as you have.*

"Sir, it is time I should stop," said the sailor: "I am relating these things of my mother, just as if she had been a heiress of a thousand ayear, had lived in a turret and run along a corridore from her birth, had married a marquis, and had been presented at court."

"She was a pretty girl, I am persuaded," said Le Doux, "and we will suppose in her favour that she had those advantages. Go on, M. Normanby; there is little to add, I fancy."

"*If*, said the doctor, *he should have a little matter of ailment, which, by neglect, is one that would grow violent, would you sit by him?*

"*Willingly.*

"*All day long?*

"*All night too.*

"*And quite alone? you timid thing! Remember how you shrieked when the kitten the other evening, purred and rubbed against your legs . . could you stay quite alone?*

"*Quite.*

"*Whether he slept or woke?*

"*I would pray God he might sleep, and would make no noise.*

"The doctor at this burst into what he called a horse-laugh. *Come now,* said he, *you are a good*

girl, and I will shew you the curiosity I mentioned.

" He walked to my father's with her, and found him pruning his cherry-tree: he stepped down joyously and ran toward them *Have you done?* asked the doctor. On the affirmative, *Give me the pruning-knife then: it is a shame to see that thief of a sumach getting in at the window.*

" *O my dear sir!* cried Alice, *shew me the curiosity . . Mr. Normanby, I never saw that pruning-knife . . do let me see it.*

" My father placed his back against the sumach, looked tenderly and anxiously at Alice, shut the knife, gave it to her, and whispered, *Don't let him!*

" *I will disappoint you, my dear guardian, in your pruning, for frightening me.*

" *What frightened you, Alice!* said my father, looking with great solicitude.

" *He knows,* said Alice, shaking her head.

" *And Normanby shall know too, deceitful whisperer!*

" *O dear dear sir, don't let him!*

" *A truce with pruning,* said the doctor, *I have other things to do . . and now for the curiosity.*

" *I know what you mean,* said my father . . *several boys were after it.*

"*And will be if I don't secure it,* said the doctor.

"*It was late, I suppose,* said my father, *for that sort of butterfly; yet it was only a butterfly after all.*

"*O foul-mouthed fellow!* cried the doctor.

"*Really I never troubled my head about such trifles,* replied my father in vindication.

"*Here is the curiosity! come and take it, Alice; a man who can hardly live the day without you, and dares not say he loves you.*"

LE DOUX.

And you are the only fruit of this marriage?

SAILOR.

A rough-flavoured and worthless one! I had a sister, three years younger than myself, whose birth caused the death of my mother.

LE DOUX.

Whom you do not remember then.

SAILOR.

I do well. I have before me her clear colourless face, which I have heard was always so; her blue quiet eyes, which she turned on me when I ran out of my bed toward hers the morning before her death, hearing her sigh and ask about me. The infant was born weakly, and my mother being weaklier still, it was recommended to find another

nurse for it. *The child is mine*, exclamed she in desperation, *she shall not have two mothers.*

And would you rather she should have none, my blessed Alice?

I know not, my Normanby. God protect her!

God did; and, when the parent could not hear her, took her.

Soon after the marriage, Lord Sandyhurst pressed my father a second time to take the living, which he remarked was holden in trust for him; *or if you do not like it*, said his lordship, before any reply could be given, *you shall have the charity-school instead: it is worth as much within a trifle, and there are no quarrels or trouble about tythes; added to which the house is kept in repair by the trustees.* My father thanked him, and took the school. Five hundred pounds were paid by his Lordship's house-steward, and Mr. Chisholm became rector impropriator of Sandyhurst, the bishop having ordained him at the recommendation of his patron, and every necessary preliminary having been legally observed. He was soon appointed his lordship's chaplain, and within the year was doctor of laws. People found that they had been much mistaken in his character: he was a pious, humane, and liberal man; so averse from litigation that no

wonder he had not succeeded as a lawyer! He visited the farmers separately; told them he would leave all questions to their discretion and goodness; that they might give him a tenth or a twentieth, as they pleased. Some indeed had pretended, while he was agent, that they from time immemorial had paid a modus or composition: he smiled at that, and said he should be truly sorry to prove the contrary.

Come, said he, to the richest of the tenants, whom he had always favoured most, *what have you paid me?*

Don't you remember, doctor, you never took more than forty-two shillings, saying that forty-five was too much.

We must give and take, said the rector, *like good Christians: you shall pay me forty-eight for fourteen years, or during your residence and your son's, and here are two twenty-pound bank-notes.*

A bargain! exclamed the farmer.

The rest sent him chickens and ducks; and, finding him wary, said plainly, they did not see why one neighbour was more neighbour than another. He declared that he would encourage the civil and industrious: at last he lost his patience, and gave to one twenty, to another twenty-five: he would see who was grateful before he carried

his liberality much farther. They brought him their waste paper; such they called the old receits: he altered (it was said) such figures as were changed the easiest, and laid them by. In the new agreements those who had large families paid rather less, those who had none, or rather smaller, paid more. Lord Sandyhurst, at the recommendation of his new steward, went over to the estate. The steward was of opinion that it could be doubled: the tenants were ejected. The good rector received them like a father, and consoled them. They lent him their teams, they sold him the manure, they would rather give it him than leave it on the ground. The steward and a surveyor recommended an enclosure of the common and the warren. The doctor would not oppose any plan so conducive to the public good, and would be contented for his share to accept the worst part of the warren, rather than have litigations* about tythes. He

* The same thing happened in an estate belonging to my mother. Mr. Savage made the rector of the parish his gamekeeper and steward, neglecting all inquiries. The tenants had always paid a modus, a few shillings. The rector shewed them many indulgencies in their rents, added a trifle to the tythes, and the estate now pays the rector about two hundred ayear: for the church never loses its rights, though acquired by wrongs; and a part of *Saint Peter's patrimony* lies in England.

gave notice however, that for the future he should take them in kind, until the commissioners had made their award. Lord Sandyhurst threatened to litigate : the rector would feel the deepest sorrow at any such thing, and would referr the matter to arbitration ; nay, his lordship should appoint both arbiters. Blight and another, who came by accident to visit him, were nominated : Chisholm submitted : he had given his word. On the return of the arbiters they were very melancholic.

Well, what have you done with him? said his lordship : they shook their heads. The commissioners, who were all neighbours, had left the tythes as they found them : Dr. Chisholm had consented to exchange a part of his glebe, his whole common-right and tythes thereupon (the same being inclosed) for the worst half of the warren.

He must have seen your lordship's receits and other papers.

Surely : he was my steward, you know.

He should not have taken advantage of his knowledge, if indeed he did so ; in other respects nobody could have acted more liberally. His warmest wish was the harmony of the parish.

A lawyer turned parson, cried Lord Sandyhurst, *has the devil by both horns, and can dance*

him about as he pleases: however I will eat him up with my game.

My lord, said one of them, *I am sorry to inform you, he has a right of free warren, which is dependent on the warrener's house. He shewed us the document.*

I myself gave him with my own hands that long musty scroll about the warren, to prove the extent, and shew him his advantages. The rogue said my word was enough, and would hardly throw his eyes over the parchment: I observed that his horse was frightened at it, and went off full speed.

My father heard these particulars, and thanked God that his lordship had relieved him from such heart-burnings and such imputations.

A pretty thing to thank God for! said Dr. Broom, *you might have netted a third of what Chisholm does, and have been deemed an honest man. You have now but your school and your five hundreds.*

The school he had: the five hundreds he never had, and never asked for. Dr. Broom, of his own accord, went to remind the peer that Mr. Normanby of the school had a small matter left by his worthy father.

He did say something of five hundred, but he

was light-headed in a manner, as you must remember, Broom; and besides I gave Normanby the school. If he had not been the greatest booby in the universe, he might have been rector of Sandyhurst, and kept his carriage.

My lord, it is easier in our days for a man to keep his carriage than his word, I find.

I shall not ask you what you mean, my friend Broom, but you shall presently see what I mean.

He walked away, and returned with a light horsewhip. Broom, outrageous at the indignity, forgot that he was by thirty years the older man, and, running at him, knocked him down.

LE DOUX.

A peer of parliament! that is grave!

The sailor did not attend to the observation, but went on. "Such, sir, is the custom of our country, that, a man once down is sacred."

LE DOUX.

You are the very strangest people in the world! the very opposite of all the rest!

SAILOR.

His lordship rose, and, casting aside the whip, became the pugilist, and, not without a long and doubtful contest, threw his adversary. *Do you know who keeps his word now?* cried he . . *who is the best man now?*

The greatest rascal, I must needs confess it, cried the doctor; *but every dog has his day.*

As the late peer had no other child, and was a widower, he made no will: the bequest was verbal. My father could never be induced to apply for the money, and indeed (what he did not know) Lord Sandyhurst swore he never would pay it, lest he should seem to have been bullied out of it. Broom, thinking that he by his rashness had been the cause of this resolution, lost his admirable flow of spirits, gave up his gun, sat and mused with my parents, whom, he told them, he had ruined, went late to bed, and some say indulged in mild ale. His health however did not visibly decline: what then was the astonishment and consternation of his friends, when Phineas, who had taken his boots to his bedside, found him dead from apoplexy! No work was done in the town that day. He left what little he possessed to my mother and her children, trusting that she would take care of his two servants, who had lived with him all their lives. It amounted to few hundred pounds, for the tenement was not his own, and he always had been generous. My mother wept over him as over a father; she had known no other; my father as over a friend; no other had he known. They

found a better place for their maid, and took his domestics into their house.

My mother followed her parental guardian when she had not yet completed her twenty-second year. My father lived till I was almost of age. The loss of his companion, of whom he talked to me every day from my sixteenth year, shortened his innocent and useful life. In my earlier boyhood I do not think he ever mentioned her. *Christopher*, said he on his death-bed, *I have borne up more manfully than you are aware of: you are now old enough to keep the school; and see here the kindness of our patron!*

Lord Sandyhurst, at the entreaty of the parish, had been prevailed on to appoint me to the place of master, vacant by reason of my father's ill health.

The day is sultry, said he, *open the casement. I have kept my bed three weeks. Look out, and see whether the sumach is in flower; it ought to be, or near it.*

There is one.

Go down and cut it, and bring it me . . Stop a moment . . Yes, I must have it, Christopher.

I ran down and brought it to him. *How sweet it is!* said he, laying it on his face, and then smiling as if refreshed by it.

Father, said I, smiling too; for he seemed much better; *I did not know that there was any sweet scent in the sumach*, and would have taken it to smell. One breath shook its feathery flower . . it was his last.

The colonel pressed the hand of the mariner; for there are workings of the heart that cast down all distinctions.

LE DOUX.

Lord Sandyhurst, I am afraid, can have but a very bad heart.

SAILOR.

I am unwilling to suppose that his heart is a very bad one; which would be a heavy accusation; since every man who has received the rudiments of education, is in great measure the framer of his own. I am more inclined to believe that there is something in his brain defective or amiss; an evil which no man can remedy or controll.

LE DOUX.

Why do you think so? what you have related is no proof or sign of it, but shews rather that sort of brain which most people have, and which they call the soundest.

SAILOR.

My reason for thinking as I do, is this. When his maternal uncle died, who was doatingly fond

of him, and at whose house he had passed the greater part of his infancy, his boyhood, and his youth, he received the congratulations of his acquaintance on his increase of fortune.

LE DOUX.

Surely: ought he then to exclude them?

SAILOR.

I should have said, if it had not seemed malitious, that he received their congratulations with pleasure and satisfaction.

LE DOUX.

He inherited as much as he expected, did he not?

SAILOR.

I imagine so; every one knew that M. Eward spent his whole income; but the land was unencumbered by debt, and worth about four thousands ayear.

LE DOUX.

Well then! he might fairly rejoice at coming into possession.

SAILOR.

Good God! into what possession did he come, which was not his more amply and more delightfully before! He gained nothing: he lost the hand that gave him it, the heart that welcomed him to it, the voice that cheered him in his use of

it, the dispenser that kept it for his sake, the friend in whose conviviality and converse he could and did enjoy it. On what account do the wise and frugal, on what account do even the idlest and most unthinking, wish for property?

LE DOUX.

To spend it among their friends.

SAILOR.

Are then those who plunder them at the gaming-table, those who sell them an unsound horse, or such as they themselves are afraid to ride, those who recommend to them a cast mistress or a cashiered steward, those who, seeing them in sickness, call them in their tenderest mood *poor devils*, and whose most anxious inquiry is, *what! alive still!* are those the friends that a rational soul should preferr to the guardian of his infancy, the director of his youth, the crowner of his energies at the goal of manhood; whose eye stiffened on his harder features (and did not find them so) ere it closed in death! Men have been the richer, but no man, thinking as he ought, ever inherited a *fortune* from parent or from friend. What mine produces them! what labour can acquire them! what regret can recover them once lost! and shall the only thing worthless that they leave behind compensate us!

LE DOUX.

My good friend, you did not find any great difference in your fortune, or else perhaps . .

SAILOR.

Go on, sir ! . . then let me. I possessed so few things, that every one of them gave me a distinct sensation, and a painful one, reminding me of him who had left them. In this alone had I to regret the humbleness of my condition. The regret was however of such a nature, that by degrees I placed myself in its way voluntarily, and even went after it above-stairs and below. When I had nothing else remaining to look at, I looked at the knots in the deal-wood door, and conned over one of my early lessons, on the cause of their transparency in the sunshine.

LE DOUX.

If we retain these weaknesses too long, we are good for little.

SAILOR.

True ; and if we never have them, we are good for nothing. Neither our weaknesses nor our strength should come into play incessantly. Both were given us wisely ; which I should say, even if I could think of no other purpose than the necessity of moderating them.

LE DOUX.

I do not think, my honest friend, a man like you could reasonably be suspected of disloyalty or irreligion.

SAILOR.

And if you did think it, sir, my mind would be the same. I have opened my heart to you because it is long since I have seen a countenance I like so well, and because it is a pleasure to be heard attentively.

LE DOUX.

Pity! that your father did not teach you the languages he had acquired.

SAILOR.

He taught me gardening and geometry, which he used to tell me playfully, are the washing and clear-starching of the mind, while other things for the most part he considered as the rags or ruffles.

LE DOUX.

I must make you better known to my fellow-passengers.

SAILOR.

Sir, I beg you will not bring them here.

LE DOUX.

Have they offended you past forgiveness?

SAILOR.

They have never offended me at all; but my

heart closes at them; as there are some flowers which, without being delicate, close against insects.

LE DOUX.

I ought to be very much flattered at your reception of me.

SAILOR.

Flattered! no, sir. That is a phrase of your country, and fit for it: let me hear it again and we converse no longer.

LE DOUX.

A phrase has lost many a man a friend: I will be more cautious in future. I have listened with due attention to your father's history, and now am anxious to hear the rest of yours, which you abandoned as soon almost as you began.

SAILOR.

The ashes were hot underfoot: I flew from myself to my father: my wrongs rose up before me: I have now again lost sight of them, partly by the memory of that saintly man, and partly by your encouragement and compassion. Yes, sir, I am like a child, who runs behind its parent; a child little used to be caressed and fondled; when at last a stranger bids it come and sit beside him, and is ready and well-pleased to listen to the idle rill of its discourse.

I was pained excessively at the fathers of my

boys refusing to visit or receive me; some because they had been so much mistaken in me, and others because, as they said, it really would hurt them. My grief was intolerable when the boys themselves, who had revered and loved me, hissed me on my way home from church, calling me jacobin and regicide. I had taught them to love their neighbour, and had never seen in them any thing cruel or unkind. Several of them, on my father's decease, said anxiously to me, *And what shall we do if we lose you?* awaiting my answer in tears. Mr. Chisholm, who had been present at their altered conduct, came up to me just as I was entering my door, and said he hoped what I had heard would be a warning to me. As I returned no answer, but invited him to walk in, *O your humble servant! many thanks; is it come to this pass? It is well for you that there are no press-gangs up the country: they would teach you loyalty at the mast.*

Never had I thought to receive a hint out of church from Mr. Chisholm, of which I should be likely to make any use in my conduct. Another aided him, unconsciously. Phineas Pooley, my old servant, placed the roast veal upon the table, and asked me whether I was satisfied with him and Martha, as my parents and Dr. Broom had been.

Yes, my good Phineas, perfectly.

Then, sir, said he, *I shall be sorry (God forgive me!) to leave you, though you are now become an enemy to God and man.*

Leave me? Phineas!

Both of us. We have places for life in the county hospital: we are fitted for the work, and ready to go when you can spare us.

Dear honest Phineas! who persuaded you?

No matter: there are good who were thought bad, and bad who were thought good.

What evil have you ever seen in me, Phineas?

None, sir; unhappily.

How!

We cannot see the heart.

Ah then, Phineas, you are in the right to leave me. If you have not yet been able to see my heart, I am to the full as bad a man as any one would represent me.

You have been kind to me, as I told them, in sickness and in health, and never said a cross word to either of us . . . NOR DID THE TEMPTER TO EVE, was the reply for this, NOR AGAIN ON THE EXCEEDING HIGH MOUNTAIN. At these words, master, I felt how little I was of a scholar (though I had heard them a hundred times) and how entirely in the snares of Sin and Death.

LE DOUX.

There have been people worse treated than you have been, M. Normanby, but none more undeservedly. The civility due to your fair countrywoman does not suspend my interest in your recital, though it obliges me to make inquiries, and, if she is awake, to receive her commands. You will allow me to join you again: you will acknowledge an old acquaintance?

SAILOR.

At any time, and with pleasure.

The colonel found lady Glengrin just waking. She hoped he would by degrees be fitted for the society it would be his destiny to find in Ireland . . and some other such pleasantries passed, all which were commented on and explaned by Sir Fire. They spent together the whole evening. Two of the party never rose before noon: Le Doux was of opinion that the only thing tolerable at sea was the rising sun, and always was prepared to greet it.

Does any one remember (ah! who does not remember?) the first time he ever saw the myrtles in blossom on the bleak heath, where they spread the most widely and bloom the most profusely? does he remember the *ups and downs*, the jolts and jerks, the sands and sudden stops, among the poor cultivation just before he reached them? How

gladly folded he his arms upon his breast, and drew the pure air, from amid the starry stillness of these interminable plants. Not unlike his feeling was the feeling of Le Doux: he had seen for the first time a wild and neglected one, but sweet and pliant, and the ornament (if chance had placed it there) of domestic and polished life. He had lived, it is true, among the Russians; but they present no variety; there is a Tartar flat along the whole people. Potemkin and Orloff differed from cooks and porters, only in superior strength of limb, the pedestal of their greatness.

Uniforms and diamond rings are useful. Without them I should often have forgotten the personages I conversed with, and have ordered them to bring me a glass of water and a biscuit. Resolute to avoid peculiarity, and to conquer that abstraction which is called *absence*, it hardly ever has been my failing unless in the company of such people, and I have usually felt a listlessness to amend, or even to apologize for, my fault.

Normanby saw the head of Le Doux mounting from the cabin, and saluted him. The conversation was on various subjects, light and uninteresting; both felt it. "Come, Mr. Normanby," said Le Doux, "I am still your persecutor; I hope your last. Let us take our old places, and then to

Phineas again and the exceeding high mountain."

Normanby smiled and proceeded.

Resolved to sell my furniture and leave the country, I gave notice of my intention, and sent for the auctioneer, a civil man. He said he owed me no ill will, and would do as much by me as by another. Looking over the volumes, of which about eight were greek and fewer latin, he found hardly any thing else than our old English divines. As you know our language, and as these contain three-fourths of what is excellent in it, you must have read them, and know thoroughly those I am about to mention.

Le Doux bowed, and left no doubt whatever on the mind of Normanby.

SAILOR.

These fetch nothing, Mr. Normanby, I do assure you, said the auctioneer. *Let us see . . Lucas on Holiness, Lucas on Happiness. Lord help us! we have newer things on them by years and years, living as we do in an age of discovery. Bishop Patrick's Parable of a Pilgrim. The style seems mighty low and wretched.*

It was once a good one, and will be again when we are fit for it. But crooked thoughts are to be supported by stiff sentences. Let no writer

be solicitous of Fame; she is more uncertain and more blind than Fortune. Let them all do for the best and be prepared for the worst. There are few readers and indeed few critics (we must call men by the names they assume) who doubt that Johnson is wiser than Patrick: I have even heard it said in conversation that his periods are more harmonious.

Why, Mr. Normanby, you talk like your father, said the auctioneer.

I believe, Mr. Edgeware, said I, *they are his very words. He used to call the book his milk and honey, and said that if Patrick had lived in the time of Christ, he doubted whether John would have been the disciple best beloved* *. *He sighed, I remember, as he added, taking me aside by the sleeve although we were alone,* 'We are nothing now but sounding-board and cushion.'

Taylor . . . Barrow . . .

Stop, Mr. Edgeware; do not throw those at least aside so carelessly . . My father, who knew the ancients intimately, said, 'Kit, that couple

* The worthy clergyman, whose character is represented in the elder Normanby, held Patrick in high estimation, unconscious of his resemblance to the prelate in the finer features. The reader is not expected to participate this feeling quite equally.

are worth all their philosophers put together, and would be though they all were christians. Plato and Xenophon, as men of thought and genius, might walk without brushing their skirts between these two covers' . . *striking his hand on a volume of Barrow.*

May-be; said the auctioneer; *but this doctor Hugh Blair, with his noble cassock and five-guinea wig, close, trim, and hard, as the feathers round an owlet's eye, outsells him twenty to one. What did your father say of him?*

That he was a comely man, a well-conditioned christian, and fair writer; but that he was so unfriendly to what he called involutions and parentheses, and so fond of straitness and uniformity, that he would straiten a fish-hook, and preferr a file of pins in smooth stiff blue-paper, to a diamond crescent, with its nobs and bend, among a set of such riotous curls as it cannot keep in order and subjection.

The expression is nobler, said the auctioneer, *but the matter is not unlike in the main, what I heard from Squire Prew, to whom I knocked down a copy last year.* 'It comes cheap,' *said he,* 'or I would never have bought it. I have read the doctor once, and what such a genius says once is quite enough. He is indeed a neat handy sort of person; but he washes his butter so, and in such

saltless water, that one cannot tell whether it is butter or bear-grease. First he would persuade you that verse has nothing to do with poetry; then that Ossian wrote what M'Pherson fabricated: when you have swallowed this, he thinks you drunk enough to believe it is excellent, carries you across his shoulders to bed, and whispers 'Well! God bless you! that is, if you lie quiet, and believe you have found a treasure worth more than Homer and Milton.''

I made bold to answer; 'then, Mr. Prew, you doubt all these battles of the *car-borne* . . .'

'Heark-ye, honest Edgeware; I believe the stories of few battles; for where there are two that fight there are ten that lie; but I believe that in some way or other they were fought. I will admitt that these were fought tóo, when my coachman drives four in hand along the eaves of the houses in Sandyhurst. He would do no more than they did, unless he stormed the bellfrey with them.'

As I knew of Ossian only what I had heard Mrs. Edgeware read in a rainy day, the day before I knocked him down to the Squire, I could make no answer; but I felt hurt at hearing this ridicule at what she distinctly told me was the finest thing in the world, adding that men in those days were men indeed.

The conversation about my books might have gone on, if some one had not tapped gently at the door. It was the servant-maid of Miss Penelope Haynes, the lady of whom my father had rented his cottage. The girl desired to have a word in private with the auctioneer. He returned to me and said, *I am going to speak against my interest: you may have a guinea for your books.*

No, Edgeware, said I, *the three bibles and three prayer-books I never sell at all, nor this Epictetus.*

You cannot want three bibles and three prayer-books; besides, they are all alike, even to the binding.

And yet, answered I, *sometimes I read in one with more pleasure, and sometimes in another.* It was so; for often did I think whose manuals two were, and whose gift the third.

Well, said the auctioneer, *I fancied now one was too much.*

Do not let Miss Pen be disappointed, said I; *take the list; leave the price to her.*

He went, and acted faithfully. She looked over the catalogue, and said, *I do not find that bad book which contains such stuff: I wanted to burn it.* Edgeware ran to me with the answer.

Tell her, said I, *that I burned it myself, that Martha covered the veal yesterday with the last pages.*

She sent for Martha, and asked her.

No, Miss Haynes! cried Martha.

See the effect of such publications! ejaculated Miss Haynes. *Until the present time Mr. Normanby, I am certain, was incapable of a falsehood.*

Miss, added Martha, *I have no grudge against my master, an upright man until now, and never shall it be said that, whether he ordered it or not, I covered a loin of veal for him with a poisonous and pestiferous book. I threw the remnant of it into the kitchen fire; and even that did the meat no good: he could hardly touch it at dinner.*

Miss Haynes sent Martha back to me, in order to conferr about the books. She said she was happy to see me, which she could do without the slightest impropriety in the presence of witnesses. Then she said she was sorry that she might have been thought uncivil to my father, at the decease of his worthy lady, particularly as he had given her a fine magnolia; but people might talk, and she should think long before she changed her condition.

Madam, said I, *few persons have lived so irre-*

proachably as you have done; and I cannot think you have to blame yourself in regard to my father. The magnolia was not a present. You admired it, I have heard him say, when you condescended to visit my mother on her marriage. He carried it to your house, intending to request your acceptance of it, when seeing a sumach on the gravel-walk, he asked Tobias whether you would make an exchange: you did so.

It was only the stump, replied she.

I preserve it still, madam, and of all the things I leave in the country I leave it with most regret.

Penelope blushed deeply, and looked timorously. *You are then really leaving us?* said she.

Yes, madam.

And what do you do with your furniture, Mr. Normanby?

Sell it.

On any other day of her life Penelope would have bargained about it; for she was shrewd, selfish, and the only parishioner of the landholders that did not suffer in some way by the inclosure. She had thirty acres of freehold: four more were stipulated from the waste; and the rector whispered in her ear *I should not wonder if, with the little knoll you set your heart upon, they should throw the*

green lane in. Do you know! the hollies are worth twenty pounds!

The rector prognosticated wonderfully: it turned out exactly so. She enlarged the cottage and garden, and called it Eden-place, in preference to Eden-lodge or Eden-house, and would have painted the grey stone brick-colour, if my father had not designedly lent her a book which prevented it. *We may sometimes pick up an idea from a book*, said she.

To return. *As for those volumes, I will take care of them for you, if you please, Mr. Normanby, on your giving me your word of honour that there is no indecent print in them, nor blasphemy, nor sedition.* I did so, at each pause, and thanked her warmly.

If you should not be able to dispose of your furniture, I have room in my barn for it. I accepted this offer too, in favour of an arm-chair covered with white dimity, and a bed of crimson-moreen, with two watch-pockets fancifully embroidered, requesting her in my gratitude to accept any volume she chose: she thanked me and declined it. I took my leave, paid my two servants a year's wages, gave them what cloathes and linen I could spare, and left my house an hour

before sunrise the next morning. Neither I nor my father had had any acquaintance out of Sandyhurst: I never had been twenty miles from home. When I had walked about that distance, and must be near Nottingham, as I fancied, I found myself in a park, in the midst of old pinasters, trees I had never seen before, and observed a water of vast extent. Even this was to me a strange country. I began to feel a desire of wandering; I went toward the water, and (was I awake or dreaming?) I saw before me a monument erected to the memory of Captain Riou . . a naval officer of high merit, as we know better than you can . . but not better than some of you do. The sun grew hotter, for it was near midday, and I went to lie under the pinasters. I was watching the squirrels on them, playing their tricks and leaping from tree to tree, when a prodigious herd of deer galloped past me. Another strange sight! although I had seen the same creature in books of natural history. My eyes were pursuing them, when a gentleman on a poney, seeing me cleanly and well dressed, saluted me very courteously, and asked me if I was looking for the road to the house. I rose, answered in the negative, and told him I had been induced to rest there for the pleasure of observing the squirrels. *It must be a humane man who*

suffers them to riot here, seeing the number of holes they have made in these trees.

They began to make the holes long ago, said he, *and the property is now theirs.*

But the trees are every day growing worse and worse, and here are many thousands: are they all bored so by these little animals?

I believe every one.

"Ah spare yon emmet."

I beg your pardon; you were making a remark: have I interrupted?

Sir, answered I, *if I had not been here, perhaps I never should have remembered two verses which my father taught me, I am afraid on some childish act of cruelty, and which I began to repeat, and checked myself. They are ill applicable to the occasion.*

What may they be? said he.

Ah spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure and he dies with pain.

They are from the Persian, said he, *and, if we dropped the hoarded grain, are among the best thoughts in that poetry, which contains few, and those trivial and distorted. Like the food of the country, they are in themselves the most insipid*

things in the world, and, to make them palatable, the most highly spiced.

Our own poets, said I, *are more original, I am inclined to think, and more natural.*

He replied, *We have two schools of poetry: one is kept at the milliner's, the other at the workhouse. At the former we find imitations of Turkish carpets in moth-eaten plush, Persian robes and Scotch phillibegs, claymores and scymetars, the sheaths of good varnished kid-skin, and the blades of the best waved paper, with every sort of dress that Janisary and Spatic, Lowlander and Highlander, Faery and Kelpy, Witch and Houri, ought to put on in gala: there is also the most elegant assortment of tombs, and the sweetest poisons one's heart could desire; with waxcandles of peeled elder, and flambeaux of red hair, and polygraphic transparencies (the oil indeed rather rancid and fishy) to be had for next to nothing.*

I perceive, sir, you are not a patron or trustee of this school.

Nor of the other, answered he . . *I preferr Gray . . .*

Sir, replied I, *the other must at least be acknowledged to be nearer to Truth and Nature. Can poets too much avoid the artificial? We all*

prefer what is past. Gray in his time was less considered than even our tavern-toasters, crowned with the parsley of the kitchen and sitting on the tripod of the tap-room. In what manner has the greatest of critics (to pass over the public) treated the greatest of writers?

It was my custom in my walks to carry an Epictetus in one pocket and a Pascal in the other: on a blank-leaf of Pascal had my father written these words, which, not being able to pronounce them correctly, I gave to the gentleman on the poney.

"Paschal est un gentil personage; il ecrit bien; il a fait de si jolies prieres; il a esté nourry à Genes; il est conseiller d'estat."

LE DOUX.

Who wrote this?

SAILOR.

Joseph Scaliger.

LE DOUX.

A German critic, was he not?

SAILOR.

I rather think, a French.

LE DOUX.

He writes then as if he lived a hundred years ago. I have seen exactly such french in an old treaty. Now let me hear more about the gentle-

man. His remarks are admirable; but you, I imagine, were in the midst of your reply; pray indulge me with it.

SAILOR.

I have heard my father say thus, continued I, *when he lent me Potter's Eschylus to read*, 'Christopher, I doubt not that Thespis was preferred to him by the graver critics; there was something so unaffected in a cart, and so little of deception in wine-dregs; and yet, Christopher, the *Prometheus* is the grandest poetical conception that ever entered into the heart of man. Homer could no more have written this tragedy than Eschylus could have written the Iliad. Mind me, I do not compare them. An elephant could not beget a lion, nor a lion an elephant. Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity . . the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the heart is not shaken, the Gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity; generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes Pity: the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the Gods, can elevate

it above the skies. Terror is but the relique of a childish feeling: pity is not given to children. *So said he; I know not whether rightly: for the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence. Seldom have I doubted my father's judgement; but as he was not a poet, and as none but the very greatest have a voice on poetry, here I hesitate.*

I had paused: the gentleman on the poney looked at me attentively. *If you will take any refreshment,* said he, *I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you to the house.*

I thanked him, and told him that I was on my road to the sea, hoping to serve my country, and impatient to reach my destination.

I myself was of that profession, said he . . *have you been fortunate in your promotion?*

To say the truth, sir, answered I, *I never was in the profession, and wish chiefly to try whether the service will benefit my spirits.*

Have you any friend who has a command, or whose credit may recommend you?

I mentioned my granfather's name, as the only chance.

He was a gallant and good creature, I have heard, and must have many friends still living

among our older admirals. My recommendation is less weighty, but such as it is you may command it.

I requested to know the name of a person to whose benevolence a stranger was so deeply indebted.

Not at all, said he; *a few lines are written while you take a sandwich, and Lady Newark will be charmed that I present to her the granson of so distinguished an officer.*

It is Lord Newark then who has condescended to shew me this kindness . .*

He bowed. *It can hardly be called so, though you accept it, as I trust you will do.*

I thanked him; but added that, as I did not intend to remain at sea long, and as my studies had not been nautical, I must decline an introduction which might procure for me eventually what could not belong to me. Whether my words, my resolute but respectful manner, a faultering in a voice that seemed little apt to faulter, or the bow, so unlike what I could make again or ever had made, while I placed my right hand upon my breast, enlarged with gratitude, whether one of these or all of them interested him, as I walked fast away he sat still upon his poney. Soon how-

* The late earl Manvers.

ever he came beside me. *I perceive, sir,* said he, taking off his hat again, *that I have done very ill the honours of the place: we have not always the same presence of mind, sea-men or lands-men. You will not favour me with your company, nor permitt me to make a trial whether I have a friend in the navy who may recollect me* . . he paused: I was silent . . *if however at any time you should happen to think of our short conversation, allow me to tell you that this place is called Thoresby Park, and that the post-town is Ollerton. I wish you a pleasant journey, a prosperous voyage, and a speedy recovery of your health.*

Every thing I had seen this day, every thing I had felt, was new and strange to me. Unkindness had pained me, then kindness, in such swift succession after it, overthrew me. Little did I then imagine, how highly I should have gratified the most amiable and friendly man living, by affording him an opportunity of assisting me! little did I consider, or know indeed, that I should be the means of inlivening the sweet sense of obligation, in some one among the many whom his care had educated, his bounty had fed, and his interest had promoted.

I was hardly on the public road when I per-

ceived a magnificent coach at the door of a publick-house, and a gentleman in scarlet uniform, whom I supposed to be the genaral of the district, particularly as he was giving some orders to another in uniform, who held a horn. On seeing me, he cried proudly, but invitingly, *Are you for the Opposition?*

No, sir, answered I indignantly and sharply, *I do not rejoice in the misfortunes of my country, nor triumph in its misrule, nor exalt its enemies.*

He lifted up his eyebrows scornfully, and addressing himself to a lady in the coach, *The merest fool I ever set eyes upon!* said he aloud; and looking at me again, *What, in the devil's name, has the Opposition to do with politics? Out with fifteen shillings, man, and you sleep at the Swan and Two Necks to-morrow night. Come, jump up; we are off.* The passengers explaned; I mounted, and arrived in London. The next morning, on the road to my banker's, I bowed to those who looked at me. One returned my civility by the words *I am surprised at your assurance: I never knew you.* In fact, sir, what is a civility in other countries, in England is the reverse: we have a national antipathy to courtesy and politeness.

LE DOUX.

I would not have ventured to make that remark. Allow me to congratulate you on your candour; you have given me better occasions to pay my compliment on your originality. I attend you.

SAILOR.

On reaching Lombard-street, a place excessively thronged, I stopped several times, begging the persons to pass. One asked me whether I took him for a pick-pocket; I could not imagine why: unfortunately I did the same thing, in a gentler tone of voice, to a young lady of great beauty, who had just alighted from her carriage, and who in some confusion took the arm of her brother. He filliped me under the nose, threw a card at me, which from the spitefulness of his manner I thought might be some combustible, and said *Another time you will know a modest woman.*

Finding my banker, I told him my business. He enquired if I wished to go as school-master. I answered *No; the active life of a sailor is necessary to my health and spirits.* He went away, and conversed in almost a whisper with a gentleman who often looked at me in great good-humour, insomuch that I was on the point of making my obeisance to him, in despite of the lessons I had

received. The banker came to me, and said if I would return in three days I might hear of something. I requested of him to inform me where I might find a private lodging. After a few moments of reflexion, he spoke to an elderly clerk, who replied in a low voice *You think then, sir, he may be trusted?* He nodded: the clerk took me two miles off, across the river, stopped at a small house, and speaking to a decent woman, called to me, and said *Would you like to dine with the family?*

Beyond all things, I replied, *for I do not know a soul within a hundred and fifty miles, and would rather go without a meal than look for one.*

The mistress said she had only one spare room; that if I remained a week the price was one guinea; but that if I disliked the apartment I should pay the proportion, and not be obliged to keep it. She then asked me when I proposed to come. I told her that, if she permitted it, I would begin from that moment, for that one hour's walk in London had tired me more than four in the country. She consented. Shortly came my cloathes: I placed them on the little white tent-bed, with my bibles, prayer-books, and my father's black pocket-book, containing some maxims, some reminiscences, and

a sampler. Believe who will that there are no amulets against evil, against the very worst of evil, mad resentments and desires. Never did one of them touch me the day I had but looked upon that sampler. My landlady said that her sitting-room was always at my disposal; that the bed-room was too dark to read conveniently; and that she perceived I had some books. She went down stairs again, and shortly after the dinner was served. Two young women entered, curtsied, and took their seats. They were pretty; silent, but not shy. Immediately after dinner they retired. The old lady then said, *Those are my daughters, Mr. Normanby. I did not introduce them; such is my way; excuse me.*

Madam, said I, *I must blush at my rusticity: I never was much in the society of ladies, and my spirits make me unworthy of theirs. I hope I committed no peculiar act of inattention.*

At tea they both spoke to me, and with such gentleness that I was happy. I retired to bed early, and observed over the chest of drawers two little shelves suspended by a green cord, and filled with books. Different were indeed the authors, far different in manner and merit. But those who read them seldom know that; and I hail the family where I find them . . Milton, the Spectator, Young,

Parnel, Hervey's Meditations, and Thomson's Seasons : translated from the French were Telemachus and the Travels of Cyrus.

I returned to my banker at the time appointed : he shewed me a letter from Edgeware, by which I learned that after the sale of my furniture an addition was made to my fortune of nearly fifty pounds. Incredible! I had in the whole some hundreds . . and yet I went to sea! *Well*, said my banker, *you go down to the Nore and sail with admiral Gambier*. I went down, and sailed. We made on this cruize the greatest nautical discovery that ever had been made by our countrymen.

LE DOUX.

I never heard that: you were before Brest surely, and blockading the harbour.

SAILOR.

We were so.

LE DOUX.

Well then, how make any discovery?

SAILOR.

