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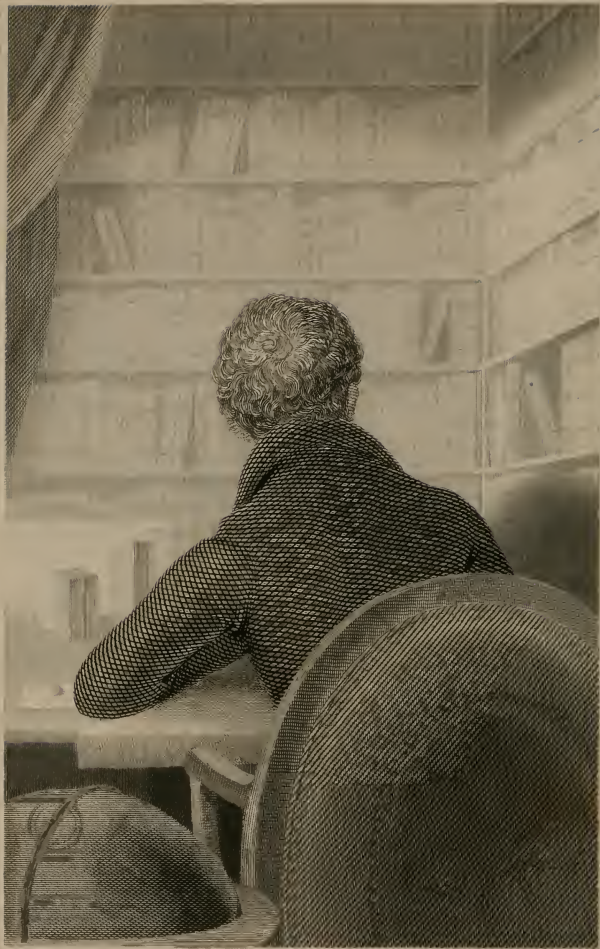
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THE LIBRARY
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Portrait of the Author

THE
DOCTOR

&c.

Complete
IN ONE VOLUME.



By the Author of "The Doctor"

THE LIBRARY
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THE DOCTOR,

&c.

BY THE LATE

Robert Southey.

EDITED BY

HIS SON-IN-LAW,

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.



NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW

1849.

"THOUGH THOU HADST MADE A GENERAL SURVEY
 OF ALL THE BEST OF MEN'S BEST KNOWLEDGES,
 AND KNEW SO MUCH AS EVER LEARNING KNEW;
 YET DID IT MAKE THEE TRUST THYSELF THE LESS,
 AND LESS PRESUME.—AND YET WHEN BEING MOV'D
 IN PRIVATE TALK TO SPEAK; THOU DIDST BEWEAY
 HOW FULLY PRAUGHT THOU WERT WITHIN; AND PROV'D
 THAT THOU DIDST KNOW WHATEVER WIT COULD SAY.
 WHICH SHOW'D THOU HADST NOT BOOKS AS MANY HAVE,
 FOR OSTENTATION, BUT FOR USE; AND THAT
 THY BOUNTEOUS MEMORY WAS SUCH AS GAVE
 A LARGE REVENUE OF THE GOOD IT GAT.
 WITNESS SO MANY VOLUMES, WHERETO THOU
 HAST SET THY NOTES UNDER THY LEARNED HAND,
 AND MARK'D THEM WITH THAT PRINT, AS WILL SHOW HOW
 THE POINT OF THY CONCEIVING THOUGHTS DID STAND;
 THAT NONE WOULD THINK, IF ALL THY LIFE HAD BEEN
 TURN'D INTO LEISURE, THOU COULDST HAVE ATTAIN'D
 SO MUCH OF TIME, TO HAVE PERUS'D AND SEEN
 SO MANY VOLUMES THAT SO MUCH CONTAIN'D."

DANIEL. *Funeral Poem upon the Death of the late Noble
 Earl of Devonshire.*

"WELL-LANGUED DANIEL," as Browne called him in his "Britannia's Pastorals," was one of
 Southey's favourite poets. Let the above extract speak of the Author of "THE DOCTOR, &c."

THE EDITOR.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE intrinsic beauty, and, what is of more consequence, the moral and religious value of the sentiments contained in "THE DOCTOR, &c.," has called for a new and popular Edition of that work. It has fallen to my lot, — otherwise laboriously occupied, — to edit it. What is done, ought to be done well, — whether it be so or not, competent readers will be the best judges. Not unversed in books, and familiar with ancient and modern languages as toward circumstances have made me, I trust the endeavour has not been unattained, — though some errors —

. . . *Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura* —

will unavoidably be detected and charitably overlooked.

Five out of six, it has been said by those quite able to form an unbiassed and judicious opinion, were assured as to the authorship of "THE DOCTOR, &c." It is now well known that the lamented Southey played with its pages as he did with his kittens, — as a relaxation from his bread-earning and every-day pursuits. It is not too much to say that no one but Southey could have written it. Line upon line, — page upon page, — shows the man that feared God, and honoured the King, and loved his Country, and despised all political tinkers, whether in matters ecclesiastical or civil.

The extract following from a letter to Miss Caroline Bowles, — the present no less talented than amiable and excellent Mrs. Southey, and my much valued friend, — contains the most interesting particulars relative to the work. It is dated, Keswick, June, 1835.

"Miss B., who then lived in the next house, was the Blow Begum. That whole chapter" (that is, Chapter VII. A. I.) "is from the life, and the Book grew out of that night's conversation, exactly as there related. But to go farther back with its history. There is a story of Dr. D. D. of D., and of his horse Nobs, which has, I believe, been made into a Hawker's Book. Coleridge used to tell it, and the humour lay in making it as long-winded as possible; — it suited, however, my long-windedness better than his, and I was frequently called upon for it by those who enjoyed it, and sometimes I volunteered it, when Coleridge protested against its being told.

As you may suppose, it was never twice told alike, except as to names, and the leading features. With something of Tristram Shandy, something of Rabelais, and more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, the predominant characteristic is still my own."

Though railroads outrun literature, and Mammon has more votaries than religious and useful learning, it says something for us that a book such as "THE DOCTOR, &c." should again be called for, the more so when it is considered that its readers, after all, must be rather fit and few than many. But, well said Walter Savage Landor, — "Southey was the first, and remains to the present day almost the only critic, who was constantly guided by truth and conscience. Added to which, his judgment, especially in works of imagination, was incomparably more correct than any other man's."

It only remains to add that the "AUTHOR OF THE DOCTOR, &c., IN HIS STUDY," and the "SKETCH OF THE BUST," are by Nash, — "Edward Nash," — (as he is described in the Colloquies, i. 238.) — "My dear, kind-hearted friend and fellow traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest recollections of my latter life." Both of these are excellent in their way, — but the engraving of the Bust, in the eyes of myself, and Southey's eldest daughter, Edith May Warter, is perfect. "THE VIEW OF KESWICK FROM THE STUDY WINDOW" is by Mrs. Southey, and it is a view not to be forgotten. For the few foot-notes not marked *R. S.*, the Editor is responsible.

I had laid down the pen, when these words of old Fuller — (an especial favourite of Southey's) — flashed across my mind. Reader! "NO DISCREET PERSON WILL CONCLUDE OUR FAITH THE WORSE, BECAUSE OUR CHARITY IS THE MORE." Apply them as thou readest!

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

VICARAGE HOUSE, WEST TARRING, SUSSEX,
May 15th, 1848

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

Now they that like it may : the rest may chuse.

G. WITHER.

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

PASQUIER.

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

DR. EACHARD.

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

BURTON.

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

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

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

COWPER.

— un boschetto,

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

UGOLINO UBALDINI or
FRANCO SACCHETTI.

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

G. WITHER.

*Tempus ad hoc mecum latuit, portuque rescidit,
Nec fuit audaces impetus ire vius.
Nunc animi venere, juvat nunc denique funem
Solvere : —
Ancora sublata est ; terra, portusque valet !
Inus ; habet ventus nostra carina suos.*

WALLIUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

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

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

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

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

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

By certain signs here set in sundry place,

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

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

[Prefixed to Vol. III. in the original Edition.]

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

"Αγαθὸν, δὲ . . . καρδία
ἀπειλῶ ἰκύνει,
εἰ ποῦσ' ἄπ' ἄν' αὐτῆ σοὶ δοκῆ,
τόδ' ἔμνησον, χῶρεσον, ἀγαμαὶ καρδίας.

ARISTOPHANES.

Je vas de nouveau percer mon tonneau, et de la traicte, laquelle par deux precedents volumes vous est assez cogneü, vous tirer du creux de nos passetemps epicenaires un galant tiercin, et consecutivement un joyeux quart de sentences Pantagruelliques. Par moy vous sera licle les appeller Diogeniques. — Et peur n'ayez que le vin saille. — Autant que vous en tirerez par la douille, autant en entonneray per le bondon. Ainsi demourra le tonneau inexpuisable. Il a source vive et veine perpetuelle.

RABELAIS.

The wholesom'st meats that are will breed satiety
Except we should admit of some variety.

In music, notes must be some high, some base.

And this I say, these pages have intendment,

Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,

To work in men's ill manners good amendment.

Wherefore if any think the book unseasonable,

Their stoic minds are foes to good society,

And men of reason may think them unreasonable.

It is an act of virtue and of piety,

To warn men of their sins in any sort,

In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

The great cement that holds these several discourses together is one main design which they jointly drive at, and which, I think, is confessedly generous and important, namely, the knowledge of — true happiness, so far as reason can cut her way through those darknesses and difficulties she is encumbered with in this life: which though they be many and great, yet I should belie the sense of my own success, if I should pronounce them insuperable; as also, if I were deprived of that sense, should lose many pleasures and enjoyments of mind, which I am now conscious to myself of: amongst which, there is none so considerable as that tacit reflection within myself, what real service may be rendered to religion by these my labours.

HENRY MORE.

*Scribere fert animus multa et diversa, nec uno
Gurgite versari semper; quo flamina ducent
Ibimus, et nunc has, nunc illas nabimus undas;
Ardua nunc ponti, nunc littora tuta ptemus.
Et quanquam interdum fretus ratione, latentis
Naturæ tentabo vias, atque abdita pandam,
Præcipue tamen illa squar quæcunque videntur
Prodesse, ac sanctos mortalibus addere mores,
Heu penitus (licet verum mihi dicere) nostro
Extinctus ævo.*

PALINGENIUS.

Ja n'est besoin (amy Lecteur!) l'escriver

Par le m. nu le prouffit et plaisir

Que recevras si ce livre veuz lire,

Et d'icelluy le sens prendre au desir;

Veulle donc prendre à le lire loisir,

Et que ce soit avecq intelligencer.

Si tu le fais, propos de grand plaisirance

Tu y verras, et moult p'ouffiteras;

Et si tiendras en grand resj n'isancee

Le tien esprit, et ton temps passcras. JEAN FAVRE.

"Gods me! how now! what present have we here?"

"A Book that stood in peril of the press;

But now it's past those pikes, and doth appear

To keep the lookers on from heaviness."

"What stuff contains it?" — "Fustian, perfect spruce,

Wit's gallimalfay, or wit fried in steaks."

"From whom came it, a God's name?" — "From his
Muse,

(Oh do not tell I) that still your favour seeks."

"And who is that?" — "Truth that is I." — "What I?

I per se I, great I, you would say." — "No I

Great I indeed you well may say; but I

Am little I, the least of all the row."

DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

*Lector, esto libro te ofrezco, sin que me aya mandado
Señor alguno que le escriba, ni menos me ayan impor-
tunado mis amigos que le estampe, sino solamente por mi
gusto, por mi antojo y por mi voluntad.* MONTALVAN.

The reader must not expect in this work merely the private uninteresting history of a single person. He may expect whatever curious particulars can with any propriety be connected with it. Nor must the general disquisitions and the incidental narratives of the present work be ever considered as actually digressions in their natures, and as merely useful in their notices. They are all united with the rest, and form proper parts of the whole. They have some of them a necessary connexion with the history of the Doctor; they have many of them an intimate relation, they have all of them a natural affinity to it. And the Author has endeavoured, by a judicious distribution of them through the work, to prevent that disgusting uniformity, and to take off that uninteresting personality, which must necessarily result from the merely barren and private annals of an obscure individual. He has thus in some measure adopted the elegant principles of modern gardening. He has thrown down the close hedges and the high walls that have confined so many biographers in their views. He has called in the scenes of the neighbouring country to his aid, and has happily combined them into his own plan. He has drawn off the attention from the central point before it became languid and exhausted, by fetching in some objects from society at large, or by presenting some view of the philosophy of man. But he has been cautious of multiplying objects in the wantonness of refinement, and of distracting the attention with a confused variety. He has always considered the history of the Doctor, as the great fixed point, the enlivening centre, of all his excursions. Every opening is therefore made to carry an actual reference, either mediate or immediate, to the regular history of the Doctor. And every vista is employed only for the useful purpose of breaking the stiff straight lines, of lighting up the dark, of heightening the little, and of colouring over the lifeless, in the regular history of the Doctor.

Preface to WHITAKER'S History of Manchester,
mutatis mutandis.

Chi tristezza da se cacciar desia,

Legga quest' opra saporita e bella. BERTOLDO.

I exhort all People, gentle and simple, men, women and children, to buy, to read, to extol, these labours of mine. Let them not fear to defend every article; for I will bear them harmless. I have arguments good store, and can easily confute, either logically, theologically, or metaphysically, all those who oppose me.

ARBUHNOT.

*Scripta legis passim quamplurima, lector, in orbe,
Quæ damni plus quam commoditatis habent.
Hæc fugienda procul cum sint, sic illa petenda,
Jucunda utilibus quæ bene juncta docent.*

P. RUBIGALLUS PANNONIUS.

Out of the old fields, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn fro' year to year;
And out of old bookes, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

CHAUCER.

[Prefixed to Vol. IV. in the original Edition.]

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARY.

The Muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves: it is your own. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad; and now so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. — The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, an easiness or imitation; but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty; and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

BEN JONSON.

Je n'adresse point ce Livre à un Grand, sur une vaine opinion que j'aurois de la garantir ou de l'envie, ou de le faire vivre contre les rudes assauts du temps, d'autant que sa principale recommandation doit dériver de son propre fonds, et non de l'appuy de celui à qui je le dederois: car rien ne fautorisera, s'il n'est remply de belles conceptions, et tissu d'un langage bref, nerveux, et escrit d'une plume franche, resoluë et hardie. La rondcur d'escrivre plaist; ces choses sont pour donner prix et pointe à nos escrits, et dépiter le temps et la mort. Je prie Dieu que ces Tomes ressembtent à la beauté d'un jardin, duquel l'un cueille une belle rose, l'autre une violette, ou une giroflee; ainsi souhaitay-je qu'en ceste diversité de subjects, dont elles sont plaines, chacun tire dequoy resveiller, resjouir et contenter son esprit.

NICOLAS PASQUIER.

*Non ego me methodo astringam servilitur ulli,
Sed temerè Hyblæ more vagabor apis,
Quò me spes prædæ, et generandi gloria melleis,
Liberaque ingenii quo feret ala mei.*

COWLEY.

Take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge;
Taste it first as a potion for physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst.

FULLER.

*Qui l'a fait? Quiconque il soit, en ce a esté prudent,
qu'il n'y a point mis son nom.*

RABELAIS.

*Io me n' andrò con la barchetta mia,
Quanto l'acqua comporta un picciol legno;
E cìd ch'io penso con la fantasia,
Di piacere ad ognuno è 'l mio disegno:*

*Convien che varie cose al mondo sia,
Come son varj volti e vario ingegno,
E piace a l' uno il bianco, a l' altro il perso,
O diverse materie in prosa o in verso.*

*Forse coloro ancor che leggeranno
Di questa tanto piccola favilla
La mente con poca esca accenderanno
De' monti o di Parnaso o di Sibilla:
E de' miei fior come ape piglieranno
I dotti, s' alcun dolce ne distilla;
Il resto a molti pur darà diletto,
E lo autore ancor fia benedetto.*

PULCI.