We found that we could fight, when occasion was offered us, just as well without the damnation of our eyes, or any limb or faculty about us, as if we had been splitting or blasting the whole day long, and even though we believed all the while

that God was with us and helping us. Peace was concluded. The admiral was pleased to say that he had been a witness of my coolness and intrepidity on a service of some enterprize, and thanked me.

We had two Frenchmen aboard our ship: one of them taught me to pronounce the language so as at least to be understood, and I had permission to go ashore with him at Morlaix. He was a fisherman of St. Servan: his father had been shot by the republicans at the attack on Dinan, and he himself was thrown among the dead and wounded from the summit of those lofty walls. His brother had been the playfellow of Lazar Hoche, and, ignorant of his father's fate, accompanied that general in his campaigns, and rose to the rank of colonel. This he learned at Morlaix, and that the regiment was at Paris, where Bonaparte was about to be declared consul for life. I accompanied my messmate: the meeting of the brothers was extatic, and the colonel swore to me that next to Lazar, the truest of republican hearts, he loved his Pierre. I left them, and looked for lodgings, it being agreed that we should dine together. The colonel then begged my address, put it into his pocket, and called on me early the next day. *You have done well*, said he; *one likes one's own countrymen.*

Singular! that my lodgings should, within a few houses, be opposite the very man's whose book had caused my exile. Curious to see so celebrated a character, on the departure of my visitor, I went across to the door. An old woman met me at it, and, on my inquiry, said *Go up, my friend; the third story: he will be at breakfast when I return.*

Oh! I will call another time then.

Go in, go in.

Saying this she closed the door. I mounted the steps, and saw in the antechamber a somewhat elderly man brushing a grey coat.

Friend, said I, *is your master at home?*

Whom do you wish to see? Mr. Paine?

Yes.

He will be with you shortly: pray sit down.

He put on his coat, and followed, and lifting off some leaves from a plate of mulberries, invited me to partake of them. I took two or three, while he waved a clean folded cravat over them, to drive away the flies. He was robust and fresh-complexioned, but every hair was white: his appearance, I thought, was military. The old woman returned, with the half of a small roll of bread in her hand, passed us, entered the next room, and, in answer to a question which I did not hear, re-

plied *I know he is . . your eyebrows are adjusted in a manner quite different from ours . . and he speaks villanous french, like a low-Breton, otherwise he is a pretty man enough, and does not look so like a fool or an otter as the rest.*

Paine entered: his knees were unbuttoned; he had neither coat nor waistcoat on; the white was worne off his shirt; it had recovered its original hue before it knew the bleaching-ground, from the flowers of which it was innocent of stealing any fragrance. He was uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed. He looked at me, and returned my salutation not ungracefully.

Mr. Paine, said I smiling, *you owe me some reparation.*

If I do, and can make it, I will.

I repeated my story, during which he dipped his bread into a glass of brandy, and ate it: his hand and head trembled. It was noon: martial music was heard in the street. He pushed away the better part of his roll and brandy; his countenance was inflamed; he looked stedfastly at his friend, and said *I think, Tate, if I may judge, you have heard military music you like better.*

You judge rightly, Thomas! answered General Tate.

Wonderful it appears to me, said I, *that a nation of late so enthusiastic for liberty, should voluntarily bend to despotism.*

You have not lived amongst us, answered Paine; *the whole nation may be made as enthusiastic about a salad as about a constitution; about the colour of a cockade as about a consul or a king. This fellow has done advisedly in calling himself consul: it will hold for a couple of years; he will then change the name, and be tribune or emperor . . tribune, if prudent, as the more popular, and as the people see emperors in the vilest of their enemies . . urchins whipt and promising to be good, very good, for ever good, by Christ and Peter! but spitting at the flogger on being let loose, and holding out one fist at a distance, while the other draws up the breeches. Bonaparte wants conduct, foresight, knowledge, experience, and (the Council of Five-hundred knows it) courage. He will do harm, but not long. He lives in terror . . . . What are you smiling at, Tate?*

My mother had a proverb of her own, replied he, *that a frightened cat throws down most pewter.*

You will shortly see, resumed Paine, *the real strength and figure of Bonaparte. He is wilful, headstrong, proud, morose, presumptuous: he*

will be guided no longer: he has pulled the pad from his forehead, and will break his nose or bruize his crany against every table, chair, and brick in the room, until at last he must be sent to the hospital.

He has the finest army upon earth, said Tate, *and his enemies are down.*

If it were possible, said Paine, *to be hurt by such enemies, he would point at them, nettle them, shout in their ears while they were sleepy, put crumbs in their beds, shorten their sheets, and empty the urinal down their throats, till they contrived to break his shins for him by some machination or other. The army, with such means of recruiting it, with Glory for his crimp and Plutus for his paymaster, seems indestructible. If the earth cannot do it, he will throw it into crucible after crucible; he will melt it in water or evaporate it in air: in other words, navies and climates can and will shake and dissolve it.*

Thomas, answered the General, *I never thought you a visionary; but now indeed I must think you one. I do not estimate very highly the man's abilities, and less highly still his prudence; but he is no fool: he will not throw away what he has.*

I will retract all my words, said Paine, *at the first wise thing he does. Smile, sir! It is rarely*

that the wisest man can do any thing better, or any thing on some occasions more difficult.

Let gazetteers and hawkers be dazzled by the emblazoned names they wave about their ears, and hold out to us with fierce vociferations: but let calmer men ask themselves, whether they really think Bonaparte would have surmounted the difficulties and dangers that environed Three-fingered Jack? and whether Three-fingered Jack would have thrown away a hundred thousand of the best soldiers upon earth, so inconsiderately and fruitlessly as Bonaparte? There is not on record one who has committed so many faults and crimes with so little temptation to committ them. Tyrants in general shed blood upon plan or from passion: he seems to have shed it only because he could not be quiet, and from no stronger motive or better reason than he would have had for*

* I have been censured by the liberal, I hear, for my attacks, as they are called, on this impostor. I confess, I do not love him the better, as many do, for having been the enemy of my country; nor should I love him the less for it, if his enmity had been principled and manly. At the time when Paine is represented speaking, his blunders had but begun. Every great step he took after his first accession to power was erroneous. There is not a leveret three months old, unterrified or terrified, that does not choose its course more wisely.

going to the theatre or the chace. Depend upon it, this giddy and insensate man, deserter of his armies and of his principles, will finish no better than he has been going on.

There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. His sword, his mantle, his strut, his swagger, and even things which constitute no part of him, are his greatness; such as his porters, his guards, his soldiers, and the gilding on the ceilings of his rooms. Not those who need the fewest, but those who have the most about them, are the great; as though people, like bars of iron, could be mended and magnified by adding one to another. Even in quieter scenes than where such excrescences spring up about us, if you see a gentleman go out fox-hunting, in his scarlet jacket and his velvet cap, on a spirited horse, with merry dogs, and a couple of grooms behind him, you consider him as a personage far more worshipful, than if, ignorant of his condition, you found him catching a rabbit in a hedge-bank with a ferret. Ovid says, 'The girl is the least part of herself:' of himself as certainly the man is.

I should not wonder if Bonaparte, by his intemperate use of power and thirst of dominion . .

LE DOUX.

I never heard before of this Mr. Paine: he appears to be a staunch royalist, an enemy of usurpation; but his language in regard to the emperors is deficient in that decorum with which we are in the habit of treating friendly powers. What were his prophetic words?

SAILOR.

That the people would wish for their old kings.

LE DOUX.

Excellent!

SAILOR.

The words that follow injure them materially.

LE DOUX.

Impossible! so clear-sighted a politician! . but let me hear the end.

SAILOR.

Forgetting what beasts they were.

LE DOUX.

The English are much in the practise of using this language, speaking of our kings, and the same bad taste begins to be imitated on the continent. What did Mr. Tate remark?

SAILOR.

They may eat their white beans while turkies and trufles are before them; but they will never

run and take down the carrion, they have thrown aside and left stinking on the hedge.

LE DOUX.

Two fools! ignorant of french loyalty, of the veneration we bear toward our kings. The revolution was the work of half-a-dozen philosophers over their coffee; and its enormities were committed by almost as many lawyers and literators, followed by thirty or forty miscreants from Marseilles. The nation was not guilty of it.

SAILOR.

Strange! that the good did not put down the bad.

LE DOUX.

Panic, panic! We are subject to that and the *micraine*. Mr. Paine and the other might have conversed with you upon subjects they understood better than politics, which require a peculiar tact.

SAILOR.

Indeed they left off where I did. M. Paine expressed his regret that he himself was not the only man persecuted for his writings: he offered me brandy: I declined it: *Tate*, said he, *you have some flavoured with orange-flowers: bring it.*

Tate rose for it: I declared that I never had tasted brandy, nor any other spirit, and could not.

You are a young man, said he, *and may find perhaps a better remedy for your misfortunes than I could offer you : brandy is mine.*

I wish, Thomas, said the General, *I had been able to persuade you that a glass of claret would have done better. A bottle between us, which is enough, would have given us time for conversation, and warmed us gently and genially as we went on.*

Tate, said he, *wine is for the indolent and the happy. Say no more : I am not quite well : that cursed music has hurt me : I might go so far as to complain ; I should then lose your esteem, and my own.* He raised his head, which for the first time did not tremble. A short silence ensued. I took my leave, requesting his permission to return. He told me that he should be truly glad to see me, but that he must claim a privilege which literary men and invalides possess in common, an exemption from the obligation of visiting ; adding, *No man who visits can do much, or any thing well.*

On the following day (for I was little disposed to look at the strides of an usurper) I went again to M. Paine's. *Never mind my face ;* said he : *water makes it blister : there are blisters enow already : and soap cracks the skin. I need not have*

written that book: they tell me, all the arguments are found in others: I had no money to buy, nor time to read them. Gibbon was pensioned, I was prosecuted, for one and the same thing: but he was a member of parliament, and wore powder.

And if neither you nor he had written any such things, would you or the world have been the worse?

Certainly, said he, *the world would have been the worse, because the less wise.*

Ah, Mr. Paine! he is not over-rich in knowledge who cannot afford to let the greater part lie fallow, and to bring forward his produce according to the season and the demand. Wisdom is only a good as being an instrument of happiness. There have been great masses of it in the world, collected by experience and approved by experiment; we only survey the fragments, most of which are preserved by religion. The ancients had their sacred groves: pirates and philosophers laughed at them as they passed: they were cut down: pestilences followed. Experience had evinced their utility to simpler and calmer men. Whenever people meet . .

A grave decent-looking man now entered, whom the general saluted in silence, giving him his hand, and Mr. Paine said, *Take a seat Zacharias! This*

young man is as religious as you are, and you will hear him with as much pleasure as I do. There are two good things in the world, reason and sincerity: I am convinced he has the one, we will try him on the other . . Go on, go on; let us lose no time.

I continued: *Wherever people meet and bring with them good intentions, they humanize more and more at the sight of common wants and common sufferings: they warm in sympathy, they strengthen in forbearance. You think no religion good: I think all so, from which cruelty, fraud, lucre, and domination, are excluded. We mortals want supports: some require a crutch iron-cramped, some are contented if it is well-cushioned, others are kept up fearlessly by the weakest walking-stick of birch or pine. If there is only the probability, that a man will be the happier or the honester by one belief than by another, would you not leave him in possession of it? Wisdom is not to be hazarded with the same levity and indifference as wit: we may acquire the name of deep-thinkers at too high a price, which price, like the interest of money, is limited or illicit, rendering the transaction void, and subjecting us to the forfeit of the very little we have been toiling to establish. Shall so acute a reasoner, so clear and*

temperate a writer, rub off his hide and canker his flesh to the bone against a tree, striving to push it down, because some people sit beneath it on a Sunday, and return to their supper the more contented?

That is unfair, said he; *the motive is misstated.*

The fact remains replied I; *and I thank you for correcting me on the abuse of language. No man ever argued so fairly as he might have done. We pour in more or fewer words to gratify our organs, according to our warmth and excitement.*

Carry that home with you, said he, seizing my hand, *and tell the twelve judges that they never have said any thing so just. Eloquence is the varnish of falsehood; truth has none!*

What! said I, taking from my pocket and giving to him my Pascal and Epictetus, *are not these eloquent?*

Neither of them, answered he; *they are only the best-written books in the world, being the plainest, and fullest of ratiocination. That is eloquence which moves the reason by working on the passions. Burke is eloquent; I am not. If I write better than he does, it is because I have seen things more distinctly, and have had the courage to take them up, soft or hard, pretty or*

ugly, and to turn them on their backs in despite of tooth or claw. Plato would give as noble a description of a rhinoceros as Aristoteles could do: ninety-nine in a hundred would preferr it: the only difference is from this; while the one has been confounding it with the camelopardalis, the other has been measuring its joints, counting its teeth, inspecting its belly, and anatomizing the whole animal.

Is not Adam Smith eloquent?

Say elegant . . Philosophy does not spurn at Elegance . . He will open as many eyes as the other has blinded; for he has ages to work in; Edmund's "occupation's gone."

LE DOUX.

He spoke of the celebrated Mr. Burke, who wrote that great letter, which excited such a strong sentiment?

SAILOR.

The same.

LE DOUX.

A fine noble letter! full of facts and inferences! brilliant imagination! I must read it. I very much approve of your argument in favour of revelation. Mr. Paine can be little short of a Socinian or free-thinker.

SAILOR.

I am afraid he remained one. *O Mr. Paine!* said I earnestly, *let me bring you a few good books: let us open the New Testament together!*

What service will that do?

It is the plantain, cried I, *which the reptile man may creep to and chew with advantage, while the venom is yet fresh in him.*

LE DOUX.

Mighty smart allusion! he ought to have been affected: was he?

SAILOR.

He replied thus: *Good books, as you call them, make you comfortable: good brandy makes me so. I have the twelve apostols in this bottle, and they never shall complain that I hold them long imprisoned.*

LE DOUX.

Charlatan!

SAILOR.

I was discouraged. *At least, Mr. Paine, leave others their habitudes, while they are harmless, and think it equally so to love God as to love brandy.*.

Aye, aye, said he, *jog on quietly, and let your neighbour be robbed and plundered, by any rogue*

who may have the impudence to call him my son, or my brother, or my sheep.

No sir, answered I indignantly, *there draw the pen and cry Stand! for such let there be an "Age of Reason" and "Common Sense."*

A branch of a fruit-tree may be so covered with insects, and these insects may have eaten into it so deeply, and have so sucked and blighted it, that the best gardener would cut it off totally.

The general had left the room on business; Mr. Paine seemed as if he had grown tired of the conversation; the gentleman who had entered, and who had taken no part in it, said he would (if I pleased) accompany me. When we were in the street, he thanked me for the defence I had made.

I wonder, said he, *what motive Mr. Paine can have for his good actions, since he avoids society, and disbelieves (I am afraid) the pleasure God takes in virtue. As for conscience, if that alone were sufficient, and perhaps it might be, he deadens both the bad and the good of it with liquor.*

To speak plainly, answered I, *much as I have heard about him, I never heard of his good actions: that he is strictly honest and just I have reason to believe.*

Sir, said he, *let me tell you what he did for*

me. My name is Zachariah Wilkes. I was arrested in Paris, and condemned to die. I had no friend here; and it was a time when no friend would have served me: Robespierre ruled. "I am innocent!" I cried in desperation. "I am innocent; so help me God! I am condemned for the offence of another." I wrote a statement of my case with a pencil, thinking at first of sending it to my judge, then of sending it to the president of the Convention. The gaoler, who had been kind to me, shewed me a gazette, and told me not to mind seeing my name, there were so many before it. "O!" said I, "though you would not lend me your ink, do transmitt this paper to the president." "No, my friend!" answered he gaily; "my head is as good as yours, and looks as well between the shoulders, to my liking. Why not send it (if you send it anywhere) to the deputy Paine here?" pointing to a*

* This anecdote was communicated to me at Florence, by Mr. Evans, a painter of merit, who studied under Lawrence, and who knew personally Wilkes and Watt: in religion and politics he differed from Paine. I saw Mr. Paine but once; it was at General Tate's: he treated me with distrust: I could not blame him. Many ran to see Bonaparte, many to see Mr. Fox: Paine, whose intellectual powers, compared to theirs, were as a myriad to an unit, was unvisited and avoided. Of his virtues I have only one proof: shew me its equal!

column in the paper. "O God! he must hate and detest the name of Englishman, pelted, insulted, persecuted, plundered . ." "I could send it to him," said the gaoler. "Send it then!" said I wildly, "one man more shall know my innocence." He came within the half-hour. I told him my name, that my employers were Watt and Boulton of Birmingham, that I had papers of the greatest consequence, that if I could not transmitt them, not only life was in question, but reputation. He replied, "I know your employers by name only: there are no two men less favorable to the principles I profess, but no two upon earth are honester. You have only one great man amongst you: it is Watt: for Priestley is gone to America. The church-and-king-men would have japanned him. He left to these philosophers of the rival school his house to try experiments on; and you may know, better than I do, how much they found in it of carbon and calx, of silex and argilla." He examined me closer than my judge had done: he required my proofs. After a long time I satisfied him. He then said, "The leaders of the Convention would rather have my life than yours. If by any means I can obtain your release, on my own security, will you promise me to return within twenty days?" I answered, "Sir,

all the security I can at present give you, is trifling . . I should say a mere nothing." "Then you do not give me your word?" said he. "I give it, and will redeem it." He went away, and told me I should see him again when he could inform me whether he had succeeded. He returned in the earlier part of the evening, looked fixedly upon me, and said, "Zachariah Wilkes, if you do not return in twenty-four days (four are added) you will be the most unhappy of men; for if you had not as yet been an honest one, you could not be the agent of Watt and Boulton. I do not think I have hazarded much in offering to take your place on your failure: such is the condition." I was speechless: he was unmoved. Silence was first broken by the gaoler. "He seems to get fond of the place, now he must leave it!" I had thrown my arms upon the table toward my liberator, who sate opposite, and rested my breast and head upon it too, for my temples ached, and tears had not yet relieved them. He said, "Zachariah! follow me to the carriage." The soldiers paid the respect due to his scarf, presenting arms, and drawing up in file as we went along. The gaoler called for a glass of wine, gave it me, poured out another, and drank to our next meeting.

On the fourteenth day I returned to Calais in an American brig. Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls beginning to dance in the meadow, and party after party came tripping down the declivity that leads from the town to the bridge. Some, I observed, were sitting on the parapet, and reading a printed paper to many auditors, who however in part left them when they heard of a letter on the other side. Passing the arch, for I ordered the postilion to drive fast and ask no questions, and entering the town-gate, I saw the ruined abbey on the left-hand covered with gardens, and men and women were leveling the floor, for the reception of several great tables that were standing on the outside. The youths were better dressed than I had ever seen them, altho their coats were old-fashioned. The moment my carriage stopped, I cried "What festival is this today?" The answer was, from fifty voices, "The monster is dead! the constitution for ever!" People flocked round a young man, half of whose hair was hidden under his shirt-collar, the other half flowed over the right shoulder in long ringlets. It appears he was the poet of the city; and he ran along the streets, singing this song, which, before I left the place, was presented to me in print.

Come, let us dance upon the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule.

If you abuse the power you have,
If you are cruel, know
We too may make the light look grave
And lay the lofty low.

Frown not, in heedlessness or haste
If any step go wrong,
If too far circled be the waist,
Or hand be held too long.

In knees yet tottering from a rod
Let failures be forgiven;
Slippery with sunshine is the sod,
With tufted flowers uneven.

Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap . .
To fear it, is no use;
Whene'er you meet with such mishap
We'll make the best excuse.

I cannot dance nor sing alone . .
Haste, haste, my heart Lisette!
Manon! what are you at, Manon!
That frill not pleated yet!

Nay, never mind what people think,
Too sorrowful Elise!
Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink,
Lilac, or what you please,

But put it on and trip away . .
My life! the violin
Never was play'd so as today,
Nor was the mead so green.

Come, let us dance then on the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule.

If, in my circumstances, I could have been amused at any thing, it would have been at the boasts, the resolutions, and the schemes, I witnessed in the groups about me. One swore that, if nobody else had killed Robespierre, he would have done it; for he had formed a plan impossible to fail. Another said he had inscribed his name among the conspirators against the tyrant, which greatly encouraged them, and that he could shew a fac-simile to whoever doubted it. A third declared that nobody alive should hinder him from putting on a clean shirt every fourth day; that he would call Sunday dimanche, *and would bow to the curate the first instant he met him. "Happy days, good old times are come again," cried an enthusiast: "one may exclame* bon dieu! *on this side of the guillotine, and one may address one's mistress by the title of* angel, *or even of* made-

moiselle." *"What do you think the girls care for that?" cried his companion, who still wore the red cap. "Pretty girls," answered he, "are aristocrates, and will be so, while there is one upon earth. The Goddess of Liberty herself would smile more graciously, if you addressed her* Madame the Goddess of Liberty." *The republican heard and pondered, and contrary to my expectation, cried boisterously, "By Marat! I believe it . . a bitch! she should be watched."*

Robespierre had shot himself, was the intelligence brought by the postilions: a few lines to one or two families, and a few hand-bills, announced the same. I hastened to the capital, to the house of my benefactor. "You could not have heard it in England?" "No," replied I, "I heard it at Montreuil: is it true?" He did not answer me; but turning to the general, said, "Tate! there is still English blood in England, tho it is run and contraband, and found among people who have no right to it. I wish it may do you no harm, Zachariah! come, while we are well, let me give you joy."

LE DOUX.

Did Mr. Paine live to the Restoration? I am certain His Majesty would have rewarded his services.

SAILOR.

He died before; and was not altogether so good a royalist as one could have wished.

LE DOUX.

Pity! But he might have written some loyal books: nobody asks about opinions. Do you imagine that Soult is a royalist, or Chateaubriant a christian, or Talleyrand a believer in providence? They behave well, and abandon their errors, or, if not abandon, abjure them. This in conscience is all that government and society can exact.

You must have been charmed with Paris.

SAILOR.

Remaining there eleven days, I wrote to the good lady at whose house I had lodged in London, and told her I should be happy to send any model she might desire for her daughters to copy. I had discovered that they gained their livelihood by working in their own house for the first milliners. She returned me a kind letter, containing the substance of a conversation with my banker, to whom it appears she was related. He was surprised he had not heard from me, if living: it was a proof however that I wanted no money. Miss Penelope, who had been treated like a princess from her infancy, offended the Chisholms, by telling them that the parishioners began to regret

me, and that I had afforded them ample means of judging whether I was disaffected, by becoming a sailor. The curate, now about to marry a woman of distinction, lost common decency in her presence, and told her, his father would no longer take three shillings in composition for his capon; that capon was the word, and capon he would have, though she herself made him. *O brute beast!* exclamed Miss Penelope, and then shrieked, and would have fainted if there had been any one else to support her. Soon afterwards she caught an erysipelas, by sitting in a grotto she had constructed, just opposite the door of her new farm-house, and between the cow-pen and cart-shed. There was a weeping willow on each side, and there was water in it, preserved by means of a dripping-pan very nicely sanded, with a large sea-shell at every corner. She was so delighted at this rural and romantic scene, that, on the day of its completion, she sate an hour or more in it, and did not dream that the coldness of the mortar on the floor could penetrate the moss: but the moss had been watered. When she returned home she shivered: the apothecary said he did not like it: the Chisholms would still be neighbours if a visit should be agreeable. *No*, said she, *and if I die tomorrow I will shew them how little I value*

them. She had no idea of dying, and perhaps, if she had lived, would have made a different will from what she did that evening. She bequeathed her library, plate, and china, her house, furniture, and estate, to me: she willed that the remainder of her property, being in money, should be possessed by her nearest male relation, unless there happened to be in the family a female whose christian name was Penelope. The younger Mr. Chisholm was vexed and confounded: the elder was at first silent: at last he said, *The laws of the land will look to that . . the christian name of Penelope! I hold that there is no such christian name, and that the name is called christian by abuse. This is not a misnomer, or it might be good and valid and got over: misnomer means, when a man's real name is Nicholas, for instance, and you call him Nicodemus, having proven, or proving below, that you intend the man so mentioned.*

His reasoning, if right, was useless: no Penelope was a claimant. The property, amounting to six or seven thousand pounds, went to a day-labourer, who, by the blessing of God and the mandate of a justice of the peace, had eight children. He swore he would bury Miss Penelope as no queen was ever buried, tho it cost him ten pounds.

Say guineas, Giles! cried his wife; *the charge comes but once.*

He drew back, as one who is about to take a leap, admired her high daring, and, rising up from his chair at the decision he was about to pronounce, *Guineas then let it be!*

I returned and took possession of my cottage and freehold. Few years had elapsed, and yet what changes! The death of Miss Penelope, and the marriage of Mr. Chisholm occurred in one week.

There was no turnpike road near Sandyhurst; and the people were much surprised, as they were conversing from window to window, one Saturday evening, at the arrival of an elegant chaise and four post-horses at the public-house, which is a very cleanly and commodious one, there being no fewer than six charities the trustees of which dine there yearly, and the commissioners of two inclosures had met there daily for eight months. From the carriage alighted a young lady and her aunt, evidently a woman of fashion, and retaining the remains of beauty. The inn-keeper shewed them his apartments; they chose two rooms; the aunt remarking that the delicate state of her niece's health made her resolve to at-

tend her, whatever might be the consequence to her own. She desired that her under-butler and her niece's maid might have a parlour to themselves. The innkeeper, not being an adept in blazonry, and curious to know the history of his inmates, went backwards and forwards in the servants' room; but they paid no attention to him, which produced an observation in the passage, that servants are prouder than masters and mistresses. He himself, as he had already done upstairs, brought in a pair of candles, and lighted one. The lady's maid smiled somewhat scornfully, and presumed that the wind had blown out the other. *Comfortable or not, Edward, we shall at least be beyond the reach of that old housekeeper. It is well you did not drink the madeira, instead of the butler, but the malicious old creature could not get him discharged. I wish my young mistress was half as good as yours: good she is, but she minds her money: hardly a gown a month; and of what use are silk stockings to me, if I must not wear them; and shoes, if they are too big?*

I beg pardon for interrupting you, Miss, said the innkeeper, *but really I cannot do my duty, unless you or this gentleman inform me of your lady's name.*

You may look for it, said the girl, and continued her discourse. *No, Mr. Edward, I don't let men put their arms over my chair. Talk and welcome, but I don't see why you should do in the country, what is more than your place is worth if you did it in London.*

He begged pardon, and hoped she would say nothing: then turning to the landlord, *Her ladyship is particular: I trust you will not hurt me.*

Not I, said the landlord, *but surely you will have the civility to inform me who the ladies are.*

My mistress, answered he, *is Lady Fosset;* and whispered in his ear, *She is only the wife of a knight, let the girl say what she will, a proud minx!*

And what would you have? is not a knight enough for you? do you think I have no ears in my head? Had you such a table, I should like to know, at Lord . . the Lord knows whose . . the one you served last . . he whose face is so like a camel's?

I did not complain, said Edward submissively; *Sir Nathaniel kept a better; but . . .*

Go on, go on; never be satisfied, said the maid; *say at once he left your mistress a beggar . . but*

hold your tongue upon the score of mine . . and now I warn you.

Miss, replied Edward, *I beg and entreat you not to speak so loud: I am as reasonable as any man, and never said that the same can be done with eighteen hundred ayear as with four thousand.*

The landlord, when they were silent, hoped he did not interrupt them, but requested the lady's maid to inform him at her leisure (since the ladies were in their bed-room) when they would like tea.

Have not you asked them? said she, apparently much surprised.

No, Miss, he answered; *I have been waiting here.*

God forbid! you poking prying creature! Well! I said no harm of any body. And now, Mr. Edward, if you catch it, thank yourself: you have always a bad place, have you?

He left the parlour; the landlord followed. He turned round, and whispered in the landlord's ear, *Evil came into the world with the first woman, and will go out with the last, and, by my soul! I believe against her will. What malice in this little black-and-tan terrier! always on the watch and alert to catch and snap me.*

She is a pretty little creature, in my mind, said the landlord.

Pretty! cried Edward.

Her complexion by candlelight is the sweetest in the world, said the innkeeper; *and such eyes and eyebrows I never saw in my born days. What teeth and lips! psuh! and that slight shade of down on the upper one.*

Zounds! cried Edward, *kissing her would be like playing on Pan's pipe. Slight shade of down! why then a box-coat is a satin slip, and a fox-cover is a grass-plot.*

Do you always ride on the dicky with her, Mr. Edward?

Ah woe is me! replied Mr. Edward, and there was an echo to it in the passage . . *there is so little room on our dicky!* . . the innkeeper sighed again . . *and such jolting roads! and such light short-legged creatures!* said Edward discontentedly . . *it requires all one's patience.*

Egad, does it, cried the innkeeper, drawing his breath . . *and more too!*

After some silence, he invited Mr. Edward to taste the liquors in the tap-room. *If you please, Mr. Edward . . I beg pardon not to know your other name.*

Horton at command, answered he.

Mr. Horton, if you please, as I was saying, we will drink to the good health of Miss.

The poor child! said Edward. *She is not long for this world.*

I did not mean her, said the landlord, *though methinks her lips and eyes promise to let alone graves and tombstones for the present; I meant the sweet little creature that was so sharp with me.*

Ho! Rosaly Rouse: so the ladies call her; she expects that we should call her Miss Rosaly: the house-keeper and butler may call her Rouse. She has good kin: that must be said for her: but an arm across her chair is a liberty. If you caught her asleep in it . . one has a right then, you know . . you would sooner dare to kiss a leopard or tiger: every thing would be topside-turvy; you could not rest for her. You would have laughed if you had seen her coming down the hill into the town here: she was frightened at the horses slipping, and, in spite of the ladies behind, threw her arm round my body; and I verily do believe it made her hate me worse than ever; for, to do her justice, I never saw her so bad before, never so desperately proud and capricious. She loves her mistress and my lady, and would go through fire for them: drink a

little wine in the cellar, and you might as well drink black-strap at the Crown and Anchor.

Really! said the innkeeper in great surprise, . . *then I misunderstood every word about the Madeira.*

Sly creature! drawled Mr. Edward . . *Faithful she is,* added he smartly, *and acute, and prudent . . her only fault is, that she never forgives what she calls a liberty, and it puts her out of humour with all the world.*

The very woman! cried the host unguardedly, and, being disconcerted at his own exclamation, desired his companion to help himself and spare not, and went upstairs. He had forgotten to take up the tea, and was much relieved at finding the waiter in the act of removing it, and the ladies at cards, they having thrown a shawl over the table, when the waiter informed them, on their enquiry, that there was no green cloth. He saw several pieces of gold, no silver. His heart was disquieted; he knew not what to set about; even his curiosity was enfeebled; yet he went up again to ask what they would please to have for supper. Lady Fosset desired him to wait a moment: she then said to her niece, *Come, child, take those five guineas back; I do not approve of high play, and you could not attend to your game.*

Excuse me, madam, replied the niece, rising from the table, and putting the money in the aunt's reticule.

The landlord was up early the next morning, waited on Dr. Chisholm, and told him and his son the curate all that had passed, adding, as was true, the last thing her ladyship asked was *At what time begins divine service?*

Samuel, said the doctor, *I shall preach.*

Father, if you will you will, replied he, *but the fairer thing would be to draw cuts for it.*

They did so: the doctor won. Samuel cried, *By God! sir, there is no dealing with you. I make no doubt all was fair . . what I have to say, is, you have always good luck.*

On returning from church, Lady Fosset thanked the doctor for his very admirable sermon, and declared she never had heard the service read so impressively as by the gentleman who assisted him.

My son, madam.

They both bowed, and attended the ladies to the inn: her ladyship invited them to tea in the evening, expressing her deep regret that she had no gentleman with her who might do the honours of the table at dinner, if they could have pardoned her so short a notice.

Father, said Samuel, just out of the door,

did you ever hear so strange an excuse? none to do the honours of the table (as she called it) when there are two of us! You might have had the ducks put down.

On the road to the rectory, *Eighteen hundred ayear!* was the exclamation of both at once. *Well! father, on this occasion I hope you will not cut.*

Samuel, said the rector, *I soon enter on the grand climacteric; her ladyship is not five-and-forty.*

True, answered he, *I suspect she has a filley's tooth in her head, and would fain pulp a bean or two yet.*

The rector shook his head. *I believe you must have her, Samuel! I have nothing but the rectory: the money is gone in house and improvements. You were born to less than a hundred ayear, and that from the sweat of my brow; I shall leave you a thousand. I will nominally make over the living to you, on your giving me such security as can be drawn up between us.*

The son thanked him; was unremitting in his addresses to Lady Fosset, and at last declared his passion, from the utter impossibility of restraining it. She replied that she was sensible of his merits, but that, if he imagined her fortune to be so con-

siderable as it was represented, he was mistaken: that she had retired, in part for the health of her niece, in part also for economy, and was sorry to inform him that her *thirds* (her husband having died intestate) were barely eighteen hundred pounds ayear.

He protested that fortune was the last of his considerations; that he himself had somewhat less; that after his worthy father's decease he could not expect many thousands more.

The rector united them by licence, the third week of her Ladyship's residence in Sandyhurst. She condescended to give away, with her own hand, Rosalia Rouse, to Mr. Freeman of the Star and Garter, making her a present of a pearl necklace, the finest and evenest pearls ever seen in Sandyhurst, which Mr. Edward Horton said he did not so much wonder at her doing, now that she had resolved to forget poor Sir Nathaniel. He added, *I remember how nobly her Ladyship looked in these pearls, when she was in full dress, as persons of quality in London are, stark-naked down to the navel.*

Mercy upon us! cried the host; *are they taken then for pigeons and plovers? are folks helped only to the nether parts of them? why should they neglect themselves? do not they meet their*

lovers in this full dress, as you call it? The men must cry out shame upon them, finding them in good company so slovenly and sluttish. Our ladies here in the country are educated on other principles. When Squire Alvanley of Beachencroft saw Miss Arabella give Captain Barrowdale, who was fain to marry her, a few maidenly kisses, he said not a word about it: but when he observed, another day, that the captain was desperate to lower the tucker, he called her to him off the green bench, pretending all the while to have seen nothing, and kept her a matter of half an hour in lecture. Nobody knows on what he discoursed in the outset; but Mrs. Snipe, the housekeeper, told me that, hearing some grave words, she looked through the key-hole of the study-door, and saw Miss in tears, and saw the old gentleman, relenting a little, pat her cheek with the back of his fore-finger, and heard him say, partly in comfort, partly in counsel, "Be liberal of the cherries, girl, but chary of the peaches." Whereat Miss wiped her eyes, and rose upon tiptoe and kissed her father, and promised to do always as he had bidden her.

I have her ladyship's commands, said Edward, *to take her your account.*

In an instant, *Take it!* said Mr. Freeman.

You have written received in full, cried Mr. Edward Horton; *how is that?*

It would be a burning shame to act otherwise, said the publican, *after those pearls, and look ye, what are these?*

O! they are only garnets: nobody would give you five pounds for them, without the gold.

The niece, whose health was surprisingly restored, and whom it was thought indecorous to make the witness of connubial felicity in its first transports, was taken away just before the marriage, by her brother, a young ensign; and Mr. Edward Horton, two days after, returned to London, admirably recommended; for her Ladyship would rather reduce her establishment than encrease it, accommodating her taste in all things to her dear Chisholm's.

Samuel! said the old rector to the new, *while we think of it, suppose you resign to me that instrument of the advowson.*

Father! said Samuel, *I would gladly do it if my conscience would let me. I repent of having committed one action very like a fraud, and nothing upon earth shall make me committ another. If the bishop heard of it, we should be ruined.*

The father had seldom lost his temper or com-

posure; for as other extremes meet in their effects, so do honesty and roguery in this . . he felt assured however, in the midst of his resentment, that he had so drawn up the agreement as to make it voidable, although he hardly had thought that Lady Fosset was so noble-minded, as to accept his son without referring the title-deeds to her solicitor.

There was a young girl in the parish, the daughter of his laundress, whom he condescended to teach the catechism: he often told her in what manner to hold the book, and often said *Let me see where you are*, and sometimes told her not to be so frightened, when nobody but himself could see that she was frightened at all. He went to her, and said without prelude or preface, *Sally! will you marry me?*

Lord! sir, cried the mother tremulously, *what do you mean?*

Ask me no questions, or I leave the house, said he, more firmly than impetuously . . *Will you marry me, child, or will you not?*

She looked at her mother. *Sally, if the doctor is in earnest, you must not say no.*

Put on your Sunday cloathes then; and, Rebecca! while she is putting them on, come you with me.

The mother went out with him.

Step into that carriage.

With my shoes on, sir?

Step in. He followed her, ordered his coachman to drive to Mr. Gamaliel Smart's of Elvington, four miles off; told Mr. Smart that he came for another licence, that he brought with him the mother of the woman he had chosen, and, after the necessary questions of Mr. Smart to her, received the licence.

And now, sir, said the doctor, *will you be ready in another hour to unite us?*

Mr. Smart assented: they were united. They returned home at the moment of dinner-time. The bridegroom placed Sally by his side quietly. The son was civil, and said, *I suppose, Sally, you have said your catechism better today than usual.*

She looked at her husband. *Yes*, said he, *and read a few pages more.*

After supper he called for his bed-candle, and, wishing Lady Fosset a good night, conducted his bride upstairs. The other bride and bridegroom, at top and bottom, looked at each other. *Let him go!* said Mr. Samuel Chisholm, *let him have his way and will: I warrant, it is not the first time, tho' I did think better of the wench:*

she had hardly a curtesy for me. As for the house, rectory, or laundry, barn or stable, what matters it! it comes to the same thing at last.

O fie for shame! cried her ladyship, looking at him and smiling thro her fingers, *I cannot sit and hear this.* She tripped across the room, opened the door, turned round again, and cried, *Positively I have a great mind to lock you out, you rude creature!* Mr. Samuel Chisholm ruminated.

Early the next morning a bailiff entered the rectory, accompanied by two police officers. The old rector and Sally were fast asleep, for they had been eight miles the day before. Mr. Samuel was examining the heel of a horse: he heard the visitors, and, without looking at them, asked them somewhat roughly what they wanted. *Margaret Pollock*, said one in a clear voice: another said, *Parson Chisholm.*

What have you to do with me, pray! shouted he furiously.