Most Prefaces are effectually apologies, and neither the Book nor the Author one jot the better for them. If the Book be good, it will not need an apology; if bad it will not bear one: for where a man thinks by calling himself noddily in the epistle, to atone for shewing himself to be one in the text, he does, with respect to the dignity of an author, but bind up two fools in one cover.

SIR ROGER D'ESTRANGE.

*Inter cuncta leges, —
Quà ratione quas traducere leniter ævum;
Ne te semper inops agitet vœxetque cupido,
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes; —
Quid minuat curas; quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid purè tranqillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et salentis semita vitæ.*

HORACE.

*Si ne suis je toutesfois hors d'esperance, que si quel-
qu'un daigne lire, et bien goster ces miens escrits, (en-
cores que le langage n'en soit estele, ny enflé) il ne les
trouvera du tout vuides de sàveur; ny tant desgarniz
d'utilité, qu'ils n'en puissent tirer plaisir et profit, pourveu
que leurs esprits ne soyent auparavant saizis de mal
vueillance, ou imbuz de quelques autres mauvaises
opinions. Je prie doncques tous Lecteurs entrer en la
lecture d s presents discours, delivres de toute passion et
emulation. Car quand l'amertume d'envie ou mal vueil-
lance, est detrempee en desir de contredire, elle ne laisse
jamais le goust que depravé et mal jugeant.*

PIERRE DE ST. JULIEN.

Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd phrase,
No Babel compositions to amaze
The tortured reader, no believed defence
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence,
No obscene syllable that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid.

MASSINGER.

Read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee; and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself.

SHIRLEY.

One caveat. good Reader, and then God speed thee! — Do not open it at adventures, and by reading the broken pieces of two or three lines, judge it; but read it through, and then I beg no pardon if thou didst like it. Farewell.

THOMAS ADAMS.

Listen while my tongue
Reveals what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of Wisdom, or thy lonely whispering voice,
O faithful Nature, dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being.

AKENSIDE.

Δῶρ' ἴλθ', ὅπως ἂν καὶ σοφώτατος γένη.

EURIPIDES.

[Prefixed to Vol. V. in the original Edition.]

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

See here, see here, a Doctor rare,
Who travels much about home;
Come take his pills,—they cure all ills,
Fast, present, and to come.
Take a little of his nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-tif.

THE BISHOPRICK GARLAND.

*Quod virgo proba, quod stolata mater,
Quod purus positâ severitate
Jam post pulpita perlegat sacerdos.*

T. L. ON SIR WM. KILLIGREW'S SELINDRA.

I entered on this work certainly with considerable materials, and since engaging in it, in reading, in thinking, in correcting and improving, I have proportioned my labours to my undertaking. Every step I advanced, I did but more clearly see how much farther I might go. Here too readers and some writers may be reminded of the effect produced by finding a pleasure in your employment; some burdens are sweet; you lose the sense of weight by the deceptions of fancy and occasional rests; and in proportion as your journey becomes more agreeable, you are in danger of growing more dilatory.

GEORGE DYER.

*Si tu tombes entre les mains de ceux qui ne voyent rien
d'autrui que pour y trouver sujet de s'en desplaire, et qu'ils
te reprochent que ton Docteur est ennuyeux; responds
leur qu'il est à leur choix de lui voir ou ne lui voir point.
— Si tu te trouves parmy ceux qui font profession d'inter-
preter les songes, et decouvrir les pensées plus secretes
d'autrui, et qu'ils assurent que * * est un tel homme
et * * une telle femme; ne leur respond rien; car ils
sçavent assez qu'ils ne sçavent pas ce qu'ils disent; mais
supplie ceux qui pourroient estre abusez de leurs fictions,
de considerer que si ces choses ne m'importent, j'auvois eu
bien peu d'esprit de les avoir voulu dissimuler et ne l'avoir
sceu faire. Que si en ce qu'ils diront, il n'y a guere d'ap-
parence, il ne les faut pas croire: et s'il y en a beaucoup,
il faut penser que pour couvrir la chose que je voulois
tenir cachée et ensevelie, je l'usse autrement desguiséc.*

ASTRÉE—mutatis mutandis.

I would not be in danger of that law of Moses, that if a man dig a pit and cover it not, he must recompense those which are damaged by it; which is often interpreted of such as shake old opinions, and do not establish new as certain, but leave consciences in a worse danger than they found them in. I believe that law of Moses hath in it some mystery and applableness; for by that law men are only then bound to that indemnity and compensation, if an ox or an ass, (that is such as are of a strong constitution and accustomed to labour) fall therein; but it is not said so, if a sheep or a goat fall: no more are we if men in a silliness or wantonness will stumble or take a scandal, bound to rectify them at all times. And therefore because I justly presume you strong and watchful enough, I make account that I am not obnoxious to that law; since my meditations are neither too wide nor too deep for you.

DONNE'S LETTERS.

Such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day, better than the glass does a man's person.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

The Load-stone of Attraction I find out,
The Card of Observation guides about,
The Needle of Discretion points the way.

DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

— βροτάί παύσασθι μάταια.

'Ρημβόμενοι σκοτίη και ἀσεργίη νυκτι μελάνη'
Και λίπειτε σκοτιήν νυκτός, φάως δὲ λάβρασθε'
Ὅσως ἰδοὺ πάντισσι σαφὴς, ἀπλάντος ὑπάρχει.
Ἐλθετε, μὴ σκοτιήν διδῶκατε, και γνῶσον αἰσί'
'Ηλιού γλυκυδικίης ἰδοὺ φάος ἔρχομαι λάμψατε.

SIBYLLINE VERSES.

Of things that be strange
Who loveth to read
In this book let him range
His fancy to feed. RICHARD ROBINSON.

*At ego tibi sermone isto—
Varias fabulas conseram, auribus tuas
Benevolus lepido susurro permulceam.*

APULEIUS.

Whoso doth attempt the Author's works to read
Must bring with him a stayed head, and judgement to
proceed;
For as there be most wholesome hests and precepts to be
found,
So are there rocks and shallow shelves to run the ship
aground. ARTHUR GOLDING.

I am studying the art of patience:— to drive six snails
before me from this town to Moscow, neither use goad nor
whip to them, but let them take their own time. The
patientest man i' the world match me for an experiment I
WEBSTER.

He says and he says not, cares and he cares not, he's
king and he's no king; his high-born soul is above this
sublunary world; he reigns, he rides in the clouds and
keeps his court in the Ilorizon: he's Emperor of the
Superlative Heights, and lives in pleasure among the
Gods; he plays at bowls with the Stars, and makes a foot-
ball of the Globe; he makes that to fly far, far out of the
reach of Thought. HURLBURUMBO.

*Lo libres fo be faitz, e de bos motz complit;
E sil volctz entendre, li gran e li petit
Podon i mot apendre de sen e de bel dit;
Car aiscl qui le fe nul ventre tot fursil,
E sel que nol conaish, ni nol a resentil.*

Ja no so cufaria.

CANSONS DE LA CROZADA
CONTR ELS EREGES DALBHEGES.

Something oddly
The book-man prated; yet he talked it weeping.
FORD.

We content ourselves to present to thinking minds, the original seeds from whence spring vast fields of new theories, that may be further cultivated, beautified and enlarged. Truth however being of a coherent nature, it is impossible to separate one branch from another and see it in all its worky. I beg therefore my readers not to judge of the book by parcels, but to continue to the end, that so they may see the connection of every part with the whole. Scattered rays do not always enlighten; but when reunited they give a mutual lustre to each other.

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court or a club at the tavern. I never counted among my honours these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my partridge, as with St. John; my cat, as with Pope St. Gregory; my little dog, as with St. Dominic; my lamb, as with St. Francis; (my pig, he might have said as with St. Antony,) my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius.

CATHERINOT.

As quoted and translated by D'ISRAELI.

To ignorants obdurè, quhair wilfull error lÿis,
Nor zit to curious folks, quhilks carping dois deject thee,
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie wyis,
But to the docile bairns of knowledge I direct thee.

JAMES I.

Albeit I have studied much and learned little, yet I have learned to glean some handfulls of corn out of the rankest cockle; to make choice of the most fragrant flowers of humanity, the most virtuous herbs of philosophy, the most sovereign fruits of government, and the most heavenly manna of divinity; to be acquainted with the fairest, provided for the foulest, delighted with the temperate, pleased with the meanest, and contented with all weather — greater men may profess and can achieve greater matters: I thank God I know the length, that is the shortness of my own foot. If it be any man's pleasure to extenuate my sufficiency in other knowledge, or practise to empeach my ability in words or deeds, to debase my fortune, to abridge my commendations, or to annihilate my fame, he shall find a cold adversary of him that hath laid hot passions watering, and might easily be induced to be the invective of his own non proficiency.

GABRIEL HARVEY.

[*Prefixed to Vol. VI. in the original Edition.*]

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

Two thynghs owyth every clerk
To advertysyn, begynnyn a werk,
If he procedyn wyl ordeneely,
The fyrste is *what*, the secunde is *why*.
In wych two wurdys, as it semyth me,
The Foure causys comprehendyd be
Wych as our filosofys us do teche,
In the begynnyn men owe to seche
Of every book; and aftry there entent,
The fyrst is clepyd cause efficyent:
The secunde they clepe cause materyal,
Formal the thrydde; the fourte fynal.
The efficyent cause is the auctour,
Wych afftry hys cunningg doth hys labour
To a comlyse the beguune matere,
Wych cause is secunde; and the more clere
That it may be, the formal cause
Settyth in dew ordre clause be clause.
And these thre thynghs, longyn to what,
Auctour, matere and forme ordinat,
The fynal cause declaryth pleynly
Of the werk beguune the cause why;
That is to seyne what was the entent
Of the auctour fynally, and what he ment.

OSBERN BOKENAM.

Look for no splendid painted outside here,
But for a work devoutly sincere;
A thing low prized in these too high-flown days:
Such solid sober works get little praise.

Yet some there be
Love true solidity.

And unto such brave noble souls I write,
In hopes to do them and the subject right.
I write it not to please the itching vein
Of idle-headed fashionists, or gain
Their fond applause;
I care for no such noise.

I write it only for the sober sort,
Who love right learning, and will labour for't;
And who will value worth in art, though old,
And not be weary of the good, though told

'Tis out of fashion
By nine-tenths of the nation.

I writ it also out of great good will
Unto my countrymen; and leave my skill
Behind me for the sakes of those that may
Not yet be born; but in some after day
May make good use
Of it, without abuse.

But chiefly I do write it, for to show
A duty to the Doctor which I owe.

THOMAS MACE.

Physicians are many times forced to leave such methods of curing as themselves know to be the fittest, and being overruled by their patient's impatience are fain to try the best they can in taking that way of cure, which the cured will yield unto: in like sort, considering how the case doth stand with this present age, full of tongue and weak of brain, behold we yield to the stream thereof: into the causes of goodness we will not make any curious or deep inquiry; to touch them now and then it shall be sufficient, when they are so near at hand that easily they may be conceived without any far removed discourse. That way we are contented to prove, which being the worse in itself, is notwithstanding now, by reason of common imbecility, the fitter and likelier to be brooked.

HOOKER.

*Qui lit beaucoup et jamais ne medite,
Semble à celui qui mange avidement,
Et de tous mets surcharge tellement
Son estomach que rien ne lui profit.*

QUATRAINE DE PIBRAC.

Thus Englished by Sylvester,

Who readeth much and never meditates,
Is like a greedy eater of much food,
Who so surcloys his stomach with his eates
That commonly they do him little good.

Je sçay qu'en ce discours l'on me pourra reprendre, que j'ay mis beaucoup de particularitez qui sont fort superflues. Je le crois: mais, je sçay, que si elles desplaisent à aucuns, elles plairont aux autres: me semblant, que ce n'est pas assez, quand on loué des personnes, dire qu'elles sont belles, sages, vertueuses, valeureuses, vaillantes, magnanimes, libérales, splendides et très-parfaites. Ce sont loilanges et descriptions générales, et lieux-communs empruntez de tout le monde. Il en faut spécifier bien le tout, et descrire particulièrement les perfections, afin que micux on les touche au doigt: et telle est mon opinion.

BRANTOME.

*Non sai se l' arte, o il caso abbia fornita
Cosi bell' opra, o siano entrambi a parte;
Percchè l' arte è tal che il caso imita,
E' l caso è tal che rassomiglia all' arte:
E questo a quella, e quella a questo unita,
Quanto può, quanto sa, mesce e comparte.
Un la materia al bel lavor dispose,
L'altra meglio adornolla, e poi s' ascose.*

METASTASIO.

Tous ceux qui ont quelquesfois pesé le grand travail et le labeur de l'imagination, l'ont jugé pour le plus grand qui se puisse trouver, et ont eu raison; d'autant que celui lequel veut et desire en contenter plusieurs, doit aussi chercher des moyens différens, afin que ce qui est ennuyeux à l'un, l'autre le trouve doux et agreable; car de le donner à tous, il est impossible; veu, qu'entre trois personnes seulement que l'on aura conviées, il se trouvera une grande différence de goûts, ainsi que l'a dit Horace, luy dis-je qui l'avoit si bien expérimenté; par ainsi il n'est pas possible qu'en une si longue histoire que celle dont je vay traitant, que je ne donne de la peine par la diversité des chapitres. Toutesfois si le jugement s'en fait par des personnes privées et libres de toute passion, ils diront que c'est le vray moyen d'entretenir les esprits curieux.

L'HISTOIRE DU CHEVALIER DU SOLEIL.

Be rather wise than witty, for much wit hath commonly much froth; and 'tis hard to jest and not sometimes jeer too; which many times sinks deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth, ends in sadness.

CALEB TRENCHFIELD,

(probably a fictitious name.) RESTITUTA.

In some passages you will observe me very satirical. Writing on such subjects I could not be otherwise. I can write nothing without aiming, at least, at usefulness. It were beneath my years to do it, and still more dishonourable to my religion. I know that a reformation of such abuses as I have censured is not to be expected from the efforts of an author; but to contemplate the world, its follies, its vices, its indifferences to duty, and its strenuous attachment to what is evil, and not to reprehend, were to approve it. From this charge, at least, I shall be clear; for I have neither tacitly, nor expressly flattered either its characters or its customs.

COWPER.

Nemo eo sapientius desipuisse, nemo stultius sapuisse videtur.

Said of Cardan by I know not who.

Il y en a qui pensent que les lecteurs reçoivent peu d'instruction, quand on leur représente des choses qui n'ont pas été achevées, qu'eux appellent œuvres imparfaites; mais je ne suis pas de leur avis; car quand quelque fait est décrit à la vérité, et avec ses circonstances, encor qu'il ne soit parvenu qu'à mychemin, si peut-on toujours en tirer du fruit.

LA NOUE.

Authors, you know of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown,
Like streams supplied from springs below
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

DR. COTTON.

Thus have I, as well as I could, gathered a posey of observations as they grew,—and if some rue and worm-wood be found amongst the sweeter herbs, their wholesomeness will make amends for their bitterness.

ADAM LITTLETON.

This worthy work in which of good examples are so many,

This orchard of Alcinoüs, in which there wants not any Herb, tree, or fruit that may mans use for health or pleasure serve;

This plenteous horn of Acheloy, which justly doth deserve

To bear the name of Treasury of Knowledge, I present To your good worships once again,—desiring you therefore

To let your noble courtesy and favour countervail My faults, where art or eloquence on my behalf doth fail, For sure the mark wherewith I shoot is neither wreaths of bay,

Nor name of author, no, nor meed; but chiefly that it may

Be liked well of you and all the wise and learned sort; And next, that every wight that shall have pleasure for to sport

Him in this garden, may as well bear wholesome fruit away

As only on the pleasant flowers his retchless senses stay.

GOLDING.