Nothing, sir, if you pay these trifles. You have married Margaret Pollock.

Not I: no such woman has been married in my parish.

Mr. Chisholm, you have taken as your lawful wife Margaret (otherwise called Peg) Pollock.

Sirrah! said the divine, going up to him with clenched fist, *I would have you to know, I led to the altar Lady Fosset.*

You could not have done better, said the officer, *but she wanted no leading that way. Howsoever we take possession of the rectory.*

Mr. Chisholm ran to his father, whom he awakened: Sally still slept; as being less used to the motion of the carriage; and I hardly know a rougher road than the road to Elvington, considering it is so flat.

Father, said Mr. Samuel, *take the resignation* . . throwing it on the bed. While the bailiffs were in the house, he mounted his horse, rode into Rutlandshire, and exchanged his curacy with a sporting friend, whom he had known at college. The doctor was surprised to see a neat young clergyman introduce himself the next Friday, and to hear an eulogy on his son's liberality, in giving a curacy of a hundred ayear for one of sixty, when the hounds were at equal distances.

Lady Fosset, by the account of the bailiff and his attendents, had been a street-walker, a kept mistress, and an actress. Her associates at Sandyhurst were of the same strolling company. She escaped by putting on the dress of a groom, exercising first the functions of a butler, taking care of

the plate, and not forgetting in the performance of this service, that her husband had presented her a brilliant ring and some other ornaments, rich almost as any of those which had devolved on the family of poor Sir Nathaniel. Seeing her husband gallop off on Blaze, she was contented to mount the horse whose fetlock or hoof had excited such suspicion in her lord, and which he was examining when his guests entered the rectory. They obtained nothing from the rector. *My son was my curate*, said he; *of his wife I know nothing: take him; take her; but touch a tin kettle on your peril. This is the rectory-house, and the rectory is mine.* They grumbled; they begged a breakfast, as nobody was up: the rector held up his spread hand before his face, and looked aside.

After the harvest a company of players begged permission to open a theatre at Sandyhurst for one night only: the justices granted it. They acted a farce or comedy on the story of *The Two Rectors*, and were committed to Bridewell for an attack on the Church.

The doctor sold the perpetual advowson, after his decease, for twelve thousand pounds, paying six hundred ayear during his life to the lady who had purchased it for an only son. He did not

calculate on the grand climacteric or its effects, and died about fourteen months after his marriage, leaving but Porphyrogenitus; he called his infant by that name, declaring that, among all the names he knew, he never knew one but had many rogues under it, and that he was almost out of humour with his own. Before his decease, I believe several months, he bequeathed his whole property to his children by his last wife, to be equally divided among males and females, reserving a maintenance for his wife of one hundred pounds yearly, on condition that she never married again.

I found his successor an unaffected, quiet, good young man; rather idle, and therefor he often visited me at my cottage, and was surprised to see how strait I drew the lines for my winter cabbage, and thought the string a most ingenious contrivance. His sister was fond of walking in the green lane, and said to me the second time I found her there, *O, what a mercy it is, Mr. Normanby, that Miss Penelope left the hollies! they are so covered with woodbine and travellers-joy! It seems never to have been a lane; here are no marks of wheel or horse-shoe; it is as hollow as an apple-scoop, and a sheep could not lie crosswise on it comfortably.*

LE DOUX.

The story would end abruptly if it ended so.

SAILOR.

Yet so it must end. She has twelve thousand pounds, like her brother.

LE DOUX.

Indeed, my dear sir, I did not ask about the fortune.

SAILOR.

I could not walk but I met her. She has done me as much mischief as an *Age of Reason.* A second time I left my country for her.

LE DOUX.

And, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is for her you are a second time going back.

SAILOR.

Alas! what can be done? her brother will have me in the parish.

LE DOUX.

I wish Lady Glengrin and Sir Fire were ready for breakfast: I am starving now you have concluded.

The Swiss, having now seen the sailor and his master twice in conversation, and unwilling that any but himself should be familiar with so great a personage, whispered to Mr. Normanby the secret of his lord's dignity, and rejoiced at the impression

of his whisper. Afterwards there always was civility, always frankness, but never confidence, never conversation. Le Doux, on his part, was just as a man is who has read a novel . . he has done with it. Princes and kings, in all countries, are often kind, both from constitution and from fulness of power, in which they usually are without fear and jealousy. But I doubt whether there ever was a minister in the world capable of sincerity and amity, or who, having conversed for years together with any one, cared if he were drowned or hanged when he no longer could amuse or serve him. The possession and maintenance of power occupy such men totally. If the horse they ride will go on with patting, they will not feed him; if he cares little for patting and much for provender, they curse him heartily and fill the rack. All cunning men who wish for power may have it: but all cunning men are men of narrow views; and here, when they take possession of power, they must leave some places vacant which are incompatible with it. They are jockies that sweat themselves to ride light; and after they have changed their great coat for a calico jacket, they discover that their heart is too large, and must be swathed and contracted. Nothing is easier! astonishing how light they are!

and they still look like other men. The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious: I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal, dried up by it into egoism and vanity, and have watched the mind growing black and rancid in its own smoke.

During the voyage the conversation was usually on Ireland. No people talk so much about their country as the Irish; not because they are more patriotic (I beg pardon for using a word out of use in that acceptation, and should have said, more *national*) than others, but because they are less capable of conversing on literature and science. Le Doux was surprised at the most exalted eulogies and the most vehement invective, used by the same persons on the same, as high spirits or low prevailed. Surely, said he to himself, this is the conflict of light and darkness, of the good principle and the evil, of Saint Michael and Satan. On the whole however, both Lady Glengrin and Sir Fire agreed on the wretched state of Ireland; but Sir Fire insisted that, although the fact was incontrovertible, no fault whatever *attached* to his Majesty's ministers (meaning the King's) or those employed under them, military or civil, and that the clergy and gentlemen of Ireland, resident and non-resident,

had done every thing in their power, to alleviate the distresses and promote the prosperity of the people. Le Doux was aware, from the roundness and fulness of the period, that the sentence could not be Sir Fire's, and attributed it rightly to a minister, who added that he must also do justice to the *people* of Ireland, who were in general as orderly and loyal as any in the united kingdom; and that if some little excess had been committed, it was rather the result of conviviality than of discontent; and he trusted that what he had risen to state, was a triumphant answer to the malicious and disaffected in England. He then told a story about a mail-coach and a fur-cap, so convincing to the simplest understanding, that the House of Commons voted unanimously any inquiry into the state of Ireland quite unnecessary and useless . . unfortunately he said also, that it might be dangerous and pernicious at the present juncture; which, *out of doors*, raised some alarm.

"For my soul," after a pause, ejaculated Le Doux, "I cannot comprehend it: no one is to blame; and the blame is large enough for all." He meditated; and he found what at first appeared the grossest mismanagement, to be in reality the finest stroke of policy. "What admirable calculations of loss and profit! none but a

commercial people is capable of this precision and exactness! It costs a great deal of money to keep the Irish in subjection: but to whom does the money go? to the friends of ministers, to the supporters of government, to the loyal and the rich. Again, if they did not make a very large portion of the people discontented, how would they find soldiers? Who will leave his family, if he can feed it and enjoy it; unless he has such a sense of honour as a Frenchman, who flies to arms the moment a mayor orders him to be carried off. The English are wanted to labour and pay taxes; the Irish must be kept as they are. Even Cromwel with all his cunning did not see this: his son Henry was the only governor who has made them quiet and contented these six hundred years. The policy now revived is more complex: we cannot attribute the glory of the invention to fellows who never learned, from a dictionary and a smugler, that Walcheren is a pestilential island and Antwerp a fortified town . . O my country! my first wish is that thou mayest have no enemies; my second is that, having them, they may be men like these: but it would be unfair to deny them the merit of walking firmly and undeviatingly in the footsteps of their predecessors."

It was on the seventh or eighth morning, that

Le Doux, rising from the cabin, cried to Normanby, "O, Mr. Normanby! what vast harbour are we entering?"

"This is the Strait of Gibraltar;" answered he.

"O yes," said Le Doux, "so it is. We are far from the Barbary coast, yet how wild it looks even at this distance! see the difference between Christian industry and Moorish apathy!"

"Great indeed, sir," replied Normanby, "but that rock is Gibraltar, and this beautiful country to the left is Barbary. In fact the Moors are industrious, and always were intelligent on agriculture, even before the Romans, into whose language their books on that subject were translated, at a time when no original one on the subject had appeared at Rome *. The Spaniards never were cultivators, in modern times or ancient. The southern parts of the Peninsula still retain the traces of Moorish enterprise, and the kingdom of the Moors in Spain, if they had been Christian,

* The Africans on the coast of Mauritania had a custom, claimed as an invention by the Tuscans, of interring corn for its preservation. The writer of Cesar's war in Africa mentions the practise, but mistakes the cause. Est in Africâ consuetudo incolarum, ut in agris et in omnibus fere villis sub terrâ specus, condendi frumenti gratiâ, clam habeant, atque id propter bella maximè hostiumque subitum adventum præparent.

would have exhibited the most perfect model, ever existing in the world, of industry and civilization, gallantry and glory. The men were valiant, and the women were chaste; robberies and murders were unknown; music was heard from road to road, from castle to castle; wars were the sports of valour, jousts and tournaments its idler recreations. At last, divided by faction, they were oppressed by numbers, leaving such monuments behind them as the powerfullest of our empires never will erect."

Michael heard this, and whispered to Renault, "I should not be surprised to see this Englishman turn renegado, if the ship draws nearer the coast."

It was then about one mile off: the harvest was gathered, still the country seemed a garden. Several boats approached the vessel with pomegranates of unusual size, undetached from their bright and glossy leaves, and the late fig, and grapes of various forms, sizes, and colours, and live quails and partridges and doves, and little kids, that leaped back amongst them from the deck again, and would not leave them. Suddenly the ship tacked, and a fresh breeze blew them into Gibraltar, where they must water.

"This long point of land could surely be culti-

vated," said Le Doux to the captain; "it is level and not rocky."

"Sir," answered the captain, "the inhabitants of the city are three-fourths Jews, and most of the rest Spaniards. These people will never work, if they can help it. Monopolies and privileges and exemptions furnish the greater part of the Governor's emoluments, which are about five hundred guineas a week in time of war, and in peace little more than fifty a day, and he would not like to see plantations; they bring no tarif."

"It is nearly a mile in length," said Le Doux, "and shady walks might be formed upon it, for the convenience and health of the garrison."

"No tarif for the governor from shady walks," replied the captain.

Le Doux and Sir Fire went ashore in uniform, in order to leave their cards at the Governor's.

"Precede them with flambeaux, for they are persons of distinction," said the governor to his valet.

"My lord, it is mid-day," answered the valet.

"Leave me then," said his lordship . . "it is time I should think of sleeping *."

* Nearly all the sages of antiquity have left us an aphorism on human life, and there seems hardly room for another; but this our sage, if he has not given, has caused one . . *Vita somni breve intervallum.*

For the distance of many miles inland, and many along the shore, there was hardly a sign of cultivation. "How do the people live?" asked Le Doux.

"By means of the Moors," answered the captain.

Different were the colonel's exclamations all the way from cape St. Vincent to cape Finisterre. "Is it possible that sea-costs can be so beautiful! O how fine! O how pretty! superb! magnificent! brilliant!" there were rocks that were charming, and villages that were minions, and vineyards that were tapestry, and meadows that were carpets. "These countries have very worthy kings," said he, "they only want good ministers." A thousand plans in an instant were ready for the consummation of their happiness.

"O heaven! this must be France!" exclamed he one day in extacy.

"No, sir!" said the captain, "it is the coast of Asturias."

Le Doux thought the rocks prettier even than those of the Petit Trianon. He expressed a second time his admiration of the coast: "We have passed a better," said the captain, "and you never noticed it. There are no harbours in Asturias like Ferrol and Coruña."

Off the Scilly isles they found themselves in

the midst of fishing-boats. Normanby took leave of his friends, sailed in one of them to Bristol, two days afterwards reached Sandyhurst, and had the courage to walk directly toward the green lane, just as if he had never met an intruder.

The vessel that conveyed Lady Glengrin, Sir Fire, and Le Doux, at length cast anchor in the bay of Dublin, not without another subject of wonder to Le Doux, at seeing a pestiferous marsh, capable of cultivation and fertility, under one of the finest cities in Europe. "If this had been at Odessa, it would have been converted into docks," said he to himself. He passed the parliament-house, and lifted up his hands in astonishment. "An Englishman I met at Genoa," said he to the general and the countess, "at an old minister's, fond as he was of extolling the public architecture of his country, and preferring the cathedrals and abbeys there to any thing Antiquity has left us, never said a word about this noble fabric. It was perhaps too modern for him. He was a sort of half-author, a creature so devoted to Antiquity, that when he snored he seemed in drawing his breath to say *grec*, and in emitting it to say *romain*. I had the personal proof of it; for whenever he was disposed to sleep he slept, and would have done so had he been called

to the levee or to the ministry. I never saw him quite decorous but in church, where he always seemed immersed in the deepest meditation; and if a person but whispered, even during the music, he fixed his eyes upon him with stern rebuke."

The society introduced to Le Doux was the most select. The beauty of the women held him breathless. "Am I in Poland, or in Paradise?" was his heart's voice. He paid his principal attentions to those who put on a clean pair of gloves every day, not because he thought them persons of greater distinction, but because he considered it as the test of civilization, where the means are ample. Even among these, within the first week his suspicions were confirmed by his valet that the linen was not always changed so often: but he thought it a scandalous tale when he heard that some of them came to breakfast in a part of the apparel in which they had slept.

"Do not tell me such nonsense, Renault! Depend upon it, the girl that gave you the information has been discharged: you will see her off soon."

"Well, sir," said Renault sighing, "would you believe it? until within these few years there was not a bidet in the kingdom of Ireland. The duchess of Rutland, consort of a Lord-lieutenant,

brought over the first. The duke (some say it was satirically) ordered one from London for the lady of the Lord Chancellor. It was of porcelaine, as you may suppose, being the gift of a Lord-lieutenant, and its inauguration was in the center of the table, filled with green-pea soup, at a cabinet-dinner given to his grace the Lord-lieutenant."

"A cabinet-dinner! . . and a vengeance . . with its green-pea soup, rogue!" cried Le Doux, laughing immoderately.

"Sir," said Renault gravely, "nobody laughed: everybody admired the contrivance for the ladle, and the maker had made his fortune, if the duchess had mystified as well and reasonably as the duke had done."

Opposite to Le Doux one day at dinner sat a nobleman of high rank, a member of every administration for forty years, placid and pliant, and attentive to nobody but Le Doux, into whose history he had been admitted by the countess. "Colonel," said he, "in all countries there are discontented; there are even in this."

"Is it possible?" answered Le Doux, lifting up his eyebrows with surprise and concern.

"But," rejoined the peer, "such is the kindness of Providence, a certain part of the people

too in all countries, and that part the sounder, is assured that it is well governed."

"His Lordship means those that govern," said a worthy mayor . . "None are more open to conviction, but they are not to be run away with neither!"

Politics, on this occasion as on others, were discussed in few words, which, as he understood but little English, he did not attend to. He could collect however that most complaints were ill-founded; that those who complained of any specific grievance were unfair and partial in not considering the whole, and that those who took a view of the whole, and who proposed an inquiry into it, should state some specific grievance.

In another house, after several glasses were drunk with great cheerfulness, the whole company rose up to a mysterious toast, in silence and sadness. He sipped the wine in doubt, and found that it was the same as he had been drinking from the first, and excellent claret. He could not conceive what had saddened at a single moment so many vacant and rosy faces. The next morning he heard that two of them had been shot by their antagonists, in a quarrel arising from this toast; the *immortal memory* of some

one they had never seen or thought about. He imagined the silence and sorrow would have come better after; that wine should make men joyous and duels serious. On reflexion he feared to be *compromised,* and suspected that the *immortal memory* so religiously observed, and with such awe, might be the memory of Bonaparte. To relieve his suspicions, he joked about it with two of the youngest, whom he found at billiards the succeeding day. They laughed aloud at his mistake. "It was king William," said one. "It was William Pitt," said the other. "It was no more Pitt than it was my pointer," rejoined the first. In fact, the *immortal memory,* in eighteen hours, had as much obscurity and as many thorns about it as the tomb of Archimedes.

Le Doux was walking one day in the streets of Dublin, when the appearance of perfumery in a window reminded him that he wanted a tooth-brush. He went into the shop, and asked for one. The master, a tall, florid, well-drest, genteel-looking man, took up several, and rubbing them against the extremities of his fingers, recommended one particularly. Take this: it will keep your teeth clean twenty years at once using, and you may eat a * * for your supper. You are a Frenchman, sir, I find by your way of speaking,

and I see you have hardly three hairs on a side. In your country they make good pomatum: try mine: but . . take the word of a friend . . wash your hands well afterwards in soap and warm water, or you will have hair upon the palm of your hands an inch thick before night; and no razor can touch it.

"What is the price, sir?"

"Ah now! is it the price? I never sell for lucre of gain: a half-crown contents me . . and just for the peg-polisher, a thirteen-penny. Recommend me to your friends, if you have any, and I'll thank you."

"Favour me with the number of your shop."

"*Magazine*, if you please. The poor beggar of a schoolmaster over the way calls his, *seminary*: and sure then I might call mine so; but I would be modest . . *magazine* does for me."

Le Doux was leaving the door, when he was met on the threshold by a young clergyman, who, flapping his lustrous boot with a thin whip, and drawing up his shirt-collar with his left-hand, red as a pigeon's claw and broad as an ostriche's, pushed rudely by him into the shop. Le Doux bowed and begged pardon. At the same moment, the hairdresser, for such he was no less than perfumer, caught him by the arm, and taking the

clergyman's too, said, "Brother Joe, I must introduce you to this gentleman, who dines with us."

"A thousand thanks! excuse me today."

"Today or never! now for your name."

"My name is Le Doux, sir: but really . ."

"Le Doux!" said the clergyman, eying him suspiciously. "I'm dammed if it is: that's a *neger's.*"

"I would not incommode you, my good friend," said Le Doux to the hairdresser: "Have the goodness to liberate my arm . . another time;"

"Another time I may not have upon the spit a *cock o' the mountain*, ruddy and lusty as any eagle: you shall have him *piping-hot*, with his best feather through his nose. Lady C * gave him me, with a Bologna-sausage, and a note (I would shew it you) under. Hams and *double-Gloster* are plenty . . I could tell you too what houses these come from, after dinner . . and bright whiskey, that widens your nostrils when you smell it, and finds water enough in your mouth for twenty glasses. Honest folks gave me that, who might not like naming: *cocks o' the mountain* of another breed; aye Joe? you live amongst 'em. Come, stay; we shall dine gloriously. Joe has a voice, and a song for it. Look at the windows of five houses on each side, when he sings; and you shall see the old women lug the wenches down,

and shall catch many a crimpt cap and red wrinkle over the blinds."

"Hold your wild colt's tongue, Matthew!" said the clergyman, rebuking him privately; and then in a lower tone, "Sure, are not we two enough for a *cock o' the mountain*, aye, and a sausage as big as a boulster?"

At the commencement of this pastoral charge, Le Doux, finding his arm released, made his escape. At which the brothers, much as one of them had wished his absence, agreed that he was a *blackguard* and a scamp, and unfit for their society. "Providential!" Joe ejaculated. "You would have talked first about your sausages and *cocks o' the mountain* and countesses, and then about the whiskey, letting it out by degrees that I had a trifle in the concern. And now, Matthew, about these women. Can't you meet with better and honester? Why then I'll lend you a guinea. My sacred word for it, they all cuckold you; and with more than their husbands; mind that. If you *must* have such sluts, why then have 'em, in God's name! but prythee be sober-minded and decent; for I am sated and sick of hearing of 'em."

"Only one word, Joe!" said Matthew mildly, and interlacing his arm; "Brother Joe now, my

life and love! who presented you to that little tight pretty living there of Ennisgalcraig? and what for?"

"Stuff!" cried Joseph.

"True enough!" said Matthew. "Are you hungry? brother Joe!"

"Hungry as a wolf-dog."

"Give tongue upon the women then another time, and not when you would eat what they send us."

Invitations to dinner were frequent in the neighbourhood. Among the rest was a long and elaborate one from Captain Phelim O'Mara: it was accepted. Le Doux was placed at his left, and was informed most politely by the captain that he liked foreners above all things, and that he himself was half a forener.

"O no, captain O'Mara, you are a true Irishman, bred and born," cried lady Glengrin, "we must not loose our title to you!"

"I am so by father's side and mother's side, and by unkles and aunts," replied the captain, "but I have traveled of late; and the ground makes the forener, not the venter nor the . . . Pray, if one may make so bold as to ask, what do you see in that to chuckle at, ladies and gentlemen? and what made you touch my arm, sir?"

"Without the slightest idea of offence, I do assure you, captain O'Mara!" said Le Doux: "on the contrary, it was done in my extreme impatience to second you in so just an observation. You were at Paris, I presume: how long did you remain there?"

"A week," replied the captain: "I had taken my lodgings for a whole week, or I should have gone away directly. Our minister there, would you believe it? made a difficulty of presenting me to the king. It was explaned to me in that way; although, to do him justice, he only said he should embrace some future opportunity."

"Indeed!" replied Le Doux from his heart, and with an expression of deep sorrow on his countenance. "His Majesty has borne many misfortunes: I hope no one will tell him of this."

"I will myself, by the Lord, if ever I go over again, and catch his eye," said the captain, striking the table. "I went on to Italy, and at Florence my lord Burghersh knew better what stuff my coat was made of, and what colour this is. The granduke treated me like his own son, and came behind my chair at supper, and hoped I might find at table something to my taste. I replied to him in irish; which I had a better right to do than he to speak in french: for irish is my own language,

and french is not his. As there was nothing to be seen at Florence, but statues and pictures and other such childish things, I proceeded to Rome, in company with a gentleman who said we must have four horses, if we expected clean linen at the inns. *As for clean linen*, said I, *let those look to it who are to lie in it; for my part I sleep all the way in the coach.* Howsoever, to shew him that I did not mind my money, I agreed to the four horses."

"Well, captain," said lady Glengrin, "what did you think of the fair Italians?"

"You smoke me then, my lady, do you? Who told you about it?"

She protested she knew nothing of the matter: he continued. "The whole way from Florence to Sienna I thought every girl prettier than the last: for which reason I kept the blinds up, not wishing to understand my fellow traveler, who declared he suffered so violently by the sun, that he was giddy and could see nothing. Soon afterwards, on some exclamation of mine, he told me that nearer Rome I should not find the females so handsome.

I do not believe in any thing supernatural, excepting a ghost or two; but there are things that puzzle one.

I fell asleep from the violent heat and from the incessant and intolerable noise of a creature they call *grillo*, against which all the carriage-wheels in christendom would not defend you, and I did not awake until night. This monkey-faced black devil of an inch or two in length, with his *grill grill grill*, makes one hotter than twenty suns could do, bothering and never aisy. In the morning, instead of vineyards and cornfields, a vast barren country, cracked by the heat, lay wide-open before me. It looked like some starved monster, from whose powerless bones one still wishes oneself away. No hedge was there, no tree, nor bird of any kind to inhabit them, if there had been. I saw no animal but one long snake, lying in the middle of the road. Then again, instead of well-dressed, smiling, beautiful girls, joking with you innocently or wishing you heartily good day, female devils could not be nakeder nor bonier nor uglier than those wenches who ran before us, begging and screaming, and scratching their heads and blade bones, and writhing like the damned. I remarked it to my companion, who calmly and indifferently answered me, *I told you so.*

Were you ever here before, sir? said I.

Never, he replied.

I trembled . . that is . . not from fear . . but

good people that fear tremble just as I did: for he threw himself back, as tho' he had given the order that things should be so, and knew they were so. We entered Rome: he ordered his luggage to remain at the gate, alighted, saluted me; nobody has met him or heard of him; the people at the gate are afraid of saying a word about him if you ask them; never have I seen him from that hour to this, and God forbid I ever should in future."

Lady Glengrin then asked the captain whether he had been presented to the pope.

"As soon as I had put on a clean shirt and got my boots blacked, I went," said he, "to Cardinal Gonsalvi, as the shoeblack told me I should, and desired to be presented to his master: he recommended me to a countryman of mine, father Taylor, who did it."

"The cardinal is a man of great politeness and extensive information," said Le Doux.

"Politeness enough," replied the captain; "but information is another thing. The devil a word of english or irish had he to throw at a dog; and when I tried him at latin, by my soul! not a syllable could he put down to it, altho it is all in the breviary, which I borrowed on purpose to learn it, from the waiter."

"Did you try the pope at it, captain?" said Lady Glengrin.

"Madam," after a pause answered he, "I beg your pardon, but it is uncivilish to speak to a lady, with a leg of a turkey in limbo, between the gullet and grinder. Now then at your service. I told his holiness I hoped I had the pleasure of seeing him very well, drawing up my breeches, and putting my hand at ease in the fob, like a man of fashion. The pope knows all languages under heaven, they tell me, but he did not hear me at first, and when my words were repeated to him in italian by my worthy countryman, he replied, with a smile as hearty as mine, that he was always well in the presence of worthy men, and that he suffered as little as could be expected from his age and infirmities. He smiled upon me for a moment when he had done, and then said something quite as obliging to another, who had made no enquiries after his health at all. My free, noble, Milesian manner gave general satisfaction: people were surprised to see how easily and spiritedly I did it: and an English lady was encouraged to ask him for a lock of his hair, not wishing to be outdone by an Irishman."

"Did he give it her?" asked lady Glengrin.

"He could not well have made any woman

jealous; yet he thought he might, and said gravely, that after his death, those who esteemed him might wish for such memorials, but that he could not give them, in the grave or out. He seemed to be much affected at the mention of dying, and went away. The English lady was vext and angry, and said aloud *A stiff old prig! I would not give a farthing for it.* Nobody applauded her: women and men looked in her face coldly and fixedly. I began to feel for her, and to shew her that I did so, I told her that, if she drove that way, it should go hard with me but I gave her a lock of as good a man's."

Le Doux had offered many little attentions to the lady next him, from whom he sometimes had an answer, but often none. At last she was tired and impatient of them, and said to a girl on the other side of her, giving her an elbow-kick, "Christ Jesus! Bess, how this outlandish man does plague and worry me! Lord Almighty! will he never let me eat!"

Le Doux either did not hear or dissembled it: but the captain, who heard it plainly, was not aware of this, and said, "Let her alone, colonel! old cats will grumble over their meat, and mean nothing. If you intend civility, she is only my sister; you need not mind her; aye, Teresa?"

"I am as much to be minded as another, Phelim. Who soused you that sow's ear? There's no bacon where there's nobody to salt it . . mind that, and munch genteeler."

Universal approbation succeeded, excepting from Lady Glengrin, who neither uttered a word nor changed a feature. Le Doux declared that the lady was in the right; and that he himself was the only person to blame; no correction, he added, could make him moderate his attentions, to wit, spirit, and beauty.

"Lord! he speaks as good english as the dean," exclamed the pacified Teresa to her younger friend, "and when one does not eat, one can listen. Mind him: he is not so old as he seems: he may be forty."

"A fig for men of forty!" said the other in her ear; "and I do not much like him neither; for his nails are white all the way down, more like a beast's than a christian's."

The last of these words were interrupted by a violent noise in front of the house; then at the door; then within it. Chairs rattled; imprecations and expostulations clashed, thickened, redoubled.

"Now for fun!" cried the captain, wiping first his hands with his whiskers, and then rubbing

them together in raptures. "But better after our wine . . Moyle, run out and tell them to wait. Lady Glengrin, a thousand to one, that among the rebels I find the fellow who stole your peacock, or some of his kin."

"I hope, captain, if you do," replied her ladyship, "you will lay the lash on him smartly."

"Have you so many thieves about you, captain?" said Le Doux.

"These, and three hundred thousand more of them," cried he. "We will whip them howsoever, till we find them out."

"What can so many find to steal?" asked Le Doux.

"Steal!" replied the captain, "the thieves for the most part steal nothing: but nine in ten of the whole population are rebels . . bloody dogs! firy-hot papists as any in hell, enemies to church and king, tythe and orange, sly Scotch presbyterians, earthed and dunged here, fellows who cry out so at the sight of a steeple, one would think you had poked it into the hollow tooth. I have flogged them myself until I have a rheumatism in my shoulder that will last me for life, and until there is a dearth of wire and honest hemp in all the midland parts of the country."

"You seem indeed to have been in active service," said Le Doux.

"I have flogged this coat upon my back, and five hundred ayear into my pocket: I shall be major next christmas, and die commander of a district. These things are not given for nothing."

"From your enthusiasm in your profession, you must have entered it early in life."

"I was in the midst of the rogues at the outset."

"You remember then the attempt of the revolutionary French and of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald."

"O yes; I was then but a boy tho. Often and often has he lifted me above his head, altho I was as tall at ten as he was at thirty. He used to say, when people told him to take care of himself, that he had not an enemy that he knew or that knew him. Yet he found one here in Ireland who could do his business; and another who could trample on his bones and oust his family; and one too of his own kin, the nearest of all, but just as the callous is to the foot, never helping and often corning it. People cried *shame! no Irishman, by Jesus!* and such like, at it, royalist and rebel at once. Lord Edward was such a merry,

innocent, ingenuous little devil, he could towzle a man's wife before his face, and no *blood and hounds* upon it, nor spit nor spade nor shilalah. And yet somehow he was the mischiefullest imp of all father Satan's fire-side. Had he lived a couple of years, we should have had barefoot bishops and woolen epaulets; no army, all militia; from bog to parade, from parade to bog; singing and whistling, as who should care for any; and it would have been a month's labour to lift a hat.

We have *United Irishmen* in every county and township; and by my soul! if he had carried his plans into execution, we should have had none at all, at all, but *United Irishmen.* Our people will always be bad when they can be, sir!"

An Englishman corroborated the observation by the words, "I believe so." At which the captain rose from his chair, and asked him what he meant by speaking ill of Ireland in his presence, which he swore no man should do while he had Irish blood in his veins.

"Nevertheless they are most incorrigible rogues," said lady Glengrin, remarking the silence and sorrowfulness of Le Doux.

"The vulgar are subject to error," said he, "and in these matters even the wise. Possibly your ladyship may find amongst them some who

aspired to your countenance by participating your opinions on civil liberty."

"Civil liberty:" cried she indignantly . . "what! among the bogs and mountains! Besides, these fellows have no more right to my opinions than to my property. Colonel Le Doux, I hardly could have expected in you the champion of robbery and revolt. If it were against a minister or king it might be well enough; but when one cannot keep a favorite peacock on the lawn, matters are carried too far."

There was silence for a moment, the first moment there had been hitherto, and this was violently broken by the obstreperous enterance of the cook, lifting up her ladle, which dropped the grease over the same-coloured kerchief on her ample bosom.

"A dirty pagan! a dirty pagan!" cried she. "Because your Honour would not let a scurvy louse of a lieutenant come to table among the Quality, he must do that! *What! forsooth!* said the polecat, *if the daughter of mother J** is become a countess, and picks her teeth here, am not I good enough to lift my jacket-flap upon the chair beside her?*

No, you are not, said I.

Then, said he, *no sucking-pig for countess*

or captain this blessed day: and, arching his hand like the bridge over the Shure, he began to water."

"Hold hard!" cried Mr. Roger Moyle. "Have you no decency, Tertulliana Trench, to talk of a man's" . .

"Decency! the cockroach! I could skin him like an eel, alive alive. No roast pig today, by my salvation, as I am true to the protestant ascendency, unless your Honour spits the bloody traitor."

"Let me alone for that," said the captain calmly: "I will see whether his ribs will crackle, and whether he has a handful of thyme and marjoram in his belly."

At this he said grace, and would have risen; but Le Doux took him by the hand, and pressing it between his, submitted to his sounder judgement whether so trifling a matter were worthy of his exalted courage. The captain would have argued in the affirmative.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Moyle humanely, "the man was drunk; and drunken men are up to any thing but one; arn't they, Miss?" addressing his fair neighbour. She lifted up her shoulder, and said impatiently, "Let Phelim go his way. Sure we shall have a witty song from Tommy Moore

upon it, ringing on the *piano* from Dublin to Belfast."

"Then, let the salt whelp baste both pig and fire till midnight!" exclamed the captain: "I would rather be in a jail than in a song; and that witster's are never out of tune or out of fashion. Besides, we had all done with eating; and as for sucking-pigs, I know where the other seven are. But, right or wrong, I have something to say in Master Ralph's ear another time, for his ill manners, and that wont lie like cotton in it, take my word."

The bottle was then pushed round; and it was announced to the ladies by the captain that they might sit where they were, as no smutty toasts would be given nor merry songs called for; and as coffee was fitter for Turks, and tea for washer-women; and, above all, as good claret was not to be had every day in the best houses. "Mine," added he, "never gets into the head, ladies! It passes like a guinea: don't be shy. *Church and King*, if you please; (what say you, colonel?) and then *the ladies;* and afterwards *the gentlemen* from their fair lips: and now afore God, Roger Moyle, I do desire you will not favour us with any of your explanations."

"Lord help you, O'Mara!" said Moyle, sneering, "they are no bigger fools than you and I. I wave the cap along the ground where the scent lies fainter round cover."

In despite of invitations and precautions the party broke up early in the evening.

Lady Glengrin had alike sustained her dignity and her affability, and told the captain she did not wonder he was such a favorite at the castle. Her attendent, lord Purlingstreamdale, was loftier. He looked hard, and did not hear Mr. Roger Moyle invite him across the table to drink a glass of claret. Mr. Roger Moyle appeared not to notice it at the time; but when they rose from table he took him gently by the sleeve, and reminded him of it plaintively, in almost a whisper, saying that he did not expect it at his hands, having left no less than eighty pounds for five weeks together in his father's bank, when his bailiff Michael Haft sold the bullocks at Crookhaven. His lordship looked disdainfully.

"I am sorry you look so strange and modest and red, my lord," said Mr. Roger Moyle, "as there is a sort of kin between us."

"How so, Mr. Moyle?" said his lordship.

"Why sure then," replied Mr. Roger Moyle, "and was not my father's kitchen-wench, poor

Phillis, who died at eighty under my roof, own sister to Moll * * your good granmother, whom your granfather, if he had lived, would have made an honest woman; for there was not one that scoured better nor harder in those parts, pewter or brass, tho Phillis was never slack . . . No drawing up before me! no waistcoat-button against mine! I know your highth without tape. I have some stray acres, my lord Purlingstreamdale, and, if you beat for me, you may know where they lie, and where the house lies upon 'em; there's ne'er a tree hides it; it looks you in the face of day, erect and blithe as a bridegroom." Then, offering his hand, "come let us part friends, or we shall not sleep soundly; tomorrow every man to his fancy." He stooped a little, and rubbed his palms, as men do before a good fire on coming from the cold, and, in higher spirits than he had shewn before, ran to the carriage, the steps of which lady Glengrin was about to mount, and invited her ladyship and colonel Le Doux to Moylestown, where he told them he had dogs and some dirt for them if the weather should hold. They laughed heartily and drove off.

"Lord Purlingstreamdale, you do not enjoy Moyle's wit," said lady Glengrin.

"I did not hear the man," replied he.

"Colonel, I should like to take you over," said her ladyship. "Roger Moyle is a man of ancient family: I may say it to you, altho when I mentioned it incidentally in the presence of O'Donohough, O'Dono told me that he was only a Saxon, if I called that ancient; and, being informed by a lady that the race was Norman, he scoffed and cried, *Och! they are all one; the same thing top and bottom*, pitying the ignorance of his interrupters. Moyle possesses an estate of twenty miles or more in every direction. In the beginning of our disturbances he was a great pacificator, altho he commanded a body of cavalry, and the major of an English regiment told him that by such misconduct he had become suspected.

I have one reason to be sorry for that; and only one, said Roger Moyle.

What is it, sir? said the major hautily.

Because I shall be more so before night, replied he.

How! exclamed the major.

By contriving a window on English ground that shall never pay tax.

I don't understand you, sir, cried the major.

Come out then, and bring your best pistols, looking first to flint and priming and by the

grace of God I make a loop-hole in that pantry there for a wiser man to look thro.

They met; and he took the major by the hand" . . . here Lord Purlingstreamdale blushed and breathed hard . . " and begged and entreated him, as a christian and a neighbour, to retract his words . . in vain . . . *any word, best or worst; only retract it,* said Moyle. The major told him to stand off, and not beg and pray there, after his insolent and braggart brogue. They fired; and the major fell. *And now, gentlemen,* said Moyle to the seconds, *as you have each your servant with you, do me the favour to take this uniform to head-quarters, and to tell the general, with my best compliments, that it was Roger Moyle's.* And he stripped off his uniform and rode home in his shirt-sleeves, a distance of twenty-five miles, in the beginning of January."

" Captain O'Mara must be very intimate with him," Le Doux remarked. " He desired him at dinner to take a message out of the room."

" Do you wonder at any thing in O'Mara?" said the countess. " I never heard of a particular intimacy between them; but the maxim of Roger Moyle is, to go wherever he is invited; for he says that nobody will invite him who does not like him,

and that he has neither bad heart nor bad stomach. Obliging as he is, he would have been offended at such a liberty, if there had been a servant in the room who could have delivered the message, or if O'Mara could have left the company. For although his conversation is coarse and clownish, there are certain points upon which, in common with the Irish in general, he is delicate and sensitive in the extreme. His moderation made him as much suspected by some of the insurgents, after he had laid down his uniform, as to the major. Toward the end of the same month he had been shooting, and was returning homeward, when three armed men started up from amongst the gorse, and one of them advancing cried, *Ho! Moyle! bring us your gun.*

Gentlemen, replied he, *it is easier for you to come and fetch it than for me to bring it. I have been out all day, with a brace of hares dangling, as you see, across my shoulder, and fifteen fat partridges in my pouch, if I counted right.*

The man came closer, and cried, *Off with your belt and down with your fowling-piece, strait forthwith, or . .*

Or what? cried Moyle. *And now you threaten, friend, the play's fair.* So saying, he discharged the contents through his body, and began to load

again. The other two at first were astonished, but after a mutual exhortation, on seeing that the gun was not double-barreled, they rushed forward against him. He drew a pistol, and shot one: the other begged his life until he could confess.

Draw your charge then, said Moyle; *and now give me the ramrod . . and now off my grounds in the twinkling of an eye, or by Jesus! you sleep in the kennel, on raw horse-flesh, no sweeter than yourself, and such whiskey as curs give curs.*

He broke the ramrod, threw the pieces over the man's head, and without looking after him, walked home."

"He appeared to me," said Le Doux, "a very ordinary man, begging his pardon, for my opinion was a most unjust one, and I am happy to correct it. Whatever he says is wrong, and whatever he does is right. Now of all things in a man's character this is the most uncommon, the most opposite to what we find or expect. I regret that I was not near enough to him to lead him into conversation."

"His conversation," said Lady Glengrin, "has usually a tendency to the indelicate, which produces the effect of wit among the uneducated, and which, I am sorry to say, in this country almost always accompanies it. In France and England

the dinner-table is the theatre of decorum: in Ireland there are persons of rank and distinction who forget that the table-cloth is still before them, and that the defilement they suffer to escape them, may run down and reach their daughters.

Moyle entertains that contempt for reading and study, which is general, not to say universal, among our gentry. Yet, from the little I have seen of him, I do not think him deficient in understanding or acuteness, although there is a story about him which, if true, goes to shew the contrary. On his return home one morning, from some appointment with the justices about a road, his butler heard him repeat to himself, by jerks and twitches, some sharp oath-like interjections, as he walked up and down the dining-room; and took the liberty of saying, *Master! what are you angry at?*

Moyle's answer was, with a smile, *Because, Nan, I was angry. If a man can't keep his temper, what is he fit to keep?*

Andrew, who had lived with him from a boy, was satisfied, and only said, that he did not think wrath was worth carrying home, though a man rode.

That Roger Moyle has not much reflexion, is proved by an occurrence well known and often

related. His mother's uncle was the Catholic bishop of the diocese; a learned and pious man. On his death-bed he was frequently visited by Moyle. One evening he said, *Roger! you have an excellent heart, sound sense, and great influence in the county. I am sorry, on leaving the world, to think we shall never meet again.*

Don't think about that, unkle Nol, said Roger. *I will remain with you, and lie upon a rug in this chamber, if you wish it.*

The bishop groaned, *Poor Roger! blind still! kind-hearted nephew! in another world then we never must meet!* and burst into tears.

Unkle Nol! said Roger, *tears are good for the toothache, but may do harm in your complaint. Let us be reasonable, and discourse it over.*

The bishop pressed his hand, and thanked him for the only act of kindness he never had seemed disposed to. *You will then hear me, Roger, upon our holy faith?* He brought forward all the arguments in its support, every one of which was irrefragable, and pure from the mouth of apostols, doctors, and confessors; and at the conclusion he cried, *I have a cloud more of witnesses.*

The cloud we have had is quite enough, unkle Nol!

Now, Roger! can you doubt them? cried the good man emphatically.

I cannot, said Roger.

You hold then these blessed truths?

I do.

And will stand firmly thereby?

I will.

You abandon then your own pernicious errors?

Roger hesitated; and then said tenderly, *Unkle Nol, turn upon your back again, and lie quiet. Sure I may keep my own errors, and take yours too.*

O nephew Roger! my last hopes are blighted!

Pooh! pooh! no such thing. I believe all that you have said, unkle Nol; but I may believe other folks as civilly. Men of honour may differ in opinion, and no harm in it, while they don't contradict. If you tell me what you saw and what you know, why then indeed I take your word rather than another's, as being my next of kin, and aware right well what blood is in your veins."

"Incapable as I have shewn myself," said Le Doux, "of judging the other parts of his character, I will not hazard a word upon his prudence; but it appears wonderful to me that, in the vicinity of those whose relatives he has shot, he rides home alone in the evening, thro a country so uninhabited.

"The same thing was remarked to him by

Captain O'Mara," said Lady Glengrin; "and he replied that he was mounted on such a horse as no man need be ashamed of: that, if there were few, he would shew them his head; and, if the bidders were too many, his tail. Neither expostulation nor experience have altered his custom. Nat Withers, called familiarly from this time forward *the man of the broken ramrod*, told his story with some few variations, and swore in the presence of several, that he would kill the first soldier he met, private or officer, in service or out. The declaration was made before O'Mara, who, in addition to his other offices, is justice of the peace. He watched his opportunity of surrounding Nat's house, which Nat had been just seen entering, and called aloud *Nat Withers!* Nat came to the door, and falling on his knees, *Why sure, captain, your Honour cannot want me; you have so many other brave men about you: for the love of Christ! what are your worship's commands?*

Nat Withers! only just come a step out and be hanged, and hold your tongue upon it. Leave the rest to me: witnesses are sworn; all is ready, just as you could wish it: sentence and service shall be read over you at once: up upon your legs! be aisy!

Nat sprang up, and attempted to run off, but,

turning the corner of the house, was shot. *There may be more of them within*, said the captain; *lose no time, my boys!*

They were entering the cabin, when the wife met them, and leveled one with her fist, and stabbed another to the heart with a knife. Surrounded and seized by the remainder, she threw it from her, and fixing her eyes upon the captain, *Och! bloody hound! Och! that it was not thee!*

Ugly witch! cried O'Mara, *who art thou?*

I am Dinah Shee, Nat Withersis wife these nine years, whose blood be upon thy head!

Better there than upon these new pantaloons, said O'Mara, *where a braver man's is.*

A lie in your hound's throat a stride across! cried Dinah: *there was no braver man in all Ireland than Nat Withers, tho he was not always brave at the right time.*

The captain smiled: she struck at him with her fist: he caught her arm; and said calmly; *Dinah Shee! thou hast spoken fair, and done well and bravely. If any one bears false witness against thee on this little matter, I will appear in thy behalf, and swear him down to the devil! mind that, boys!*

At these words she fell upon the ground, and howled tremendously. *Leave the poor soul in her cabin,* said O'Mara to his men; *she cannot do less*

for the dead; and Nat there wont come again and bother her about it."

Le Doux was saddened at the smile on the countenance of Lady Glengrin, who asked him where were his thoughts.

" I would have reserved them entire for Mr. Moyle," replied he, " if your ladyship had not been mistress of them, and given them another direction. Really I should like to see his town."

" Town!" cried Lady Glengrin with surprise.

" When he did us the honour to invite us, did he not say Moyle's-town?"

" It was always a lone house; altho once there was another nearer it, which he pulled down, because the tenant had poisoned a fox, saying that he who would poison a fox would, in proper time and place, at last poison a Christian, and, after that, a child. To explane the subject of your observation; our houses in the country we call *towns* and *boroughs;* we have *castles* and *forts* of one story high, comfortably thatched, but without wall or ditch, rail or pale, bolt or shutter, and with green sash-windows, in honour of the shamrog, down to the ground. Our lodges and cottages are at the gates of Dublin, in Merion-square, or Stephen's-green, or wings perhaps to the Custom-house."

During the remainder of their drive homeward,

her ladyship commended the prudence of Le Doux, who fearing that some cruelty might be committed in the captain's house, on the men arrested, and before they left it, requested her ladyship to remember that the evenings were damp and chilly, that perhaps more of the disaffected might be abroad, and that, in order to obviate any alarm to herself on the latter subject, and to him principally on the former, as her ladyship's health had been delicate, it might be better to give her commands about the horses. They had hardly left the door, when she began to apologize for introducing him to such a creature; adding that, as he had been presented at court, he was a person to be visited, but that still she did not like it. "However, he keeps the rabble in quietness," said she: "and we have had only one robbery in the parish, the most peaceful in Ireland, all the year; unluckily it was my peacock. As for murders, there have only been seven or eight in as many months, chiefly of middlemen and tythemen, besides a cow, who indeed died rather from hocking, and from having her tongue cut out unskilfully."

A few days after, Le Doux rode into the country, to the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. He found the labours of the husbandman

unremitted, his food of the coarsest quality, and proportionally less plenteous than, from calculation of profit, we give our swine and calves. He saw the Catholic faith in all its purity, but without its festivals. On his return he mentioned this, and here both parties, and every individual, agreed . . namely, that the only good thing amongst them was the absence of holidays.

"The absence of a thing, a good thing!" said he, pondering . . "and this absence, *amongst* them! That is more like an article of faith than an article of logic." He had been accustomed to such inconsequences; but never could he persuade himself that incessant labour is a national blessing, or that what is individually bad is nationally good in any thing. "Can there be prosperity where there is not happiness?" said he within himself . . and it was the first time that a statesman ever had revolved a question the most original and the most important. To be awake is well; but to sleep is well also: to work is good; but to cease from it is not less. Much is gained to a nation by handicraft and digging: is nothing gained by joy and gladness, and by rendering them the immovable Lares of the poor man's hearth? The assertion was uncontradicted, that there were in Ireland four millions of poor or oppressed. "Merciful

heaven!" cried Le Doux, "four millions! all the remainder of the earth does not contain the half. Those educated in slavery are willing slaves: the Mahometans have expeditious, equal, and inexpensive laws, and, in great part, a delightful climate; the two greatest blessings; and they believe in fatality . . no small one! the Pagans hear of nothing better than what they possess and enjoy . . the Irish not only hear of it, but are promised it, and have earned it: fatalism is the only foolish thing they do not believe in: and their climate is such that, rather than bear its inclemency, they eat and drink smoke. What hovels! what food! what beds! what contests of their children and their pigs for even these! Shall then their innocent festivals, the best part of the best religions, and here so requisite as a solace, so acceptable as a compensation, be forbidden them?"

O catholicism! thou art verily a Syphilis among the moral evils, eating deep into the political, and fatal where unchecked; but thou hast thy truckle-couch for thy sores to lie easy on, and something under it to catch thy driveling: God help thee if these are removed!

To dance on Sundays, to enjoy the delights of music, the purest of delights, the greatest, the most humanizing, are things unlawful: the Ca-

tholic and Protestant are covenanters here. They may celebrate the Lord's day, but they must be as gloomy as if it were the devil's. A gauger comes round, and measures every man's smile; and we may expect the Society for the Suppression of Vice to offer a reward for a gelotometre, which Johnson would have defined *a diatonic instrument whereby the cachinnations of laughter may be mensurated.*

In Ireland, as in England, Sunday is a festival; but he who presumes to enjoy the first course, must chew the last in the stocks or in the house of industry, or acquire an appetite for another such feast by the pleasant and wholesome exercise of the tread-mill, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Secretary Peel. If Sundays were holidays, as they should be, and Christmas-day and New-Year's-day were added, the quantity of time devoted to idleness would be sufficient. At present they are days of dead languor, and make the tired labourer wish again for work. To scold is not forbidden on them; to sing is: he may quarrel with his neighbour; he must not play with him. Shall the religion then of no nation be free, not only from gross and incoherent, but from restless and insulting absurdities? Shall kindness be the basis of none? loudly as Christianity hath pro-

clamed it, constantly as its divine and ever-blessed Founder hath practised and commanded it? Intolerant and self-sufficient bigots, the most impudent and crazy of mankind, legislate for churches, and gloss for Christ. They do not trouble their heads in what manner the commutative offices of life are executed, the interests of society in all its parts, and never are quiet on those which they call the *everlasting*, but which in fact are no interests at all, being mere dependencies on belief or unbelief, in matters incapable of demonstration. Much of fanaticism is seen in England, some in Ireland; but it is among the lighter curses of that country.

"It appears to me," said Le Doux, "that in this country the features of evil are harsh, the form indefinite."

"We must acknowledge," said Lady Glengrin, "that none of our statesmen has been capable of improving the condition of the Irish."

"What!" cried Le Doux, "does the plague rage here perennially? do the rains of heaven never fall amongst you? have you no roads, no rivers, no harbours? have you no herbage, no cattle?"

"Of these things," replied she, "we have plenty."

"Bear me witness, heaven!" exclamed Le Doux

enthusiastically . . " to make men happier requires little wisdom, but much will: what was Odessa? what is it now? Madam, I do not pretend to greater knowledge than many possess, in every kingdom: I wished to do good, and, being in authority, I did it. The Russians were not advanced in civilization much farther than the Irish, but the gentry were more humane, the clergy more tolerant, and, in consequence, the *serfs* more docile."

The Irish friends of Le Doux began to think him, some a visionary, some an incendiary: and he, who saw nothing but confusion and contradiction from the first, discovered that the same person was the most polite and the rudest, the most hospitable and the most sordid, the most contentious and the best-natured creature in the world. " It is time to leave this carnival," said he . . " the masks in fashion are half-white and half-black: every man finds its inconvenience, yet every man wears one . . there is only one exception, and . . strangest of all contradictions . . it is a minister of state. Let me fly from this scene of enchantment while the bristles are not yet out upon me."

CONVERSATION X.

TIBERIUS

AND

VIPSANIA.

TIBERIUS

AND

VIPSANIA *.

TIBERIUS.

VIPSANIA, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

VIPSANIA.

Whom do I see? my Tiberius?

* Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, was divorced from Tiberius by Augustus and Livia, in order that he might marry Julia, and hold the empire by inheritance. He retained such an affection for her, and shewed it so intensely when he once met her afterwards, that every precaution was taken lest the meeting should recurr.

I have mentioned in a former volume my persuasion that the Claudii were deranged in intellect. There are few who, after the perusal of the three, will suspect me of apologizing for the vices of princes: but those who endure them are to be condemned still more severely. The Claudii who succeded to the empire were by nature no worse men, and in some respects much better, than several of their race in the times of

TIBERIUS.

Ah! no no no! but thou seest the father of the little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him . .

VIPSANIA.

Tiberius, the altars, the gods, the destinies, are

the republic, altho power ripened at last their malady into ranker growth and deadlier poison. Appius Claudius, Appius Cæcus, Publius, Appia, and after these the enemy of Cicero, shewed as ungovernable a temper as the imperial ones, breaking forth into tyranny and lust, into contempt of, and imprecations against, their country. Tiberius was a man of greater genius than any of the rest; sorrowful, meditative, morose, suspicious. In the last Nero were dispositions the opposite to these, with some talents, and many good qualities. They could not disappear on a sudden, without one of those dreadful shocks, under which had been engulphed, in successive generations, almost every member of the Claudian family.

Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all: but I think we should more justly consider it, in men of education, as a madness; for it quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, must supersede and master our intellect. It removes from us those that can help us, and brings against us those that can injure us: whence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-love, and endangers not only our well-being but our being. Reason is then the most perfect, when it enables us the most to benefit society: reason is then the most deranged, when there is *that* over it which disables a man from benefiting his fellow men . . and cruelty is *that*.

between us . . I will take it from this hand of thine, and thus shall he receive it.

TIBERIUS.

Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania, I may kiss thy head . . for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

VIPSANIA.

Ambition does not see the earth she treads on: the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her.

Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius: it has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

TIBERIUS.

My ambition, I swear by the immortal Gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world . . .

VIPSANIA.

overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

TIBERIUS.

And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us! Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my

mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign forsooth is a lovely thing! O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me? tho the palace of Cesar cracked and splitt with emperors, while I was sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eying the sun, as he swings his golden censer athwart the heavens, or spanning his image, as it overstrides the sea. I have it before me; and tho it seems falling on me, I can smile at it; just as I did from my little favorite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to look theron, and to mitigate the effulgence from the brightest effigy of the brightest God.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like this I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why cannot one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return!

VIPSANIA.

Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name, as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

TIBERIUS.

Who dared to call thee? thou wert mine before the Gods . . do they deny it? Was it my fault . .

VIPSANIA.

Since we are separated, and for ever, O Tiberius, do not let us think on the cause of it: do not let either of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

TIBERIUS.

O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was, patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

VIPSANIA.

Did you say that too? but I think it was so: I had felt little. One wave has washed away a thousand impressions of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me . . .

TIBERIUS.

The wife of Cesar did it . . but hear me now, hear me . . be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother, who loves her only son immoderately, and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very kind; but she regards me only; and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after

power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother . . so good she ever was, so loving to me!

VIPSANIA.

I quite forgive her; be tranquil, O Tiberius!

TIBERIUS.

Never can I know peace . . never can I pardon . . any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! . . There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us! our one boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together . . rememberest thou? or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

VIPSANIA.

I hear; I hear; O cease, my sweet Tiberius! stamp not upon that stone . . my heart lies under it.

TIBERIUS.

Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. O she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me . . she threw me to where I am, at one breath. The Gods cannot replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly? to

whom can I open my heart? to whom speak plainly? There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing: there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

VIPSANIA.

These words cool my breast, like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

TIBERIUS.

My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropt from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied . . and swung away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh . . Your merits may be yet rewarded . . be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

VIPSANIA.

This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

TIBERIUS.

They had not then congratulated me.

VIPSANIA.

On what?

TIBERIUS.

And it was not because she was beautiful, as

they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is, but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be; worthy to succede them, and ready too. I would not make them love me, as they must do, for it: but this will pass away.

VIPSANIA.

Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

TIBERIUS.

Where is my love? my love?

VIPSANIA.

Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in this place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

TIBERIUS.

And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania; why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is all below us: methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

VIPSANIA.

Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

TIBERIUS.

Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedest it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded . . . I know not whom . . . to stand back, on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them: now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal Gods! I cursed then audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

CONVERSATION XI.

JUDGE WOLFGANG

AND

HENRY OF MELCTAL.

JUDGE WOLFGANG

AND

HENRY OF MELCTAL *.

WOLFGANG.

Old man, thou knowest, I doubt not, why thou art brought before me.

HENRY.

For having been the preserver of Arnold.

WOLFGANG.

For harbouring and concealing an outlaw.

* Landenberg, who governed the country for Albert of Austria, sent a messager to drive away a yoke of oxen from Henry of Melctal. His son Arnold, complaining of the violence, was told that *peasants might draw the plough themselves, if they wanted bread.* Arnold struck him with his staff, broke two fingers, and fled to a friend at Uri. On this, the father, in his extreme old age, saw his cattle driven from his farm, his goods confiscated, his house seized . . and nothing else . . for his eyes were torne out by the legitimates.

HENRY.

We all are outlaws.

WOLFGANG.

Villain! and confess it!

HENRY.

Where there is law for none, what else can we be?

WOLFGANG.

In consideration of thy age and good repute, our emperor in his clemency would remitt the sentence passed on thy offence, taking only thy plough and oxen in punishment of disobedience.

HENRY.

Ploughs and oxen are not instruments and furtherers of disobedience. Why were they taken from me before? Had they never been seized by His Apostolic Majesty, and had not the great man Gessler told me that I, a hoary traitor, should be yoked in place of them, my valiant son had never cursed him and his master.

WOLFGANG.

I turn pale with horror . . Curse the right-hand of the Almighty!

HENRY.

We were told that Man was his image, long before we ever heard that a dry marten-skin on

the shoulder, and a score of cut pebbles on the head, made any creature his right-hand. This right-hand does little else than, like children, strip the image, or, just as they do, break the head of one against the head of another.

WOLFGANG.

What particular hardship couldst thou complain of?

HENRY.

Only that whenever there was a fine day, my oxen were taken from me for the emperor's use, and that my boy was forced to guide them.

WOLFGANG.

You had many days left.

HENRY.

Ay, verily, all winter, from the first of November to the first of March. While the snow was from five to three feet deep, I might plough, sow, and harrow. A green turf was an imperial rescript, and I never saw one in the morning but I met a soldier at my gate ere noon, and my two poor beasts were unhoused.

WOLFGANG.

Factious man! the mildest governments in the world have always exacted this trifle in payment for their protection. Where there is little coin, there must be labour or its produce: and how

much better is it to give the half, or rather more, to a lawful master, than the whole to robbers? But indeed this half is not given: all in right is Cesar's. Thy bible says, *Give unto Cesar that which is Cesar's, and unto God that which is God's:* it does not say, *Keep any thing*, which it would do, if any thing remained. Dost whistle, rogue?

HENRY.

I cry you mercy, Sir Wolfgang. About the Scripture I dare argue nothing; but about the thieves . . what thieves have we here? who is disposed to take away kid or pullet from us? cannot we, who are in our own houses, defend them as well as those who are some hundred miles off? and, when we cannot, is not our neighbour as ready to help us as they are? yet our neighbour would blush to ask a spoonful of salt for doing it.

WOLFGANG.

Malcontent! what wouldst thou say if thy master should forbid thee to turn thy barley into malt, or to plant thy garden, or any plot of it, with hops?

HENRY.

I dare not imagine this wrong. The doctor may tell me what I shall best eat, and the priest how I shall best cook it; but neither the emperor

nor the great man Gessler has committed such an act of tyranny, as to order me how to crop my garden or how to mix my tankard. To forbid the earth to give its increase in due season is the heaviest and the rarest curse of God: never, I trust, will any nation be so heartless, as to endure a like interdict from the wrath of man.

WOLFGANG.

There is no danger.

HENRY.

None here perhaps: but our neighbour the duke of Burgundy, not long ago, commanded that a corpse should be disinterred and publickly whipt, for having been wrapt and buried in linen, when according to the ducal ordinances it should have been in woolen. At the intercession of the family, Father Seckthall and Father Gosselinfried represented to his Highness, that the exposure of the corpse might produce a scandal among the people, who knew that nine pounds of wax had been burnt over it, and twenty-four masses said. His Highness was only the more exasperated, seeing his edict thus suspended, and brought witnesses to prove that a part of the nine pounds of wax had been given to the daughter of Margaret Scarfeldt, who, healthy and blooming as she was before, was bedridden from that moment,

and that *domine* had been omitted in one of the masses, said by Father Seckthall; moreover, that Lucas Hansletter and Simon Worewer, two peasants, sang the penitential psalms over the defunct, while the Fathers were carousing in the apartment. This however seems to have been a malicious and false assertion, altho both Simon and Lucas, on examination, swore unto it separately; for three nights afterwards they were sorely smitten by the devil, both about the same hour, insomuch that, partly by fright and partly by bodily hurt, they could not leave their houses for many days.

WOLFGANG.

Thou dost rightly to cross thyself. Why not profit by such examples, and avoid the chances of mischief? The tortoise, well protected as it is, draws in its head at the touch even of a child.

HENRY.

I will do the same, when I am a tortoise. But we Switzers have our rights and privileges: we may kill even a hare if we find him in our corn, provided the land be our freehold. What nation in christendom can say the same, beyond these mountains? We alone are raised to an equality with the beasts and birds. We alone can leave our country: we alone pine and perish if we are long absent from it.

WOLFGANG.

Is that a privilege?

HENRY.

No, my lord judge; it may be a want, a weakness; but those who are subject to it are exempt from all others. Of what are they not capable in defence of their country, to whom she is so dear! We see our parents and children carried to the grave; we lose sight of them, and bear it manfully: on losing sight of our country our hearts melt away.

WOLFGANG.

Brave men bear it. I left my country to perform my duties in this; and what country is pleasanter than Austria, or more productive of cattle and game, of river-fish and capons?

HENRY.

All men have a birth-place, Sir Wolfgang, but all men have not a country: nay, there are some who have it not, and who possess almost half a province, with tolls and mills and chases and courts and prisons, and whatever else can make the great contented.

WOLFGANG.

I should be censurable if I listened longer to such idle and wild discourse. According to thy own exposition, the people of Burgundy are subject to more hardships than thou art, so are those of

Swabia and of France. Be obedient and grateful, seeing that others fare worse.

HENRY.

If my ear is frost-bitten, your Worship's toe may be frost-bitten off and never cure me.

WOLFGANG.

Be comforted and satisfied: the outlawry of thy son Arnold is reversed, on payment of a slender fine for the proclamation of it, and of another for its annulment, not much heavier. We have other accusations against him, which our clemency will not bring forward unless he trespass in future.

HENRY.

Of what other offence is the boy accused?

WOLGFANG.

Of the seditious song he was heard to sing last winter, which also he is known to have composed. We have three witnesses, who will declare, upon their consciences, that they believe by *eagle* he means the emperor our lord; by *hook-nosed wolf*, the arch-chancellor; by *dozing bear*, the metropolitan. I say nothing of the *squirrel*, and the uncurling of her tail . . no action might lie . . but court ladies, when they relax a little of their coldness and severity, are to be treated with deference and respect.

HENRY.

Upon my faith, Sir Wolfgang, I know nothing

of the matter: if ever I heard the verses I have clean forgotten them.

WOLFGANG.

Anastasius Griffenhoof, read aloud those seditious rhymes marked Z.

Storm Morgarten's larch-plumed crest,
Search the sun-eyed eagle's nest,
Tear from hook-nosed wolf his prey,
Drag the dozing bear to day,
O'er the forest shout the deer . .
Dogs and men have voices here.
Freedom here shall make his stand,
Happy, happy, Switzerland!

You whose pliant legs with ease
Clasp and win the tallest trees,
Swarm the flat-head tawny pine,
Bring, a gift to Adeline,
Squirrel roll'd into a ball,
Squirrel, young, nest, nuts, and all.
While her balmy breath she blows
In the grandam's icy nose,
See the tail, it quits the chin,
Feel the heart, it thaws within.
Shew her what her touch can do . .
Ask but half as much for you.

Fishers, leave the spangled trout,
And the pike with pitcher snout,
Whisker'd carp and green-coat tench . .
Who for these his shoes would drench?

For the otter they were meant,
Or the saints of lanky Lent.
Stars are swinging in the lake,
Come, our heartier fare partake.
Home again! the chimney's blaze
Melts our toils and crowns our days.
Hal of Melctal has in store
Seventy full kegs and more.
He who grudges one of these,
Is less liberal than his bees,
Or his flowers and flowering trees.
Hal could live without old wine,
But without old friends would pine.
Where old wine is, there the cellar
Of that safe and sound indweller
May be very good, which he
Who confines it cannot be.
Give me rather men of proof
(What say you?) than wall and roof;
Rather than a talc-paved floor,
Pine-dust bin and iron door.
I have always seen that liquor
Runs, like us, in youth the quicker.
And that rarely older juice
Sparkles forth from hand profuse.
Here for absent friends is plenty . .
Toast them all . . and then some twenty
Pretty girls . . your Hal, 'tis said,
. . Father, do not shake thy head;
Though of thirty I had heard,
I would never say a word.

Pour the meed for those who stay,
Wormwood for who slink away.
What! my friends? ye drink no more?
Then the day indeed is o'er!
Whiter than a marriage shift
See the window! still they drift
By the thousand flake on flake..
Each his road might well mistake,
And the soberest foot must trip,
For the tricks of snow are deep.
Brunn shall pitch upon his skull,
Glendorp scoop his girdle-ful,
Pliffer, Borgardt, Sprengel, Grim,
Lose a cap or break a limb,
And the northern maidens smother
In their feathers one or other.
Things ye never meet by day,
Things at night ye wish away,
Some in linen, some in fur,
Some that moan, and some that purr,
Wander almost everywhere,
But have never enter'd here.
They are out upon the snow,
Scattering it with naked toe;
Ye shall hear them thro the wild
Cry like hungry kid or child.
These are they, the wiser think,
Who spite most the sons of drink,
And who leave them on the waste
With their faces pale as paste.

Thessinger, sit still . . be bolder . .
Squint not over that left shoulder:
I could tell of many fiercer,
But, I warrant, none are here, sir.
Some that neigh, and bray, and rattle
Like the horns of fighting cattle,
Or like over stones the log
Of the truant shepherd-dog.
Some, but most in summer these,
Shaking under shaking trees,
(*My* heart too is now afraid)
One half priest, and one half maid!
Peter Fattar well knows how
Girls are to be claspt, but snow
Puzzles his sagacious noddle
To embrace her, worse than fuddle.
Her white paps with arms outstretched
While he presses he looks wretched;
Rises, rubs his weary knees,
And sighs deep for roasted cheese.
Sit thee down then, Peter Fattar!
Where thou art for staying, all are.
Whisper Funcks, who looks so tiffy,
Twitching up his breeches, if he
From the walnut-tree or middin,
Which he once lay chin-deep hid in,
Whistles to the wise-man's nieces,
Trenck will tear him all to pieces,
Or that mastif bred at Hartz,
Given them by the gauger Schwartz,
Gauge-mark him his hinder parts.

Never dog slept under manger
With a quicker ear at danger,
Or would make a louder pother
Should those wenches take another.
Now the middin piled with snow,
Will not let the worst weed grow.
Funcks would treat the girls but ill
With another icicle,
Tho he should contrive to clamber
Into their round whispering chamber.
Funcks may fear nor dog nor elf,
Fear he must the wise-man's self.
He will give him stone or gravel,
Or some whimsy neath his navel,
Thirsty as the devil, tho in't
Cardamum and peppermint
Flow like water, without stint . .
Or the gout, tho he should go
Fort to Wich, or where flow
Rheine's green ripples (honest Rhine
Shows you water like his wine,
I have heard great people say,
Who could ride *, and rode that way)
And should pluck it from lawn sleeves,
Or at Cologne or at Cleves.
With one stroke the wise-man cures
Much worse ills than mine and yours.
And can bring upon us more
Than the cleverest kend before.

* "*Who could ride.*" No small accomplishment in the eyes of a Swiss mountaineer at that period, and no trifling indication of wealth and dignity.

At his fancy he can clap
Other feathers in Death's cap,
Teaching him to aim as well
As my cousin Willy Tell.
Nature has been very good
To us children of the wood,
Nor the less tho others clame
Power and will to do the same.
When we cannot stand nor go
We can sit or lie . . and so
Sleep before the hearth tonight,
Still the stouter sticks are bright,
And the stump will burn till light.
Back, my hounds . . give us our turn . .
Shake, lads, shake the matted fern.
If the curs have left unsweet
(As may hap) your russet sheet,
Strew a little tansey on it,
Or but tuck it in the bonnet,
Hanging just below your nose . .
So, gay dreams and sound repose !

WOLFGANG.

Call Abraham König and Rehoboam Storck.

USHER.

Behold them, sir !

WOLFGANG.

Abraham Konig, you shall well and truly . . . you know the rest. What is your belief on the words " Hanging just below the nose," applied to *rue ?*

KONIG.

It appears to me . . .

WOLFGANG.

In other words, you are firmly persuaded.

KONIG.

Yes, as your Honour commanded me, I am firmly persuaded that *rue* means bitterness and reviling and threat; for we say, as your Honour said, you shall rue such and such a thing: and then, as your Honour remarked, *just below the nose* is the mouth, so that this reviling and bitterness and threat must hang about their mouths.

WOLFGANG.

Rehoboam Storck! are you likewise firmly persuaded of the same?

STORCK.

I am.

WOLFGANG.

And what do you believe is meant by the dogs being kicked up from the hearth, as having an ill scent?

STORCK.

I do firmly believe that the meaning is, what your Honour ordered me to consider and deliver, namely, saving your Honour's presence, that the higher magistrates were meant thereby, who have indeed an ill savour in the country, and who were to be traiterously and violently dispossest of their

warm places, and that they were to rue their misdeeds.

WOLFGANG.

What misdeeds, carrion! Proceed; what dost understand by the bitter herb being tucked just under the nose?

STORCK.

Hemp, mayhap.

WOLFGANG.

How, idiot!

STORCK.

Your Honour has confounded me.

WOLFGANG.

The devil confound thee!

STORCK.

Verily I think he hath done so.

WOLFGANG.

What is under the nose?

STORCK.

The neck.

WOLFGANG.

Thou dolt!

STORCK.

The teeth, in young folks.

WOLFGANG.

I could flea thee alive. But one witness who sweareth stoutly to the citation of *well and truly*, is enough: I called another for form's sake.

USHER.

Sir . . in your Honour's ear, if so it please you. If you read the verse again, you will find the word not to be rue, but *tansey*.

WOLFGANG.

Hush, idler! Judges are no botanists . . look again.

USHER.

Of a truth, the written word is *tansey*.

WOLFGANG.

The erased word, I uphold it, was *rue*. Rehoboam Storck! did not this same libellous and most seditious man, Arnold, son of Henry of Melctal, call thee a felon? not having proven thee such.

STORCK.

He did.

WOLFGANG.

On what plea or count? Why dost thou not speak?

STORCK.

I went out at dusk, may it please your Honour, and cut the roots of sundry young trees, belonging to the said Arnold, as he said.

WOLFGANG.

Was it so dark that nobody could see you?

STORCK.

I wish it had been.

WOLFGANG.

Simpleton! it would then have been felony. Hearing these loose lines, can any one doubt their aim and intent? But let them pass: I am authorized, as I told you before, to reverse thy son's

outlawry and to commute thy own sentence: at the same time I am also commanded to denounce unto thee, that, if ever thou seest thy son again, thou be deprived of eye-sight.

HENRY.

I am deprived of eye-sight if I do not see him. Of sun and snows we have seen enough at seventy. Ho! Arnold! Arnold! help!

ARNOLD.

Father! who hurted thee? who threatened thee? Off, gentlemen! Off, strangers! Off, soldiers! slaves, miscreants, austrians, stand off.

WOLFGANG.

Murder in my presence!

HENRY.

They bleed all five under thy yew-stick . . one is dying . . I was faint . . I am not so now . . fly, in the name of God! Again, I pray thee, Arnold, if thou lovest thy father, go! begone; I command thee.

ARNOLD.

O God! I heard thy name and was disobedient: my father has commanded and I obey . . forgive me, O my God!

WOLFGANG.

Seize him, the traitor. Dastards . . . but perhaps it may be better to catch him any where else. Who would have thought it! fair as morning, ardent as noon, and terrible as midnight on the shoals. Thou at least canst not run so fast.

HENRY.

I hope I cannot.

WOLFGANG.

Anastasius, call the priest Reginald Grot to strengthen him with admonition, and Sigismuud Lockhart the greffier to translate the sentence into the vulgar tongue, and to read it before the people, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and King, Albert, by the grace of God .. et cetera ... and in the public square to provide that the sentence be well and duly executed, forthwith.

HENRY.

Send also for the great man Gessler .. tell him to come and see a sight .. he has not many more such to see. Welcome, good Reginald .. welcome too, my worthy master Lockhart .. come, thy band sits well enough, let it rest; begin.

LOCKHART.

The instrument must be translated; a good hour's labour yet, to the ablest clerk.

HENRY.

Reginald, thou pressest my hand, and sayest nothing. Dost thou turn thy back upon me? is this thy comfort?

REGINALD.

There is a Comforter who has given thee strength, and taken mine from me: keep it, good old man: do my tears hurt thee?

HENRY.

They do indeed: go home: blessed soul, I never

knew thy temper until now. Many have turned away from me before, but none to hide their compassion at my sufferings. What a draught of sight have I taken with my lord judge Wolfgang! it lasts me yet, and will last me for life. O my young Eagle, my own Arnold, I shall never see thee more upon the rocks of Uri: never shall I tremble at thy hardihood, nor press thee to my bosom for reproaching thee too much. But I shall hear thy carols in the woods of Underwald: let them be blythe as usual; let them be blyther still, for I shall more want pastime, and shall listen for sweet sounds all day long. Do not ask me again, as in the *Lay of the Leap*, whether thou hast given me the heart ache. I was always in thy songs before they ended, even where spring and summer, even where youth and fair maidens, were discoursed of. Pr'ythee do not go on so: above all, I charge thee, Arnold, never say, O my poor father! art thou blind for me! Foolish old man, I was fancying my Arnold at my side, with my eyes yet open and their two balls unbroken . . Is this the place? Blow away, boys! the weather is misty: it will not light . . this arrow-head is too blunt: have you nothing better? my old eyes are sunken and tough. Ay, that seems sharper . . put it just under the piece of mountain-ash . . it will soon redden there . . well done, boy, that is right.

CONVERSATION XII.

BOSSUET

AND

THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES.

BOSSUET

AND

THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES *.

BOSSUET.

MADEMOISELLE, it is the king's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

FONTANGES.

O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody: the last thing he said to me, was *Angelicque, do not forget to compliment M. the bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him, only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you* †, *now you are duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl.*

* The Abbé de Choisy says that she was *belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier.*

† *To confess you.* I should be ashamed of using so ungrammatical an expression, if it were not the one in use on such occasions. It would be well if mother Church had taught her children no worse babble.

BOSSUET.

I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

FONTANGES.

O yes you may. I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

BOSSUET.

The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

FONTANGES.

You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you directly, if you like.

BOSSUET.

Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

FONTANGES.

What is that?

BOSSUET.

Do you hate sin?

FONTANGES.

Very much.

BOSSUET.

Are you resolved to leave it off?

FONTANGES.

I have left it off entirely since the king began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

BOSSUET.

In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

FONTANGES.

I never stole any thing: I never committed adultery: I never coveted my neighbour's wife: I never killed any person, tho several have told me they should die for me.

BOSSUET.

Vain idle talk! did you listen to it?

FONTANGES.

Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

BOSSUET.

You have something to answer for then.

FONTANGES.

No indeed I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive . . which mortified me.

BOSSUET.

So then! you would really have them die for you?

FONTANGES.

O no, no . . but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest or told me fibs: for if they told me fibs I would never trust them again.

BOSSUET.

Do you hate the world, mademoiselle?

FONTANGES.

A good deal of it: all Picardy for example, and all Sologne: nothing is uglier . . and, oh my life! what frightful men and women!

BOSSUET.

I would say, in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the devil?

FONTANGES.

Who does not hate the devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so . . I hate you, beast! There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do any thing that I know of.

BOSSUET.

Mademoiselle Marie-Angelicque de Scoraille de Rousille, duchesse de Fontanges! do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

FONTANGES.

Myself! does any one hate me? why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world: it makes one so very ugly.

BOSSUET.

To love God, we must hate our selves. We must detest our bodies if we would save our souls *.

FONTANGES.

That is hard: how can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine; do you? To love is easier. I love God whenever I think of him, he has been so very good to me: but I cannot hate myself, if I would. As God hath not hated me, why should I? Besides, it was he who made the king to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance. As for titles and dignities, I do not care much about them while His Majesty loves me and calls me his Angelicque. They make people more civil about us; and therefor it must be a simpleton who hates or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am glad to be a duchess. Manon and Lisette have never tied my garter so as to hurt me since, nor has the mischievous old La Grange said any thing cross or bold: on the contrary, she told me what a fine colour and what a

* Such is the jargon of one among the most eloquent and acute of men! to so low a degree, to such an helpless, useless, unseemly, sordid state, doth superstition cast down the pinnacles of human intellect!

plumpness it gave me. Would not you be rather a duchess than a waitingmaid or a nun, if the king gave you your choice?