Doubtless many thoughts have presented, and are still presenting themselves to my mind, which once I had no idea of. But these, in I believe every instance, are as much the growth of former rooted principles, as multiplied branches grow from one and the same main stem. Of such an inward vegetation I am always conscious; and I equally seem to myself to perceive the novelty of the fresh shoot, and its connexion with what had been produced before.

ALEXANDER KNOX.

The extensive argument and miscellaneous nature of the work led him to declare his sentiments on a multitude of questions, on which he thought differently from other writers, and of course, to censure or confute their opinions. Whole bodies of men, as well as individuals of the highest reputation, were attacked by him, and his manner was to speak his sense of all with freedom and force. So that most writers, and even readers, had some ground of complaint against him. Not only the free-thinkers and unbelievers, against whom the tenour of his book was directed, but the heterodox of every denomination were treated without much ceremony, and of the orthodox themselves, some tenet or other, which till then they had held sacred, was discussed and reprobated by him. Strangling hereses, or embodied systems, made no difference with him; as they came in his way, no quarter was given to either, "his end and manner of writing," as Dr. Mid dleton truly observed, "being to pursue truth wherever he found it."

HURD'S LIFE OF WARBURTON.

Thou art like my rappee, here, a most ridiculous superfluity; but a pinch of thee now and then is a more delicious treat.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Yea—but what am I?

A scholar, or a schoolmaster, or else some youth?

A lawyer, a student, or else a country clown?

A brumman, a basket-maker, or a baker of pies?

A flesh, or a fishmonger, or a sower of lies?

A louse, or a louser, a leek or a lark,

A dreamer, a drommell, a fire or a spark?

A catiff, a cut-throat, a creeper in corners,
A hairbrain, a hangman, or a grafter of horns?
A merchant, a maypole, a man or a mackrel,
A crab or a crevice, a crane or a cockerell?

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

It may appear to some ridiculous
Thus to talk knave and madman, and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stuff with sage.

WEBSTER.

Etsi verò, quæ in isto opere desiderentur, rectius forsitan quàm quisvis alius, perspiciam; et si meo plane voto standum fuisset, id, in tantâ, quæ hodie est librorum copiâ, vel plane suppressissem, vel in multos annos adhuc pressissem; tamen aliquid amicis, aliquid temporî dandum; et cum iis qui aliquid fructus ex eo sperant, illud communicandum putavi. Hunc itaque meum qualemcumque laborem, Lector candidè, boni consule; quod te facillè facturum confido, si eum animam ad legendum attuleris, quem ego ad scribendum, veritatis nimirum altisque inserendi cupidum.

SENNERTUS.

[Prefixed to Vol. VII. in the original Edition.]

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

Well: we go on. MERIC CAUSAUBON.

Ventri ulinam pax sit, sic variante cibo.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

I had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest. DRYDEN.

Well said, Master Doctor, well said;
By the mass we must have you into the pulpit.

LUSTY JUVENTUS.

Why this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet single go-
by, of all that ever I tasted! ROBERT GREENE.

Alonso. Prythee no more! thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gonzalo. I did it to minister occasion to these gentle-
men who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they
always use to laugh at nothing. TEMPEST.

*Comme l'on voit, à Pouvoir de la porte
D'un cabinet royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, et tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte;*

*Aussi deslors que l'homme qui medite,
Et est sçavant, commence de s'ouvrir,
Un grand tresor vient à se descoverrir,
Thesor caché au puits de Democrite.*

QUATRAINS DE PIERAC.

Cum enim infelicitus nihil sit iis ingenii, ut rectè J. Cæs. Scaliger censet, quæ mordacis sentiunt Majores nostros nihil ignorasse, mancipium alicuius opinio non nunquam esse voluit. Contra nec me puduit ab aliis discere, et quædam ex iis in mea scripta transferre; quod omnibus seculis ab omnibus viris doctis facilitatum video, neminemque adhuc inventum existimo, qui omnia, quæ in publicum edidit, in suo cerebro nata esse gloriari potuerit. Invenient tamen, qui volent, in meis aliqua, eoque à veritate non aliena, quæ in aliorum scriptis forsitan non ita sunt obvia. Verùm omnibus placere impossibile; et, ut J. Cæs. Scaliger ait

*Qui sevit, ab alto pluviam satis precatur;
At iter faciens imbris imprecatur atris,
Non sæpe Deus placet; et tu placere credis?*

Ideo invidorum obtractationibus nihil motus, tumum sectum Doctoris in publicum edidi, ac septimum jam in

manus sumam, et in eo quousque D. O. M. placuerit, progredior. In quo ipso etiam etsi non pauca quæ obtractationi malevolorum et invidorum obnoxia esse poterunt, dicenda erunt, proferam tamen ea liberè. SENNERTUS.

Tired of thee, my Opus? that is impossible!

οὐδὲ μισθὸς σοῦ γίγον' οὐδέ τις πάσσοι.
τῶν μὲν γὰρ ἄλλων ἐστὶ πάντων πληρομολή-
ῆρατος;

ἄεταν, μουσικῆς, τραγημάτων,
τιμῆς, πλακούντων, ἀνδραγαθίας, ἰσχάδων,
φιλοτιμίας, μᾶζης, σπρατηγίας, φακῆς.

σοῦ δ' ἴγινε' οὐδέ τις μισθὸς οὐδέ πάσσοι.

ARISTOPHANES.

I desire the unlearned readers not to be offended for that I have in some places intermixed Greek and Latin—(and other tongues) with the English. For I have an especial regard unto young scholars and students, unto whom it is not possible to be expressed what great utility, benefit, and knowledge doth redound, of conferring one strange language with another. Neither is it to be doubted, but that such as are towards the discipline of good literature in divers tongues, may of such doings as this pick out as much utility and furtherance of their studies, as the unlearned shall take pleasure and fruit of the English for their use. Whoso careth not for the Latin may pass it over, and satisfy himself with the English. Who passeth not on the Greek, may seemably pass it over, and make as though he see none such. There is in this behalf no man's labour lost but mine, and yet not that all lost neither, if my good zeal and honest intent to do good to all sorts, be in good part interpreted and accepted.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

Truly for the Englishman to be offended with the admixtion of Latin, or the Latin-man to dislike the powdering of Greek, appeareth unto me a much like thing, as if at a feast with variety of good meats and drinks furnished, one that loveth to feed of a capon should take displeasure that another man hath appetite to a coney; or one that serveth his stomach with a partridge should be angry with another that hath a mind to a quail; or one that drinketh small beer, should be grieved with his next fellow for drinking ale or wine.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

If food and amusement are wanted for the body, what does he deserve who finds food and amusement for the mind?

GNOMICA.

Mai voi, — seguitate il ragionamento del Dottore; et mostrateci, come havele bona memoria; ha credo se sepe-re ritaccarlo ove lo lasciate, non farete poco.

CASTIGLIONE.

If any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is, notwithstanding, itself oftentimes not seen. The staltiness of horses, the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on.

HOOKE.

Alcuni — dicono ch' io ho creduto formar me stesso, persuadendomi che le condizioni ch' io al Dottore attribuisco, tutte siano in me. A' questi tali non voglio già negar di non haver tentato tutto quello, ch' io vorrei che sapesse il Dottore; et penso che chi non avesse avuto qualche notizia delle cose che nel libro si trattano, per erudito che fosse stato, male haberebbe potuto scriverle: ma io non son tanto privo di giudicio in conoscere me stesso, che mi presuma saper tutto quello, che so desiderare.

CASTIGLIONE.

In a building, — if it be large, there is much to be done in preparing and laying the foundation, before the walls appear above ground; much is doing within, when the work does not seem, perhaps, to advance without, and when it is considerably forward, yet being encumbered with scaffolds and rubbish, a bystander sees it at great disadvantage, and can form but an imperfect judgment of it. But all this while the architect himself, even from the laying of the first stone, conceives of it according to the plan and design he has formed; he prepares and adjusts the materials, disposing each in its proper time and place, and views it in idea as already finished. In due season it is compleated, but not in a day. The top-stone is fixed, and then, the scaffolds and rubbish being removed, it appears to others as he intended it should be.

JOHN NEWTON.

Non si dea adunque l' uomo contentare di fare le cose buone, ma dee studiare di farle unco leggiadre. E non è altro leggiadria, che una cotale quasi luce, che risplende dalla convenevolezza delle cose, che sono ben composte, e ben divise l' una con l' altra, e tutte insieme; senza la qual misura eziandio il bene non è bello, e la bellezza non è piacevole.

M. GIO. DELLA CASA, GALATEO.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness;
These are the scum with which coarse wits abound;
The few may spare them well.

HERBERT.

The wise, — weighs each thing as it ought,
Mistakes no term, nor sentence wrests awry;
The fond will read awhile, but cares for nought,
Yet casts on each man's work a frowning eye.
This neither treats of matters low nor high,
But finds a meane, that each good meaning might
In all true means take Charity aright. CHURCHYARD.

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is — plain and true; — there's all the reach of it.

SHAKESPEARE.

τούτων οὖν οἷονα πάντων,
ὅτι σφραγιῶς, κοῦκ ἀνοήτως ἐσθήθησας ἐρλυάρετι,
αἰρεσθ' αὐτῷ πολὺ τὸ εὐθίον, παραπίμψατ' ἰθ' ἰδέεα κώπαις
θεοῦνον χρηστον ληναίτην,
ἰν' ὁ ποιητὴς ἀτιη χαίρων,
κατὰ νῦν πρᾶξας,
φαιδρεῖς λάμπαντι μετώπῳ.

ARISTOPHANES.

*Io vorrei, Monsignor, solo tant' arte
Ch' io potessi, per lungo e per traverso,
Dipngervi il mio cor in queste carte.*

LUDOVICO DOLCE.

*Nous nous aimons un peu, c'est notre faible à tous;
Le prix que nous valons qui le sait mieux que nous?
Et puis la mode en est, et la cour l'autorise,
Nous parlons de nous-mêmes avec tout franchise.*

CORNELLE.

*Mes paroles sont un peu de dure digestion pour la
foibles et des estomacs d' à present. Mais si on les remâche
bien, on en tirera beaucoup de substance.*

MADENOISELLE BOURIGNON.

*Supersunt etiam plurima quæ dici possint in hanc
materiam, quibus pro vitando fastidio, superscedendum
puto; ut si quis eadem conari velit, habeat etiamnum
aliquid in quo exerceat industriam.*

REN. RAPIN.

I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading as I had in
the writing.

CHARLES.

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Appearances of some fantastic thing
At first unfolding! GEORGE WITHER TO THE KING.

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

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

CHAPTER V. A. I.—p. 3.

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

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

CHAPTER IV. A. I.—p. 4.

A CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

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

CHAPTER III. A. I.—p. 5.

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS. A COMPLIMENT PRO-
PERLY RECEIVED.

La tasca è propria cosa da Christiani.
BENEDETTO VARCHI.

CHAPTER II. A. I.—p. 6.

CONCERNING DEDICATIONS, PRINTERS' TYPES, AND
IMPERIAL INK.

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

DEDICATION.—p. 8.

CHAPTER I. A. I.—p. 8.

NO BOOK CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PREFACE.

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

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

ANTE-PREFACE.—p. 8.

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

PREFACE.—p. 9.

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

INITIAL CHAPTER.—p. 10.

Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα.—HOMER.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

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

ORL. INNAM.

CHAPTER I. P. I.—p. 11.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS HISTORY AT HOME AND AT
TEA.

If thou be a severe sour complexioned man then I here
disallow thee to be a competent judge. IZAAK WALTON.

CHAPTER II. P. I.—p. 11.

WHEREIN CERTAIN QUESTIONS ARE PROPOSED CON-
CERNING TIME, PLACE AND PERSONS.

*Quis ? quid ? ubi ? quibus auxiliis ? cur ? quomodo ?
quando ?* TECHNICAL VERSE.

CHAPTER III. P. I.—p. 12.

WHOLESOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE VANITY OF
FAME.

Whosoever shall address himself to write of matters of
instruction, or of any other argument of importance, it
behoveth that before he enter thereinto, he should reso-
lutely determine with himself in what order he will handle
the same ; so shall he best accomplish that he hath un-
dertaken, and inform the understanding, and help the
memory of the Reader.

GWILLIM'S DISPLAY OF HERALDRY.

CHAPTER IV. P. I.—p. 13.

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

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

HORACE, L. 4. Od. 9.

CHAPTER V. P. I.—p. 15.

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

*Hanc ergo scientiam blande excipiamus, hilariterque
amplectamur, ut vere nostram et de nobismet ipsis trac-
tantem ; quam qui non amat, quam qui non amplectitur,
neq. philosophiam amat, neque suæ vitæ discrimina curat.*

BAPTISTA PORTA.

CHAPTER VI. P. I.—p. 17.

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

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

CHAPTER VII. P. I.—p. 20.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY. AN EXPERIMENT UPON
MOONSHINE.

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

PROVERBIOS DEL MARQUES DE SANTILLANA.

CHAPTER VIII. P. I.—p. 23.

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOL
BOY.

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

INTERCHAPTER I.—p. 26.

REMARKS IN THE PRINTING OFFICE. THE AUTHOR
CONFESSES A DISPOSITION TO GARRULITY. PRO-
PRIETY OF PROVIDING CERTAIN CHAPTERS FOR
THE RECEPTION OF HIS EXTRANEIOUS DIS-
COURSE. CHOICE OF AN APPELLATION FOR SUCH
CHAPTERS.

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

OVID.

CHAPTER IX. P. I.—p. 26.

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

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

CHAPTER X. P. I.—p. 27.

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

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

CHAPTER XI. P. I.—p. 29.

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

'Tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom. BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER XII. P. I.—p. 31.

A HISTORY NOTICED WHICH IS WRITTEN BACK-
WARD. THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES AN ESPE-
CIAL EVIL FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

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

CHAPTER XIII. P. I.—p. 33.

A DOUBT CONCERNING SCHOOL BOOKS, WHICH
WILL BE DEEMED HERETICAL: AND SOME AC-
COUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUBSTITUTE FOR
OVID OR VIRGIL.

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

CHAPTER XIV. P. I.—p. 36.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

Is this then your wonder?
Nay then you shall under-
stand more of my skill. BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER XV. P. I.—p. 37.

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

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

CHAPTER XVI. P. I.—p. 38.

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

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

INTERCHAPTER II.—p. 40.

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

Io! t' dico dunque e dico! che ognun m' ode.
BENEDETTO VARCHI.

CHAPTER XVII. P. I.—p. 42.

THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A CATHOLIC TASTE.

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

CHAPTER XVIII. P. I.—p. 44.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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

CHAPTER XIX. P. I.—p. 45.

A CONVERSATION WITH MISS GRAVEAIRS.

Operi suscepto inserviendum fuit; so Jacobus Mycellus
pleadeth for himself in his translation of Luclian's Dia-
logues, and so do I; I must and will perform my task.
BURTON.

CHAPTER XX. P. I.—p. 46.

HOW TO MAKE GOLD.

*L'Alchimista non travaglia a voto;
Ei cerca l'oro, ei cerca l'oro, io dico
Ch'ei cerca l'oro; e s'ei giungesse in porto
Fora ben per se stesso e per altrui.
L'oro e somma posanza infra mortali;
Chiedine a Cavalier, chiedine a Dame,
Chiedine a tutto il Mondo.* CHIABRERA.

CHAPTER XXI. P. I.—p. 49.

A DOUBT CONCERNING THE USES OF PHILOSOPHY.

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

PROVERBIOS DEL MARQUES DE SANTILLANA.

CHAPTER XXII. P. I.—p. 50.

Tòn δ' ἀραιεὶόμενος.

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

TANSILLO.

CHAPTER XXIII. P. I.—p. 52.

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS.

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

* * * *

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

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENLA.

CHAPTER XXIV. P. I.—p. 55.

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

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

QUARLES.

CHAPTER XXV. P. I.—p. 62.

Hiatus valde lacrymabilis.

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

HERRICK.

CHAPTER XXVI. P. I.—p. 64.

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

*Je ne veux dissimuler, amy Lecteur, que je n'aye bien
préveu, et me tiens pour déüement adverty, que ne puis
éviter la repréhension d'aucuns, et les calomnies de plu-
sieurs, ausquels c'est écrit désplaira du tout.*

CHRISTOPLE DE HERICOURT.

CHAPTER XXVII. P. I.—p. 67.

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

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

CHAPTER XXVIII. P. I.—p. 69.

PETER HOPKINS. EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE. DESCRIPTION OF HIS DWELLING-HOUSE.

*Combien de changemens deguis que suis au monde,
Qui n'est qu'un point du tems!* PASQUIER.

CHAPTER XXIX. P. I.—p. 70.

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

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

CHAPTER XXX. P. I.—p. 72.

THE OLD BELLS RUNG TO A NEW TUNE.

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

CHAPTER XXXI. P. I.—p. 75.

MORE CONCERNING BELLS.

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

HERBERT.

CHAPTER XXXII. P. I.—p. 76.

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

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

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER XXXIII. P. I.—p. 78.

DONCASTRIANA. THE RIVER DON.

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

MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER XXXIV. P. I. — p. 80.

MORAL INTEREST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS.
LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Let none our Author rudely blame
Who from the story has thus long digrest ;
But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

INTERCHAPTER III. — p. 82.

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

Ha forse

*Testa la plebe, ove si chiuda in vccc
Di scuno, altro che nebbia ? o forma vcco
Chi sta più saggia, che un bebù d'armento ?*

CHIABRERA.

CHAPTER XXXV. P. I. — p. 83.

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

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

CHAUCER.

CHAPTER XXXVI. P. I. — p. 85.

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

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

EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII. P. I. — p. 87.

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

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

HEYWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. P. I. — p. 90.

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

Non servio materię sed indulgeo ; quam quo ducit sequendum est, non quo invitat.
SENECA.

INTERCHAPTER IV. — p. 91.

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

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

CHAPTER XXXIX. P. I. — p. 92.

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

My good Lord, there is a Corporation,
A body, — a kind of body. MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER XL. P. I. — p. 96.

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

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

CHAPTER XLI. P. I. — p. 97.

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

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

HERBERT.

INTERCHAPTER V. — p. 98.

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

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

CHAPTER XLII. P. I.—p. 100.

DONCASTER CHURCH. THE RECTORIAL TITHES SECURED BY ARCHBISHOP SHARP FOR HIS OWN FAMILY.

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

HURDIS.

CHAPTER XLIII. P. I.—p. 101.

ANTIQUITIES OF DONCASTER. THE DEÆ MATRES. SAXON FONT. THE CASTLE. THE HELL CROSS.

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

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

CHAPTER XLIV. P. I.—p. 103.

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

They unto whom we shall appear tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure.

HOOKER.

CHAPTER XLV. P. I.—p. 105.

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

Vir bonus est quis? TERENCE.

INTERCHAPTER VI.—p. 106.

CONTINGENT CAUSES. PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS INDUCED BY REFLECTING ON THEM. THE AUTHOR TREMBLES FOR THE PAST.

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

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER XLVI. P. I.—p. 107.

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

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

CHAPTER XLVII. P. I.—p. 111.

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

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

CHAPTER XLVIII. P. I.—p. 112.

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

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

QUARLES.

CHAPTER XLIX.—p. 113.

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

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

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER L. P. I.—p. 115.

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

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

BURTON.

CHAPTER LI. P. I.—p. 117.

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

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

CHAPTER LII. P. I. — p. 118.

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

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

RICCIARDETTO.

CHAPTER LIII. P. I. — p. 120.

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

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

BURTON.

CHAPTER LIV. P. I. — p. 121.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE, AND MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

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

QUARLES.

CHAPTER LV. P. I. — p. 128.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VISIT TO DONCASTER.

*Fuere quondam hæc srd fuere;
Nunc ubi stnt, rogatas? Id annos
Scire hos oportet scilicet. O bonæ
Musæ, O Lepôres — O Charites meæ!
O gaudia offuscata nulis
Litibus! O sine nube soles!* JANUS DOUZA.

CHAPTER LVI. P. I. — p. 124.

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

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

MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER LVII. P. I. — p. 126.

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

So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fanta-tical.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHAPTER LVIII. P. I. — p. 126.

CONCERNING THE PORTRAIT OF DR. DANIEL DOVE.

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

CHAPTER LIX. P. I. — p. 128.

SHOWING WHAT THAT QUESTION WAS, WHICH WAS ANSWERED BEFORE IT WAS ASKED.

Chacun a son stile; le mien, comme vous voyez, n'est pas laconique.
ME. DE SEVIGNÉ.

CHAPTER LX. P. I. — p. 128.

SHOWING CAUSE WHY THE QUESTION WHICH WAS NOT ASKED OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED.

Nay in troth I talk but coarsely,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

CHAPTER LXI. P. I. — p. 130.

WHEREIN THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ASKED.

*Ajutami, tu penna, et calamaio,
Ch' io hò tra mano una materia asciutta.*
MATTIO FRANZESI.

CHAPTER LXII. — p. 132.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOVERY OF A CERTAIN PORTRAIT AT DONCASTER.

Call in the Barber! If the tale be long
He'll cut it short, I trust.
MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER LXIII. — p. 133.

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING THE QUESTION LAST PROPOSED.

*Questo è bene un de' più profondi passi
Che noi habbiamo ancora oggi tentato;
E non è mica da huomini bassi.*

AGNUOLO FIRENZUOLA.

CHAPTER LXIV. — p. 135.

DEFENCE OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING. A SYSTEM OF MORAL COSMETICS RECOMMENDED TO THE LADIES. GWILLIM. SIR T. LAWRENCE. GEORGE WITHER. APPLICATION TO THE SUBJECT OF THIS WORK.

*Pingitur in tabulis formæ peritura venustas,
Vivat ut in tabulis, quod perit in facie.* OWEN.

CHAPTER LXV. — p. 137.

SOCIETY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. SUCH A TOWN A MORE FAVOURABLE HABITAT FOR SUCH A PERSON AS DR. DOVE THAN LONDON WOULD HAVE BEEN.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where;
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own Palace, or the World's thy jail. DONNE

CHAPTER LXVI. — p. 139.

MR. COPLEY OF NETHERHALL. SOCIETY AT HIS HOUSE. DRUMMOND. BURGIL GRAY. MASON. MILLER THE ORGANIST AND HISTORIAN OF DONCASTER. HERSCHEL.

All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER LXVII. — p. 140.

A MYTHOLOGICAL STORY MORALISED.

Il faut mettre les fables en presse pour en tirer quelque suc de vérité.

GARASSE.

CHAPTER LXVIII. — p. 144.

ECCENTRIC PERSONS, WHY APPARENTLY MORE COMMON IN ENGLAND THAN IN OTHER COUNTRIES. HARRY BINGLEY.

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

HAMLET.

CHAPTER LXIX. — p. 147.

A MUSICAL RECLUSE AND HIS SISTER.

Some proverb maker, I forget who, says, "God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle."

Professor PARR's Dogmas of the Constitution.

CHAPTER LXX. — p. 148.

SHOWING THAT ANY HONEST OCCUPATION IS BETTER THAN NONE, BUT THAT OCCUPATIONS WHICH ARE DEEMED HONOURABLE ARE NOT ALWAYS HONEST.

J'ai peine à concevoir pourquoi le plûpart des hommes ont une si forte envie d'être heureux, et une si grande incapacité pour le devenir.

VOYAGES DE MILORD CETON.

CHAPTER LXXI. — p. 150.

TRANSITION IN OUR NARRATIVE PREPARATORY TO A CHANGE IN THE DOCTOR'S LIFE. A SAD STORY SUPPRESSED. THE AUTHOR PROTESTS AGAINST PLAYING WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS READERS. ALL ARE NOT MERRY THAT SEEM MIRTHFUL. THE SCAFFOLD A STAGE. DON RODRIGO CALDERON. THISTLEWOOD. THE WORLD A MASQUERADE, BUT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS IN HIS OWN CHARACTER.

This breaks no rule of order.

If order were infringed then should I flee
From my chief purpose, and my mark should miss.
Order is Nature's beauty, and the way
To Order is by rules that Art hath found.

GWILLIM.

CHAPTER LXXII. — p. 154.

IN WHICH THE FOURTH OF THE QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN CHAPTER II. P. I. IS BEGUN TO BE ANSWERED; SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON ANCESTRY ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE READER IS INFORMED WHY THE AUTHOR DOES NOT WEAR A CAP AND BELLS.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths! they're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen. BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER LXXIII. — p. 156.

RASH MARRIAGES. AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD. AFFLICTION RENDERED A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERER; AND TWO ORPHANS LEFT, THOUGH NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same.
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER LXXIV. — p. 157.

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS EITHER TO HERSELF OR OTHERS. A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT.

Beauty! my Lord, — 'tis the worst part of woman!
A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies which each breath of care
Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes,
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow. GOFF.

CHAPTER LXXV. — p. 159.

A SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM.

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegance than is the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.

ROBERT WILMOT.

CHAPTER LXXVI. — p. 160.

A STORY CONCERNING CUPID WHICH NOT ONE READER IN TEN THOUSAND HAS EVER HEARD BEFORE; A DEFENCE OF LOVE WHICH WILL BE VERY SATISFACTORY TO THE LADIES.

They do lie,
Lie grossly who say Love is blind: by him
And heaven they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Thro' ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

CHAPTER LXXVII. — p. 163.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

Happy the bonds that hold ye ;
 Sure they be sweeter far than liberty.
 There is no blessedness but in such bondage ;
 Happy that happy chain ; such links are heavenly.
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

INTERCHAPTER VII. — p. 164.

OBsolete ANTICIPATIONS ; BEING A LEAF OUT OF AN OLD ALMANACK, WHICH LIKE OTHER OLD ALMANACKS THOUGH OUT OF DATE IS NOT OUT OF USE.

If
 You play before me, I shall often look on you,
 I give you that warning before hand.
 Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
 And truly when I am least offended with you ;
 It is my humour. MIDDLETON.

INTERCHAPTER VIII. — p. 167.

A LEAF OUT OF THE NEW ALMANACK. THE AUTHOR THINKS CONSIDERATELY OF HIS COMMENTATORS ; RUMINATES ; RELATES AN ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE ; QUOTES SOME PYRAMIDAL STANZAS, WHICH ARE NOT THE WORSE FOR THEIR ARCHITECTURE, AND DELIVERS AN OPINION CONCERNING BURNS.

To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body ; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the Soul. "*Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.*"

FULLER.

INTERCHAPTER IX. — p. 169.

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMENTATORS DRAWN FROM THE HISTORY OF THE KORAN. REMARKS WHICH ARE NOT INTENDED FOR MUSSELMEN, AND WHICH THE MISSIONARIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ARE ADVISED NOT TO TRANSLATE.

You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration ; but now and then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing. JOHN NEWTON.

INTERCHAPTER X. — p. 171.

MORE ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT. ELUCIDATIONS FROM HENRY MORE AND DR. WATTS. AN INCIDENTAL OPINION UPON HORACE WALPOLE. THE STREAM OF THOUGHT "FLOWETH AT ITS OWN SWEET WILL." PICTURES AND BOOKS. A SAYING OF MR. PITT'S CONCERNING WILBERFORCE. THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE SOMETIMES SHOOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

Forrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallanicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate ; che in v-ro vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito. IL CORTEGIANO.

CHAPTER LXXVIII. — p. 174.

AMATORY POETRY NOT ALWAYS OF THE WISEST KIND. AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOME NOTION OF ITS QUANTITY. TRUE LOVE THOUGH NOT IN EVERY CASE THE BEST POET, THE BEST MORALIST ALWAYS.

El Amor es tan ingenioso, que en mi opinion, mas poetas ha hecho el solo, que la misma naturaleza.

PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

CHAPTER LXXIX. — p. 177.

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT. TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER. A LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD.

Read ye that run the awful truth,
 With which I charge my page ;
 A worm is in the bud of youth,
 And at the root of age. COWPER.

CHAPTER LXXX. — p. 178.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

— Thus they who reach
 Grey hairs, die piecemeal. SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER LXXXI. — p. 179.

A QUESTION WHETHER LOVE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL TO THE DEAD. DOUBTS ADVANCED AND CASES STATED.

O even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
 Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
 I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice !
 LORD STERLINE.

CHAPTER LXXXII. — p. 181.

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALL FOX, TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

Long-waiting love doth entrance find
 Into the slow-believing mind. SYDSEY GODOLPHIN.

CHAPTER LXXXIII. — p. 182.

THE AUTHOR REQUESTS THE READER NOT TO BE IMPATIENT. SHOWS FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY AT WHAT RATE A JUDICIOUS WRITER OUGHT TO PROCEED. DISCLAIMS PROXIMITY FOR HIMSELF, AND GIVES EXAMPLES OF IT IN A GERMAN PROFESSOR, A JEWISH RABBI, AND TWO COUNSELLORS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Pand. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried ?

Pand. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarried ?

Pand. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus. Still have I tarried.

Pand. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking. Nay, you must stay the cooling too; or you may chance to burn your lips.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CHAPTER LXXXIV. — p. 184.

A LOOP DROPPED IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER IS HERE TAKEN UP.

Enobarbus. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER LXXXV. — p. 184.

THE DOCTOR'S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN. EARLY FRIENDSHIP. COWPER'S MELANCHOLY OBSERVATION THAT GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES TO BE CORRECTED. YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN THE COMMON COURSE OF THINGS. A FINE FRAGMENT BY WALTER LANDOR.

Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren unstaunds.

Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!

Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,

Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth!
Klein erscheint es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;

Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches kleine doch gross.

GOETHE.

CHAPTER LXXXVI. — p. 188.

PETER HOPKINS. REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT HE WAS AS GOOD A PRACTITIONER AS ANY IN ENGLAND; THOUGH NOT THE BEST. THE FITTEST MASTER FOR DANIEL DOVE. HIS SKILL IN ASTROLOGY.

Que sea Medico mas grave

Quien mas aforismos sabe,

Bien puede ser.

Mas que no sea mas esperto

El que mas huviera muerto,

No puede ser.

GONGORA.

CHAPTER LXXXVII. — p. 191.

ASTROLOGY. ALMANACKS. FRISCHLIANISM RETAINED IN THEM TO THIS TIME.

I wander 'twixt the poles

And heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentricals,

Centers, concentrics, circles and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII. — p. 193.

AN INCIDENT WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR INTO A FORTUITOUS RESEMBLANCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF THE PREDICANT FRIARS. DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FACT AND THE FABLE; AND AN APPLICATION WHICH, UNLIKE THOSE THAT ARE USUALLY APPENDED TO ESOP'S FABLES, THE READER IS LIKELY NEITHER TO SKIP NOR TO FORGET.

Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.

PEDRO DE CIEÇA DE LEON.

CHAPTER LXXXIX. — p. 194.

A CHAPTER CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIES, FRENCH LADIES, FRENCH LAWYERS, FRENCH JUDGES, FRENCH LITERATURE, AND FRENCHNESS IN GENERAL.

Quid de pulicibus? vitæ salientia puncta. COWLEY.

CHAPTER XC. — p. 199.

WHEREIN THE CURIOUS READER MAY FIND SOME THINGS WHICH HE IS NOT LOOKING FOR, AND WHICH THE INCURIOUS ONE MAY SKIP IF HE PLEASES.

Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolû toutes les Pantarches des Cieux, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, croché tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces, Uranopctes et Ondrophores. RABELAIS.

CHAPTER XCI. — p. 202.