BOSSUET.

Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

FONTANGES.

I am in earnest, as you see.

BOSSUET.

Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellencies which do not belong to you: and this you will find as injurious to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it you are unhappy, if you accept it you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

FONTANGES.

There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly; it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned . . what was it? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I was the most beautiful young creature under heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph,

an angel; worth (let me whisper it in your ear . . do I lean too hard?) a thousand Montespans: but his Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *unparagonable!* what is that? and that he adored me . . holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

BOSSUET.

I would possess the glory of converting you.

FONTANGES.

You may do any thing with me but convert me: you must not do that: I am a catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics. You did right there. The king told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly, did not you? And yet mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterwards, in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when every one is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

BOSSUET.

It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Marechal.

FONTANGES.

I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself, he was so great a man. I understand that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

BOSSUET.

To what do you referr, mademoiselle?

FONTANGES.

That you have overcome quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

BOSSUET.

By the grace of God.

FONTANGES.

Yes indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

BOSSUET.

It has appeared amongst us but lately.

FONTANGES.

O dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

BOSSUET.

Really! I never heard so.

FONTANGES.

I checked myself as well as I could, altho they constantly told me I looked well in it.

BOSSUET.

In what, mademoiselle?

FONTANGES.

In quietism; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fenelon should incline to it *, as they say he does.

BOSSUET.

Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

FONTANGES.

Is not then M. de Fenelon thought a very pious and learned young person?

BOSSUET.

And justly so.

* The opinions of Molinos on mysticism and quietism had begun to spread abroad: but Fenelon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system, which he afterwards attacked so vehemently.

The stormier superstition swept away the more vapoury.

FONTANGES.

I have read a great way in a Romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The king says there are many such about his court; but I never saw them, nor heard of them before. The marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a very fair hand, as much as the copybook would hold, and I got thro I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto I never should have been tired of him; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them all at once; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays d'Aunis*, where the king has promised him a famous *heretic-hunt.* He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature; he understands so much latin and greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses.

BOSSUET.

Mademoiselle, if you really have any thing to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honour of absolving you, it would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labours.

FONTANGES.

You must first direct me, monseigneur: I have

nothing particular. The king assures me there is no harm whatever in his love towards me, every time . . .

BOSSUET.

That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven . . .

FONTANGES.

O monseigneur, I always did so . . every time but once . . you quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral-sermon. And now let me tell you, my lord, you compose such pretty funeral-sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

BOSSUET.

Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence * ! may he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly on many faults and foibles checked by you

* Bossuet was in his 54th year: Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in childbed the year following: he survived her 23.

in their early growth, and lying dead on the open path you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age: you are a child.

FONTANGES.

O no, I am seventeen.

BOSSUET.

I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflexion, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been! We say that our days are few; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angelicque, we have but one: the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future! This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us*. The beauty that has

* Bossuet was not incapable of uttering, and even of feeling, such a sentiment; tho preachers contract from habit fictitious characters. His conduct towards Fenelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was truly french.

The reader may consult Spence's anecdotes. He will there also find with satisfaction that, while the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who

made a thousand hearts to beat at one instant, at the succeding has been without pulse and colour, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose very name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges! think on this! Lady! so live as to think on it undisturbed!

FONTANGES.

O God! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck . . take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking? It seemed to shake the room, tho it sounded like a pin or button.

said to the archbishop that, if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals to Marlborough in glory, and equal in science, in energy, and in genius, paid his respects to Fenelon some years afterwards. If humanity never came so near to perfection as in him, will language ever again reach the excellence of Bossuet? Yes, I will answer boldly, if the Greeks are free.

BOSSUET.

Leave it there.

FONTANGES.

Your ring fell from your hand, my lord bishop! how quick you are! could not you have lett me pick it up?

BOSSUET.

Madame la duchesse is too condescending: had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shriveled; the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition: a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you, mademoiselle, more than my words.

FONTANGES.

It pleases me vastly: I admire rubies: I will ask the king for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you cannot be present, to hear how prettily I shall ask him: but that is impossible, you know, for I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me any thing. He said so himself: he said but yesterday *Such a sweet creature is worth a world*.. and no actor on the stage was ever more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a

monarch; and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him, he looks so close at things.

BOSSUET.

Mademoiselle, that is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

FONTANGES.

Well, I think so too; tho I did not like it in him at first . . . I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him, how much it is his royal will that I should say.

CONVERSATION XIII.

XENOPHON

AND

CYRUS THE YOUNGER.

XENOPHON

AND

CYRUS THE YOUNGER.

CYRUS.

Xenophon, I have longed for an opportunity of conversing with thee alone, on matters in which thou excitest my admiration. According to report, thou wert the disciple of Socrates the mage, whom the Athenians condemned to drink hemlock, because he had a Genius of his own.

XENOPHON.

It is true, O Cyrus! I was so.

CYRUS.

Verily, O wonderful man, thou must be the best farrier and hunter in Greece; and, thinking on thee, I have oftentimes wished in my heart that so deserving a country as thy Attica, which is not destitute of wolves, polecats, and foxes, had, for every one of them, a leopard, a lion, and a tiger.

XENOPHON.

O son of Darius, king of kings! the Gods do not bestow all their gifts upon one country; or, having bestowed them, it seemeth good unto their divine majesties that mortals should counteract their beneficence. We no longer have those valiant creatures amongst us; to which privation I attribute it chiefly that we possess more eloquence indeed and learning than those who have them, but less bodily activity and strength.

CYRUS.

There are other and better reasons, O Xenophon, for these things. You are unbelievers in the true religion, and have sunk thro your idleness on the bosom of false Gods: you clasp graven images, falling at the feet of such as have any.

XENOPHON.

O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them; whether it be to punish us for our presumption, or merely to laugh at us, I do not know; nor have I ever heard my master Socrates discourse upon the question. Certain it appears to me from whatever I have redd, that the powerful and the wise lose both their power and their wisdom the moment they enter into this dim and sacred inclosure; just as, on entering the apart-

ment of the women in your country, you lay aside both slipper and turban, and cover the head with only the extremity of the robe.

CYRUS.

We will try to keep ourselves no less cool and orderly on our argument, if thou wilt come into it with me. And now inform me, O most excellent, on what difference in religion or government you Greeks denominate all other nations, and among the rest even us, barbarians?

XENOPHON.

If, O Cyrus, I may (as I believe I may) rely on thy wisdom, thy modesty and moderation, I will answer the question to the best of my abilities.

CYRUS.

I, who aspire to the throne of my ancestors, cannot be angry at the voice of truth, nor offended that a guest should execute my wishes.

XENOPHON.

Courtesy and gentleness distinguish the Persians from other mortals. They are less subject to cruelty than any race among men, unless brothers and sceptres cross their path. Now, Cyrus, those things must surely be the worst of things which render the most humane of men the most inhumane. I deviate a little way from the main question, like my teacher, for the purpose of

asking a preparatory one, which may lead me back again, and enable me to conduct thee smoothly and pleasantly. Pray inform me, O Cyrus, since I am about to be a leader in thy army, what are thy orders if I should happen to intercept the concubines of any hostile satrap?

CYRUS.

O Xenophon, keep thy hands, thy eyes, thy desires, away from them, as becomes thy gravity of wisdom and purity of heart, expressed in a countenance where we discern and venerate the beauty of seriousness and reserve.

XENOPHON.

O Cyrus, I am a hunter, and, being so, a deviser of strategems, and may perchance take others than concubines. I dare not utter what labours in my bosom: in vain fidelity excites and urges me.

CYRUS.

Speak, O best Xenophon!

XENOPHON.

If then Destiny should cast down before me the horse of thy brother Artaxerxes, and the chances of war, or Mars after due sacrifice, should place him in my power, what is my duty?

CYRUS.

Canst not thou, having in turn with others of thy countrymen the command of ten thousand

Greeks, do thy duty without consulting me, in cases which, being unforeseen, are discretionary?

XENOPHON.

The fall of a king is terrible.

CYRUS.

The rebound is worse. When your Saturn fell from heaven, did any God or mortal lend a hand to raise him up again?

XENOPHON.

It were impiety to contend against Jupiter.

CYRUS.

It were madness to contend against Destiny. According to your fables, Saturn came first; then came Jupiter: the same divine right of expelling and occupying will be asserted as occasion may require: but Destiny saw the order of things rise, and sees it continue: and Gods before her are almost as little and weak as we are: she teaches them to repeat her words and obliges them to execute her will. If thou hast any wisdom, as thou surely hast, O disciple of Socrates the mage, never ask me another question on any such contingency: but answer me now, I entreat thee, about the strange word *barbarian*, at which (I hear) there are satraps and royalets who take offence, when you apply it to them.

XENOPHON.

Attribute not the invention of the word to us, O Cyrus! I have been as studious to know the derivation of it, as thou art; for it is not greek. On the return of Plato (of whom perhaps thou hast heard some mention) from Egypt, I learned from him * that the expression was an habitual one with the priests of that country, whence we, who have borrowed much knowledge from the Egyptians, borrowed also this term. They apply it as we do, to all strangers indiscriminately: but originally it signified those only who live nearest to them, and whom on that account, as is customary with every nation in the world, they hated most. Their neighbours are called by themselves *ber-ber*, a generic name, and probably of honorable import.

CYRUS.

O Xenophon, thou art indeed a treasury of wisdom; and in addition to it, I pray thee, do

* Plato hath said nothing upon the subject: but it seems very probable that in this manner the expression came first among the Greeks, who would otherwise, we may suppose, have taken the name of some nearer and more ferocious tribe. In fact none suited them for excellent contempt, but one perpetually governed by hereditary kings.

the Gods, as I have heard, manifest to thee future events in dreams?

XENOPHON.

Some they have truly laid open unto me.

CYRUS.

Couldst not thou, O most wonderful, pray to them (not telling them that I said any thing about the matter) to give thee one about the success of my arms? for our own pure religion does not allow us to expect or to pray for any such intervention.

XENOPHON.

If we had an oracle near, I would consult it: for dreams usually are confined to the eventual good or evil of the dreamer; altho there are instances to the contrary: but in these instances, the dreams fall upon minds peculiarly gifted, and properly fitted for their reception.

CYRUS.

I have asked the Sun several times for counsel; and yet I never could collect out of his radiance any certain sign or token. Only once it was attended by a lark, suddenly

> Springing from crystal step to crystal step
> In the bright air, where none can follow her . .

Thus one of our old poets, in a volume laid up at

Persepolis, describes her. The lark herself, and the recollection of the lines, comforted and animated me greatly; first the bird, merry and daring; then the brightness of the air; and lastly, but principally, the words *that she was rising where none could follow her.* This must certainly mean myself: for who can suppose that Artaxerxes at that moment saw another lark doing the like, or remembered the same verses, which came upon me like a voice inspired?

XENOPHON.

Altho larks are not strictly birds of augury, like eagles and vultures, and swans and herons, and owls and chickens, yet in this country, and against the sun, and upon such an occasion, the appearance hath its weight with me, O Cyrus! However I would not neglect to sharpen the scymetar, and to see that the horses be well exercised, and have plenty of oats and barley in the manger, and that their manes be carefully combed, lest the adversary think us disorderly and unprovided, and inclined to flight. For the immortal Gods have often changed their minds, upon finding us too confident and secure, or too negligent and idle, and have enlightened ours, to our costs, with a new and contrary interpretation of sentences uttered by their oracles.

CYRUS.

I think these oracles in general are foolish things.

XENOPHON.

I wish, O blameless Cyrus, that such a word had never overflown the enclosure of thy teeth, as the divine Homer says.

CYRUS.

I wonder, O most intelligent and thoughtful Xenophon, that you Greeks, so few as there are of you, should worship such a number of Gods.

XENOPHON.

And I, O Cyrus, that you who have occasion for so many, and particularly just at present, should adore but one. The Sun (I would speak it without offence) is nothing but an orb of fire; altho, as some say, of a prodigious magnitude, hardly less than the Peloponnesus.

CYRUS.

I once heard from a slave, a scholar of Democritus, that it is many hundred times greater than the earth.

XENOPHON.

I seldom laugh, and ought never at insanity, and least of all at this. Alas, poor Greek! when he lost his freedom he lost his senses. O immortal Gods! may my countrymen at no time be re-

duced to the former calamity, which nothing but the latter can mitigate.

CYRUS.

He added that, immense as is the glorious orb, it is only a dewdrop on the finger of God, shining from it under the light of his countenance, as he waves his paternal blessing over the many-peopled world.

XENOPHON.

This is poetry, but oriental. Strange absurdity! when Jupiter is barely a foot taller than I am; as may be well imagined by his intermingling with our women, and without inconvenience on either side: at least I have heard of none recorded by the priests. He has indeed a prodigious power of limb, and his expansion at need is proportionate to his compactness.

CYRUS.

Give me thy sentiments, freely and entirely.

XENOPHON.

I cannot but marvel then, O Cyrus, at the blindness of the Persians. There is no other great nation, at all known to us, that does not acknowledge a plurality and variety of Gods; and this consent, so nearly universal, ought to convince the ingenuous and unprejudiced. I see the worst consequences to a government, in countenancing

the adoration of a single one, to the exclusion and mortification of the rest.

CYRUS.

Perhaps to such a loose fabric as a republic.

XENOPHON.

In a monarchy no less so. Power has here too its gradations; the monarch, the mages, and the satraps.

CYRUS.

Do not you see at once the beauty of this form? No government is harmonious or rational without three estates; none decorous or stable. The throne must have legs; but the legs must never stand uppermost: the king bears upon the mages, they bear upon the floor, or people. The king reserves to himself omnipotence; he grants to his mages omniscience; to his people, in the body, omnipresence. In this manner he divides himself; but all is one. Where power is so well poised, in case of urgency we might impose taxes to the amount on the whole of nearly a tenth, and rarely hear a murmur in the land. If you, the magistrates of free Greeks, were to demand a fifteenth of the property in Attica, for the purposes both of government and religion, the people would stone you. Now unquestionably that regimen is the best, which has constantly the most power over

them; as that is the best riding by which the horse is managed the most easily and quietly, in even places and uneven. Nothing is truer or plainer. If we had as many gods and temples as you have, and if our deities and priests had as good appetites, our armies must be smaller, our horses leaner, and there would be more malignity and discord in the provinces: for all sects, all favourers I mean of particular gods and goddesses, are united in one sentiment; that their deities are equally fond of picking bones and breaking them.

XENOPHON.

Our religion is most beautiful.

CYRUS.

Extremely so on the outside. In this external beauty, as in that of women when it is extreme, there is little expression, little sense. Our ritual is the best that can be devised for any hot limate. In order to adore the Sun at his rising, we must (it is needless to say) rise early. This is the time of day when the mind and body are most active, and most labour can be performed both by men and cattle. Hence agriculture flourishes amongst us. Cleanliness, the consequence of our ablutions, is another spring of activity and health. We possess large sandy plains, which never would be

cultivated, unless they produced myrrh and other such odours; the only offerings we make to God. I do not complain that the Bœotians kill a bull for the same purpose: but a bull is that to which others, beside Gods and priests, could sit down at table; and the richer plains of Bœotia would be cultivated, whether Jupiter ate his roast beef or not.

XENOPHON.

There are many reasons, O Cyrus, politically speaking, for your religion; but it is not founded on immutable truth, nor supported by indubitable miracles.

CYRUS.

What things are those?

XENOPHON.

I could mention several, attested by thousands. Those of Bacchus, who traversed this country, are remembered still amongst you: but as Apollo is the God from whom at this crisis we may hope a favorable oracle, I would represent to you his infancy, his flight in the arms of Latona, and his victory over the serpent; all as evident as that he sits above us arrayed in light, and is worshipped by you, O Cyrus, altho in ignorance of his godhead.

CYRUS.

I have heard about these things: and since perhaps we may consult his oracle, I will not question his power or deity until that is over. About the event I have more curiosity than inquietude, knowing the force of legitimacy on the minds of men.

Why dost thou sigh, my friend? do I appear to thee light, irresolute, inconstant?

XENOPHON.

Not thou, O Cyrus; but thy evil station. Nothing is so restless as royalty; not air, nor ocean, nor fire: nothing can content or hold it. Certainties are uninteresting and sating to it; uncertainties are solicitous and sad. In its weakness it ruins many, in its strength more. Thou, O Cyrus, art the most intelligent of kings, and wilt be (let me augur it) the most potent. Think that the immortal Gods have placed thee on thy eminence only as their sentinel, whose watch is long and wide, stationing thee at the principal gate in the encampment of mankind. Great is the good, or evil, that is about to flow far and near, under thee.

CYRUS.

Far and near! These words I think are rather

ill placed, by one who was the disciple of Socrates the mage. They have however their meaning, their propriety, and, in thy eyes, their right order. Thou, O Xenophon, I perceive, wouldst wish to penetrate into my thoughts, relating to the Athenians: I have already penetrated into theirs. I know very well that, in sound policy, you never should let an allie, whom you have served, be greater than yourself, if you can prevent it; and that those whom you assist, like those whom you attack, should come off the worse for it in the end. Individuals whom you succour in private life may sometimes be grateful; nations and kings never are. They will become of an unfriendly temper toward you, were it only to prove to others, and to persuade themselves, that they were powerful and flourishing enough to have done without you.

If the victory should be mine, as cannot be doubted . . I being born the son of a king, Artaxerxes not so . . there is no danger that so small a people as the Athenians should attempt to divide the kingdom, or to compromise it in any way between us: nor would I suffer it: but Policy is my voucher that I will assist you against your enemies; in such a manner however as to provide that you

shall always have some, and dangerous enough at least to attract your notice. I say these words to you in pure confidence: to a friend here speaks a friend; to a wise man here speaks no simple one.

XENOPHON.

If you would worship, O Cyrus, the Gods of Greece, I should be the more confident of success.

CYRUS.

I have indeed a faith in auguries and oracles; but altho your Religion is in her youth, your Gods are as avaricious as old age could make them. Every religion that starts up, takes only as much truth to stand upon as will raise her safely to men's purses. Our mages, and likewise the Egyptian priests, had their lands. Attica is poorer in soil: there it was requisite to have oracles too and sacrifices, gold and cattle, oil and milk, wax and honey. If this religion should be succeded by another, as it must be when the fraud is laid open, the populace will follow those enthusiasts, true or false, who threw down the images of the Gods, and will help them the next morning to raise up others in the same places, or even those elsewhere, differing but in name. Pride will at first put on the garment of Humility; and soon afterwards will Humility raise up her sordid bald-

ness out of Pride's. Change in rituals is made purely for lucre, and, under the name of Reformation, comes only to break up a virgin turf or to pierce into an unexplored mine. Religion with you began in veneration for those who delivered you from robbers: it will end in the discovery that your temples have been ever the dens of them. But in our hopes we catch at straws; the movement of a feather shakes us; the promise of a priest confirms us.

Let us now go to the stables: I have intelligence of a noble tiger, scarcely three days' hard riding from us. The peasant who found the creature shall be exalted in honour, and receive the government of a province.

XENOPHON.

Is the beast a male or female, to the best of his knowledge?

CYRUS.

A female: she was giving milk to her young ones. On perceiving the countryman, she drew up her feet gently, and squared her mouth, and rounded her eyes, slumberous with content; and they looked, he says, like sea-grottoes, obscurely green, interminably deep, at once awakening fear and stilling and compressing it.

XENOPHON.

Fortunate he escaped her! we might have lost a fine day's hunting, in ignorance of her lair.

CYRUS.

He passed away gently, as if he had seen nothing; and she lay still, panting. Come, thou shalt take thy choice, O wonderful Xenophon, of my spears.

CONVERSATION XIV.

LANDOR,

ENGLISH VISITOR,

AND

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

LANDOR,

ENGLISH VISITOR,

AND

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Descending the staircase of Palazzo-Medici, which I inhabit, I observed the venerable old gentleman, its proprietor, walking up and down before his own small apartment. He seemed to avoid my salutation, whether the most modest of men did not wish to speak while a stranger was with me, or whether he was returning to his room for any thing. However, as he had seen me, I went up to him, inquired after his health, which has been long vacillating, and then after the Granduke's who had been confined to his bed four days, as I learned the day preceding. I now saw the reason why the Marchese turned away: tears were in his eyes and running down his cheeks copiously. He took my hand, lifted it between

his on a level with his heart, and said, *He is in his last agonies, saintly man!*

While I stood silent, for I was afflicted at the intelligence, and greatly moved at the sight of an old man, majestic in gait and stature, a soldier too, and cordially my friend, in tears, I fancied I heard more footsteps in the street than usual, and that people walked faster and stopped oftener. I heard no songs. It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague or under the duke of Athens, that you could have heard none; for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers. I had turned, and seeing the porter at the gate, who had been asking some questions, I called to him. He must have heard me, yet he went into his lodge and said nothing. I followed him, and asked how the Granduke did.

Sir, said the porter, *I hope you did not think me wanting in respect . . I can hardly tell you.*

Let us hope then he is better.

He is with God.

He turned his back on me: his grey hairs glimmered with the tremulous motion of his head, until he rested his brow against the wall. Not wishing to pursue my walk, nor deeming it decorous, I proposed to my visitor that he should

return and sit down again. At this instant a young man passed us with a quick step.

Better it had been me, ten thousand times, cried he.

Luigi! said I, knowing his voice, *stop a moment . . is it quite certain?*

I am happy you stopt me, replied he; *I was running to my father . . it would have half-killed him.*

Few more words passed between us, and we went our way. When my visitor and myself were upstairs again and seated, *Really,* said he, *I am now of your opinion: there is no sincerity in this people. I don't mean the old gentleman, whoever he is.*

LANDOR.

And what think you, then, of the porter?

ENGLISH VISITOR.

I did not see him nor hear what he said; you went alone into the lodge . . But the young man carries it too far.

LANDOR.

Sincerity is not sincerer than he. The Granduke has given him nothing; and which of his ministers, think you, is not proud of saying to himself, *I can withold an office worth a crown aday from the descendents of our first Grandukes?*

ENGLISH VISITOR.

What! and are these two gentlemen of that family? Is it possible they can be thus affected at the decease of one who occupied the throne of their ancestors? I should as soon have expected it from you . . and truly I never saw you less disposed to talk, on the meeting of an old acquaintance, or less capable (you must excuse me) of saying something worth hearing.

LANDOR.

I never said anything in my lifetime, so worthy of making an impression on the mind, as what you heard from that young man. Treasure it up in your recollection: lose nothing, as you hope for heaven, of that which may give you a better opinion of your fellow creatures, a just and worthy one of God's great work. How good and glorious, when the right affections are unsuppressed by the perverse; when love, pity, gratitude, are in vigour; when Death herself warms our hearts and elevates our affections. Then are we indeed redeemed from our fallen state.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You are coming round, I perceive: I shall see you a *king's friend* ere long.

LANDOR.

God grant it!

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Well! at least you have no hypocrisy: but, upon my soul, I did not think you so very . . let me say at least . . unguarded. You would really (don't be angry) be bribed then.

LANDOR.

Really and truly.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Your smile is a fixt one: and must I believe you? I would have sworne that you never would have changed your principles; not even to be prime minister.

LANDOR.

Swear nothing.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

No, after this indeed. You have acted very inconsistently; not only in the change of your principles, but in the management of your talents. In the time of Castlereagh, there was indeed but little hope from a fellow who never read a book through, even at school, and who was once proved by a friend in joke not to know the latitude of England, I do not mean by some twenty or thirty minutes, but by ten or any other number of degrees. Canning however is a scholar, and, what is more to the purpose, he is obliged to pick up *sad sticks*.

LANDOR.

They resemble the dragon-fly: I see his hard eyes and heavy body (heavy it is for a fly) and see not what it is that bears him up above my hedge . . so filmy and apparently so inadequate is the finer part of him. Canning is an understrapper converted to an overstrapper: a Gil Blas turned sour, and with a tendency to the vapid. But in his fidelity, to do him justice, he is sparkling and racy as he came from Walcheren, and cool and fresh as ever.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

He may not possess the eloquence of Pitt or Fox . .

LANDOR.

Sir, he possesses more eloquence than either, and is wiser.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Well then, what would you have? In honesty all ministers are alike. They come into power and office, by giving as a pledge their virtue, their judgement, and their sentiment: they resign themselves bound hand and foot to the faction that hoodwinks the crown, a faction existing in every kingly government; and they distribute places and employments according to the lists presented to them; being permitted to insert out of their

own families and partisans a limited assortment of names. Here they may stick in a bishop, here they may prick a judge, here they may equipp an envoy; but leaving room on each side of the latter for another to range his secretary, a third to horse his courier: then comes forward a fourth to stipulate that his friend Leader shall build the carriage, and a fifth suggests that the service of plate should be ordered from Rundel and Bridge.

LANDOR.

Surely no man of the most ordinary attainments has reason to despair of office, if that man possesses a lucrative and a high one, who came from Ireland half-naked, and offered his services to the publisher of a periodical work at two guineas aweek; and who hath acquired so little sense of decency in the pride of place, as to link himself with a fellow brought back in chains, out of a British colony, for embezzling and purloining money from a place of public trust. Associated with this worthy, he has instituted a journal, in defence (as he tells us) of our laws and religion.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

I know a good old woman whom he shocked in her hospitality, which at that time he found very useful, seasoning her leg of lamb and pigeon-pie with the coarsest and stalest of cyder-cellar im-

piety. Cumberland said he was the most vulgar man in the least elegant and least decorous of nations; but that he could forgive him if he were not also the most malignant in the least spiteful. I can account for it only from the facility with which his old associates despise him, and the violent effort he makes at mutual disdain.

I never saw this fellow; but my phlegm is somewhat moved at the things I know, and at some future time will relate of him. I dare to profess myself a christian; in belief a very sincere, in conduct a most defective one: but if any ratiocination led me away, a fugitive from my father's house, and deaf to the reclamations of my dearest friends, still what could so harden me, as that I should turn into ridicule one who had warned me of danger, and who had offered to accompany me in adversity? I leave him without thanks; I abandon him without regret; still am I never to be reminded of his innocence and gentleness, but when hunger or fortune has led me, "nothing loth," to the "warm precincts" of a pigeon-pie? Afterwards I hear of him insulted by the ignorant, persecuted by the bigot, dragged before the judge, delivered to the executioner, hanged, drawn, and quartered; and is my first and strongest impression, at his unresisting meekness, to be made

on me at table by a leg of lamb? What then if this person, whom (say I know no more of him) I know to be the purest, the gentlest, the most beneficent of men, should be ready to die, nay, should have died, for *me!* Do I want a godhead to shake my heart at this? Humanity, at the report of it, feels it thro all her fibres, and drops on the earth in tears.

LANDOR.

Preserve this character: foster and encourage these thoughts, which must render you happier and better than any other can do. Nothing of envy will follow them; much of gayety may; particularly if they assist you in recollecting of what materials our modern greatness is composed, and that the only thing in which monarchs now imitate God, is in forming their first men out of the dust. Better stuff was required for court-equipage, in ages esteemed far more barbarous. We had then our knights of the pink, or the lily, or the daisy; pleasant, alert, companionable, jovial; at present we have knights of the eating-house, baronets of the whiskey-bottle, lord-provosts of the letter-press, and lords of session at the gazette and magazine: certain hands, patient (you would swear) of every thing but a glove, are armed with clubs and cudgels that seem cognate

with them; and certain eyes are peeping forth from their lattices, at every inlet of literature, that those who enter without the watchword may be well smitten or well splashed. Formerly titles were inherited by men who could not write; they now are conferred on men who will not let others. Theirs may have been the darker age; ours is the duller: in theirs a high spirit was provoked, in ours proscribed: in theirs the bravest were pre-eminent; in ours the basest.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You, by proper attention, or even by abstinence from attack, might have gone out among the rest as a commissioner to America: for I cannot think your knowledge of the language or your connexions in the country would be impediments.

LANDOR.

I go out nowhere: here I live, here I die perhaps. A sea-voyage of very few days makes me weary of life itself. What a situation is that, in which, next to the sight of port, a tempest is the thing most desirable! I would not be embarked two months, to possess the kingdom of Montezuma, united with those of Aurungzebe.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You appear to have no ambition, at least of this kind: you live upon a fourth of your income,

willingly or unwillingly, and live handsomely and hospitably: what do you want then?

LANDOR.

That which I told you before . . to become a *king's friend.* Peace, freedom, independence for nations, these shall buy me: and, if nothing but the humiliation of their betters can win the hearts of rulers, I would throw myself in the dust or kiss their hands to obtain them. Had avarice or ambition guided me, remember I started with a larger hereditary estate than what those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, Chateaubriant, Capo d'Istria, and twenty more such put together, amounted to, and not scraped together in this or the last or the preceding century, in ages of stockjobbing and peculation, of cabinet-adventure and counterfeit nobility, with a person or two of distinction (whom however I hardly visited) among my connexions. My education, and that which education works upon or produces, was surely not below theirs: yet certain I am that, if I had applied to be made a tide-waiter on the Thames, the minister would have refused me. In the county where my chief estate lies, a waste and unprofitable one, but the third I believe in extent of any there, it was represented to me on my arrival that the people were the most lawless in Great-Britain, and the two

most enlightened among the Magistrates wished me to become one. It would have been a great hindrance to my studies; yet a sense of public good, and a desire to promote it by any sacrifice, induced me to propose the thing to the Duke of Beaufort, the lord-lieutenant. He could have heard nothing more of me, good or evil, than that I was a studious man, and that, altho I belonged to no society, club, or party, and never sate in my life at a public dinner, I should oppose his family in elections. The information, however probable, was wrong. I had votes in four counties, and could influence fifty or sixty, and perhaps many more; yet I never did or will influence one in any case, nor ever give one while Representation is either cheat or coaxer. The noble duke declined my proposal.

These bells recall my attention from what is personal and from what is worthless.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

How they clatter and jingle! The ringers are pulling every bell-rope in the whole city, as fast and as furiously as they can.

LANDOR.

The solemn sound of one only, and the largest in the place, and rung seldom, tolling slowly at equal intervals of time, makes a very different

impression on the hearer. We are impatient of these, which are rung just in the same manner on joyous occasions; while, instead of impatience at the others, we wait in suspense for every stroke, and the heart replies to it. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead.

Here the common people, and not only the poorer, but householders and fathers of families, are thrown together into a covered cart; and when enough of them are collected, they are carried off by night, and cast naked into the ditch in the burial-ground. No sheet about them, no shroud externally, no coffin, no bier, no emblem of mortality; none of sorrow, none of affection, none of hope. Corpses are gathered together like rotten gourds and cracked cucumbers, and cast aside where none could find if any looked for them. Among people in easy circumstances, wife, children, all leave the house when one of the family is dying: the priest alone remains with him: the last sacrament solves every human tie. The eyes, after wandering over the altered scenes of domestic love, over the silent wastes of friendship, are reconciled to whatever is most lugubrious in death, and are closed at last by mercenaries and strangers.

My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, came up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would shew them two more such pretty children. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark-naked: in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling-hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other, in play. As my children had not been playing with 'em, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, *Teresa! who shutt up these mimmi? I will tell papa . . Why do not they come out and play til bedtime?*

The mimmi *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played . . til bedtime.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

And papa, tho he could not alter the thing, has been collecting a rod in every walk of his, in high-road or by-road, for those whose negligences and inhumanities are greater in greater matters; which rod some years hence will scourge many backs,

and be laid on by many hands, amid the shouts of nations.

LANDOR.

So be it! altho he who tied the twigs be never thought of; altho he be cast before his time into the cart-house.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

The death of Ferdinand must be felt as a general and great calamity, thus fixing, as it does, or strongly checking, the levity of the Florentines; a people far indeed from cruel, the least so perhaps of any in Italy, where none deserve the name; but the most selfish, the most ungrateful, the most inconstant. A ruler of the Romans, tired and weary of their baseness, wished they had but one neck. I have often wished the Florentines had as much as one heart amongst them. Today I think my wish is accomplished.

LANDOR.

Altho there is hardly one of them who would not with whatever ignominy flee from death, were flight possible, yet the appearance of it in others has little terror, little awe. The reason is, the sight is familiar, and unaccompanied (as I have shewn) by solemnity, or by decorum. The priests and others, even when the wealthy and distinguished are carried to their last home, walk

rapidly along with the bearers of the body, and seem only to be thinking how they shall soonest get it out of the way, and do some other business.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Religion in fact does not demand much anxiety from us for those who sleep; and Philosophy is indifferent whether the pace with which the defunct are carried to the grave be quick or slow.

LANDOR.

Christianity is so kind, that one objection to it, the worst indeed and the weakest, is the impracticability of performing all the kindness it enjoins. It demands no anxiety; it shews on the contrary how every one may be removed. Our English burial-service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in it when he consigned his parishioner to the grave. As for philosophy, if our philosophy tell us any thing which shocks, or troubles, or perplexes our humanity, let us doubt it, and let us put off the examination of it a long while.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Did you know the granduke?

LANDOR.

I am the only Englishman in Florence who has two coats (as I have or had lately) that did not attend his court: and I am the only one whom he ever omitted to salute.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Upon my word, you might have expected it: and yet I hear he received at his court the exiles of Naples, and, when it was told him that His Neapolitan Majesty could not be present at it the few days he was here, if such rebels were admitted, he replied, *It would be hard if kings had not as much liberty as their subjects.*

LANDOR.

Equitable, humane, incomparable prince! whatever you hear good and gracious of him, you may implicitly believe. I saw him first at Pisa, where he resided in winter, without pomp and state, and walked about the streets and in the country, with his son or any other friend. The Pisans, accustomed to meet him every day, noticed him only as they notice a brother or father: he drew no crowd about him. At the extremity of the principal square is an ancient church, and in this church there happened to be a festival. As I lose

no opportunity of hearing music, where people are silent, observing the red silk festoons float over the church-door, I went in. There were very few present: within the rails I saw only the officiating priests, the granduke, and Savi the professor of Botany, who had entered with him, was seated by him, and spoke to him from time to time. The service being finished, the granduke bowed with peculiar courtesy, and only to one person; it was in the direction where I stood. Two or three days afterwards a worthy priest, who had thrown aside his gown and had taken an uniform in the time of Bonaparte, after some short conversation with me (for he visited me often) said gravely, *But really, my dear friend, we may extend too far our prejudices and dislikes. If you could be prevailed upon to go but once to court, you would find him the best soul in the world. Savi tells me, you did not return the salute of the granduke.*

My heart sank within me, deeper than ever any courtier's did, at the charge of inattention . . for it has more room to work in, and takes it all. The granduke still continued to notice with his usual condescension and affability my wife and little boy, whom he met every day in some place or other, but always turned his eyes from me.

Neither Bub Doddington nor any other Bub was ever half so solicitous in bowing as I was: in vain: nevertheless I persevered in repairing my fault, in my own eyes at least. I elevated my hat above my head long before I met him, and passed without a look toward him.

He soon forgave me, or forgot me . . which answered the same purpose.

Princes are more offended at a slight inattention than at the very worst thing you can do or say or write against them. I feel at this hour as if I had been ungrateful. A dead thorn or the smallest pebble may hurt or molest a Wellington for a moment, according to the part it acts upon: and I, who among the powerful of the earth am no better, may have pained in my ignorance a tenderer bosom than beats among the surviving masters of mankind.

May Leopold, who applies his studies to the history of his country, in order to write it fully and faithfully, illustrate by his life the last pages of it, and, after a longer course, be succeded by a son as virtuous and affectionate!

A long silence followed. I was little disposed to converse, or my visitor to go away. We heard a voice of enquiry at the antechamber door, and I started to give orders that no person should be

admitted, when there stood before me a very worthy man, who had offered my family a window in his house yesterday, to see from it the procession of *Corpus Domini.* After expressing the hope that no accident or indisposition had prevented it, "You have heard, no doubt, the distressing news," added he. "Even those who were unfriendly to Ferdinand and his government, lament his loss and speak handsomely of his character. We are pained at hearing ill of the living, and at hearing good of the dead . . of the recently dead at least. You do not appear to unite with us in our regrets: your mind is abstracted, your ideas and thoughts absorbed: you want stupendous men, prodigies of genius."

LANDOR.

Not I indeed, my friend: I want honest ones. Ferdinand was both honest and wise. If his wisdom did not fly off perpetually in sparks and splinters, it was only the better and the more useful for it.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

The greater part of geniusses may be measured by pocket-rules: others require a succession of triangles, must be surveyed from stations upon mountain-heads, and the exact computation of their altitude is to be determined but after some ages.

LANDOR.

Of these Alps and Ararats, in the various regions of the world, there may be five or six perhaps. The heavy stick their poles in them, clamber up, and protest they see nothing extraordinary: the lighter one, more disappointed still, cries, *I thought they were above the clouds! however, I will cut my name upon the summit, and break off something.*

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

I was about to mention that Ferdinand was not indeed a subject for trigonometry. In abilities he was on a level, or little more than on a level, with the greater part of mankind: but I believe that no man living had so accurate a judgement where judgement is of most importance. His sense of justice and right was perfect: it was perfect from an exquisite fibre and most delicate tact, and from an early and uninterrupted practise of it. Sovrans are thought not to have the whole of their *appanage*, unless they have some embossed pieces of wit placed beside them. Ferdinand was not facetious; on the contrary, he was rather grave, and would not have fathered the best joke in the world . . and truly I know not how it happens, but we Florentines, who are famous for

feigning all other things, never feign wit for any one.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Your Machiavelli, I think, cannot be fairly accused of doing it; who, wishing to attribute a few smartnesses, practical and theoretical, to Castruccio Castrucani, rather than invent them himself, went back even to the ancients for them, and poured them out into his *havresac* dry as date-fruit.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Valets and chamberlains, and other attendents on Ferdinand, have related to their friends and acquaintances many of his sayings, which would seem witty and sharp, if goodnature did not cover them from point to hilt. The other day, as you know (for I remember you laughed heartily at it) his remark was excellent. The wit was, like the ananas, sharp, sweet, refreshing, beautiful; and it was safely tangible from its seasonable ripeness.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Sir, our friend Landor here is a fond lover of wit, but, like many fond lovers, is without the object of his affections. I am sure he will gladly hear the thing over again, if you will favour me by giving us it.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

When the only son of marchese Bartolomei had married, without the consent or knowledge of his family, the sister of Lady Weymouth, the father, as you may suppose, was indignant. He ran to Pitti, demanded an audience of the granduke, and was admitted. After he had particularized the whole affair, with comments, no doubt, in abundance, *Well, my friend, how can I serve you?* said his Highness . . *what can I do in the business?*

Highness! it is against the law: answered Bartolomei.