THE AUTHOR DISPLAYS A LITTLE MORE OF SUCH READING AS IS SELDOM READ, AND SHOWS THAT LORD BYRON AND AN ESSEX WIDOW DIFFERED IN OPINION CONCERNING FRIDAY.

Si j'avois dispersé ceci en divers endroits de mon ouvrage, j'aurois évité la censure de ceux qui appelleront ce chapitre un fatras de petit recueils. Mais comme je cherche la commodité de mes lecteurs plutôt que la mienne, je veux bien au depens de cette censure, leur épargner la peine de rassembler ce que j'aurois dispersé. BAYLE.

CHAPTER XCII. — p. 206.

CONCERNING PETER HOPKINS AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON AND TIDES UPON THE HUMAN BODY. A CHAPTER WHICH SOME PERSONS MAY DEEM MORE CURIOUS THAN DULL, AND OTHERS MORE DULL THAN CURIOUS.

A man that travelleth to the most desirable home, hath a habit of desire to it all the way; but his present business is his travel; and horse, and company, and inns, and ways, and weariness, &c., may take up more of his sensible thoughts, and of his talk and action, than his home.

BAXTER.

CHAPTER XCIII. — p. 210.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED.

Ἦ πολλὰ λίγας ἄρτι κἀνόητος ἔσθι.

Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκίτ' αὐδίν; SOPHOCLES.

CHAPTER XCIV.—p. 213.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCIES TO THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS.

And music mild I learn'd that tells
Tune, time and measure to the song. HIGGINS.

CHAPTER XCV.—p. 214.

WHEREIN MENTION IS MADE OF LORD BYRON, RONSARD, RABBI KAPOL AND CO. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT A MODE OF READING THE STARS HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THE RECOVERY OF OBLITERATED ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS; AND IT IS SHOWN THAT A MATHEMATICIAN MAY REASON MATHEMATICALLY, AND YET LIKE A FOOL.

Thus may ye behold
This man is very bold,
And in his learning old
Intendeth for to sit.
I blame him not a whit;
For it would vex his wit,
And clean against his earning
To follow such learning
As now-a-days is taught.

DOCTOR DOUBLE-ALE.

CHAPTER XCVI.—p. 217.

A MUSICIAN'S WISH EXCITED BY HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE. SYMPATHY BETWEEN PETER HOPKINS AND HIS PUPIL. INDIFFERENTISM USEFUL IN ORDINARY POLITICS, BUT DANGEROUS IN RELIGION.

Noi intendiamo parlare alle cose che utile sono alla umana vita, quanto per nostro intendimento si potrà in questa parte comprendere; e sopra quelle particelle che detto avemo di comporre.
BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

CHAPTER XCVII.—p. 220.

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE. CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION. TIME AND CHANGE. WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed. SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XCVIII.—p. 222.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard, or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had. WITHER.

CHAPTER XCIX.—p. 224.

A COUNTRY PARISH. SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST.

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delectabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delectabili, et in tutte due alcune si trovano honeste.

LEONE MEDICO (HEBREW).

CHAPTER C.—p. 227.

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, percase, deserved.
But what for that? This medicine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER CI.—p. 229.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.
HORACE.

INTERCHAPTER XI.—p. 231.

ADVICE TO CERTAIN READERS INTENDED TO ASSIST THEIR DIGESTION OF THESE VOLUMES.

Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.
TUSSER.

CHAPTER CII.—p. 232.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature wherewith God hath above the common rate endued him.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

CHAPTER CIII. — p. 236.

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113.
BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN; AND OF THE
FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

CHAPTER CIV. — p. 239.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A
WISE MAN, WHEN HE RISES IN THE MORNING,
LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO BEFORE
NIGHT.

— Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE.

CHAPTER CV. — p. 242.

A WORD OF NOBS, AND AN ALLUSION TO CÆSAR.
SOME CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE DOC-
TOR'S SECOND LOVE, WHEREBY THOSE OF HIS
THIRD AND LAST ARE ACCOUNTED FOR.

*Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
Y va se derecho hasta el corazon;
Alli en ser llegado se torna aficion,
Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos;
Causa alegrías, tristezas, antojos;
Haze llorar, y haze reír,
Haze cantar, y haze plañír;
Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.*

QUESTION DE AMOR.

INTERCHAPTER XII. — p. 245.

THE AUTHOR REGRETS THAT HE CANNOT MAKE
HIMSELF KNOWN TO CERTAIN READERS; STATES
THE POSSIBLE REASONS FOR HIS SECRESY;
MAKES NO USE IN SO DOING OF THE LICENCE
WHICH HE SEEMS TO TAKE OUT IN HIS MOTTO;
AND STATING THE PRETENCES WHICH HE AD-
VANCES FOR HIS WORK, DISCLAIMING THE
WHILE ALL MERIT FOR HIMSELF, MODESTLY
PRESENTS THEM UNDER A GRECIAN VEIL.

"Ενθα γὰρ τι δὲ ψεύδος λήγισθαι λήγισθαι.

HERODOTUS.

INTERCHAPTER XIII. — p. 247.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
To see if I cau all men beguile.
Ha, my name, my name would ye so fain know?
Yea, I wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.
I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.
A, a, now I have it! I have it indeed!
My name is Ambldexter, I signify one
That with both hands finely can play.

KING CAMBYSES.

CHAPTER CVI. — p. 249.

THE AUTHOR APOSTROPHISES SOME OF HIS FAIR
READERS; LOOKS FARTHER THAN THEY ARE
LIKELY TO DO, AND GIVES THEM A JUST THOUGH
MELANCHOLY EXHORTATION TO BE CHEERFUL
WHILE THEY MAY.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and Man hath his:
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present is. HERBERT.

CHAPTER CVII. — p. 250.

THE AUTHOR INTRODUCES HIS READERS TO A RE-
TIRED DUCHESS, AND SUGGESTS A PARALLEL
BETWEEN HER GRACE AND THE RETIRED TO-
BACCONIST.

In midst of plenty only to embrace
Calm patience, is not worthy of your praise;
But he that can look sorrow in the face
And not be daunted, he deserves the bays.
This is prosperity, where'er we find
A heavenly solace in an earthly mind.
HUGH CROMPTON.

CHAPTER CVIII. — p. 256.

PERCY LODGE. THAXTED GRANGE. RAPIN THE
JESUIT AND SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

It seems that you take pleasure in these walks,
Sir.
Cleanthes. Contemplative content I do, my Lord;
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

MASSINGER.

INTERCHAPTER XIV. — p. 259.

CONCERNING INTERCHAPTERS.

If we present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be ex-
cused, because the whole world is become a hodge-podge.
LYLY.

CHAPTER CIX. — p. 263.

INCIDENTAL MENTION OF HAMMOND, SIR EDMUND
KING, JOANNA BAILLIE, SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,
AND MR. THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTENAY.
PETER COLLINSON AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MR.
ALLISON'S. HOLIDAYS AT THAXTED GRANGE.

And sure there seem of human kind
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd
To soothe the certain ills of life,
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades and decorate repose.

SHENSTONE.

CHAPTER CX. — p. 267.

A TRANSITIONAL CHAPTER, WHEREIN THE AUTHOR COMPARES HIS BOOK TO AN OMNIBUS AND A SHIP, QUOTES SHAKESPEARE, MARCO ANTONIO DE CAMOS, QUARLES, SPENSER, AND SOMEBODY ELSE, AND INTRODUCES HIS READERS TO SOME OF THE HEATHEN GODS, WITH WHOM PERHAPS THEY WERE NOT ACQUAINTED BEFORE.

We are not to grudge such interstitial and transitional matter as may promote an easy connection of parts and an elastic separation of them, and keep the reader's mind upon springs as it were. HENRY TAYLOR'S Statesman.

CHAPTER CXI. — p. 268.

CONCERNING MAGAZINES, AND THE FORMER AND PRESENT RACE OF ALPHABET-MEN.

*Altri gli han messo nome Santa Croce,
Altri lo chiaman l' A. B. C. guastando
La misura, g' accenti, et la sua voce.* SANSOVINO.

CHAPTER CXII. — p. 270.

HUNTING IN AN EASY CHAIR. THE DOCTOR'S BOOKS.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers ;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

CHAPTER CXIII. — p. 271.

THOMAS GENT AND ALICE GUY, A TRUE TALE, SHOWING THAT A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY WILL NOT ALWAYS HOLD OUT LONGER THAN TROY TOWN, AND YET THE WOMAN MAY NOT BE THE PARTY WHO IS MOST IN FAULT.

*Io dico, non dimando
Quel che tu vuoi udir, perch' io l' ho visto
Ove s' appunta ogni ubi, e ogni quando.* DANTE.

CHAPTER CXIV. — p. 276.

THE AUTHOR HINTS AT CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS GENT ON WHICH HE DOES NOT THINK IT NECESSARY TO DWELL.

Round white stones will serve they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay. BUTLER.

CHAPTER CXV. — p. 279.

THE READER IS REMINDED OF PRINCE ABINO JASSIMA AND THE FOX-LADY. GENT NOT LIKE JOB, NOR MRS. GENT LIKE JOB'S WIFE.

*A me parrebbe a la storia far torto,
S' io non aggiungo qualche codicillo ;
Accò che ognun chi legge, benedica
L' ultimo eff'itto de la mia fatica.* PULCI.

CHAPTER CXVI. — p. 281.

DR. SOUTHEY. JOHN BUNYAN. BARTHOLOMEUS SCHERÆUS. TERTULLIAN. DOMENICO BERNINO. PETRARCH. JEREMY TAYLOR. HARTLEY COLERIDGE. DIEGO DE SAN PEDRO, AND ADAM LITTLETON.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in !
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky !
Liard, Robin, you must bob in !
Round, around, around, about, about !
All good come running in, all ill keep out.

MIDDLETON.

CHAPTER CXVII. — p. 284.

CONCERNING JOB'S WIFE.

This insertion is somewhat long, and utterly impertinent to the principal matter, and makes a great gap in the tale ; nevertheless is no disgrace, but rather a beauty and to very good purpose. PUTTENHAM.

CHAPTER CXVIII. — p. 288.

POINTS OF SIMILITUDE AND DISSIMILITUDE BETWEEN SIR THOMAS BROWNE AND DOCTOR DOVE.

But in these serious works designed
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgraced
With all the nicer sons of taste,
If once the shadow to pursue
We let the substance out of view.
Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And every passage aptly join
To bring about the one design. CHURCHILL

INTERCHAPTER XV. — p. 290.

THE AUTHOR RECOMMENDS A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER AS A CANDIDATE FOR HONOURS, BOTH ON THE SCORE OF HIS FAMILY AND HIS DESERTS. HE NOTICES ALSO OTHER PERSONS WHO HAVE SIMILAR CLAIMS.

*Thoricht, auf Bessrung der Thorcn zu harren !
Kinder der klugheit, o habet die Narren
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehort.* GOETHE.

CHAPTER CXIX. — p. 292.

THE DOCTOR IN HIS CURE. IRRELIGION THE PROACH OF HIS PROFESSION.

Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CHAPTER CXX. — p. 294.

EFFECT OF MEDICAL STUDIES ON DIFFERENT DISPOSITIONS. JEW PHYSICIANS, ESTIMATION AND ODIUM IN WHICH THEY WERE HELD.

Confesso la digression ; mas es facil al que no quisiera leerla, passar al capitulo siguiente, y esta aduertencia sirva de disculpa. LUIS MUNOZ.

CHAPTER CXXI. — p. 297.

WHEREIN IT APPEARS THAT SANCHO'S PHYSICIAN AT BARATARIA ACTED ACCORDING TO PRECEDENTS AND PRESCRIBED LAWS.

*Lettor, tu vedi ben com' io innatzo
La mia materia, e però con piu arte
Non ti maravigliar s' i' la rincalzo.*

DANTE.

CHAPTER CXXII. — p. 300.

A CHAPTER WHEREIN STUDENTS IN SURGERY MAY FIND SOME FACTS WHICH WERE NEW TO THEM IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR OWN PROFESSION.

If I have more to spin
The wheel shall g.

HERBERT.

CHAPTER CXXIII. — p. 303.

SOME ALLUSION TO, AND SOME USE OF THE FIGURE OF SPEECH CALLED PARENTHESIS.

J'ecrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein; c'est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le désordre même.

PASCAL.

CHAPTER CXXIV. — p. 306.

THE AUTHOR MORALISES UPON THE VANITY OF FAME; AND WISHES THAT HE HAD BOSWELLISED WHILE IT WAS IN HIS POWER TO HAVE DONE SO.

*Mucho tengo que llorar,
Mucho tengo que reir.*

GONGORA.

CHAPTER CXXV. — p. 309.

FAME IN THE BOROUGH ROAD. THE AUTHOR DANIELISES.

*Duc, Fama, —
Duc me insolenti tramite; devius
Tentabo inaccessos profanis
Invidiæ pedibus recessus.*

VINCENT BOURNE.

CHAPTER CXXVI. — p. 313.

MR. BAXTER'S OFFICES. MILLER'S CHARACTER OF MASON; WITH A FEW REMARKS IN VINDICATION OF GRAY'S FRIEND AND THE DOCTOR'S ACADEMANCE.

— *Te sonare quis mihi
Genique vim dabit tui?
Stylo quis æquor hocce arare charteum,
Et arva per papyrina
Satu loquace seminare literas?* JANUS DOUSA.

CHAPTER CXXVII. — p. 318.

THE DOCTOR'S THEORY OF PROGRESSIVE EXISTENCE.

Quam multe pecudes humano in corpore vivunt!
PALINGENIUS.

CHAPTER CXXVIII. — p. 320.

ELUCIDATIONS OF THE COLUMBIAN THEORY.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CHAPTER CXXIX. — p. 326.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR SPEAKS OF A TRAGEDY FOR THE LADIES, AND INTRODUCES ONE OF WILLIAM DOVE'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

*Y donde sobre todo de sa dueño
El gran tesoro y el caudal se infiere,
Es que al grande, al mediano, y al pequeño,
Todo se da de balde á quien lo quiere.* BALBUENA.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. — p. 327.

A tale which may content the minds
Of learned men and grave philosophers. GASCOYNE.

CHAPTER CXXX. — p. 330.

CHILDREN AND KITTENS. APHORISMS ASCRIBED TO THE LAUREATE, DR. SOUTHEY. MORE COLUMBIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Oh! if in after life we could but gather
The very refuse of our youthful hours!

CHARLES LLOYD.

CHAPTER CXXXI. — p. 331.

THE DOCTOR ABSTAINS FROM SPECULATING ON PERILOUS SUBJECTS. A STORY OF ST. ANSELM.

This field is so spacious, that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it; and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way.

BISHOP HALL.

CHAPTER CXXXII. — p. 333.

DR. CADOGAN. A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEREDITARY LONGEVITY. REMARKS ON THE ORDINARY TERM OF HUMAN LIFE.

Live well, and then how soon so e'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity. RANDOLPH

CHAPTER CXXXIII. — p. 334.

MORE THOUGHTS CONCERNING LIFE, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

*Clericus es? legit hæc. Laicus? legit ista libenter.
Crede mihi, invenies hic quod uterque voles.*
D. DU.-TR. MED.

CHAPTER CXXXIV. — p. 337.

A TRANSITION, AN ANECDOTE, AN APOSTROPHE, AND A PUN, FUNNET, OR PUNDIGRION.

*Est brevitate epus, ut currat sententia, nec se
Impediatur verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocoso.*

HORACE.

CHAPTER CXXXV. — p. 338.

REGINALD HEBBER. A MISTAKE OBLVIATED, WHICH MIGHT OTHERWISE EASILY BE MADE.

Perhaps some Gull, as witty as a Goose,
Says with a coy skew look, "It's pretty, pretty!
But yet that so much wit he should dispose
For so small purpose, faith" saith he, "'tis pity!"

DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

CHAPTER CXXXVI. — p. 339.

THE PEDIGREE AND BIRTH OF NOBS, GIVEN IN REPLY TO THE FIRST QUERY IN THE SECOND CHAPTER P. I.

Theo. Look to my Horse, I pray you, well.

Diego. He shall, Sir.

Inc. Oh ! how beneath tis rank and call was that now !
Your Horse shall be entreated as becomes
A Horse of fashion, and his inches.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

INTERCHAPTER XVI. — p. 340.

THE AUTHOR RELATES SOME ANECDOTES, REFERS TO AN OPINION EXPRESSED BY A CRITIC ON THE PRESENT OPUS, AND DESCANTS THEREON.

Every man can say B to a battledore, and write in praise of virtue and the seven liberal sciences ; thresh corn out of full sheaves, and fetch water out of the Thames. But out of dry stubble to make an after-harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, and wring juice out of a flint, that is Pierce a God's name, and the right trick of a workman.

NASH.

CHAPTER CXXXVII. — p. 345.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND NICHOLAS CONCERNING THE HIPPOGONY, OR ORIGIN OF THE FOAL DROPPED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

— his birth day, the eleventh of June

When the Apostle Barnaby the bright

Unto our year doth give the longest light.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII. — p. 346.

DOUBTFUL PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE. SHAKESPEAR (N. B. NOT WILLIAM) AND OLD MARSK. A PECULIARITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW.

Lady Percy. But hear you, my Lord !

Hotspur. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady Percy. What is it carries you away ?

Hotspur. Why my Horse, my love, my Horse.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAPTER CXXXIX. — p. 347.

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS RELATING TO ONOMATOLOGY.

Moreover there are many more things in the World than there are names for them ; according to the saying of the Philosopher ; *Nomina sunt finita, res autem infinite ; ideo unum nomen plura significat* : which saying is by a certain, or rather uncertain, author approved : *Multis specibus non sunt nomina ; ideo necesse est nomina fingere, si nullum ante erit nomen impositum.*

GWILLIM.

CHAPTER CXL. — p. 358.

HOW THERE AROSE A DISPUTE BETWEEN BARNABY AND NICHOLAS CONCERNING THE NAMING OF THIS COLT, AND OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES THAT ENSUED.

Quoiqu'il en soit, je ne tairai point cette histoire ; je l'abandonne à la crédulité, ou à l'incrédulité des Lecteurs, ils prendront à cet égard quel parti il leur plaira. Je dirai seulement, s'ils ne la veulent pas croire, que je le défie de me prouver qu'elle soit absolument impossible ; ils ne le prouveront jamais.

GOMGAM.

CHAPTER CXLI. — p. 354.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE AND NOT MORE SAD THAN TRUE.

Oh penny Pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountifull new Ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

CHAPTER CXLII. — p. 355.

A DEFECT IN HOYLE SUPPLIED. GOOD ADVICE GIVEN, AND PLAIN TRUTH TOLD. A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF F. NEWBERRY, THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSELLER AND FRIEND.

Neither is it a thing impossible or greatly hard, even by such kind of proofs so to manifest and clear that point, that no man living shall be able to deny it, without denying some apparent principle such as all men acknowledge to be true.

HOOKE.

CHAPTER CXLIII. — p. 356.

A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL QUALITIES OF NOBS.

Quant à moi, je desirerois fort sçavoir bien dire, ou que j'eusse eu une bonne plume, et bien taillée à commandement, pour l'exalter et louer comme il le mérite. Toutefois, telle quelle est, je m'en vais l'employer au hazard.

BRANTOME.

CHAPTER CXLIV. — p. 363

HISTORY AND ROMANCE RANSACKED FOR RESEMBLANCES AND NON-RESEMBLANCES TO THE HORSE OF DR. DANIEL DOVE.

Renowned beast ! (forgive poetic flight !)

Not less than man, deserves poetic right.

THE BRUCIAD.

CHAPTER CXLV. — p. 369.

WILLIAM OSMER. INNATE QUALITIES. MARCH OF ANIMAL INTELLECT. FARTHER REVEALMENT OF THE COLUMBIAN PHILOSOPHY.

There is a word, and it is a great word in this Book,* *ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ*. — *In id ipsum*, that is, to look to the thing itself, the very point, the principal matter of all ; to have our eye on that, and not off it, upon *alia omnia*, any thing but it. — To go to the point, drive all to that, as also to go to the matter real, without declining from it this way or that, to the right hand or to the left. BP. ANDREWES.

* The New Testament which the Preacher had before him.

CHAPTER CXLVI. — p. 373.

DANIEL DOVE VERSUS SENECA AND BEN JONSON.
ORLANDO AND HIS HORSE AT RONCESVALLES.
MR. BURCHELL. THE PRINCE OF ORANGE. THE
LORD KEEPER GUILDFORD. REV. MR. HAWTAYN.
DR. THOMAS JACKSON. THE ELDER SCALIGER.
EVELYN. AN ANONYMOUS AMERICAN. WALTER
LANDOR, AND CAROLINE BOWLES.

— Contented with an humble theme
I pour my stream of panegyric down
The vale of Nature, where it creeps and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth of brutes. COWPER.

CHAPTER CXLVII. — p. 375.

OLD TREES. SHIPS. FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.
LIFE AND PASSIONS ASCRIBED TO INANIMATE
OBJECTS. FETISH WORSHIP. A LORD CHAN-
CELLOR AND HIS GOOSE.

*Ce que j'en ay escrit, c'est pour une curiosité, qui plaira
possible à aucuns : et non possible aux autres.*

BRANTOME.

CHAPTER EXTRAORDINARY. — p. 379.

PROCEEDINGS AT A BOOK CLUB. THE AUTHOR
ACCUSED OF "*Lese delicatesses*," OR WHAT IS
CALLED AT COURT "TUM-TI-TEE," HE UTTERS A
MYSTERIOUS EXCLAMATION, AND INDIGNANTLY
VINDICATES HIMSELF.

*Rem profecto mirabilem, longaque stupendam, rebusque
veris veritorem describo.* HIERONYMUS RADIOLENSIS.

CHAPTER CXLVIII. — p. 384.

WHEREIN A SUBSTITUTE FOR OATHS, AND OTHER
PASSIONATE INTERJECTIONS IS EXEMPLIFIED.

What have we to do with the times? We cannot cure 'em :
Let them go on : when they are swoln with surfeits
They'll burst and stink : Then all the world shall smell
'em. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

CHAPTER CXLIX. — p. 387.

A PARLOUS QUESTION ARISING OUT OF THE FORE-
GOING CHAPTER. MR. IRVING AND THE UN-
KNOWN TONGUES. TAYLOR THE WATER POET.
POSSIBLE SCHEME OF INTERPRETATION PRO-
POSED. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE GIFT OF
TONGUES AS EXHIBITED IN MADMEN.

Speak what terrible language you will, though you
understand it not yourselves, no matter ! Chough's lan-
guage, gabble enough and good enough. SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER CL. — p. 390.

THE WEDDING PEAL AT ST. GEORGE'S, AND THE
BRIDE'S APPEARANCE AT CHURCH.

See how I have strayed ! and you'll not wonder when you
reflect on the whence and the whither.

ALEXANDER KNOX.

CHAPTER CLI. — p. 391.

SOMETHING SERIOUS.

If thou hast read all this Book, and art never the better,
yet catch this flower before thou go out of the garden,
and peradventure the scent thereof will bring thee back
to smell the rest. HENRY SMITH.

CHAPTER CLII. — p. 393.

ODD OPINIONS CONCERNING BIOGRAPHY AND EDU-
CATION. THE AUTHOR MAKES A SECOND HIATUS
AS UNWILLINGLY AS HE MADE THE FIRST, AND
FOR THE SAME COGENT REASON.

*Ya sabes — pero es forzoso
Repetirlo, aunque lo sepas.* CALDERON.

CHAPTER CLIII. — p. 394.

MATRIMONY AND RAZORS. LIGHT SAYINGS LEAD-
ING TO GRAVE THOUGHTS. USES OF SHAVING.

I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on't ! Sorrow's a thief
That can when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.

MANSINGER.

CHAPTER CLIV. — p. 396.

A POET'S CALCULATION CONCERNING THE TIME
EMPLOYED IN SHAVING, AND THE USE THAT
MIGHT BE MADE OF IT. THE LAKE POETS LAKE
SHAVERS ALSO. A PROTEST AGAINST LAKE
SHAVING.

Intellect and industry are never incompatible. There
is more wisdom, and will be more benefit, in combining
them than scholars like to believe, or than the common
world imagine. Life has time enough for both, and its
happiness will be increased by the union.

SHARON TURNER.

CHAPTER CLV. — p. 397.

THE POET'S CALCULATION TESTED AND PROVED.

Fiddle-faddle, don't tell of this and that, and every thing
in the world, but give me mathematical demonstration.

CONGREVE.

CHAPTER CLVI. — p. 399.

AN ANECDOTE OF WESLEY, AND AN ARGUMENT
ARISING OUT OF IT, TO SHOW THAT THE TIME
EMPLOYED IN SHAVING IS NOT SO MUCH LOST
TIME ; AND YET THAT THE POET'S CALCULATION
REMAINS OF PRACTICAL USE.

*Questo medesimo anchora con una altra gagliardis-
sima ragione vi confermo.* LODOVICO DOMINICHI.

CHAPTER CLVII. — p. 401.

WHICH THE READER WILL FIND LIKE A ROASTED
MAGGOT, SHORT AND SWEET.

Malum quod minimum est, id minimum est malum.

PLAUTUS.

CHAPTER CLVIII.—p. 401.

DR. DOVE'S PRECEPTORIAL PRESCRIPTION, TO BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED IT.

Some strange devise, I know, each youthful wight
Would here expect, or lofty brave assay :
But I'll the simple truth in simple wise convey.

HENRY MORE.

CHAPTER CLIX.—p. 402.

THE AUTHOR COMPARES HIMSELF AND THE DOCTOR TO CARDINAL WOLSEY AND KING HENRY VIII. AND SUGGESTS SUNDRY SIMILES FOR THE STYLE OF HIS BOOK.

I doubt not but some will liken me to the Lover in a modern Comedy, who was combing his peruke and setting his cravat before his mistress ; and being asked by her when he intended to begin his court ? he replied, he had been doing it all this while.

DRYDEN.

CHAPTER CLX.—p. 404.

MENTION OF ONE FOR WHOM THE GERMANS WOULD COIN A DESIGNATION WHICH MIGHT BE TRANSLATED A ONCE READER. MANY MINDS IN THE SAME MAN. A POET'S UNREASONABLE REQUEST. THE AUTHOR OFFERS GOOD ADVICE TO HIS READERS, AND ENFORCES IT BY AN EPISCOPAL OPINION.

Judge not before

Thou know mine intent ;

But read me throughout,

And then say thy fill ;

As thou in opinion

Art minded and bent,

Whether it be

Either good or ill.

E. P.

CHAPTER CLXI.—p. 405.

WESLEY AND THE DOCTOR OF THE SAME OPINION UPON THE SUBJECT OF THESE CHAPTERS. A STUPENDOUS EXAMPLE OF CYCLOPÆDIAN STOLIDITY.

A good razor never hurts, or scratches. Neither would good wit, were men as tractable as their chins. But instead of parting with our intellectual bristles quietly, we set them up, and wriggle. Who can wonder then if we are cut to the bone ?

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

CHAPTER CLXII.—p. 406.

AMOUNT OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL'S PERSONAL SINS ACCORDING TO THE ESTIMATE OF MR. TOPLADY. THE DOCTOR'S OPINION THEREON. A BILL FOR CERTAIN CHURCH REPAIRS. A ROMISH LEGEND WHICH IS LIKELY TO BE TRUE, AND PART OF A JESUIT'S SERMON.

Mankind, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,

Has only two weak parts if fairly reckon'd ;

The first of which, is trifling with things serious ;

And seriousness in trifles is the second.

Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,

And fools will be as scarce, — as wise men now.

BISHOP.

CHAPTER CLXIII.—p. 409.

AN OPINION OF EL VENERABLE PADRE MAESTRO FRAY LUIS DE GRANADA, AND A PASSAGE QUOTED FROM HIS WORKS, BECAUSE OF THE PECULIAR BENEFIT TO WHICH PERSONS OF A CERTAIN DENOMINATION WILL FIND THEMSELVES ENTITLED UPON READING OR HEARING IT READ.

Chacun tourne en réalités

Autant qu'il peut, ses propres songes ;

L'homme est de glace aux vérités,

Il est de feu pour les mensonges. LA FONTAINE.

CHAPTER CLXIV.—p. 410.

AN INQUIRY IN THE POULTRY YARD, INTO THE TRUTH OF AN OPINION EXPRESSED BY ARISTOTLE.

This is some liquor poured out of his bottle ;

A deadly draught for those of Aristotle.

J. C. sometime of M. H. Oxon.

CHAPTER CLXV.—p. 411.

A QUESTION ASKED AND RIGHTLY ANSWERED, WITH NOTICES OF A GREAT IMPORTATION ANNOUNCED IN THE LEITH COMMERCIAL LIST.

"But tell me yet what followed on that But." DANIEL.

CHAPTER CLXVI.—p. 412.

A WISH CONCERNING WHALES, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THEIR PLACE IN PHYSICAL AND MORAL CLASSIFICATION. DR. ABRAHAM REES. CAPTAIN SCORESBY. THE WHALE FISHERY.

Your Whale he will swallow a hoghead for a pill ;
But the maker of the mouse-trap is he that hath skill.

BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER CLXVII.—p. 416.

A MOTTO WHICH IS WELL CHOSEN BECAUSE NOT BEING APPLICABLE IT SEEMS TO BE SO. THE AUTHOR NOT ERRANT HERE OR ELSEWHERE. PHILOSOPHY AND OTHER-O SOPHIES.

Much from my theme and friend have I digressed,

But poor as I am, poor in stuff for thought,

And poor in thought to make of it the best,

Blame me not, Gentles, if I soon am caught

By this or that, when as my themes suggest

Aught of collateral aid which may be wrought

Into its service : Blame me not, I say ;

The idly musing often miss their way.

CHARLES LLOYD.

CHAPTER CLXVIII.—p. 416.

NE-PLUS-ULTRA-WHALE-FISHING. AN OPINION OF CAPTAIN SCORESBY'S. THE DOCTOR DENIES THAT ALL CREATURES WERE MADE FOR THE USE OF MAN. THE CONTRARY DEMONSTRATED IN PRACTICE BY BELLARMINE.

Squar quo vocas, omnibus enim rebus omnibusque sermonibus, aliquid salutare miscendum est. SENECA.

CHAPTER CLXIX. — p. 419.

LINKS AND AFFINITIES. A MAP OF THE AUTHOR'S INTELLECTUAL COURSE IN THE FIVE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ἦ φίλε Φαίδρε, ποῖ δὲ καὶ πῶθεν; PLATO.

CHAPTER CLXX. — p. 422.

THE AUTHOR REPEATS A REMARK OF HIS DAUGHTER UPON THE PRECEDING CHAPTER; COMPLIMENTS THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX UPON HIS LUNGS AND LARYNX; PHILOSOPHISES AND QUOTES, AND QUOTES AND PHILOSOPHISES AGAIN AND AGAIN.

*Fato, Fortuna, Predestinazione,
Sorte, Caso, Ventura, son di quelle
Cose che dan gran noja a le persone,
E vi si dicono su di gran novelle.
Ma in fine Iddio d' ogni cose é padrone :
E chi é savio domina a le stelle ;
Chi non é savio paziente e forte,
Lamentansi di se, non de la sorte.* ORL. INN.

CHAPTER CLXXI. — p. 425.

CONTAINING PART OF A SERMON, WHICH THE READER WILL FIND WORTH MORE THAN MOST WHOLE ONES THAT IT MAY BE HIS FORTUNE TO HEAR.

Je fais une grande provision de bon sens en prenant ce que les autres en ont. MADAME DE MAINTENON.

INTERCHAPTER XVII. — p. 426.