My dear marchese, now the thing is done, and cannot be undone or altered, would it not be better to be reconciled to the young people?

Never, never, never, while I have breath in my body.

Patience! my worthy, good Bartolomei. Consider a little! reflect a moment! pray of what age is your son?

Old enough to be wiser.

We all are; people say so at least; and yet . .

He is near upon eighteen.

A mere boy: unfortunately for him, but just one remove beyond boy's chastisement. I hope you would not punish him, as matters stand.

I came for justice, Highness.

The laws, you say, will give it: you shall have it; do not doubt it. But be calm; be comforted; think again upon it.

I have thought again and again and more than enough about it. I am resolved to punish him.

Let him have her then . . . come Bartolomei, I am going to my piano-forte . . would it amuse you?

Highness! I take my leave.

The last of his public acts admitting to view the gait and whole gesture of his character, was displayed by him about a month afterwards, that is, about a month ago. A person now in Florence had been expelled by their Holinesses of the Sacred Alliance, from France, Spain, and Piedmont, and perhaps from other kingdoms. He came hither without a passport, and was ordered by the president of the *buon governo* to leave the city. Disconsolate, desolate, desperate, he resolved to present a memorial to the granduke. *From the various states I have passed thro, I can shew nothing,* said he, *but orders to leave the country.* The mild prince sent immediately for the president of the *buon governo,* who thinking, on such occasions at least, that expedition was best, would have banished the stranger. *If he is, or if you think him to be, a bad subject,* said Ferdinand,

it is your office to watch him narrowly. Would you drive him out to save trouble? Shall the whole earth be interdicted to him, because he has been troublesome in one part of it, or suspected in another? If he were worthy of imprisonment, there is little doubt that he would have been imprisoned; or if of death, that he would have been executed. They permitt him to live, and would leave him no place to live in. He must be somewhere. To hunt and pursue the poor creature thro the world, is worse than any sentence of condemnation. Let him rest where he is, and be, like others, amenable to the laws.

LANDOR.

It was feared by the friends of the eloquent Poerio, that, at the instigation of the Austrian or French ambassador, he would be excepted from the asylum granted here to the Neapolitan constitutionalists. Wherupon, altho I seldom speak on politics, I could not refrain from saying in the presence of a court-lady, *Constitutionalists are unpardonable: we Englishmen have abandoned them in Sicily to the sword and dungeon, and we have deluded and betrayed them in Naples and in Spain: their ruin comes in all directions from us. Yet in regard to Poerio, I cannot believe that he will be expelled from Tuscany, for think-*

ing with every wise and honest man of his country . . I will add, of Europe. True, he expressed his thoughts better than others: but it is as unreasonable to dislike a man because he is eloquent, as it would be to like one because he is a stammerer.

It was mentioned to the granduke, not in malice, but as the best thing or among the best said the day before. *Dice bene* was his answer.

I never could discover the reason, why people in authority should exert more power (in other words, should give themselves more trouble) in molesting and plaguing their fellow-creatures than in helping them. This is too common in the world, indeed almost general, and, I may say, with hardly an exception in those who have risen to high station from poverty or obscurity.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

I would not voluntarily illustrate your thesis, if the reflexion did not fall upon another admirable feature, among his who now is lying under the canopy of Death.

Our archbishop, three years ago, ordered his six best horses to be harnessed for the richest of his state-carriages, went in it to the palace, remarked to the granduke that Lent was approaching, that luxury was excessive, that immorality

was universal, and that nothing could arrest it but a rigid observance of the ancient fasts, which had of late times been grievously neglected. In fact, it pained him to report it, the Florentines were known, in that holy season, to eat flesh!

The fault is in great measure mine, said Ferdinand, *who have enabled them to do it. Immorality, which I hope is not so universal as your lordship thinks, must be discountenanced and checked. Let you and me try . . . legumes.*

The archbishop, the fattest man in Florence, or perhaps in Italy, and accused of excesses which go beyond the stomach a little, reddened at the insinuation of his prince, and took his leave.

I could recount (for memory in hours like these is not inert nor inactive) many other things characteristic of our lamented sovran, and more easily than a single one that was not so. But humour and facetiousness are the appertenances of a light heart rather than of a kind one, and rebound for the greater part from something hard about us. We look for them however when much better things are before us; as we turn our attention from fields of ripe corn and rich pasturage, sustainers of life and comfort, to any sparkling mineral.

Did not you, M. Landor, reside one summer at the Villa Catani, just behind Poggio Imperiale?

LANDOR.

I did. The distance is so short and the situation so elevated, I could see the family from my terrace, and hear the music; to which I always listened in the evening. For music has another effect when it comes from a family no less in concord: and it is delightful to think that those who govern us, taste in common our purer delights. Such are the sources of happiness to these good people! do any such rise from the fields of Austerlitz and Jena?

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Excuse me; you must have heard about the mason.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

What is that?

LANDOR.

The granduke was much occupied in building, and was often out of doors among the labourers. He was watching them one day (for masons of all workmen want watching the most) when a bucketful of rubbish was thrown down, and covered him from head to foot. Something of pain was added to his surprise, and, uttering one exclamation, he hurried toward the palace-door on the side of the garden. The labourer heard a voice; and looking down, and seeing a hat on the ground covered

with mortar, he descended the ladder from curiosity. Turning his body from it, the first object he beheld was the granduke, standing against the wall under the scaffolding, and wiping his shoulder with his hankerchief. The labourer threw himself on his knees . . implored forgiveness . . prayed the Virgin to soften his heart . . could never have supposed that his highness was below . .

It is well it was I, replied the good man in the midst of this, and still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves . . *Say nothing about it.* For he knew that, if it had happened to a prime minister or a prime menial, the poor creature of a mason would have been dismissed. And perhaps he suspected it might happen so: for, some days afterwards, he asked *how many were at work;* and, (when it was told him) *whether the same number had been there constantly.*

Inquisitive man! how he idled and trifled! and at a time too when the first princes and opera-dancers in the world were at the congress of Verona, fixing the fate of nations!

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

You probably know Nicolini; if not personally, at least by character.

LANDOR.

Altho I avoid the society of literary men, de-

sirous of taking no part in their differences, and to receive no displeasure or uneasiness at the recital of their injuries, I have met him twice, as modest a man as he is a distinguished poet.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

You may also have heard the anecdote I am about to relate, but this gentleman may not; and I think I have heard you declare that the repetition of a tale in favour of any one gives you as great pleasure as the first hearing.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

That is curious.

LANDOR.

My reason is this; there is the proof that a good action is not forgotten at once . . Tell the story, if you please, for I know not what it may be.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Nicolini, our dramatic writer, no less enthusiastic in his politics than in his poetry, was librarian to the granduke. He requested his discharge. *Why so, Nicolini?* said Ferdinand.

Highness! my sentiments are adverse to the occupation, answered he, *and I never mount this staircase but with abhorrence. Let me plainly say it, I detest the service of princes.* The granduke was surprised at a language so intemperate,

but knowing that Nicolini was an irreproachable man, and that nothing was remoter from his character than ingratitude, he replied, *Well, Nicolini, if you insist on your discharge, you must have it. I have nothing to say, when your conscience and feelings will not permitt you to retain the office.* Within four or five days his younger brother was promoted to the rank of captain; and going to court, on the occasion, the granduke asked him very particularly how the elder did, without the slightest reference to what had passed, and mentioned him as a very worthy man, and one whose talents do honour to his family and his country. Soon afterwards a new place was created for the republican, more congenial to him, that of lecturer to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture.

In this manner did Ferdinand treat his subjects whose sentiments were adverse to his form of government. Never has any man approached so near to a command which no one has executed, *Love those who curse you.*

Good nature, patience, forbearance, reconciliations of one family to another, the reverse of what is assumed for a motto by many rulers, were his daily practises.

If our laws are defective, the fault is nowise his.

On his return in the plenitude of power, he desired the people to decide by which code they would be governed, his father's or Napoleon's. The most accredited jurists in Tuscany were convoked. The ministers and judges, who had served the three or four past governments, did what such men will always do; they took, as more conducive to their power, the looser. Ferdinand abstained from every remark upon their judgement; but no man in his dominions was less pleased with it.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

The patriotic party . . .

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

congratulated the choice.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

O Sismondi! what a bottle of ink have these fellows been shaking up for thy admirable pen! What think you, Landor? The study of such a man as this . . .

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

He knows not what or whom he talks about . . he has dropt his grammar and forgotten his antecedents.

LANDOR.

Nothing is more useful than the study of any philosopher: he is legible to all, intelligible, im-

pressive: no doubtful dogma, no wayward fancy, no love of wrangling or schooling, no mystery to veil his ignorance, or to aggrandize by an uncertain light the factitious and drest-up spectre of his importance. He bore (let me say it) an ephod on his breast, inscribed with one word . . God. Whatever could be commanded from on high, or suggested from hence below, to render those about him peaceful and contented, he took, and carried into execution.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

No vice of any kind ever was suspected in him: no virtue, I hear, was deficient, if energy be excepted, which in princes is one, and among the first, although in other men it is but the agent of principle.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Englishmen, I know, are apt to censure him for his adhesion to the French.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

I am one of those.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

He found a large portion of his people led away by theories and promises; all the men of talents, all the men of enterprise. Could he oppose his cooks and the canons of the cathedral to these and French armies? Undesirous of reigning, he was

ardent in his love of concord, and was ready to make any sacrifice to power, but weakness. He commanded his faithful friends to obey the stronger. Napoleon, who knew him, esteemed and loved him; which he never did the selfish or the insincere. On the fall of that usurper, the Tuscan officers, who had served under him, applied to Ferdinand for half-pay. The Austrians opposed it. *I will not consent to it*, said Ferdinand. *Gentlemen, you fought for the French government: you swore to defend it; and you did defend it to the very last. That government has ceased. You will serve me with the same fidelity. Continue to enjoy the pay you receive, the rank you have merited . . but be contented, I pray you, with your past victories.*

ENGLISH VISITOR.

No prince, not even the most warlike, ever had troops more devoted to him. I do not form my opinion in those places only where I have dined among his officers, as I have done most days for the last two years; but experiencing on every occasion, in my travels thro the country, the civility of his soldiers, I have always been induced to converse with them about him. I talked the other evening, in the fortress, with a captain now in garrison at Pistoya, who had accompanied Bona-

parte in most of his campaigns, and who returned with him, among the few, from Moscow. Confirming the universal sentiment, he added, placing his hand upon my shoulder, *There is something of the Napoleonesque in that man's heart, tho it lies so quiet.*

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

It does indeed lie quiet! and it is the only one in Tuscany that does!

There is however some consolation in knowing that his sufferings ceased before his death, and that they were assuaged by every thing he heard or saw about him. Yesterday he sent for his family, and talked privately and separately with each. Today he desired they would come all together to him. He alone was calm; he alone could utter one word; he consoled them in few. He told them that his Maker had called him; that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road . . *Leopold! take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people.* Then, after a pause, *On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time: many live by them: shorten the period.*

Leopold fell upon the floor: the women were carried from the apartment. They yielded to necessity; but sense had left them; and he, who

was so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one. Reason and affection with him had no contest for mastery . . each kept its own, nor went one step beyond it. For there was a higher power that controlled them in their spheres: they were to enlighten the earth, but they were to move apart from it.

Even in this moment, insupportable to those in health and youth, insupportable to those accustomed to the sight of sickness and sufference and agonizing death, he opened his eyes again, and said, *I have yet one duty: call my physicians.* They entered.

Gentlemen, said he, *three nights of watchfulness at my bedside, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips, how certain I am that every thing you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you.*

The efforts he had made, to perform whatever duty his heart could dictate, at last exhausted him; and his mind, before it left the body, wandered with him.

I have been in Austria and in Bohemia, said he, after what seemed insensibility and torpour, *and now I have seen all my friends.*

LANDOR.

Beloved Ferdinand! thou hast not seen them half, even in vision: but thou shalt see them hereafter: they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages.

Nothing can be spoken so gloriously of any prince in modern days, as this of Ferdinand; that, altho he had to apprehend the authority of a relative, who on other occasions had sacrificed the members of his family on the altars of bad faith and blind ambition, he nevertheless stepped forth, in the calmness of courage and in the strength of virtue, to comfort the menaced and to alleviate the oppressed. The greatest power on earth, or that ever existed on earth, is the power of the British public; its foundation morals, its fabric wisdom, its circumvallation wealth. Yet this mighty power, which could overawe the universe, and (what is better) could fix its destinies, was, in less embarrassing circumstances, almost inert. Far am I from the inclination of lighting up a fire, to invite around it the idle, the malevolent, the seditious: I would however subscribe my name, to ensure the maintenance of those persons who shall have lost their country, for having punished with death its oppressor, or for having attempted it and failed. Let it first be demonstrated that he hath annulled

the constitutional laws, or retracted his admissal or violated his promise of them, or that he holds men not born his subjects, nor reduced to that condition by legitimate war, in servitude and thraldom, or hath assisted or countenanced another in such offences. No scorn, no contumely, no cruelty, no single, no multiplied, injustice, no destruction, is enough, excepting the destruction of that upon which all society is constituted, under which all security rests and all hope lies at anchor . . faith. Private * wrongs may and ought to be punished by private vindication, where the tongue of Law is paralysed by the bane of Despotism; and the action which in civil life is the worst, becomes, where civism lies beneath power, the most illustrious that magnanimity can achieve. Teachers, the timid and secluded, point it out to youth among a thousand pages; colleges ring with it over chaunts and homilies; Piety closes her thumbed lesson and articulates less tremulously this response. The street

* The calmest and wisest men that ever lived were unanimous in this sentence; it is sanctified by the laws of Solon, and sustained by the authority of Cicero and Aristoteles. The latter, mild and moderate as he was, goes a great way farther than I have ventured. Δεῖ τοὺς ἀδικουμένους ὑπὲρ ἑαυτῶν πολεμεῖν, ἢ ὑπὲρ συγγενῶν, ἢ ὑπὲρ ἐυεργετῶν, ἢ συμμάχοις ἀδικουμένοις βοηθεῖν.

cries Cesar, the study whispers Brutus. Degenerate men have never been so degenerate, the earth is not yet so effete, as not to rear up one imitator of one great deed. Glory to him! peace, prosperity, long life, and like descendents!

Remember, brave soul! this blow fixes thy name above thy contemporaries. Doubt not, it will have its guard to stand under it, and to fill the lamp that shews thy effigy. Great actions call forth great eloquence, as great eloquence calls forth great actions. There have been those who, after the battle, could raise the dead above the living, the unfortunate above the prosperous: there have been those who could give even to the trophies of Marathon a fresh and livelier interest: there have been those who, in the midst of this interest, could turn the eyes of the city away from them, to the despoiled and unsepulchred on the plains of Cheronea. With us let there be the will; and let the failure (if failure there must be) lie with higher powers: in that thought alone is all-sufficient consolation.

Ours is the time for associations to reward the extinction of despots, since it is certain that none such as those I have pointed out, is now living to be offended or alarmed. If the richer of our patriots would offer an asylum and a sustenance, in

America, to him who should punish them on their rising, no doubt can be entertained that every gazette in Europe, royal and imperial, will be ordered to announce the resolution: for what service can be rendered to monarchs, equal to that of making them respectable?

Well known to me as is their liberality, I should not be surprised if, for this proposal, they consign to me thro their ambassadors more crosses and stars than would cover the convexity of the Most Christian King, and more ribbon than would surround it . . a fortune of itself! and not unmerited (let me say it) at their hands.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You, sir, I presume are a literary man: you then can inform me whether the report is true, that Ferdinand was no great favourer of letters.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

I am afraid there is some foundation for it. We have many amongst us capable of reflecting lustre on our city if they were properly encouraged.

LANDOR.

Encourage then one another: this is the properest of all encouragement, and the most effectual. The best princes are bad judges of literature: would you wish them to give what is not due? to encourage what is not worthy?

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Landor, do not wantonly make yourself enemies in the literary world: you can hardly find two authors in England who can endure to hear your name mentioned, you are so illiberal. You would let them live by sucking and licking one another, like young bears. They cannot be fond and loving when they are hungry.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

We have, among the rest, some excellent *improvisatori;* a race peculiar to our Italy.

LANDOR.

Long be it so! no *improvisatore* ever rose above mediocrity; few have reached it. Poetry, like wine, requires a gentle and regular and long fermentation. What is it if it can buoy up no wisdom, no reflexion? if we can throw into it none of our experience; if no repository is to be found in it for the gems we have collected, at the price sometimes of our fortunes, of our health, and of our peace? Your improvisatori let drop their verses, as a string of mules their excrement, for miles together. The Italian habit of evening *conversazioni*, as those assemblies are called where people do anything rather than converse, produces the same effect on the minds of your countrymen, as brandy does on the bodies of your greyhounds:

it stupefies them, takes away their strength, and makes them little all their lives. The first thing a young person, who wishes to be a poet, has to do, is, to conquer his volubility . . to compress in three verses what he had easily thrown off in twelve, and to be an hour about what cost him a minute. If he has a *knack* for verses, he must break it and forget it. Both the poet and the painter should acquire facility and frankness; but they must be exercised with discretion; they must be sternly regulated, and in great part suppresst. The young poet will remonstrate, and more often scoff: he will appall you by placing before you the *deep mouth* of Pindar and his mountain-torrents. Tell him, and tell older ones too, that Pindar of all poets is the most accurate and the most laborious.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Pardon me, sir, for crossing your string of mules, if any are behind: we remember Corilla.

LANDOR.

But who remembers her poetry? I have read the best of it, and have read better from our farmers and shepherds, and nearly as good from our bellmen. I could philosophize much upon this subject: but my mind is not framed as most are. They philosophize best when they are grave;

I when I am gay; for nothing then exhausts or tires me. When I am grave I go down fast. Drive a guinea-fowl under my window, or but repeat to me the same word in the same key two or three times, and in vain do I look for wand or glass: I am in dejection and darkness. I shall defend, as well as I can, without much reasoning, the character of Ferdinand, on his imputed neglect of literary men in general.

The school of natural history is close to his palace; and his first conversation on matters of science was with Fontana, the director. It was the custom of this professor, as you have told me, when any stranger of distinction came to visit the cabinet, and to admire his preparations, to come suddenly into the room, his hands covered with blood or some chemical injection, and to make a thousand apologies for the negligence of his dress, protesting that he was obliged to do every thing himself, even the most sordid and the most minute. The poor assistent, an intelligent and scientific man, heard this, month after month; sighed at his obscurity and poverty, and deeper still at the hopelesness of celebrity, of honest hard-earned fame, of even cold thriftless justice . . and threw himself into the Arno. What must have been the pangs, that swelled to such insanity so unaspiring

a breast! *We* take fire and burn out presently: *we* call ourselves the feeling; and feel little. O what must he, unfortunate man! have suffered.

Ferdinand knew the story afterwards. He must have remembered the odes and sonnets (or at least the baseness of them) addressed to him on all occasions by those who rejoiced in the same measures on his expulsion from the throne, and saluted his successors as warmly; two worthless women; a prostitute actress and a swindling bigot.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

We are a nation of praisers; we mean nothing by it.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Do not complain then if you get nothing by it.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Sir, when you alighted at the inns on the road, did not one or other bring up a sonnet in your praise, ignorant and indifferent who and what you were? Just so do our poets to their princes, and expect to be rewarded in the same manner and proportion. M. Landor is prejudiced against the Tuscans in general, the Florentines in particular.

LANDOR.

I have found at the distance of ten miles from Florence the best people I have ever yet conversed with. The country-people are frank, hospitable,

courteous, laborious, and disinterested; eager to assist one another, and offended at nothing but the offer of a reward. I have sat amongst them by the hour, almost the only company I could ever endure half so long; and, at the first time of seeing me, the whole family has told me its most intimate concerns. The mother has enlarged on the virtues and excused the faults of her husband. The daughter has asked me whether I was married, and whether I liked it; as she intended to take a husband in the beginning of the carnival .. Stefano . . I must know him . . and had bought the bed, and hemmed the sheets, and folded and packed up the *corredo;* telling me that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as the beginning of the carnival . . such fun!

Matta! cries the mother, and smiles at me.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

O gentlemen! there are girls in Florence that will say a great deal more than that to you in half the time: and I promise you we have as worthy men amongst us (if you do not want to eat with 'em or ask a favour of 'em) as any upon earth. Selfishness and insincerity are thrown out against us: the worse indeed, in public or in private, are sure to laugh at his simplicity from whom they receive

a benefit; but the better (I hope) are disposed to excuse it.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You seem rather shy about the main question, and let the old fact stand. Ferdinand was parsimonious, was he not?

LANDOR.

He had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune; he had twice been forced from his throne; he had a family to provide for; yet the taxes were equable and moderate; and property and its comforts, in no portion of the globe, are so well distributed and so general as in Tuscany. He did not throw away his money among idlers and sycophants in court or college . .

ENGLISH VISITOR.

No, no! Quiet and as much in the shade as he could be, he was not to be tickled or intoxicated by a sonnet or a sermon. When he observed them on the surface, he swam down the stream (I hear) and lett them founder.

LANDOR.

Generosity does not rest upon the purse; nor is the sovran most worthy of esteem for liberality, who gives most among those about him. Believe me, my friends, novel and strange and uncom-

fortable as it may appear to you, the generosity of a prince is parsimony. Ferdinand had more pleasure at being praised by villagers in their carts, pressing down their figs and turning their peaches, than by professors in the chair or canonics in the pulpit. He never went out of his way to meet it: it met him everywhere.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

That must be an admirable prince, whom none of you poets thinks it a good speculation either to praise or libel.

LANDOR.

Such, in his latter days, was the felicity of Ferdinand; and those who now extoll him, turn their eyes another way, and watch the countenance of the son.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

May he shew his good sense and rectitude, by paying none for praises! As for tears, if they are due (and Landor has persuaded me that they are, abundantly) let them flow on. Were I in his place, I would not wipe them away with a new handkerchief, nor give a pinch of snuff to encrease them.

While you are in this humour, and are possessed by the right feeling in all its warmth and fulness, I wish you would compose an elegy on the occa-

sion; as our critics are of opinion that you are sadly deficient in the true pathetic.

LANDOR.

It would ill become me to hold an argument against men of such genius and judgement as our critics; and it would fare badly with me if I could prove them to be mistaken. I really would attempt an elegiac poem on the event, were it possible that persons in the same station as Ferdinand's could be improved or moved by it. But to affect an immoderate grief, as poets do, on the death of princes, is the worst of hypocrisy: it being certain that there can be little or no sympathy between them, whatever respect may be borne by those who are swayed by imagination, toward the regal character. I do not assert that my grief remains for days, or even hours together, violent or unremitted, altho it has done so once or twice: but seldom have I thought of a friend or companion, be it at the distance of thirty or forty years, that the thought is not as intense and painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy, as tho I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations. If any thing could engage me to visit

Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their grave stories upon the ground in the midst of eunuchs and fidlers; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, orators and preachers, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius points to the bones of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! and does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amidst the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the Gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cesar shook the world!

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

I wish, sir, you would favour us with a latin inscription for the tombs of the gentlemen whose names you mentioned, since the pathetic is not requisite in that species of composition.

LANDOR.

Altho I have written at various times a great number of such inscriptions, as parts of literature, yet I think nothing is so absurd if you only in-

scribe them on a tomb. Why should extremely few persons, the least capable perhaps of sympathy, be invited to sympathize, while thousands are excluded from it by the iron grate of a dead language? Those who read a latin inscription are the most likely to know already the character of the defunct, and no new feelings are to be excited in them: but the language of the country tells the ignorant who he was that lies under the turf before them; and, if he was a stranger, it naturalizes him amongst them; it gives him friends and relations; it brings to him and detains about him some who may imitate, many who will lament him. We have no right to deprive any one of a tender sentiment, by talking in an unknown tongue to him, when his heart would listen and answer to his own: we have no right to turn a chapel into a library, locking it with a key which the lawful proprietors cannot turn.

It was not my fortune (shall I call it good or bad, now they are dead?) to know those young men, who, within so short a space of time, have added, after some centuries, two more immortal names to the cemeteries of Rome. Upon one of them I have written what by no means satisfies me.

Fair and free soul of poesy, O Keats!
O how my temples throb, my heart-blood beats,
At every image, every word of thine!
Thy bosom, pierced by Envy, drops to rest;
Nor hearest thou the friendlier voice, nor seest
The sun of fancy climb along thy line.

But under it, altho a viperous brood
That stung an Orpheus (in a clime more rude
Than Rhodope and Hemus frown upon)
Still writhes and hisses, and peers out for more
Whose buoyant blood they leave concreted gore,
Thy flowers root deep, and split the creviced stone.

Ill may I speculate on scenes to come,
Yet I would dream to meet thee at our home
With Spenser's quiet, Chaucer's livelier ghost,
Cognate to thine . . not higher, and less fair . .
And Madalene and Isabella there
Shall say, *without thee half our loves were lost.*

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Here indeed is little of the pathetic. You must rather have been thinking on the depravity of those who exerted their popularity to depress him, heedless that it precipitated him to the tomb. Such people as Gifford are to be acquitted: for how could they feel his poetry or estimate his virtues? Gifford is the Harriet Wilson of our literary world; the witherer of young names.

LANDOR.

There however have been poets who ran, it appears, for refuge to this quarter.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Doubtless it is a corner where many may stop a little, in case of need, but none would longer than the moment. As for refuge, it must be somebody at once pusillanimous and ignorant. . .

LANDOR.

Not remarkably so . . nor indeed in other cases too prudent. He addresses Byron thus.

Why tar and sulphur hearts of oak,
The honestest of English folk,
Singing upon them, O thou Nero,
Byron? . . while yet unscorcht and free
The devil take me but I 'll flee
To goodman Gifford, under zero.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Whoever he is, I will give him my mind upon the subject, and in verse too.

'Tis better at the stake than in the stall,
And nobler is the axe than is the awl.

Byron is, I think, the wittiest of satirists.

LANDOR.

I think the same. Either he has not exerted all

his force, or he has not experienced all his felicity, on me. Rather than the world should have been a loser in this part of his poetry, I would have corrected and enlarged for him what he composed against me, and have furnished him with fresh materials. I only wish I could have diverted his pen from a better man and better writer, Southey.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

I could imagine a part of that aspiration was for the assailant.

LANDOR.

There are many hearts which have risen higher and sunk lower at his tales, and yet have been shocked and sorrowed at his untimely death a great deal less than mine has been. Honour and glory to him for the extensive good he did! peace and forgiveness for the partial evil!

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Come, I cannot talk of extensive good, or indeed of one kind action, or (what perhaps might propitiate you) one fine sentence, in the *goodman under zero;* but while he is measuring your foot, tho with a clumsy and unclean hand, do not tread upon his fingers.

LANDOR.

I do not always walk in the brushed path; yet

where I sit down quietly I will not dirty my shoe wantonly.

Together we release the cloak,
A wretched wretched rag indeed * !"

ENGLISH VISITOR.

But what shall we say of higher men, descending on Keats as he entered the field, and bringing down the loyal militia and supplementary sharp-shooters of the Edinburgh press, until he had surrendered his pen and breathed his last † ?

LANDOR.

Let us think that they have done, and hope that they will yet do, better things. They might, like the beneficent deity of old mythology, have fixed a new Delos, a Delos among the Cyclades of poetry. Fame often rests at first upon something accidental; and often too is swept away, or removed at least, for a time. But neither genius nor glory are conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like the drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations in the beginning may be scooped away, by the slow machinery of malicious labour;

* Wordsworth's Alice Fell.

† I cannot shake myself loose o' the belief that there has been some *jookery-paukery* of Satan's in a' this.—Black Dwarf, p. 148.

but after a season they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

The *Connexion* has given you also some elbowings and shovings.

LANDOR.

And how much more reasonably than they were given to such gentle creatures as Keats! He, like many other authors, young and aged, traversed in criticism both marsh and crag, to fill his bosom with every bitter and every thorny plant, that might pierce, blister, or inquiet it. I never look for them nor see them. The whole world might write against me, and leave me ignorant of it to the day of my death. A friend who announces to me such things, has performed the last act of his friendship. It is no more pardonable, than to lift up the gnat-net over my bed, on pretext of shewing me that there are gnats in the room. Two numbers of the magazine edited by the *Connexion* were sent to me: the former contained (I hear) two entire Conversations, and accused me of exaggerating when I said that Mina had surpassed all the generals of his age in extraordinary exploits. I might have added, that History has left

us no example of such, performed by means apparently so inadequate. Bonaparte, when he rejected the guidance of others, failed in every important undertaking, with greater advantages than ever were possest before.

But few can think those great men who never have trampled upon them. Greatness must have a fierce or a mysterious air, high titles, a swaggering gait, a swoln purse, a priest before, a lawyer at the side, and a hangman after her. Bonaparte with only the resources of Mina would have been lost and unheard of: Mina, with half the resources of Bonaparte, would have liberated the world.

The *Connexion*, as you denominate the Scotch magazinemen, after rifling me and thanking me, retracted the thanks (I am told) and retained the pilfer. If these clowns, instead of *making a leg* to personages who laugh both in public and in private at their awkwardness and servility, would look up and mind their market-cart, they would act much more wisely and becomingly: the jolt they have given to my new carriage has not hurt even the varnish. My four volumes (for a fourth there will be) contain more than seventy dialogues: let the sturdiest of the *Connexion* take the ten worst; and if he equals them in ten years, I will

give him a hot wheaten roll and a pint of *brown-stout* for breakfast . . nay, under the rose, I will correct his English for him ever in future, if he asks it *at* me.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

You appear more interested about this youth than about Burns, whom I have known you extoll to the skies.

LANDOR.

I do not recollect what I wrote on Burns, for I seldom keep a copy of any thing, but I know that I wrote it many years after his decease, which was hardly less deplorable than Keatsis. One would imagine that those who, for the honour of our country, ought to have guarded and watched over this prodigy of genius, had considered only how they could soonest despach him from the earth. They gave him a disreputable and sordid place, exactly of the kind in which he would indulge his only bad propensity.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

And I now remember that you allude to this propensity, not without an acknowledgement that you yourself would have joined him in its excess.

LANDOR.

How so? If you can recollect it, the critics will thank you for it.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

These, I think, are the verses.

Had we two met, blythe-hearted Burns,
Tho' water is my daily drink,
May God forgive me but I think
We should have roared out toasts by turns.

Inquisitive low-whispering cares
Had found no room in either pate *,
Until I asked thee, rather late,
Is there a hand-rail to the stairs?

LANDOR.

My Bacchus is, I protest, as innocent as Cowley's Mistress: but, with a man like Burns, I do not know whether I should have cried out very anxiously

Quò me Bacche rapis?

ENGLISH VISITOR.

His countrymen treated him, as is usual to men of genius, with more kindness after his death than while he was amongst them, and drawing away from those who had some pretentions, too large a portion, as they thought, of public notice. The Scotch do not appear to us, nor have they ever

* *Pate,* as T. Warton sagely informs us, was not a ludicrous or illiberal word formerly. It occurs in our translation of the Psalms. "His wickedness shall fall on his own *pate.*" Ps. 7.

been considered, an inconstant people; yet none perhaps is less ashamed of committing the most open and scandalous inconstancy.

A celebrated author wrote in favour of the princess of Wales, while the old king was living; against her, when she had lost her protector.

LANDOR.

Can that be? Excuse my question: you know my utter ignorance of parties in the literary circles, and how little I am disposed to believe what they assert one of another.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

The truth of this is notorious. The same composed and sang a triumphal song, on the death of a minister whom in his life-time he had flattered. He was just in his coffin, when the Minstrel sang *the fox is run to earth;* not among a few friends, but in the presence of many who neither loved nor esteemed, neither applauded nor countenanced him. Constable of Edinburgh heard him, and related the fact to Curran, who expressed his incredulity with great vehemence, and his abhorrence with greater than his incredulity.

LANDOR.

I believe there has rarely been a weaker or a more profligate statesman than Mr. Fox: but he was friendly and affectionate; he was a gentleman

and a scholar. When I heard of his decease, and now he had been abandoned at Chiswick by his colleagues in the ministry, one of whom, lord Grey, he had raised to notice and distinction, I grieved that such indignity should have befallen him, and thought it almost too severe a chastisement, and certainly such as ought never to have been inflicted by those hands, for desertion from his standard, or almost any delinquency. Tyrants and usurpers, or those who would become so, are the only persons whose death should be the subject of rejoicing over wine; and it is braver and more generous to compass it than to sing it. Fox too had sung over wine; perhaps in that very room where he was lying in his shroud; but never did he exult in the death of an adversary, or look thro his wine-glass at another's tears. Many were then lamenting him; all who had ever known him personally: for in private life he was so amiable, that his political vices seemed to them but weaknesses, and oftentimes even as deep-laid schemes for some beneficent system: and he spoke with such warmth and confidence, that there appeared to be in his character, in despite of the importunity, crush, and pressure of numberless proofs against him, both energy and prudence.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

To be assaulted or undermined by such an enemy as the Scot, is deplorable to those only to whom authorship is a profession, and whose families must waste away with the poison he throws into the fountain-head of their subsistence. I wish you yourself had never cracked the whip over Byron, differently as he was situated.

LANDOR.

I expressed the same wish, the first moment it was right and lawful.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

There was something in his mind not ungraceful nor inelegant, altho from a deficiency of firmness, it wanted dignity. He issued forth against stronger and better men than himself, not so much thro wantonness and malignity, as thro ignorance of their powers and worth, and impatience at their competition. He could comprehend nothing heroic, nothing disinterested. Shelley, at the gates of Pisa, threw himself between him and the dragoon, whose sword in his indignation was lifted and about to strike. Byron told a common friend, some time afterwards, that he could not conceive how any man living should act so. *Do you know, he might have been killed! and there was every appearance that he would be!*

The answer was, *Between you and Shelley there is but little similarity, and perhaps but little sympathy: yet what Shelley did then, he would do again, and always. There is not a human creature, not even the most hostile, that he would hesitate to protect from injury, at the imminent hazard of life. And yet life, which he would throw forward so unguardedly, is somewhat more with him than with others: it is full of hopes and aspirations, it is teeming with warm feelings, it is rich and overrun with its own native simple enjoyments. In him, every thing that ever gave pleasure, gives it still, with the same freshness, the same exuberance, the same earnestness to communicate and share it.*

By God! I cannot understand it! cried Byron. *A man to run upon a naked sword for another!*

LANDOR.

He had drawn largely from his imagination, penuriously from his heart. He distrusted it: what wonder then if he had little faith in another's! Had he lived among the best of the ancient Greeks, he would have satirized and reviled them: but their characters caught his eye softened by time and distance; nothing in them of opposition, nothing of rivalry; where they are, there they

must stand: they cannot come down nearer us. His hatred of tyranny, his disdain of tyrants, his ambition to excell in liberality the richer and the louder in our houses of parliament, urged him on; and his name will therefor be redd among the first and most glorious in the tablets of the Parthenon. Two of these, I trust, will be inscribed to Eternity: one containing the defenders and benefactors of Greece; the other those who became the hirelings of barbarians; and foremost, the Parisian Mamelukes of Napoleon Bonaparte. On reading the names, the friends of liberty will be consoled at its extinction in France; among a people in which even a dream of it would be unauspicious, and round which, let us hope for the repose of the world, the Bourbon belly will coil daily closer and closer.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

In regard to Byron, those who spoke the most malignantly of him in his lifetime, have panegyrized him since his decease with so little truth, discretion, and precision, that we may suspect it to have been done designedly; and the rather, as the same insincerity hath been displayed toward others, both where there might be, and where there could not be, a jealousy of rivalship.

LANDOR.

This is the easiest and nearest way to knock out a gilt nail-head from the coffin.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

An exploit not very glorious in itself, nor likely in the end to be very satisfactory, not even to the most inquisitive of minute collectors.

LANDOR.

In my opinion it would indeed be better to carry our *thieves-vinegar* into the places of open and wide corruption on each side of us, than to turn it back to its original use, of enabling us with safety to despoil the dead.

Let me return to Shelley. Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another: and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds, with the fallen and afflicted.

This is the man against whom such clamours

have been raised by the religious à la mode, and by those who live and lap under their tables: this is the man whom, from one false story about his former wife, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice and injustice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation, that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies the third place among our poets of the present age . . no humble station . . for no other age since that of Sophocles has produced on the whole earth so many of such merit . . and is incomparably the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Ferdinand, I have observed in my travels, is the only prince in Italy who encourages the statuary or the painter; and I was happy to see two rooms in Palazzo Pitti, now under the hands of two Florentine artists, which will rival in their frescos the best compositions of better times.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

These are splendid works, and worthy of the princes that have succeded to the Medici. At the same time I cannot but regrett, that so little care is taken, in our city, of labours not less mag-

nificent, and more marvelous. The frescos of Andrea del Sarto, incomparably better than his oil-paintings, are unprotected and injured. Above all I lament the decay, not from time but negligence, of that glorious last supper by Giotto, in the refectory of Santa Croce. Soil has been accumulated against the wall behind it several feet high. Draperies and attitudes not unworthy of Raphael and Frate Bartolomeo, will disappear shortly, and the restorer of painting in Italy will soon be known only as one of her best architects.

LANDOR.

He built the most beautiful tower that ever rose from the earth, but his picture in Santa Croce holds me longer in amazement and enchantment. You Florentines are malicious: you have dragged from lane to alley the *Centaur* of Giovanni da Bologna, and leave in the open air, to the mercy of idle boys, his *Sabine*. Would you have done so if they were the works of Canova, or any other Italian?

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Canova was the great sculptor of the age.

LANDOR.