A POPULAR LAY NOTICED, WITH SUNDRY REMARKS PERTINENT THERETO, SUGGESTED THEREBY, OR DEDUCED THEREFROM.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike. TEMPEST.

INTERCHAPTER XVIII. — p. 429.

APPLICATION OF THE LAY. CALEB D'ANVERS. IRISH LAW. ICON BASILIKE. JUNIUS. THOMAS À KEMPIS. FELIX HEMMERLEN. A NEEDLE LARGER THAN GAMMER GURTON'S AND A MUCH COARSER THREAD. THOMAS WARTON AND BISHOP STILL. THE JOHN WEBSTERS, THE ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAMS, AND THE CURINAS AND THE STEPHENS.

*Lo que soy, razona poco
Porque de sombra a mi va nada, o poco.*
FUENTE DESBRADA.

INTERCHAPTER XIX. — p. 437.

THE AUTHOR DIFFERS IN OPINION FROM SIR EGERTON BRYDGES AND THE EMPEROR JULIAN, SPEAKS CHARITABLY OF THAT EMPEROR, VINDICATES PROTEUS FROM HIS CENSURE, AND TALKS OF POSTHUMOUS TRAVELS AND EXTRA MUNDANE EXCURSIONS, AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN LIMBOLAND.

Petulant. If he says black's black, — if I have a humour to say it is blue — let that pass. All's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Witwould. Not positively must, — But it may, it may.

Petulant. Yes, it positively must, — upon proof positive.
Witwould. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now. CONGREVE.

CHAPTER CLXXII. — p. 439.

DESCARTES' NOTION CONCERNING THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE. A SICILIAN PROPOSAL FOR BREEDING UP CHILDREN TO BE IMMORTAL. ASGILL'S ARGUMENT AGAINST THE NECESSITY OF DYING.

O harmless Death! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite;
And all the good embrace, who know the Grave
A short dark passage to eternal light.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

CHAPTER CLXXIII. — p. 452.

MORE CONCERNING ASGILL. HIS DEFENCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, HIS EXPULSION, FARTHER SPECULATIONS AND DEATH.

Let not that ugly Skeleton appear!
Sure Destiny mistakes; this Death's not mine!
DRYDEN.

CHAPTER CLXXIV. — p. 456.

THE DOCTOR INDULGES IN THE WAY OF FANTASTIC AND TYPICAL SPECULATION ON HIS OWN NAME, AND ON THE POWERS OF THE LETTER D., WHETHER AS REGARDS DEGREES AND DISTINCTIONS, GODS AND DEMI-GODS, PRINCES AND KINGS, PHILOSOPHERS, GENERALS, OR TRAVELLERS.

My mouth's no dictionary: it only serves as the needful interpreter of my heart. QUARLES.

CHAPTER CLXXV. — p. 458.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS UP HIS MEDITATIONS ON THE LETTER D. AND EXPECTS THAT THE READER WILL BE CONVINCED THAT IT IS A DYNAMIC LETTER, AND THAT THE HEBREWS DID NOT WITHOUT REASON CALL IT DALETH — THE DOOR — AS THOUGH IT WERE THE DOOR OF SPEECH. THE MYSTIC TRIANGLE.

More authority, dear boy, name more; and sweet my child let them be men of good repute and carriage.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

CHAPTER CLXXVI. — p. 461.

THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS THE ANTIQUITY OF THE NAME OF DOVE FROM PERUSING JACOB BRYANT'S ANALYSIS OF ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY. CHRISTOPHER AND FERDINAND COLUMBUS. SOMETHING ABOUT PIGEON-PIE, AND THE REASON WHY THE DOCTOR WAS INCLINED TO THINK FAVOURABLY OF THE SAMARITANS.

An' I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle; I go through. BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER CLXXVII. — p. 462.

SOMETHING OF THE SCIENCE AND MYSTERY OF NUMBERS WHICH IS NOT ACCORDING TO COCKER. REVERIES OF JEAN D'ESPAGNE, MINISTER OF THE FRENCH-REFORMED CHURCH IN WESTMINSTER, AND OF MR. JOHN BELLAMY. A PITHY REMARK OF FULLER'S, AND AN EXTRACT FROM HIS PISGAH SIGHT OF PALESTINE, TO RECREATE THE READER.

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

CHAPTER CLXXVIII. — p. 465.

THE MYSTERY OF NUMBERS PURSUED, AND CERTAIN CALCULATIONS GIVEN WHICH MAY REMIND THE READER OF OTHER CALCULATIONS EQUALLY CORRECT. ANAGRAMMATISING OF NAMES, AND THE DOCTOR'S SUCCESS THEREIN.

"There is no efficacy in numbers, said the wiser Philosophers; and very truly," — saith Bishop Hacket in repeating this sentence; but he continues, — "some numbers are apt to enforce a reverent esteem towards them, by considering miraculous occurrences which fell out in *holy Scripture* on such and such a number. — *Non potest fortuito fieri, quod tam sæpe fit*, says Maldonatus, whom I never find superstitious in this matter. It falls out too often to be called contingent; and the oftener it falls out, the more to be attended."

CHAPTER CLXXIX. — p. 467.

THE SUBJECT OF ANAGRAMS CONTINUED; A TRUE OBSERVATION WHICH MANY FOR WANT OF OBSERVATION WILL NOT DISCOVER TO BE SUCH, VIZ., THAT THERE IS A LATENT SUPERSTITION IN THE MOST RATIONAL OF MEN. LUCKY AND UNLUCKY — FITTING AND UNFITTING — ANAGRAMS, AND HOW THE DOCTOR'S TASTE IN THIS LINE WAS DERIVED FROM OUR OLD ACQUAINTANCE JOSHUA SILVESTER.

Ha gran forza una vecchia opinione;
E bisogna grand' arte, e gran fatica,
A cavarla del capo alle persone.

BRONZINO PITTORE.

CHAPTER CLXXX. — p. 469.

THE DOCTOR'S IDEAS OF LUCK, CHANCE, ACCIDENT, FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE. THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S DISTINCTION BETWEEN CHANCE AND FORTUNE, WHEREIN NO-MEANING IS MISTAKEN FOR MEANING. AGREEMENT IN OPINION BETWEEN THE PHILOSOPHER OF DONCASTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER OF NORWICH. DISTINCTION BETWEEN UNFORTUNATELY UGLY, AND WICKEDLY UGLY. DANGER OF PERSONAL CHARMS.

"Ἐστὶ γὰρ ὡς ἀληθῶς ἐπίθρημα το αὐτόματον, ἀνερώτων ὡς ἴτυχι καὶ ἀλογίστους φρονούντων. καὶ τὸν μὲν λόγον αὐτῶν μὴ καταλαμβαίνοντων, διὰ δὲ τὴν ἀσθβνίαν τῆς καταλήψεως, ἀλόγως οἰομένοιαν διατιτάρχθαι ταῦτα, ἂν τὸν λόγον ἴστίην ὡς ἔχουσιν. CONSTANT. ORAT. AD SANCT. CÆT. C. VII.

"Deformity is either natural, voluntary, or adventitious, being either caused by *God's unseen Providence*, (by men nicknamed *chance*), or by men's cruelty."

FULLER'S HOLY STATE, B. iii. c. 15.

CHAPTER CLXXXI. — p. 471.

NO DEGREE OF UGLINESS REALLY UNFORTUNATE. FIDUS CORNELIUS COMPARED TO A PLUCKED OSTRICH. WILKES' CLAIM TO UGLINESS CONSIDERED AND NEGATED BY DR. JOINSON, NOTWITHSTANDING HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT. CAST OF THE EYE À LA MONTMORENCY. ST. EYREMOND AND TURENNE. WILLIAM BLAKE THE PAINTER, AND THE WELSH TRIADS. CURIOUS EXTRACT FROM THAT VERY CURIOUS AND RARE BOOK, THE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF HIS OWN PICTURES, — AND A PAINFUL ONE FROM HIS POETICAL SKETCHES.

"If thou beest not so handsome as thou wouldest have been, thank God thou art not more unhandsome than thou art. 'Tis His mercy thou art not the mark for passenger's fingers to point at, an Heteroclitie in nature, with some member defective or redundant. Be glad that thy clay cottage hath all the necessary forms thereto belonging, though the outside be not so fairly plastered as some others."

FULLER'S HOLY STATE, iii. c. 15.

CHAPTER CLXXXII. — p. 476.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE FORM OF THE HUMAN LEG SUGGESTED BY A PHYSICIAN. THE DOCTOR'S CURE OF A BROKEN SHIN AND INVENTION OF A SHIN-SHIELD.

Res fisci est, ubicunque natat. Whatsoever swims upon any water, belongs to this exchequer.

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Preface to the Duct. Dub.*

CHAPTER CLXXXIII. — p. 477.

VIEWS OF OLD AGE. MONTAGNE, DANIEL CORNEILLE, LANGUET, PASQUIER, DR. JOINSON, LORD CHESTERFIELD, ST. EYREMOND.

What is age

But the holy place of life, the chapel of ease

For all men's wearied miseries? MASSINGER.

CHAPTER CLXXXIV.—p. 481.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING OLD AGE.
BISHOP REYNOLDS. OPINION OF THE DOCTOR
CONCERNING BEASTS AND MEN. M. DE CUSTINE.
THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US. WORDS-
WORTH. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In these reflections, which are of a serious, and somewhat of a melancholy cast, it is best to indulge; because it is always of use to be serious, and not unprofitable sometimes to be melancholy. FREEMAN'S SERMONS.

CHAPTER CLXXXV.—p. 483.

EVOLVEMENTS. ANALOGIES. ANTICIPATIONS.

I have heard, how true
I know not, most physicians as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for: this Doctor steers
Another course. MASSINGER.

CHAPTER CLXXXVI.—p. 484.

LEONE HEBREO'S DIALOGI DE AMORE. THE
ELIXIR OF LIFE NO OBSTACLE TO DEATH.
PARACELUS. VAN HELMONT AND JAN MASS.
DR. DOVE'S OPINION OF A BIOGRAPHER'S
DUTIES.

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors!
OLD FORTUNATUS.

CHAPTER CLXXXVII.—p. 487.

VAN HELMONT'S WORKS, AND CERTAIN SPECI-
ALITIES IN HIS LIFE.

*Voilà mon conte. — Je ne sçay s'il est vray; mais, je
l'ay ainsi ouy conter. — Possible que cela est faux, possible
que non. — Je m'en rapporte à ce qui en est. Il ne sera
pas damné qui le croira, ou décroira.* BRANTÔME.

INTERCHAPTER XX.—p. 489.

ST. PANTALEON OF NICOMEDIA IN BITHYNIA —
HIS HISTORY, AND SOME FURTHER PARTICULARS
NOT TO BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

*Non dicea le cose senza il quia;
Che il dritto distinguueva dal mancino,
E dicea pane al pane, e vino al vino.* BERTOLDO.

ARCH-CHAPTER.—p. 493.

CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.—p. 495.

FOLLY IN PRINT, REFERRED TO, BUT (N.B.) NOT
EXEMPLIFIED, THE FAIR MAID OF DONCASTER.
DOUBTS CONCERNING THE AUTHENTICITY OF
HER STORY. THEVENARD, AND LOVE ON A
NEW FOOTING. STARS AND GARTERS, A MONI-
TORY ANECDOTE FOR OUR SEX, AND A WHOLE-
SOME NOVELTY IN DRESS RECOMMENDED TO
BOTH.

They be at hand, Sir, with stick and fiddle,
They can play a new dance, Sir, called hey, diddle, diddle.
KING CAMBYSES.

CHAPTER CLXXXIX.—p. 498.

THE DOCTOR'S OPINION OF LATE HOURS. DANCING.
FANATICAL OBJECTION OF THE ALBIGENSES;
INJURIOUS EFFECT OF THAT OPINION WHEN
TRANSMITTED TO THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS.
SIR JOHN DAVIES AND BURTON QUOTED TO
SHOW THAT IT CAN BE NO DISPARAGEMENT
TO SAY THAT ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,
WHEN ALL THE SKY'S A BALL-ROOM.

I could be pleased with any one
Who entertained my sight with such gay shows,
As men and women moving here and there,
That coursing one another in their steps
Have made their feet a tune. DRYDEN.

CHAPTER CX.—p. 501.

DANCING PROSCRIBED BY THE METHODISTS. ADAM
CLARKE. BURCHELL'S REMARKS ON THE UNI-
VERSALITY OF THIS PRACTICE. HOW IT IS
REGARDED IN THE COLUMBIAN PHILOSOPHY.

*Non vi par adunque che habbiamo ragionato a bastanza
di questo? A bastanza parmi, rispose il Signor Gasparo;
pur desidero io a' intendere qualche particolarità anchor.*
IL CORTEGIANO.

CHAPTER CXCI.—p. 504.

A SERIOUS WORD IN SAD APOLOGY FOR ONE OF
THE MANY FOOLISH WAYS IN WHICH TIME IS
MIS-SPENT.

Time as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's Time, is Time in masquerade!
Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged,
With motley plumes; and where the peacock shews
His azure eyes, is tintured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

COWPER.

CHAPTER CXCH.—p. 506.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR'S PHILOSOPHY, WHICH WILL
AND WILL NOT BE LIKED BY THE LADIES, AND
SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S WHICH WILL AND WILL
NOT BY THE GENTLEMEN. THE READER IS IN-
TODUCED TO COUNT CASTIGLIONE, AND TO SIR
JOHN CHEKE.

*Où tend l'auteur à cette heure?
Que fait-il? Revient-il? Va-t-il? Ou s'il demeure?*

L'AUTEUR.

*Non, je ne reviens pas, car je n'ai pas été;
Je ne vais pas aussi, car je suis arrêté;
Et ne demeure point, car, tout de ce pas même
Je prétens m'en aller.* MOLIÈRE.

CHAPTER CXCIIL. — p. 510.

MASTER THOMAS MACE, AND THE TWO HISTORIANS OF HIS SCIENCE, SIR JOHN HAWKINS AND DR. BURNBY. SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OLD LUTANIST AND OF HIS "MUSIC'S MONUMENT."

This Man of Music hath more in his head
Than mere crotchets. SIR W. DAVENANT.

CHAPTER CXCIIV. — p. 516.

A MUSIC LESSON FROM MASTER THOMAS MACE TO BE PLAYED BY LADY FAIR: — A STORY, THAN WHICH THERE IS NONE PRETTIER IN THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

What shall I say? Or shall I say no more?
I must go on! I'm brim-full, running o'er.
But yet I'll hold, because I judge ye wise;
And few words unto such may well suffice.
But much — much more than this I could declare;
Yet for some certain reasons I'll forbear.
But less than this I could not say; because,
If saying less, I should neglect my cause,
For 'tis the Doctor's cause I plead so strong for,
And 'tis his cause completed that I long for,
And 'tis true doctrine certainly I preach,
And 'tis that doctrine every priest should teach.

THOMAS MACE, TO ALL DIVINE READERS.

CHAPTER CXCV. — p. 519.

ANOTHER LESSON, WITH THE STORY AND MANNER OF ITS PRODUCTION.

Οὐδέ τις ἔγει' πῶθ'. ὡς ὑπέβλεπεν λόγον,
— ἔλεξας, ἀλλὰ τῆς σαυτοῦ φρονέος. SOPHOCLES.

CHAPTER CXCVI. — p. 520.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF MASTER THOMAS MACE, — HIS LIGHT HEART, HIS SORROWS, AND HIS POVERTY, — "POORLY, POOR MAN, HE LIVED, POORLY, POOR MAN, HE DIED" — PHINEAS FLETCHER.

The sweet and the sour,
The nettle and the flower,
The thorn and the rose,
This garland compose.

SMALL GARLAND OF PIOUS AND GODLY SONGS.

CHAPTER CXCVII. — p. 524.

QUESTION PROPOSED, WHETHER A MAN BE MAGNIFIED OR MINIFIED BY CONSIDERING HIMSELF UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES, AND ANSWERED WITH LEARNING AND DISCRETION.