A good man, a fine artist; but his celebrated *Venus* in the Palazzo Pitti would sink into insignificance if you placed it near the *Sabine*. Ve-

nerate Ghiberti; applaud Michael-Angelo; respect Giovanni; compliment Canova.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Benvenuti is more chaste and correct in design than any painter since Domenichino; and Rome herself can shew nothing at once more classical and more splendid than the conflagration of the Grecian ships by Sabatelli, in whose apartment there are also some groups which Correggio would have owned with transport. I heard one Englishman remark to another, as they were coming down the staircase, how glorious it was to this country to give so magnificent an encouragement to the arts; and his companion replied, that so much had not been done for them by the kings of Great Britain in a hundred and fifty years.

LANDOR.

Gently, sir! first I must bring back to your recollection that a French family ordered this noble decoration of Palazzo Pitti; and that, on the return of Ferdinand, his ministers made a deduction from the price agreed on, amounting to five hundred crowns, in the work of Benvenuti. We never had, and probably never shall have, in England, any great work performed by a native artist. Until of late, our best were the Picts. We now have some excellent ones; but either

they are abandoning their professions in despair, or return to the country whence they drew their inspiration. There came and sat with me, last evening, a young artist * who was crowned at Milan by the Vice-roy Eugene, as the first in the *sublime class*, while he was yet a boy. His assiduity is equal to his genius; yet in England he would starve. Italian churches will preserve the monuments of his pencil, while his father's adorn the palaces of French marshals. Cardinal Fesch, to his honour be it spoken, fostered and encouraged him in his early youth, and Napoleon smiled on him under the protection of the Arts.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Have none of your kings been ever fond of painting?

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Of the Chinese and Japonese.

LANDOR.

It is remarkable that England has produced no king, since Charles the first, possessing the slightest knowledge, or professing the faintest love, of the Arts. Ministers, from that time until this, have been equally ignorant of and indifferent to them, without one exception. Painting was fostered, on its reappearance, even by tyrants, great and petty:

* Mr. Trajan Wallis.

will the reigning ones imitate only their cruelty and falsehood, and follow only their superstition and bigotry, without a spark of generosity to worth, without a glance, unless of reprobation, on genius? Let the walls of Mantua and of Mayence extend their circuit round the whole continent; let their dykes embrace the isles; let us writers be committed to the jailor, and our productions to the hangman: but the canvas at least cannot be so benefited as by their hands, nor be exhibited to such advantage as in their apartments.

FLORENTINE VISITOR.

Little Italian cities have their galleries within them, and their academies at Rome; while England has neither an academy there, nor a gallery within the vast circumference of her metropolis.

ENGLISH VISITOR.

Our gracious king, you must allow, has afforded some patronage to portraiture.

LANDOR.

A chalky limner, itinerant thro Europe, scores down the protruded boot, and starred regimentals, and ghastly visages, still expressing a rueful doubt of safety, under the crimson canopy and remounted eagle. Away with such lumber! and let England call that man, and that man only, her painter, who shall animate the poet, and rebuke the tar-

diness of the historian. We have great artists; yes, sir, and many; and disgraceful is it and criminal, in those thro whose apathy and negligence we have not more and greater.

In the year 1801, the granduke's pictures were offered to the English government, thro Sir William Drummond, for *two hundred thousand pounds* . . considerably less than a single week's expenses in the war. The Orleans gallery had already been purchased by three private persons: our ministers refused this also. The French gallery they did not consider worth the carriage. We fairly won the game against the French, and conquered their collection: we permitted it to be dismembered, and to become the prey again of bigots and barbarians. We should have treated the French as they had treated others, at least in what they told us was so very glorious; in displaying our love and hospitality to the Arts. Several of these pictures are stil to be procured; but not the Leo X of Raphael, not the Saint Mark of Frate Bartolomeo, nor either of those other two at Lucca by him, nor the Saint Jerom of Correggio. These pictures are stil perfect, and are the masterpieces of what is extant from the greatest painters: for, if the Transfiguration was finished by Raphael, which I doubt, it is now in ruins, and worth atten-

tion merely as a curiosity. I saw it at Paris, when it had more than twenty holes or erasures in it; and I believe, from seeing it after its restoration, that every inch of it was repainted. If we should have a gallery in England, the business of forming it will only be a job, and conducted by men as ignorant as those, who decorated the public buildings in Westminster some years ago.

I entertain no doubt that the exigences of the Spanish king would induce him to sell the better part of his collection. It far excells any other in the number of fine paintings. The earlier specimens of the art are nowhere to be procured but at Florence; and the more valuable of these have already been purchased by the king of Prussia. Twenty years hence it will be too late to look for any. Petty princes are forming grand collections: we kick them from before us; and only think of them again when a few thousand pounds cannot be thrown in a more dexterous way, into the hands of some idler who sits waiting for an office. In this however it is better to be lavish than to be dilatory, to be injudicious than to be inert.

Even the emperor of Russia is before us. He has given orders for copying all the works of Raphael: for which purpose two senators, two professors of rhetoric, three sergeants, five corporals,

and a considerable body of mounted Cossacks and Kalmucs, well furnished with brushes and pencils, are hourly expected in the *eternal city*. These valiant artists, as the Italians call those who excell in painting, are commanded to take the survey of the posts, and to finish the campaign, before winter, bringing back the spoils and trophies in their havresacks and under their saddles, as several fine collections in Russia have perished by exposure to the weather. It has likewise been discovered there, that not only salt-water and frost, but even river-water and wet walls, are injurious in some degree to painting.

O that cracked bell of the Bargello! must that too shake my windows, and tell me that I may be indignant another time, but must be grave at present!

CONVERSATION XV.

INES DE CASTRO,

DON PEDRO,

AND

DOÑA BLANCA.

INES DE CASTRO,

DON PEDRO,

AND

DOÑA BLANCA.

PEDRO.

INES, in one word, I have ceased to love you. Loose me, girl; let me go.

INES.

Is it true? can it be? must I believe it?

PEDRO.

Yes, my sweet . . yes my . . yes, Ines.

INES.

And are you still so generous, my Pedro, as to be sorry that you have ceased to love me! to sigh, almost to weep, as you turn away from me. Take off that hand from above mine then, for I dare not move it: it is my prince's; it was my lover's. Be it my duty to go, not yours.

PEDRO.

Whither wilt thou go, unfortunate Ines! Wouldst thou abandon me, O light heart!

INES.

I would obey you; I have sworne it.

PEDRO.

Not yet: would to God it were so.

INES.

Indeed not yet at the altar: but did you not force me to say that I loved you, before you went against the Moors? do you now punish me for this? It was unmaidenly: so it was to place my arm round your neck: so it was, and worse, not to fly and leave you, and take refuge in a cloister, when you kissed my very lips . . but you were going, and my heart was faint, and I did not see any thing; not you, who might have given me more pride and courage; not an image of her who, in her spotless purity, might have saved me.

PEDRO.

I never exacted the promise of your obedience.

INES.

What else is love?

PEDRO.

O Ines, Ines! must we two never know more of it than this! Forget me, hate me. I am ungrateful, wild, desperate.

INES.

If you have ceased to love me, Pedro, I cannot reason with you . . I have no power . . you no need of it: but if you fancy in yourself these blemishes, let me persuade you, O generous and tender Pedro, that they do not exist in you, and are not to be feared by you or thought of: they have hearts enough, and room enough in all of them; never will they enter Pedro's.

PEDRO.

I cannot marry you.

INES.

Heaven has decreed it then, my beloved.

PEDRO.

Thy hands are marble. Perfidious wretch! woman of sermons, songs, and satires, not of earth or nature! this indifference, this immobility, this smile.

INES.

O Pedro, Pedro! you relieve my heart before it breaks . . I thought you had said you never more could love me.

PEDRO.

I will love no other . . so help me God! so protect me, O blessed virgin! so hear me, Ines!

BLANCA (*entering abruptly*).

The exclamation, I think, was *perfidious wretch*.

Infante! Rightly said. Accusation of a perfidy is the precursor of one. Is this your promise to your father, when he pardoned the sorceress?

PEDRO.

Madam, I heard no accusation of sorcery: the threat was enough. When you protested by the martyrs and angels and confessors, that Ines de Castro should be accused of sorcery before the competent tribunals, if she would not consent to resign me, I placed such reliance on your royal word, and knew so well the meaning of *competency* in tribunals, I swore upon my knees that your wishes should be accomplished.

INES.

O Pedro! your love then for me separates us! and would you not tell me this . . to make me happy!

PEDRO.

Pity her, O merciful queen! Look with compassion on those tears, that anguish!

BLANCA.

It is against the course of Nature that royal blood should mingle with plebeian.

PEDRO.

Madam, I see none such here.

BLANCA.

All that is not royal, to royal eyes should

appear so. Fie! the universe cries out aloud in condemnation of you.

PEDRO.

I would answer your reproof with calmness, lady, if calmness in such contingences were not truly the thing most offensive.

BLANCA.

Speak; answer you cannot.

PEDRO.

Against the course of Nature, which you oppose to me, it is impossible to run, unless we do violence to others or to ourselves. And the universe of princes is a narrow one indeed: court, church, camp *, are its three continents; there is nothing else, above or below or around, but air and sea, quieter or stormier.

BIANCA.

Rare manhood! to argue with a woman! Rare courtesy! to instruct a queen!

PEDRO.

Alas, the distracted will reason! why will not those who are not so! Hard as is the alternative, I would rather be wanting to my plighted faith, than ever see the woman I love resign or loosen it. To ask it were inhumanity, to contract for it

* Τρία κάππα κάκιστα.

were baseness. If she could think me unworthy of her, she might bear to lose me; and what care I how many, how great, how unmerited are my sufferings, if hers are less!

INES.

O my prince, let the most unworthy of your father's vassals clasp your knee.

BLANCA.

In my presence! what! and thou leanest thy forehead on thy keeper's knee!

PEDRO.

Madam, I have not yet learned castilian. My royal father has conferred on me no such title for my humble services. I am but Don Pedro.

INES.

O happy father! happy Portugal! happy above queens, Doña Blanca! happy, O too too happy, whatever may befall thee, Ines!

BLANCA.

Has the audacious girl ceased? Constantia is royal, your equal, your superior, a daughter of Castile. Shall the interest of nations be postponed to the frowardness of boyish appetite?

PEDRO.

Never will I while Ines lives . . .

BLANCA.

Ferocious and insolent and faithless man, enemy

to legitimity and religion! if I am unworthy to seek a proper match for you, if my own daughter is slighted, rejected, and despised, I will at least make your mistress more tractable . . for her I have found one, and will honour her nuptials with my presence this very hour.

No earthly thing is wanting to the bridegroom;
He has youth, estate, rank, person, and court-favour . .
What! thankless! uncompliant! Graceless girl,
Will nothing serve thee under royalty?

INES.

O were there none on earth! I then were happy.

QUEEN.

Impiety! abomination! treason!

INES.

I lost my senses to have uttered it.
I might love God . . I might not love you, Pedro!
And hence the worst and wildest wish that ever
Distraction wrung from love . . to draw the sun
('Tis nothing less) from heaven for my own warmth.
O what were Portugal, or Earth, without you!
Inanimate, or trampled on, or waste,
Or self-opprest as one in wicked slumber.
Reign, gracious Pedro! teaching first obedience . . .
Be every thing that kings have ever been,
Unless they should have loved . .

QUEEN.

Sir, loose that hand . .

INES.

And . . yes . . love too . . but only not love Ines.
I must not throw myself again before you . .
You must not hear those royal words repeated . .
They hurt you so . . they almost made you angry : .
Well do you blush at being moved so soon : .
O that I may not touch those cheeks with mine,
To catch their modesty and beauteousness!
Where am I! in whose presence! . . but we part . .

QUEEN.

Mad impudence! am I then but a fly,
Or bird, or idle unobservant air,
That every wish shall strip itself before me?
Again must I command you? loose that hand, sir;
No transports here, no palm to breast or cross,
Unless for grace and pardon; and methinks
These things are best alone, or with the priest.

INES.

Into what errors have I led you, Pedro!
Constantia may retrieve you . . she alone.
Give me my hand . . Oh! make me take it back.

The princess is mild and lovely, she knows your merits, she is worthy of you . . obey, yield. I must not throw myself at your feet again, but let me pray and once more move you.

BLANCA.

Does it require an effort, girl, to espouse a princess of Castile, and thy superior in beauty as in birth?

INES.

O indeed she is, don Pedro, indeed she is. I did not think of saying it, but you know it.

BLANCA.

Come then, shrink not, resist not, hang not back. Guard!

INES.

Good soldier, I know you dare not act otherwise . . the royal word just given, as you heard, was *strike!*

PEDRO.

O God! she has fallen against the door. Is she hurt? Open! ho, guard, open!

BLANCA.

Would you tread upon her blood? have you no decency? it runs thro, before your feet. Obdurate, insensate, who now will pity you?

PEDRO.

None! none! She is dead! My father! you too are childless *.

* This is not the true history of Ines, who was murdered some time after.

Character is the business of the Dialogue: chronology must be contented to yield a little, in distant ages and countries. The adventures of Ines supply two fine subjects for tragedy. The first, when king Alfonso had resolved to murder her at Coimbra, and desisted from the resolution on seeing her beauty,

and that of her children: the second, when the assassination was accomplishing. La Mothe and others have composed a drama on Ines, and her story is the most interesting part in the Lusiad of Camoens. This distinguished and admirable poet was not felicitous in the development of character; which, whatever may be talked and repeated on the beautiful and the sublime, is the best and most arduous part of poetry. It is this which gives to Homer a large portion of his glory; it is this which sustains us half-stifled in the Socratic school of Euripides; and it is this which, even with a third of the poetry, would have elevated Shakespear immeasurably above all.

CONVERSATION XVI.

POPE LEO XII

AND

HIS VALET GIGI.

POPE LEO XII

AND

HIS VALET GIGI.

GIGI.

COUGHING and spitting, spitting and coughing, what loving and attentive sons will you make the whole sacred college! Again! nay upon my life, holy father, this sore throat of your Beatitude returns at an awkward season. An ugly thing at best; and ugliest of all at a jubilee; tho many more will be caught at it than will be freed. Were I your Holiness, I would excommunicate that nasty Munich girl.

LEO.

Gigi! her bones were in the grave twenty years ago.

GIGI.

And rotten thirty. I wonder whether the worms would touch her: may-hap they might, having no palates or noses.

LEO.

By our Lady! Gigi, few of those who did touch her had any a short time after. I escaped . . as you see me tho! . . it being the will of our heavenly Shepherd that I should succede to the chief guidance of his numerous flocks on earth.

Have you seen the pilgrims?

GIGI.

Yes, your Beatitude!

LEO.

Are any fresh ones come in, this morning?

GIGI.

No, by my faith, your Holiness! There is indeed old Gasparo-Simone, who was whipt after the last jubilee, as they report it, and his daughter Beatrice-Faustina, who is no more of a fresh one than he is.

LEO.

I never heard of this Gasparo-Simone.

GIGI.

I wonder at that, your Holiness! . . as celebrated a pimp as any in the city. He was a veterinary surgeon in the swine department, and used to perform to a marvel those operations on the juvenile objects of his studies, which being applied to new-made christians, whom he also attended on the occasion, has rendered them the peculiar favorites

of the Holy Allies in all the cities upon the continent, and enables them by the clearer undulation of their voices, to lift up our Souls to our Creator in the Sistine chapel. But the said Gasparo, having been detected in selling the selections of rams and goats, dogs and cats, among the more delicate ones deducted from the Circéan herds, and suspected of mingling the porcine and the christian, was obliged to decline the practise of his profession. *I will now take my fee,* he says, *to serve his Holiness, altho,* he adds archly, *I am only a licentiate.*

As for the Jew, he swears by Abraham he never will recant again, until fifty more ducats are paid him.

LEO.

Who is he?

GIGI.

The same who was to have recanted to the queen of Etruria, by her royal command, and who had a hundred ducats for it. His late Holiness could not give her Majesty a bullfight, and was resolute against all flatteries and entreaties not to order an *auto da fè:* a conversion was the least thing he could do for her, particularly as her children were with her, and she found both sponsor

and banker. Levi now protests on his conscience that a jubilee-recantation is worth twice as much as a coronation one. We threatened him with imprisonment and cutting his tongue out. *I shall never recant the better for that,* said he, *nor make the more converts;* and then, winking his black almond eye, *Ask his Beatitude who brought Serafina Dati to him, when he was made a cardinal.*

LEO.

Pimp and impostor! does he pretend it was he? Gigi! peace and respect! I desire to hear no more about these idle lusts of the flesh.

GIGI.

Idle enough, God knows, at our time of life, your Holiness! They are ugly things to hear of; they cost us many a sigh and many a stockfish, when they are over.

LEO.

There is a service good for the casting out of all other devils but these.

GIGI.

Faith! and there is a service good for the casting out of these also, tho none for the keeping out.

LEO.

I know it not, at present.

GIGI.

Nor I neither; but I did when I was younger; and so did your Holiness.

LEO.

No trifling, Gigi, no trifling, I desire. The German lutheran is more tractable, I trust, than that impure man, Levi.

GIGI.

Much more so: he declares that if the pretty princess of Lucca would but wash his feet for him, and hold upon her lap the calves of each leg while she is wiping them, he would turn Turk for it.

LEO.

Unconscionable varlet! who would not? . . I mean catholic. But are there really only thirty-eight pilgrims on this occasion?

GIGI.

Your Holiness must forget the four hundred you yourself ordered from your states.

LEO.

I do not count those.

GIGI.

They have feet that require as much washing, and bellies that want as much filling, as the rest. The fishing-boat that was appointed by his most christian majesty, to convey the faithful of

his kingdom to the patrimony of Saint Peter, arrived last evening. It contains five merry pilgrims from Provence, three nuns of some distinction, if one may believe their stories, for they assert that they come from the *Palais Royal*, and a sturgeon; which the nuns, unbecoming their condition and consequence, were fighting for, until the crew separated them, with as little deference as they deserved; the captain crying out jeeringly, *You have onction enough about you; and I have a cord of saint Francis in the cabin, that, with two or three strokes across the buttocks, will bring you, I warrant, into as proper a state of recueillement as heart can wish.*

LEO.

Spouses of Christ! do you pull caps? my sheep! do you eat sturgeon?

GIGI.

The heretics in Rome think it a singular kind of jubilee to taste nothing but macaroni, week after week.

LEO.

Many of them would fain have milk in their tea, reprobates!

GIGI.

They are not terrified by the death of the goat, your Holiness commanded to be killed for giving

it. If they had seen it done they would have been: for her little kid ran after the soldier who slew her, some times licking his hand, at other times twinkling its ears and rubbing them between its legs, in order to clear itself of the blood that dropped on it from the mother, when it leaped up at her teat and was driven off. The Corsican guard has been called out to repell another of these animals, that was seen crossing the Ponte Molle, and, if the male had not accompanied her, it is thought, would have succeded. The Swiss, coming up opportunely, acted with great vigour on the occasion: both male and female were surrounded and disabled, and are now before the police.

LEO.

I will make an example of them. Take instantly my orders, that the male be reduced to that condition whereto the *Society of Jesus* reduced the statues of the prince of Piombino; and I will seclude the female, just as I secluded the Graces which my predecessor (now in purgatory for it) placed in the Vatican. After which holy function, go and prepare for the *pediluvials*.

GIGI.

Anon, anon . . Ages back, the washings from the feet of pilgrims must have poisoned all the

fish in the Tiber, from Castel Sant' Angelo to Fiumenico; so that the Holinesses your predecessors could have fed the poor devils at no cost: now your Holiness may wash them indeed with a pasty washball made yesterday, and sell it again tomorrow as tho it were never handled, so little wear will there have been upon it; but the fish must be pulled up out of the taxes.

LEO.

O unbelieving age! the number of pilgrims is smaller by half than of the choristers and assistents. All their staves put together would not make fiddlesticks enough for my chapel.

GIGI.

The greater part have chronic rheumatisms and liver-complaints, so cruel and desperate, that your Holiness must beware of touching the shinbone; for the rheum and liver have their arches there, whence the humours swell and flow out. The twelve pounds of quicksilver which his most catholic Majesty, king Ferdinand the purger, sent for the silvering of all such saints as were, by father's side or mother's side, of spanish extraction, and hidalgos, and had been duly purged, have been employed in pills and unctions for the brethren and sisterhood, labouring under these bodily infirmities.

LEO.

Vile offering of his Majesty! Twelve pounds of mercury are hardly worth twelve crowns, unless the price has risen since . . . I forget when. These brethren and sisters must not kiss the Virgin. She would infect the whole city after them. Where are they?

GIGI.

They are in that ward of the hospital which the French made so neat and comfortable, and to which they allowed larger urinals, as being for two purposes.

LEO.

My orders were that all the pilgrims should be seen together in their dormitory, to edify the infidel: and I ordered to be placed there four hundred and fifty beds for them.

GIGI.

Only one was occupied: two were ready; but the two pilgrims the most obedient to the ordinances of your Holiness, were found on one pillow, communicating.

LEO.

I understand you, Gigi . . and without a licence? what an age is this! the most licentious, the most obscene!

GIGI.

Holiness, my master, I have heard it reported that the present age is a great deal less licentious, than any former one since the establishment of the Popedom.

LEO.

Ay truly, less licentious indeed in buying licences.

GIGI.

Licentiousness is not the word, I see, but luxury. Formerly, I have heard, a cardinal would have his dozen of pages: in our days hardly an Eminence has a couple, and one or other of them is sweaty as a running footman, or stiff and sedentary as a *maestro di casa*. This is, in comparison, as a sprig of syringa to a posey an ell round, fit for a Madonna in a new satin of Lyons.

LEO.

I wish they would keep as many pages as formerly, to amuse them in their own palace-yards, with skittles and bowls, or any other game, and not be caught on the staircase of the Quirinal, like his Eminence * *, sticking a petard into the skirt of my grenadeer on duty, to the laughter of the rabble and the scandal of Holy Church. Such idleness and levity!

After all, what most afflicts me is the scarcity of my pilgrims.

GIGI.

I think your Beatitude would have had three or four decently good-looking ones out of Tuscany, if the people could have remained in ignorance of your uncourteous answer to the Granduke.

LEO.

God's liver! uncourteous! Gigi! what dost thou mean? Is the successor of Jesus Christ expected to be courteous?

GIGI.

Pardon me, my master and Beatitude, but of all the men that ever lived upon earth, for man he was, the most courteous was he to whom your Beatitude is successor. He knew who he was as well as we do; yet he was so goodnatured and fairspoken, both to high and low, that, God forgive me! but I think him as worthy as the best of the saints: nay, in my mind he is the very next to his sweet mother.

LEO.

Do you mean Pius the Seventh?

GIGI.

I thought your Holiness had said, by implication, that you were the successor of Jesus Christ.

LEO.

Did I? I forgot it: I am so; but times are altered.

GIGI.

Saint Peter himself could not improve upon him.

LEO.

Much may be said on both sides; but, from the elevation on which it has pleased the Holy-Ghost to place me, I cannot listen to such subjects. I would remind the powers of Europe that I am their sovran; and that what I condescend to receive from them is my due, as from vassals.

GIGI.

But the hundred candied citrons, which the young Granduke sent to your Beatitude, had always been sent as an act of mere courtesy. The custom, I have heard, originated with the Medici, who, according to the quaintness of an emblematic age, I imagine, would represent their armorial bearings of the golden balls, by a present of citrons. It was customary for the Holiness of our Lord to write a letter of thanks for the politeness shewn to him; your Sanctity did not write it, but ordered a secretary to say simply, *that your Sanctity had received the citrons, and appeared to be contented with 'em.*

LEO.

Well, so I was.

GIGI.

Next year, if I may prophecy, your Beatitude must be contented without 'em.

LEO.

I suspect as much. The last present I received from Tuscany, by the connivance (I doubt not) of some in power, prepares me for this affront.

GIGI.

I should have thought the citrons would have been the last.

LEO.

No; while you were on my business at Orvieto, the Archbishop of Pisa sent me three large salmons and three codfish, the latter only salted, the former both salted and smoked, informing me that, according to the directions he had received with 'em, they should not be opened, nor cut into pieces, nor very much washed, as it would be injurious to the flavour and would damage the flakes. One of each was served up at my table on the third day of Lent, and my appetite was sharper than usual. Maria-Fabrizio, on applying the knife, fell at my feet and kissed them, and asked me humbly, with his eyes closed, whether it was my pleasure that it should be a miracle or not. I wondered what the

man meant. He brought before me the two fishes: a strong smell of turpentine invaded my nostrils: the two dainties were of pine-wood, a salmon-skin and cod-skin being drawn over them. For this insult, offered to me in the first instance, I understand, by one Ahab Rigworthy of Connecticut, I will forbid the Americans to visit Rome.

GIGI.

My dear master, your Beatitude, if an American should ever wish to visit Rome, it would only be in bravado to try his wits against the Jews; or to speculate, in case Saint Peter's should come to the hammer, what may be the weight of lead and brass nails upon the roof, how many iron cramps in the walls, how much lime the pillars and statues would burn into, and what vent he could open for them. I will answer for it, there is more taste for the fine arts, and more knowledge of them, among the galleyslaves in Civita Vecchia, than in the most wealthy and cultivated citizens of the United Provinces.

LEO.

That I know; and I am surprised how they could carve a fish so passably like nature.

GIGI.

An Indian carved it: the Indians both carve and paint: they are the Giottos and Cimabues of

the Anglo-Americans. Your Holiness may exclude the new company of the pine-fishery, and not hurt them. But could not you have invited some of the christian princes to be present at this solemnity?

LEO.

I pressed the youngest, who are the most ductile, and the oldest, who are the most devout: neither age would yield to me.

GIGI.

No! not a Bourbon!

LEO.

The Bourbons are either curds or cream: we may lick up a little of them, but they close upon or break under any impression we would make. Besides, they are never so pious as when they have eaten a good dinner and are going to sleep. The two Infantes of Spain proposed to attend me, on condition that I would lend them each three thousand dollars: this, by advice of my secretaries, of the interior and of the finances, I agreed to do on their arrival at Rome. They replied that at Madrid they could enforce credit, but that in the provinces the people would rather leave their houses than accommodate them with a supper or a night's lodging, and that without the money they and their

mules would perish upon the road. The reflexions were so extremely just, so notoriously true, that I had no suspicion of any latent fraud, until *one of the faith* informed me clandestinely, being in the king's confidence, that his Catholic Majesty had united with his brothers the Infantes in laying a trap for my money, and was, according to the legitimacy of primogeniture, to have above half to his own share. On renewing the negotiations, I proposed to accept a historical piece by Velasquez and another by Vandyk, as my security for the money. They, finding that the sum was below the value of the pictures, and fearing the reward of their perfidy, expressed the utmost sorrow that they could not attend me, assuring me that apprehensions were entertained, from certain symptoms, that they both had caught the gout, by a constant attendence on their beloved king and brother, and that their physicians had strongly recommended that they should continue in their native air, without which not one amongst them could answer for the consequences.

GIGI.

If they were not Infants of Spain, and brothers of Ferdinand the Seventh, one might call them the greatest liars and scoundrels upon earth. Your

Holiness would then really have accommodated them, after the first proof-impression of their moral features.

LEO.

There is nothing I should not rejoice to do for a Bourbon, unless it be to take his bill of exchange or his word. In other respects hardly one in the family would deceive you.

The two Infantes declare to me, that they would have come into Italy some time ago, while they had in their pockets some of the money they received, for promising the pardon of sundry *negros*, but that they could not find in their hearts the resolution to leave behind them so fine a sight as that of Francesco della Torre, who had just been sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that *traga-perro* to the place of execution, and there to behold it burnt by the hangman.

GIGI.

His wife, I read in the gazette, is sentenced to the galleys for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice *. I wish some lawyer could explane to me how this is. Accomplice in what? If she were not the accomplice of her husband, she would

* These are facts.

sin against Holy Church. If she refused to receive and entertain his acquaintance . . .

LEO.

She might receive and entertain them: such was her duty: but she ought also to denounce them, together with the husband, before the police or the confessor.

GIGI.

Ay, ay! now I understand the meaning of reception and entertainment. Without such explanations, from time to time, we should forget our duties and become heretics . . Curse this pin upon my shirt! I needed not to have crost myself, fool as I was, in talking about these hell-fagots. By Bacchus, it has drawn blood!

Would no prince or princess of Portugal step forward, and lend a hand at the suds?

LEO.

Prince Michael would perhaps have favoured me with his presence, if it had not been required at Paris, whither he is gone in order to protect his country from the horrors of a constitution, after valiantly fighting against his father, in defence of legitimacy, under the commands of the Holy Alliance. My regard for the House of Braganza is little less than for the Capets. I myself advised

the king to delay no longer the wishes of his people, and proposed two constitutions. The first and preferable consisted of *one estate*, namely the king, but subject to the advice of his privy council, removable by him at pleasure, with the sole exception of the archbishop of the realm, perpetual president therof. The second was of *four estates*; the king, the clergy, the nobility, the populace. The king, as in other free countries, should at his option lay down or reject any law; and every one should originate with him, excepting the ecclesiastical, which are written in heaven from the beginning, and are thence delivered down to me, and from me to the faithful, as occasion may require. The taxes were to be decreed by the king, the clergy, and the nobility; and their impartiality was certain and unavoidable, since they were not parties concerned: a more extensive power was left to the populace; namely, that of paying them. This plan however was considered as affording a bad example; and I was called a *liberal* at the court of Vienna. Hence I was afraid of pressing more urgently a prince or princess of Portugal, lest I should be suspected of an inclination to shake the continental system, which has been declared by all the sovrans the same for the whole body of them, whatever game they may be playing,

in one chamber or two chambers, for the amusement of their idle and unthinking vassals. Constitution-houses and card-built houses serve the same purpose and are erected on the same foundations.

GIGI.

Kings sympathize with kings, not with nations. A field of battle, strewn with twenty thousand slain, is only a ticket to their ball-rooms: shew them a scaffold with one (lately) crowned head upon it, and the basviol stands alone in the orchestra.

LEO.

This is as it should be, as it always was, and, by the blessing of our Lady, always shall be. I declare to you, Gigi, I am no liberal, doubt me as they may; and that I proposed a constitution, on the firm conviction that, without it, the royal authority can never reach its utmost highth in safety.

GIGI.

Yet your Beatitude stands alone.

LEO.

I am the ruler of kings, the vicegerent of God; I read no other name in his commission.

GIGI.

Master, my Holiness, let me look at it.

LEO.

Gigi, Gigi! thine are eyes of the flesh.

GIGI.

They can read commissions.

LEO.

Not such as ours are.

GIGI.

There is nothing that your Beatitude cannot see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day; which is, that you and the monarchs your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases, than the worms have.

LEO.

This language is not yours, is not an Italian's, is not a continental's: it breathes the bluff air of England. If I had the speaker here, I would cast him into a dungeon.

GIGI.

O for God's sake, your Holiness, do not think of it! The first boat's crew that landed upon the coast would lay Rome in ashes.

LEO.

I would first remove the money and snuff from the customhouse; and the heretics could not kee

possession of the country; no, not if there were a hundred of 'em.

GIGI.

Alas! sir, a hundred of them would hold all Italy against the devil. On their landing, the *carbonary* would not want fuel: there is no where a hill from Como to Taranto that would not have a fire upon it. The old Bucentaur would be alert as Argo. Every soul that is not cowled and cassocked, and two-thirds of these, would make swords out of soupladles, encrusted with boiling-hot minestra, and bayonets out of spits, tho the roast were still in the centre of 'em, phizzing.

LEO.

Gigi, it is high time to put down these bad humours, when they prevail in ninetynine out of a hundred; and yet the princes would not give ear unto me, nor come to my jubilee. A fat boar, weltering in his blood, squeezed an *ave-maria* from my late son of Naples. My late son of France thought of Christ and Paradise after a salmi of ten woodcocks, and would then tell M. Blacas, the Gascon, to feel his heart, how it was beating for the service of the faith. My son of Modena is never so devout, as when he thanks the Lord in his mercy, after having taken up and imprisoned a carbonaro, who had lost a brother and

who himself had bled in fighting for the restoration of his most Serene Highness. Other princes boast that they have larger armies in proportion to the extent of their territory than their neighbours: my son of Modena boasts that he has imprisoned, or denounced to the emperor for imprisonment, more suspected subjects than all the heretical kings on the whole continent, altho he of Prussia is a half-catholic in this heroism. He in his vigilance keeps up such a well directed fire against the philosophical and learned, both within his dominions and without, that I suspect in another year I shall have to illuminate Saint Peter's for him, as a convert to the truth.

GIGI.

God forbid! he has not the heart to hold out a single flask of oil towards it. When his wife learned English, he came every day into the room and caught the lessons by stealth, paying only for one scholar, and that meanly. He and his heir apparent have the two poorest purses, in their way, of any two gentlemen living. Were I your Holiness, I would dally with his doubts, until my successor should have the costs of his baptism: or I would demand half a dozen pieces of brass canon from him, apprehensive that the payment of such a sum in coined money would break his heart at

the fount. I myself would not undertake to teach him his catechism, until I had made him count out upon this palm three dollars of his Majesty's, trying them with my nail whether they were all unclipt. Otherwise I might be disappointed, as your Holiness is.

LEO.

The money spent in the city by strangers throughout the whole time of the jubilee will not pay for the three conversions, altho the Jew should grow reasonable; and people are so little occupied or concerned in it, that the affair of the Englishman and Irishman, on Ashwednesday, has excited a good deal of idle conversation, I hear. Do you know precisely the particulars, Gigi? I am afraid they have been misrepresented to me; for altho this is the seat of Sanctity, it is not the seat of Truth.

GIGI.

If it is, her rump has left no mark on the cushion. The story, as I heard it, is this. An Irishman of somewhat loose habits had declared his intention to father Matthew-Roderick O'Rian, of scourging himself in the church among the penitentiaries. Another acquaintance of father Matthew-Roderick said jocosely, *what will our friend Emanuel-Roger O'Gorman do? If he lays whip*

to his body, it must have been knotted by some fair hand; and no hair will touch his skin but what he knows how to smoothen.

Sir, replied father O'Rian, *tho Mr. O'Gorman loves wine and women, and quarrels and swears occasionally, he is an excellent christian at bottom, and has declared to me his intention to scourge himself.*

On this, M. Tatterel, the Englishman, watched and followed his friend O'Gorman thro the crowd, and contrived to place himself just behind him in the church. The candles being extinguished, he heard distinctly the sobs of O'Gorman, for none sobbed louder, and guttural interjections following the most fanciful recommendations (some very pressing and some very fondling) of his sinful soul, to the Virgin and her crucified Son. After which, M. Tatterel heard the scourge; but it sounded like the ripple of lake Agnano on the softest of its sands *; and he applied a stout leather, which

* Scioppius would have given the pious Irishman a very capital piece of information, if he had ever redd the *Infama Famiani.*

Flagellum ego in monasterio Laurentiano manibus tractavi, et Caroli V sanguine (ut aiebant) adhuc oblitum vidi. Romæ tamen quotannis quinctâ majoris hebdomadæ feriâ complures inveniuntur, flagriones et plagipatidæ, sive plagigera hominum

he had taken down on purpose from behind his carriage, to the shoulders of the Hibernian supplicant. At first O'Gorman thought it was the devil who did it, and cried, *O Christ, save me! Lord have mercy upon me!* A laugh ill suppprest, and another smart stroke across the shoulders, undeceived him, and, starting from his liturgical trance, he exclamed indignantly, *Damn your blood! what are you at.* Seizing at the same moment the offender, he held him, and blasted him every now and then with flashes of oaths, while he repeated the remainder of the litany and lauds. I was not very near, and could only catch a few of his fulminations, while the priests were chaunting *Dominus vobiscum; et cum spiritu tuo:* and *oremus.* These words, your Holiness may remember, are so long in chaunting, that Signor Emmanuel would not let slip so fair and tempting an opportunity of pouring out his choler and comminations. Nor did he suffer the

genera, ut Plautus loquitur, qui *tribus solis denariis* conduci possunt, ut in supplicatione publicâ seu processione, longe fortiores Carolo viros se præbeant in tergo flagris concidendo, &c. p. 18.

But perhaps he would have been of opinion, that in the year of jubilee one is bound to scourge himself, altho in other years this duty, like all the rest, is vicarious.

irreligious assailant to escape from his grasp, either in the confusion of the service or at the close of it. At the door he recognized the features of M. Tatterel, who whether from apprehension or from decorum had been silent and hid his face, and challenged him to pistols the next morning. Some of the young Irish who were present told of the abomination, and by order of the police M. Tatterel, having first been fined three hundred crowns, is sent away from the Roman states. M. Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman has been persuaded by father Matthew-Roderick to forego his vengeance, as likely to become a stumbling-block and a scandal. *Why, father Matthew-Roderick, be easy and contented now*, said Signor Emmanuel-Roger: *in my own country I must take notice of him, as you know, or there's no living; but I do faithfully swear and promise, as a christian and man of honour, to let him alone while I am in the Holy City, and the mean scoundrel keeps his distance.* The good father praised his resolution, and was quite satisfied, saying in the voice of an angel, *If all christians did so.*

CONVERSATION XVII.

EPICTETUS

AND

SENECA.

EPICTETUS

AND

SENECA.

SENECA.

EPICTETUS! I desired your master Epaphroditus to send you hither, having been much pleased with his report of your conduct, and much surprised at the ingenuity of your writings.

EPICTETUS.

Then I am afraid, my friend! . . .

SENECA.

My friend! are these the expressions . . . Well, let it pass . . philosophers must bear bravely . . the people expect it.

EPICTETUS.

Are philosophers then only philosophers for the people? and, instead of instructing them, must they play tricks before them? Give me rather the gravity of dancing dogs: their motions are for the rabble; their reverential eyes and pendent paws

are under the pressure of awe at a master; but they are dogs, and not below their destinies.

SENECA.

Epictetus! I will give you three talents to let me take that sentiment for my own.

EPICTETUS.

I would give thee twenty, if I had them, to make it thine.

SENECA.

You mean, by lending to it the graces of my language.

EPICTETUS.

I mean, by lending it to thy conduct.

And now let me console and comfort thee, under the calamity I brought on thee by calling thee *my friend.* If thou art not my friend, why send for me? Enemy I can have none: being a slave, Fortune has now done with me.

SENECA.

Continue then your former observations. What were you saying?

EPICTETUS.

That which thou interruptedst.

SENECA.

What was it?

EPICTETUS.

I should have remarked that, if thou foundest

ingenuity in my writings, thou must have discovered in them some deviation from the plain homely truths of Zeno and Cleanthes.

SENECA.

We all swerve a little from them.

EPICTETUS.

In practise too?

SENECA.

Yes, even in practise, I am afraid.

EPICTETUS.

Often?

SENECA.

Too often.

EPICTETUS.

Strange! I have been attentive, and yet have remarked but one difference among you great personages at Rome.

SENECA.

What difference fell under your observation?

EPICTETUS.

Crates and Zeno and Cleanthes taught us, that our desires were to be subdued by philosophy alone. In this city, their acute and inventive scholars take us aside, and shew us that there is not only one way, but two.

SENECA.

Two ways?

EPICTETUS.

They whisper in our ear, *These two ways are philosophy and enjoyment: the wiser man will take the readier, or, not finding it, the alternative.* Thou reddenest.

SENECA.

Monsterous degeneracy!

EPICTETUS.

What magnificent rings! Pardon me! I did not notice them until thou liftedst up thy hands to heaven, in detestation of such effeminacy and impudence.

SENECA.

The rings are not amiss: my rank rivets them upon my fingers: I am forced to wear them. Our emperor gave me one, Epaphroditus another, Tigellinus the third. I cannot lay them aside a single day, for fear of offending the Gods, and those whom they love the most worthily.

EPICTETUS.

Altho they make thee stretch out thy fingers, like the arms and legs of one of us slaves upon a cross.

SENECA.

O horrible! find some other resemblance.

EPICTETUS.

The extremities of a figleaf.

SENECA.

Ignoble!

EPICTETUS.

The claws of a toad, trodden on or stoned.

SENECA.

You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquence and rhetoric: you want topics and tropes and figures.

EPICTETUS.

I have no room for 'em. They make such a buz in the house, a man's own wife cannot understand what he says to her.

SENECA.

Let us reason a little upon style: I would set you right, and remove from before you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisest.

EPICTETUS.

Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration: what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou mayest give another thing in exchange for it; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldest preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, so little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

SENECA.

You have formed at present no idea of style.

EPICTETUS.

I never think about it. First I consider whether what I am about to say is true; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth: for if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled.

SENECA.

We must attract the attention of readers, by novelty and force and grandeur of expression.

EPICTETUS.

We must so. Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel.

SENECA.

Sonorous sentences are wanted, to awaken the lethargy of indolence.

EPICTETUS.

Awaken it to what? here lies the question; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men where they can see nothing, and do no work, it is better to let them rest: but will not they, thinkest thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?

SENECA.

Your early youth, Epictetus, has been I will

not say neglected, but cultivated with rude instruments and unskilful hands.

EPICTETUS.

I thank God for it. Those rude instruments have left the turf lying yet toward the sun; and those unskilful hands have plucked out only the docks.

SENECA.

We hope and believe that we have attained a vein of eloquence, brighter and more varied than has been hitherto laid open to the world.

EPICTETUS.

Than any in the greek?

SENECA.

We trust so.

EPICTETUS.

Than your Cicero's?

SENECA.

If the declaration may be made without an offence to modesty. Surely you cannot estimate or value the eloquence of that noble pleader.

EPICTETUS.

Imperfectly; not being born in Italy: and the noble pleader is a much less man with me than the noble philosopher. I regret that having farms and villas, he would not keep his distance from the pumping up of foul words, against thieves, cut-

throats, and other rogues; and that he lied, sweated, and thumped his head and thighs, in favour of those who were no better.

SENECA.

Senators must have clients, and must protect them.

EPICTETUS.

Innocent or guilty.

SENECA.

Doubtless.

EPICTETUS.

If I regret what is, and may not be, I regret much more what both is and must be. However it is an amiable thing, and no small merit in the wealthy, even to trifle and play at their leisure-hours with Philosophy. It cannot be expected that any such a personage should espouse her, or should recommend her as an inseparable mate to his heir.

SENECA.

I would.

EPICTETUS.

Yes, Seneca, but thou hast no son to make the match for; and thy recommendation, I suspect, would be given him before he could consummate the marriage. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are very young; but takes

especial care, as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their intercourse with mankind. The paternal voice says, *You must not be particular: you are about to have a profession to live by: follow those who have thriven the best in it.* Now among these, whatever be the profession, canst thou point out to me one single philosopher?

SENECA.

Not just now . . nor, upon reflexion, do I think it feasible.

EPICTETUS.

Thou indeed mayest live much to thy ease and satisfaction with philosophy, having (they say) two thousand talents *.

SENECA.

And a trifle to spare . . pressed upon me by that godlike youth, my pupil Nero.

EPICTETUS.

Seneca! where God hath placed a mine, he hath placed the materials of an earthquake.

SENECA.

A true philosopher is beyond the reach of Fortune.

* Above four millions sterling.

EPICTETUS.

The false one thinks himself so. Fortune troubles her head very little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door.

CONVERSATION XVIII.

PETER THE GREAT

AND

ALEXIS.

PETER THE GREAT

AND

ALEXIS.

PETER.

And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou art returned again from Vienna . . after this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me.

ALEXIS.

My emperor and father! I am brought before your Majesty, not at my own desire.

PETER.

I believe it well.

ALEXIS.

I would not anger you.

PETER.

What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna?

ALEXIS.

The hope of peace and privacy; the hope of security; and above all things, of never more offending you.

PETER.

That hope thou hast accomplished.

Thou imaginedst then that my brother of Austria would maintain thee at his court . . speak!

ALEXIS.

No, sir! I imagined that he would have afforded me a place of refuge.

PETER.

Didst thou then take money with thee?

ALEXIS.

A few gold pieces.

PETER.

How many?

ALEXIS.

About sixty.

PETER.

He would have given thee promises for half the money; but the double of it does not purchase a house: ignorant wretch!

ALEXIS.

I knew as much as that; altho my birth did not appear to destine me to purchase a house any-

where; and hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind.

PETER.

Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition. I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. When thou wert a child, and couldst hardly walk, I have taken thee into the arsenal, tho children should not enter, according to regulations; I have there rolled cannon-balls before thee over iron plates; and I have shewn thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres; and I have pricked the back of my hand until the blood came out in many places; and I have made thee lick it; and I have then done the same to thine. Afterwards, from thy tenth year, I have mixt gunpowder in thy grog; I have peppered thy peaches; I have poured bilge-water (with a little good wholesome tar in it) upon thy melons; I have brought out girls to mock thee and cocker thee, and talk like mariners, to make thee braver. Nothing would do. Nay, recollect thee! I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot; and I have shewn thee every day the halves and quarters of bodies; and I have sent an orderly or chamberlain for the heads; and I have pulled the

cap up from over the eyes; and I have made thee, in spite of thee, look stedfastly upon them . . incorrigible coward!

And now another word with thee about thy scandalous flight from the palace; in time of quiet too! To the point! did he, or did he not? did my brother of Austria invite thee?

ALEXIS.

May I answer without doing an injury or disservice to his Imperial Majesty?

PETER.

Thou mayest. What injury canst thou or any one do, by the tongue, to such as he is?

ALEXIS.

At the moment, no; he did not: nor indeed can I assert that he at any time invited me: but he had said that he pitied me.

PETER.

About what? hold thy tongue . . let that pass. Princes never pity but when they would make traitors: then their hearts grow tenderer than tripe. He pitied thee, kind soul, when he would throw thee at thy father's head; but finding thy father too strong for him, he now commiserates the parent, laments the son's rashness and disobedience, and would not make God angry for the world. At first however there must have been

some overture on his part; otherwise thou art too shame-faced for intrusion. Come . . thou hast never had wit enough to lie . . tell me the truth, the whole truth.

ALEXIS.

He said that, if ever I wanted an asylum, his court was open to me.

PETER.

Open! so is the tavern; but folks pay for what they get there. Open truly! and didst thou find it so?

ALEXIS.

He received me kindly.

PETER.

I see he did.

ALEXIS.

Derision, O my father, is not the fate I merit.

PETER.

True, true! it was not intended.

ALEXIS.

Kind father! punish me then as you will.

PETER.

Villain! wouldst thou kiss my hand too? Art thou ignorant that the Austrian threw thee away from him, with the same indifference as he would the outermost leaf of a sandy sunburnt lettuce?

ALEXIS.

Alas! I am not ignorant of this.

PETER.

He dismissed thee at my order. If I had demanded from him his daughter, to be the bedfellow of a Kalmuc, he would have given her, and praised God.

ALEXIS.

O father! is his baseness my crime?

PETER.

No; thine is greater. Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labour of my lifetime to establish. Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories.

ALEXIS.

I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety.

PETER.

Liar! coward! traitor! when the Polanders and Swedes fell before me, didst thou from thy soul congratulate me? didst thou get drunk, at home or abroad, or praise the Lord of Hosts and saint Nicolas? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited?

ALEXIS.

I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life;

I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first; that the gentlest and most domestic were the earliest mourners; that frugality was supplanted by intemperance; that order was succeded by confusion; and that your Majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising.

PETER.

I destroy them! how? of what plans art thou speaking?

ALEXIS.

Of civilizing the Muscovites. The Polanders in part were civilized: the Swedes were more so than any other nation on the continent; and so excellently versed were they in military science, and so personally courageous, that every man you killed cost you seven or eight.

PETER.

Thou liest; nor six. And civilized forsooth! why, the robes of the metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats, between Jew and Livornese. I have no notion that Poland and Sweden shall be the only countries that produce great princes. What right have they to such monarchs as Gustavus and Sobieski? All Europe ought to look to this, before discontent becomes general, and the people does to us what we have

the privilege of doing to the people. I am wasting my words: there is no arguing with positive fools like thee. So thou wouldst have desired me to let the Polanders and Swedes lie still and quiet! two such powerful nations!

ALEXIS.

For that reason and others I would have gladly seen them rest, until our own people had increased in numbers and prosperity.

PETER.

And thus thou disputest my right before my face, to the exercise of the supreme power.

ALEXIS.

Sir! God forbid!

PETER.

God forbid indeed! what care such villains as thou art what God forbids! He forbids the son to be disobedient to the father: he forbids . . he forbids . . twenty things. I do not wish, and will not have, a successor who dreams of dead people.

ALEXIS.

My father! I have dreamt of none such.

PETER.

Thou hast; and hast talked about them . . Scythians I think they call 'em. Now who told thee, Mr. Professor, that the Scythians were a happier people than we are; that they were in-

offensive; that they were free; that they wandered with their carts from pasture to pasture, from river to river; that they traded with good faith; that they fought with good courage; that they injured none, invaded none, and feared none? At this rate I have effected nothing. The great founder of Rome, I heard in Holland, slew his brother for despiting the weakness of his walls: and shall the founder of this better place spare a degenerate son, who prefers a vagabond life to a civilized one, a cart to a city, a Scythian to a Muscovite? Have I not shaved my people, and breeched them? have I not formed them into regular armies, with bands of music and havresacs? Are bows better than cannon? shepherds than dragoons, mare's milk than brandy, raw steaks than broiled? Wouldst thou have ever eaten stockfish but for me, or have jumped with joy at the roe of a red herring? Thine are doctrines that strike at the root of politeness and sound government. Every prince in Europe is interested in rooting them out by fire and sword. There is no other way with false doctrines: breath against breath does little.

ALEXIS.

Sire, I never have attempted to disseminate my opinions.

PETER.

How couldst thou? the seed would fall only upon granite. Those however who caught it brought it to me.

ALEXIS.

Never have I undervalued Civilization: on the contrary, I regretted whatever impeded it. In my opinion, the evils that have been attributed to it, sprang from its imperfections and voids; and that no nation has yet acquired it more than very scantily.

PETER.

How so? give me thy reasons; thy fancies rather; for reason thou hast none.

ALEXIS.

When I find the first of men, in rank and genius, hating one another, and becoming slanderers and liars in order to lower and vilify an opponent; when I hear the God of mercy invoked to massacres, and thanked for furthering what he reprobates and condemns, I look back in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism. Soldiers, it is said in ancient mythology, sprang from dragon's teeth, sown by Cadmus, who introduced letters. It would appear that these also came from the same sack as the soldiers, and were

only the rottenest of the fangs, kept til the last. I have expressed my admiration of our forefathers, who, not being christians, were yet more virtuous than those who are so; more temperate, more just, more sincere, more chaste, more peaceable.

PETER.

Malignant atheist!

ALEXIS.

Indeed, my father, were I malignant I must also be an atheist; for malignity is contrary to the command, and incompatible with the belief, of God.

PETER.

Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourses on reason and religion! from my own son too! No, by the Holy Trinity! thou art no son of mine . . . . If thou touchest my knee again, I crack thy knuckles with this tobacco-stopper: I wish it were a sledge-hammer for thy sake. Off, sycophant! Off, run-away slave!

ALEXIS.

Father! father! my heart is broken! if I have offended, forgive me!

PETER.

The state requires thy signal punishment.

ALEXIS.

If the state requires it, be it so: but let my father's anger cease!

PETER.

The world shall judge between us. I will brand thee with infamy.

ALEXIS.

Until now, O father! I never had a proper sense of glory. Hear me, O Czar! let not a thing so vile as I am stand between you and the world! Let none accuse you!

PETER.

Accuse me! rebel! accuse me! traitor!

ALEXIS.

Let none speak ill of you, O my father! The public voice shakes the palace; the public voice penetrates the grave; the public voice precedes the chariot of Almighty God, and is heard at the judgment-seat.

PETER.

Let it go to the devil! I will have none of it here in Petersburgh. Our church says nothing about it; our laws forbid it. As for thee, unnatural brute, I have no more to do with thee neither.

Ho there! Chancellor! What! come at last! wert napping, or counting thy ducats?

CHANCELLOR.

Your Majesty's will and pleasure!

PETER.

Is the senate assembled in that room?

CHANCELLOR.

Every member, sire.

PETER.

Conduct this youth with thee, and let them judge him: thou understandest me.

CHANCELLOR.

Your Majesty's commands are the breath of our nostrils.

PETER.

If these rascals are remiss, I will try my new cargo of Livonian hemp upon them.

CHANCELLOR (*returning.*)

Sire! sire!

PETER.

Speak, fellow! Surely they have not condemned him to death, without giving themselves time to read the accusation, that thou comest back so quickly.

CHANCELLOR.

No, sire! nor has either been done.

PETER.

Then thy head quits thy shoulders.

CHANCELLOR.

O sire!

PETER.

Curse thy silly *sires!* what art thou about?

CHANCELLOR.

Alas! he fell.

PETER.

Tie him up to thy chair then. Cowardly beast! what made him fall?

CHANCELLOR.

The hand of Death . . the name of father.

PETER.

Thou puzzlest me; prythee speak plainlier.

CHANCELLOR.

We told him that his crime was proven and manifest . . that his life was forfeited.

PETER.

So far, well enough.

CHANCELLOR.

He smiled . .

PETER.

He did! did he! Impudence shall do him little good. Who could have expected it from that smock-face! Go on . . what then?

CHANCELLOR.

He said calmly, but not without sighing twice or thrice, *Lead me to the scaffold: I am weary of life: nobody loves me.*

I condoled with him, and wept upon his hand, holding the paper against my bosom. He took the corner of it between his fingers, and said, *Read me this paper: read my death-warrant. Your silence and tears have signified it; yet the law has its forms. Do not keep me in suspense . . my father says, too truly, I am not courageous . . but the death that leads me to my God shall never terrify me.*

PETER.

I have seen these white-livered knaves die resolutely: I have seen them quietly fierce like white ferrets, with their watery eyes and tiny teeth. You redd it.

CHANCELLOR.

In part, sire! When he heard your Majesty's name, accusing him of treason, and attempts at rebellion and parricide, he fell speechless. We raised him up: he was motionless; he was dead!

PETER.

Inconsiderate and barbarous varlet as thou art, dost thou recite this ill accident to a father! and

to one who has not dined! Bring me a glass of brandy.

CHANCELLOR.

And it please your Majesty, might I call a . . a . .

PETER.

Away, and bring it: scamper! All equally and alike shall obey and serve me.

Hearkye! bring the bottle with it: I must cool myself . . and . . hearkye! a rasher of bacon on thy life! and some pickled sturgeon, and good strong cheese.

CONVERSATION XIX.

SOLIMAN

AND

MUFTI.

SOLIMAN

AND

MUFTI.

SOLIMAN.

MUFTI, my teacher and slave, I say unto thee welcome.

MUFTI.

Welcome I say unto thee, my master and disciple.

SOLIMAN.

God, he is merciful: God, he is God.

Good fortune follow that pious eructation of thine, O leader of true believers, under me the prince of the Faithful!

MUFTI.

O son of Selim! may the Almighty deliver into thy hands those thou lovest and those thou hatest. Thy servant here awaits thy commands.

SOLIMAN.

My commands are, O Mufti! fountain of truth

and wisdom to the preachers of the word! that praises be offered up in every mosk, for our victory over the infidel.

MUFTI.

If thy slave might request, unblamably, a farther illumination from thy countenance, O mediterranean of light! he would presume to inquire of thy pure intelligence, *what* victory? for verily the Merciful hath bestowed on thee such a series of them, that if any thing, after the miracles of our Prophet, were wanting to demonstrate God's reprobation of the unbeliever, the years of thy reign, like successive lightenings, that open the heavens and strike the earth, would severally declare it. First, the strongest and most beautiful of European cities, Belgrade, abased her towers and threw open her gates before thy scymetar. The following year ran the swifter its celestial course, that it might behold the sunny Rhodes adorn her brow with the crescent, and the flower of christian chevalry lie dishonoured in the dust. Hungary, the richest portion of the unbeliever's heritage, hath cast her fortresses at thy feet, and hath left her king extinct in the midst of them. Barbarossa, at thy order, hath shaken the principalities of Africa, and hath fixed his flag immovably on the

citadel of Tunis. The incestuous Charles hath now lost his navy and army on that coast; hardly a vessel, hardly a soldier, escaping from the wreck.

SOLIMAN.

My intention is, to enlighten the dim-sighted, by ordering the Koran to be translated into the languages of all nations.

Why dost thou raise thine eyes, Mufti?

MUFTI.

God is God; and Mahomet is his prophet!

SOLIMAN.

Very true: that is what I wish to teach the world, universally.

MUFTI.

God is great! God is merciful! God is just!

SOLIMAN.

Who the devil doubts it?

MUFTI.

God loveth his people! God abases the proud! God exalts the humble!

SOLIMAN.

Let him, let him . . what is that to the purpose? are we at prayers? are we in the mosk? that thou utterest these idle fancies . . truths I mean . . making thy lips quiver like a pointer's at a partridge. Get the Koran translated well and thoroughly: I have given orders already for the com-

mencement. Let those who believe, believe now the better; and those who never believed, begin.

MUFTI.

O son of Selim! if every man reads, one or two in every province will think.

SOLIMAN.

Let them, let them: few shall have leisure for that. What harm would it do among the old and lame; the only people left out of the soldiery, in wise and good governments?

MUFTI.

The lame and the old grow stronger in the tongue; as the deaf grow stronger in the sense of feeling, the blind in that of hearing. They will chatter about things holy.

SOLIMAN.

Why not?

MUFTI.

Alas! O son of Selim! the miracles of our prophet, those gems of our religion, would lose their lustre, handled and turned over by the ungodly.

SOLIMAN.

No doubt they would: therefor I will make them godly, and teach them the true word.

MUFTI.

Serene Highness! let us of the mosk do that. The Clement hath appointed us to his ministry.

SOLIMAN.

My resolution is, to scatter the good seed in all lands, having now well ploughed and harrowed them.

MUFTI.

Suppose, O my master and lord, we turn the plough and harrow over them another time or two.

SOLIMAN.

God is merciful! we cannot do that, if they embrace the faith.

MUFTI.

The Koran would lose much of its beauty, if we attempted to translate it from the language in which it was delivered to us by our Prophet.

SOLIMAN.

Swine do not look for sightly food, but for plentiful. The Koran would bestow on the dogs (dogs indeed no longer when once circumcised) everlasting life, taken in what manner and in what words it may be.

MUFTI.

Think, O magnificent! . .

SOLIMAN.

I will think no more about the matter: it shall be done: I see no other way of making good subjects.

MUFTI.

The waters of Damascus have not lost their virtues in tempering the sabre. Books never made men believers. We must, under that benign influence which Heaven showers upon the son of Selim, preserve the Koran, preserve the book of life, from the vulgar.

SOLIMAN.

What! shall we, acknowledged even by our enemies as the most honest and just of men, descend from that high station, and imitate the impostures of popes? Shall we say at one moment, *This is the book of life;* and at the next, *It is death to touch it!* Answer me: no evasion!

MUFTI.

Prince of the faithful! it behoveth not us to follow or to countenance the errors of the unbeliever, against whom God hath so sharply sett his face at all times, and lately most portentously; yet surely that policy must be excellent and admirable, which uniteth so many, in other respects not foolish nor unwary, under such camel-loads of lies, blasphemies, and absurdities.

SOLIMAN.

No proof whatever; no evidence, no sign, no indication. Sesostris, Semiramis, Alexander, Gengis-kan, thought differently and acted alike. Hu-

man life is hardly modified in the least degree by articles of faith, excepting when they are first promulgated. Heaven is the place for them. There we shall know at last what are the fruits of each tree: on earth rarely a blossom hath expanded: we only know that the leaves of them all are bitterish, some rather more acrid, some rather less, and that every man makes a wry face when he tastes his neighbour's, tho habit teaches him to chew his own complacently. Equally learned men, equally acute men, equally virtuous men, have followed various religions: philosophers have been idolaters; ideots (may the Righteous one forgive me, if I speak amiss of those whom his grace hath sanctified!) have followed our holy standard; and madmen (the Prophet help and comfort them!) have covered their cracked brains with green turbans. He whose name is the Wonderful hath willed it. Marvelous as this is, no less marvelous is the certainty, that all mankind are sooner or later to embrace our religion, and enter with us into Paradise. It is our duty to convert the obstinate; not with fire and sword, like those who farm out faith, the slaves of sin, the dust of idolatry; but like equitable men, by fairer means and gentler.

MUFTI.

My advice, if advice may be offered by the worm to the goss-hawk, is, that the Koran be kept inviolate in the hands of the judge and of the preacher; that nevertheless it be expounded to the people in as many tongues as it can tether; that it be served out to them decorously and ceremoniously, like sherbet; and that they do not hastily and promiscuously put their hands into it, as into a pilau. Hast thou not seen thy soldiers, O conqueror of Christianity, hurry, after a victory, to slake their thirst at the fountain, and thus render that turbid which was pure and limpid, and which if distributed by the few, dispassionate and patient, would have sufficed for all, without any contention or animosity? Even so is it with the living stream of our faith.

SOLIMAN.

Nothing should confuse it, nothing should dry it up. Its miracles are manifold, its virtues infinite. The corrupt heart alone sickens over it, the froward spirit alone avoids it. Every other is deserted by myriads yearly: none besides hath seen within the same period so many converts, so few deserters. If thou wantest proofs of its superiority and divinity, here are they: here reason and faith join hands.

MUFTI.

Surely no rational creature can ever doubt in future of our holy doctrine, when he hears recited the victories of thy right-hand, O prince of the strong and faithful! If his evil genius shall have drawn him into the shadow of death, by confounding him with doubts and delusions, let his father or his preacher come forward and stop him on the declivity, by relating to him how the navies of the Christian Powers were twice united against us in thy glorious reign; how the last was overwhelmed on the Afric shores, by the finger of God directing his storms against it. In this manner did the Almighty punish the pride and obstinacy of the infidel; who, ignorant or regardless of his warning so short a time before, when a more powerful fleet, equipt and united from all Christendom against the true believers, was dissipated and dissolved in the very ports of Zealand, without a tempest, without a burst of thunder, without a breath of air from any quarter of the heavens. Let him be taught how the Merciful hath rendered the infidel princes the readiest and best instruments of our power and greatness. The firmest allie of Islamism hath been always the most Christian king. The eldest son of the Church is the adopted one of Mahomet. We may

employ him hereafter to sweep off and annihilate the multiplying sects of his religion; as our chamberlains put hedge-hogs on the ground-floor, to kill and consume the cock-roaches. A little filth must be suffered quietly, in order to preserve us from the encroachments of vermin, more troublesome and more disgusting. While, to pass over the most Christian king, the rest around him couch, and watch one another, like tigers; while in their most loving mood they grumble and whine internally, like enamoured cats, we whip them away from before us, or kick them out of our path amid the riotous writhing of their accouplements, and evince the purity of our faith from the effects of their infidelity. No belief, how coarse and sordid soever, will not rather be swallowed by the people under them, than one bartered and retailed so scandalously as theirs, after all the scourges, axes, and faggots, the wretched fools and their fathers have undergone for it; to say nothing of the hay-stacks and corn-stacks, they have been transferring every year, for its enjoyment. What then, when our true Religion is displayed to them, in her purity and freshness and effulgence, by the side of their old cripple, caught in thievery, blotched with sores, procuress to her elder daughter, famisher of all her younger; brawling, riotous,

calumnious, drunken; maintaining no decency in her own house, and leaving no peace in her neighbour's! O son of Selim, do we want books for proofs? Must the people take the Koran into their hands, to inquire if a toad is a toad, if a viper is a viper? We will give them the bread of life, in due portions, as they need it; but we will not permitt that the whole mass of it be contaminated by the rancidity of their touch. Let those who possess the holy volume as an inheritance, hold it, and muse upon it: but the tree newly planted may be loosened by the wind; the rigour of winter may kill it; even the genial sun may be its death.

SOLIMAN.

Tell the linguists and interpreters to stop. Mufti, we meet again at prayers. I am going to the bath and to the haram . . . Seest thou that vessel, whose sails, altho now in the mid-channel, appear as if they were about to be entangled in the cypresses of Scuterem?

MUFTI.

Sublime serenity! thy slave descries it.

SOLIMAN.

By that vessel, which at one moment seems as if it danced to music, at another as if it reeled with

the inebriety of delight, I expect some thirty young Georgians.

MUFTI.

The Holy One guide thee, O son of Selim, and make thee flourish!

CONVERSATION XX.

SECOND CONVERSATION

OF

DEMOSTHENES

AND

EUBULIDES.

DEMOSTHENES

AND

EUBULIDES.

EUBULIDES.

DEMOSTHENES, it is seldom that we have conversed on politics, sad refuge of restless minds, averse from business and from study.

DEMOSTHENES.

Say worse against them, Eubulides! and I, who am tost on the summit of the wave, will cry out to you to curse them deeper. There are few men who have not been witnesses, that, on some slight divergence of incondite and unsound opinions, they have rolled away the stone from the cavern-mouth of the worst passions, and have evoked them up between two friends. I, of all men, am the least inclined to make them the subject of conversation; and particularly when I meet a literary man as you are, from whom I can receive, and often have received, some useful information, some

philosophical thought, some generous sentiment, or some pleasant image. Besides, wishing to make an impression on the public mind, I must not let my thoughts run off in every channel that lies before me: I must not hear the words, *Demosthenes will say this, or this, today.* People come towards me in expectation, and not carrying my thoughts, crude and broken, walleted before them.

EUBULIDES.

There however are occasions when even politics are delightful; when they rejoice and exult as a stripling, and breathe softly as an infant.

DEMOSTHENES.

Then we cannot do better, than sit quiet and regard them in silence: for it is such a silence as the good citizen, and good father of a family, would be unwilling to disturb. Why do you smile and shake your head, Eubulides?

EUBULIDES.

Answer me first; had you no morning-dream, Demosthenes, a few hours ago; which dreams (they tell us) are sure to be accomplished, or shew us things that are already so?

DEMOSTHENES.

I dream seldom.

EUBULIDES.

Were you awakened by no voices?

DEMOSTHENES.

I sleep soundly . . Come, do not fall from philosophy to divination. We usually have conversed on eloquence. I am not reminding you of this, from the recollection that you once, and indeed more than once, have commended me. I took many lessons in the art from you; and will take more, if you please, as we walk along.

EUBULIDES.

Be contented: none surpasses you.

DEMOSTHENES.

Many speak differently upon that subject, lying to the public, and to their own hearts, which I agitate as violently, as those incited by me to bleed in the service of our country.

EUBULIDES.

Unfortunate men! choaked by their criticisms! which others spit out or bring up again so easily!

DEMOSTHENES.

Commiserate them more still; ignorant or regardless, as they are, that they have indented and incorporated a mark of ignominy in their names; ay, by the *dog!* (as Socrates used to swear) and such too as no anger of mine could have heated for them, no ability of mine imprest. Laying their hands upon me, they have touched the idle waters

of immortality; and will mourn for it like Thetis, and as bitterly, and as vainly.

EUBULIDES.

It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little.

DEMOSTHENES.

The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream, which is gentle to the flat and barren sand: and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.

EUBULIDES.

Here, O Demosthenes, let the parallel be broken. And now, cannot I draw from you the avowal, that you have heard the news from Pella, brought by the messager at sun-rise? Your derision has not deterred the people from asking *is Philip dead?*

DEMOSTHENES.

The messager came first to my house, knowing my habitude of early rising. My order as magistrate was, that he keep secret this visit of his to me, threatening him with the displeasure and censure of the more ancient, if ever they should discover that the intelligence reached them after. My thoughts crowded upon me so fast and turbulently, that, no sooner had I reached the monu-

ment of Antiope, than I stopped from exhaustion, and sate down beneath it. Happy as I always am to meet you, my good Eubulides, I acknowledge I never was less so than on this occasion. For it is my practise, and ever has been, to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city, than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and shew herself to the people. Her health and vigour, and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields. The slowness or celerity of my steps, is now regulated and impelled by the gravity and precision, now by the enthusiasm and agitation, of my mind: and the presence of any one, however dear and intimate, is a check and impediment to the free agency of these emotions. Thousands, I know, had I remained in the city, would have come running up to me with congratulations and embraces; as if danger could befall us only from the hand of Philip! another Jove, who alone upon earth can vibrate the thunder.

EUBULIDES.

One hour afterwards I passed thro them hastily, and saw and heard them, wandering and buzzing along the streets and squares in every direction . .

DEMOSTHENES.

Leaving to us the country and fresh air, and, what itself is the least tranquil thing in nature, but is the most potent tranquilizer of an excited soul . . the sea. Today I avoid the swarm: tomorrow I strike my brass and collect it.

How soon, O Eubulides, may this ancient hive be subverted, and these busy creatures lie under it extinct!

EUBULIDES.

Raise up thy head, O Demosthenes! raise up again that arm, hanging down before thee as if a flame from heaven had blasted it. Have we not seen it in its godlike strength, terrible even in beneficence, like Neptune's, when the horse sprang from under his trident? Take courage! give it! Inspire it in a breath from the inner and outer Ceramicus to the Parthenon, from the temple of the Eumenides to the gates of the Pireus. What is the successor of Philip? a mad youth.

DEMOSTHENES.

Does much mischief require much wisdom? Is a firebrand sensible; is a tempest prudent? It is a very indifferent rat or weazel that hath not as much courage as Alexander, and more prudence: I say nothing of temperance, in which even inferior beasts, if there be any such, are his betters. We

know this: the knowledge of it does not ensure our quiet, but rather is a reason, at least the latter part of it, why we can trust in him for none.

If men considered the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were wise, no state would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem; that no one knows whether he is reverenced or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a God. By pampering this foible in the prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humours they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favour more than from industry and desire; in short, if he did not expect to carry off sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot (he thinks) accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary, would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house, than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's manage-

ment of it, than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

EUBULIDES.

Insanity to imagine it!

DEMOSTHENES.

In religions and governments, O Eubulides, there are things on which few men reason, and at which those who do reason, shrink and shudder. The worthless cling upon these lofty follies, and use them as the watchtowers of Ambition. We too are reproved by them in turn for like propensities: and truly I wish it could be said that every human motive were ingenuous and pure. We cannot say any thing similar: come, let us own the worst . . we are ambitious. But is it not evident of us orators in a republic, that our ambition and the scope of it must drop together, when we no longer can benefit or forewarn our citizens? In kingdoms the men are most commended and most elevated who serve the fewest, and who, serving the fewest, must injure the most; in republics, those who serve the many, and injure none. To lose this privilege is the greatest loss humanity can sustain. To you, because I ponder and meditate, I may appear dejected. Clearly do I see indeed how much may soon cease to be within

my power; but I possess the confidence of strength within me, and the consciousness of having exerted it for the glory of my country and the utility of mankind. Look at that olive before us. Seasons and iron have searched deeply into its heart; yet it shakes its shining berries in the air, promising you sustenance and light. In olives it is common to see remaining just enough of the body to support the bark; and this is often so perforated, that, if near the ground, a dog or sheep may pass thro. Neither the vitality nor the fecundity of the tree appears in the least to suffer by it. While I remember what I have been I never can be less. External power can affect those only who have none intrinsecally. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger on entering them stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, *Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.*

This is an ambition which no other can supplant or reach. The image of it stands eternally between me and kings, and seperates me by an immeasurable interval from their courts and satraps. I swear toward them, in the name of our country, in the name of Minerva and of all the Gods,

amidst the victims that have fallen by them and are about to fall, everlasting hatred.

Go now to the city, Eubulides, and report my oath: add, that you left me contemplating in solitude the posture of our affairs, reluctant to lay before the Athenians any plan or project until I have viewed it long and measured it correctly, and to deliver any words to them, whether of counsel or comfort or congratulation, unworthy of so sedate and circumspect a people.

EUBULIDES.

How gravely and seriously you speak! do you think of them so highly?

DEMOSTHENES.

I have said it; go; repeat it.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 20, *line* 4, *read* are great in proportion.
—— 27, —— 1, *read* The business.
—— 34, —— 13, *read* of St. Jago.
—— 36, *lines* 11 and 17, *read* caravances.
—— 53, after *line* 14, " why do you now?" *insert*

APHANASIA.

Ah why did you read to me, once, of those two lovers who were buried in the same grave?

BENIOWSKI.

What two? there have been several.

APHANASIA.

Dearest, dearest Maurice! are lovers then often so happy to the last? God will be as good to us as to any; for surely we trust in him as much. Come, come along: let us run to the sea the whole way.

There is fondness in your sweet compassionate face; and yet I pray you do not look! O do not look at me; I am so ashamed, &c.

Page 68, —— 4, *read* you must dip *your* foot in Lethe, or *it* will.
—— ib. —— 27, *read* put *the* case.
—— 71, *line* 24, *read* dum*b*.
—— 79, —— 10, *read* mighty pass*ing*.
—— 80, —— 13, *read* a *piece of* honeycomb.
—— 82, —— 13, *read* quiet, sedate.
—— 99, —— 2, *read* turn *him* loose.
—— 107, —— 21, and 108, 1, *read* Placoeis.
—— 112, *last line*, *read* make.
—— 115, —— 21, *read* what *church*.
—— 127, —— 17, *read* my mother *was*.
—— 134, —— 4, *read sound* for the surgeon.
—— 152, —— 25, *read sting*-rays.
—— 155, —— 8, *read* there *were* few who *were* not.
—— 157, —— 24, *read St.* Nicolas.
—— 181, —— 1, *read* the greatest rascal *upon earth*.
—— 187, —— 22, *read* bring them *hither*.
—— 192, —— 21, *read* emend.
—— 203, —— 12, *read* Janisary and Spa*hi*.
—— 208, —— 17, *read* Unkindness had pained *me; kindness*.
—— ib. —— 23, *read en*livening.
—— 209, —— 3, *read* gen*e*ral.
—— 213, —— 8, *read* in the whole *several* hundreds.
—— 218, —— 3, *read* his cran*ium*.
—— 222, —— 8, *read* by *about* as many.

Note to p. 226, *line* 14.

Paine, I have heard, thought Adam Smith the best of Scotch writers: yet I doubt, on reconsideration, whether I am warranted in attributing to him so high an estimate.

My own sentiments, in regard to national prosperity, have always been the contrary to those disseminated from Edinburgh; and, altho I have Archibald Bower and Beattie now before me, I am yet to be instructed that any Scotchman has written in english very elegantly.

Page 227, *line* 5, *read* the only difference *is this*.
—— ib. —— 18, *read* strong sensation.
—— 231, —— 26, *read* on my own *responsibility*.
—— 232, —— 4, *read I offer the pledge*, and will redeem it.
—— 233, —— 13, *read* covered with gar*lands*.

Page 252, *line* 15, *read* could *have seen.*
—— 258, —— 12, *read* I left my country : it was for her.
—— ib. —— 23, *read* the Swiss having seen.
—— 261, —— 7, *read* the people of Ireland, *in general* as orderly.
—— 266, —— 9, *read* seacoasts.
—— 270, —— 4, *read* a worthy *major.*
—— 291, —— 9, *read* interrupt*er.*
—— 294, —— 8, *read* you *sup* in the kennel.
—— 311, —— 2, *read* this hand of *yours.*
—— 312, —— 17, *read* like *these.*
—— 349, —— 24, *read to* many faults.
—— 368, —— 19, *read* hot climate.
—— 380, —— 20, *read* Death *himself.*
—— 396, —— 10, *read* at hearing *good* of the living, and at hearing *ill.*
—— ib. —— 24, pocket-rule*rs.*
—— 398, —— 9, *read* poured them into.
—— 401, —— 8, *read* would have been *hanged.*
—— 414, —— 11, *read Public* wrongs.
—— ib. —— 22, *read* it is *sanctioned.*
—— 428, —— 23, *read* of *our* satirists.
—— 430, —— 6, *read* of *quieter* men.
—— ib. —— 19, *read is* conferred.
—— 433, —— 6, *read* about these youths, Keats and Shelley.
—— 436, —— 2, *read* and *how.*
—— 441, —— 18, *read* encourag*ed*
—— 463, —— 1, *read coughing, coughing, coughing!*
—— 489, —— 5, *read* and *there Signor Emmanuel* challenged him.
—— 508, —— 6, *read* did my brother of Austria invite you ? did he, or did he not ?
—— 513, —— 8, *read* for *despising.*
—— 531, —— 15, *dele who.*
—— 539, —— 26, *read have touched the waters.*
—— 543, —— 19, *read* industry and *desert.*