I find by experience that Writing is like Building, wherein the undertaker, to supply some defect, or serve some convenience which at first he foresaw not, is usually forced to exceed his first model and proposal, and many times to double the charge and expence of it.

DR. JOHN SCOTT.

CHAPTER CXCVIII. — p. 527.

PETER HOPKINS' VIEWS OF ASTROLOGY. HIS SKILL IN CHIROMANCY, PALMISTRY, OR MANUAL DIVINATION WISELY TEMPERED. SPANISH PROVERB AND SONNET BY BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA. TIPPOO SULTAN. MAHOMETAN SUPERSTITION. W. Y. PLAYTES' PROSPECTUS FOR THE HORN BOOK FOR THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE SIGNS OF SALVATION.

Seguite dunque con la mente lieta,
Seguite, Monsignor, che com' io dico,
Presto presto sarete in su la meta.

LUDOVICO DOLCE.

CHAPTER CXCIIX. — p. 530.

CONCERNING THE GREAT HONOURS TO WHICH CERTAIN HORSES HAVE ATTAINED, AND THE ROYAL MERITS OF NOBS.

Siento para contarlas que me llama
El á mi, yo á mi pluma, ella á la fama.

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER CC. — p. 531.

A CHAPTER OF KINGS.

Fimbul-fambi heitr
Sá er fatt kann segja,
That er ósnotturs athal.

Fimbul-fambi (fatuus) vocatur
Qui pauca novit narrare:
Ea est hominis incsciti proprietatis.

EDDA, Háva Mál.

INTERCHAPTER XXI. — p. 536.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Le Plebe è bestia
Di cento teste, e non rinchiude in loro
Pur oncia di saper. CHIABRERA.

INTERCHAPTER XXII. — p. 537.

VARIETY OF STILES.

Qualis vir, talis oratio. ERASMI ADAGIA.

INTERCHAPTER XXIII. — p. 538.

A LITTLE ADVICE BESTOWED UPON THE SCORNFUL READER IN A SHORT INTERCHAPTER.

No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes: and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own.

BEN JONSON.

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.
— p. 539.

Invenias etiam dissecta membra Poete.

CHAPTER CCI. — p. 539.

QUESTION CONCERNING THE USE OF TONGUES. THE ATHANASIAN CONFESSORS. GIBBON'S RELATION OF THE SUPPOSED MIRACLE OF TONGUES. THE FACTS SHOWN TO BE TRUE, THE MIRACLE IMAGINARY, AND THE HISTORIAN THE DUPE OF HIS OWN UNBELIEF.

Perseveremus, peractis quæ rem continebant, scrutari etiam ea quæ, si vis verum, connexa sunt, non coherentia; quæ quisquis diligenter inspicit, nec facit operæ præmium, nec tamen perdit operam. SENECA.

CHAPTER CCII. — p. 543.

A LAW OF ALFRED'S AGAINST LYING TONGUES. OBSERVATIONS ON LAX ONES.

As I have gained no small satisfaction to myself, — so I am desirous that nothing that occurs here may occasion the least dissatisfaction to others. And I think it will be impossible anything should, if they will be but pleased to take notice of my design. HENRY MORE.

CHAPTER CCIII. — p. 545.

WHETHER A MAN AND HIMSELF BE TWO. MAXIM OF BAYLE'S. ADAM LITTLETON'S SERMONS, — A RIGHT-HEARTED OLD DIVINE WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR HOPES TO BE BETTER ACQUAINTED IN A BETTER WORLD. THE READER REFERRED TO HIM FOR EDIFICATION. WHY THE AUTHOR PURCHASED HIS SERMONS.

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, Sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

CHAPTER CCIV. — p. 548.

ADAM LITTLETON'S STATEMENT THAT EVERY MAN IS MADE UP OF THREE EGOS. DEAN YOUNG — DISTANCE BETWEEN A MAN'S HEAD AND HIS HEART.

Perhaps when the Reader considers the copiousness of the argument, he will rather blame me for being too brief than too tedious. DR. JOHN SCOTT.

CHAPTER CCV. — p. 549.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, — A POINT ON WHICH IT WAS NOT EASY TO COLLECT THE DOCTOR'S OPINION. THE SALIC LAW. DANIEL ROGERS'S TREATISE OF MATRIMONIAL HONOUR. MISS HATFIELD'S LETTERS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FEMALE SEX, AND LODOVICO DOMENICHI'S DIALOGUE UPON THE NOBLENES OF WOMEN.

Mirths and toys

To cozen time withal: for o' my troth, Sir, I can love, — I think well too, — well enough;

And think as well of women as they are, — Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful, And some few worth a service. I'm so honest I wish 'em all in Heaven, and you know how hard, Sir, 'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

And not much easier now with their great sleeves.

AUTHOR. A. D. 1830.

CHAPTER CCVI. — p. 552.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED. OPINIONS OF THE RABBIS. ANECDOTE OF LADY JEKYLL AND A TART REPLY OF WILLIAM WHISTON'S. JEAN D'ESPAGNE. QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE QUORUM QUARUM QUORUM GENDER. THE SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN AGREE WITH MAHOMET IN SUPPOSING THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS, BUT ARE OF OPINION THAT THE DEVIL IS AN HERMAPHRODITE.

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes: It shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one. MARSTON.

CHAPTER CCVII. — p. 554.

FRACAS WITH THE GENDER FEMINE. THE DOCTOR'S DEFENCE.

If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. TIMON OF ATHENS.

CHAPTER CCVIII. — p. 555.

VALUE OF WOMEN AMONG THE AFGHAUNS. LIGON'S HISTORY OF BARBADOES, AND A FAVOURITE STORY OF THE DOCTOR'S THEREFROM. CLAUDE SEISSEL, AND THE SALIC LAW. JEWISH THANKSGIVING. ETYMOLOGY OF MULIER, WOMAN, AND LASS; — FROM WHICH IT MAY BE GUESSED HOW MUCH IS CONTAINED IN THE LIMBO OF ETYMOLOGY.

If thy name were known that writest in this sort, By womankind, unnaturally, giving evil report, Whom all men ought, both young and old, defend with all their might,

Considering what they do deserve of every living wight, I wish thou shouldst exiled be from women more and less, And not without just cause thou must thyself confess.

EDWARD MORE.

INTERCHAPTER XXIV. — p. 558.

A TRUE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE KNITTERS E' DENT WHICH WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST BY HUMANE MANUFACTURERS, AND BY MASTERS OF SPINNING JENNIES WITH A SMILE. BETTY YEWDALE. THE EXCURSION — AN EXTRACT FROM, AND AN ILLUSTRATION OF.

*O voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina, che s' asconde
Sotto 'l velame degli versi strani.*

DANTE.

CHAPTER CCIX. — p. 562.

EARLY APPROXIMATION TO THE DOCTOR'S THEORY. GEORGE FOX. ZACHARIAH BEN MOHAMMED. COVERER. INSTITUTES OF MENU. BARDIC PHILOSOPHY. MILTON. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

There are distinct degrees of Being as there are degrees of Sound; and the whole world is but as it were a greater Gamut, or scale of music. NORRIS.

CHAPTER CCX. — p. 569.

A QUOTATION FROM BISHOP BERKELEY, AND A HIT AT THE SMALL CRITICS.

Plusieurs blameront l'entassément de passages que l'on vient de voir; j'ai prévu leurs dédains, leurs dégoûts, et leurs censures magistrales; et n'ai pas voulu y avoir égard. BAYLE.

CHAPTER CCXI. — p. 570.

SOMETHING IN HONOUR OF BISHOP WATSON. CUDWORTH. JACKSON OF OXFORD AND NEWCASTLE. A BAXTERIAN SCRUPLE.

S'il y a des lecteurs qui se soucient peu de cela, on les prie de se souvenir qu'un auteur n'est pas obligé à ne rien dire que ce qui est de leur goût. BAYLE.

CHAPTER CCXII. — p. 571.

SPECULATIONS CONNECTED WITH THE DOCTOR'S THEORY. DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

Voilà bien des mystères, dira-t-on; j'en conviens; aussi le sujet le mérite-t-il bien. Au reste, il est certain que ces mystères ne cachent rien de mauvais. GOMGAM.

CHAPTER CCXIII. — p. 574.

BIRDS OF PARADISE. THE ZIZ. STORY OF THE ABBOT OF ST. SALVADOR DE VILLAR. HOLY COLETTE'S NONDESCRIBT PET. THE ANIMAL-CULAR WORLD. GIORDANO BRUNO.

And so I came to Faney's meadows, strow'd
With many a flower;
Fau would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour. HERBERT.

CHAPTER CCXIV. — p. 577.

FURTHER DIFFICULTIES. QUESTION CONCERNING INFERIOR APPARITIONS. BLAKE THE PAINTER, AND THE GHOST OF A FLEA.

In amplissimâ causâ, quasi magno mari, pluribus ventis sumus vecti. PLINY.

CHAPTER CCXV. — p. 579.

FACTS AND FANCIES CONNECTING THE DOCTOR'S THEORY WITH THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

We will not be too peremptory herein: and build standing structures of bold assertions on so uncertain a foundation; rather with the Rechabites we will live in tents of conjecture, which on better reason we may easily alter and remove. FULLER.

CHAPTER CCXVI. — p. 581.

A SPANISH AUTHORESS. HOW THE DOCTOR OBTAINED HER WORKS FROM MADRID. THE PLEASURE AND ADVANTAGES WHICH THE AUTHOR DERIVES FROM HIS LANDMARKS IN THE BOOKS WHICH HE HAD PERUSED.

ALEX. *Quel es D. Diego aquel Arbol, que tiene la copa en tierra y las raizes arriba?*

DIEG. *El hombre.* EL LETRADO DEL CIELO.

Man is a Tree that hath no top in cares,
No root in comforts. CHAPMAN.

CHAPTER CCXVII. — p. 583.

SOME ACCOUNT OF D. OLIVA SABUCO'S MEDICAL THEORIES AND PRACTICE.

*Yo — volveré
A nueva diligencia y paso largo,
Que es breve el tiempo, 's grande le memoria
Que para darla al mundo está á mi cargo.*

BALBUENA.

CHAPTER CCXVIII. — p. 586.

THE MUNDANE SYSTEM AS COMMONLY HELD IN D. OLIVA'S AGE. MODERN OBJECTIONS TO A PLURALITY OF WORLDS BY THE REV. JAMES MILLER.

*Un cerchio immaginato ci bisogna,
A voler ben la spera cotemplare,
Così chi intender questa storia agogna
Conviensi altro per altro immaginare;
Perchè qui non si canta, e finge, e sogna;
Venuto è il tempo da filosofare.*

PULCI.

CHAPTER CCXIX. — p. 588.

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY DRAWN FROM A PLURALITY OF WORLDS SHOWN TO BE FUTILE: REMARKS ON THE OPPOSITE DISPOSITIONS BY WHICH MEN ARE TEMPTED TO INFIDELITY.

— ascolta
*Siccome suomo di verace lingua;
E porgimi l'orecchio.* CHIABRERA.

CHAPTER CCXX. — p. 590.

DOÑA OLIVA'S PHILOSOPHY, AND VIEWS OF POLITICAL REFORMATION.

Non vi par adunque che habbiamo ragionato a bastanza di questo? — A bastanza parmi, rispose il Signor Gaspar; par desidero io d' intendere qualche particularita anchor. CASTIGLIONR.

CHAPTER CCXXI. — p. 593.

THE DOCTOR'S OPINION OF DOÑA OLIVA'S PRACTICE AND HUMANITY.

*Anchor dir si potrebb'er cose assai
Che la materia è tanto piena et folta,
Che non se ne verrebbe a capo mai,
Dunque fia buono ch' io suoni à raccolta.*

FR. SANSOVINO.

FRAGMENTS. — p. 594.

— The prince
Of Poets, Homer, sang long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war.

INTERCHAPTER XXV. — p. 598.

A WISHING INTERCHAPTER WHICH IS SHORTLY
TERMINATED, ON SUDDENLY RECOLLECTING THE
WORDS OF CLEOPATRA, — “WISHERS WERE
EVER FOOLS.”

Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind,
Stop not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
MARLOWE.

CHAPTER CCXXII. — p. 599.

ETYMOLOGY. UN TOUR DE MAÎTRE GONIN. ROMAN
DE VAUDEMONT AND THE LETTER C. SHEN-
STONE. THE DOCTOR'S USE OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Πρᾶγμα, πρᾶγμα μίγα κικίνηται, μίγα.
ARISTOPHANES.

CHAPTER CCXXIII. — p. 602.

TRUE PRONUNCIATION OF THE NAME OF DOVE.
DIFFICULTIES OF PRONUNCIATION AND PRO-
SODY. A TRUE AND PERFECT RHYME HIT UPON.

Tal nombre, que a los siglos extendido,
Se olvidé de olvidarse al Olvido. LOPE DE VEGA.

CHAPTER CCXXIV. — p. 605.

CHARLEMAGNE, CASIMIR THE POET, MARGARET
DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, NOCTURNAL REMEM-
BRANCER. THE DOCTOR NOT AMBITIOUS OF
FAME. THE AUTHOR IS INDUCED BY MR. FOS-
BROOKE AND NORRIS OF BEMERTON TO EJACU-
LATE A HEATHEN PRAYER IN BEHALF OF HIS
BRETHREN.

Tutte le cose son rose et viole
Ch' io dico ò ch' io dirò de la virtute.
FR. SANSOVINO.

CHAPTER CCXXV. — p. 606.

TWO QUESTIONS GROWING OUT OF THE PRECEDING
CHAPTER.

A Taylor who has no objection to wear motley, may
make himself a great coat with half a yard of his own stuff,
by eking it out with cabbage from every piece that comes
in his way.
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER CCXXVI. — p. 608.

THE AUTHOR DIGRESSES A LITTLE, AND TAKES UP
A STITCH WHICH WAS DROPPED IN THE EARLIER
PART OF THIS OPUS. NOTICES CONCERNING
LITERARY AND DRAMATIC HISTORY, BUT PERTI-
NENT TO THIS PART OF OUR SUBJECT.

*Jam paululum digressus a spectantibus,
Doctis loquar, qui non adeo spectare quam
Audire gestiunt, logosque ponderant,
Examinant, diducantique pro suo
Candore vel livore; non latum tamen
Culmum (quod aiunt) dum loquar sapientibus
Loco movebor.*
MACROPEDIUS.

CHAPTER CCXXVII. — p. 616.

SYSTEM OF PROGRESSION MARRED ONLY BY MAN'S
INTERFERENCE. THE DOCTOR SPEAKS SERIOUSLY
AND HUMANELY, AND QUOTES JUVENAL.

MONTENEGRO. How now, are thy arrows feathered?
VELASCO. Well enough for roving.
MONTENEGRO. Shoot home then. SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER CCXXVIII. — p. 617.

RATS. PLAN OF THE LAUREATE SOUTHEY FOR
LESSENING THEIR NUMBER. THE DOCTOR'S
HUMANITY IN REFUSING TO SELL POISON TO
KILL VERMIN, AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF PETER
HOPKINS HIS MASTER. POLITICAL RATS NOT
ALLUDED TO. RECIPE FOR KILLING RATS.

I know that nothing can be so innocently writ, or
carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction;
marry, whilst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear
it not.
BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER CCXXIX. — p. 618.

RATS LIKE LEARNED MEN LIABLE TO BE LED BY
THE NOSE. THE ATTENDANT UPON THE STEPS
OF MAN, AND A SORT OF INSEPARABLE ACCI-
DENT. SEIGNEUR DE HUMESSENE AND PANTA-
GRUEL.

Where my pen hath offended,
I pray you it may be amended
By discrete consideration
Of your wise reformation:
I have not offended, I trust,
If it be sadly discuss.
SKELTON.

CHAPTER CCXXX. — p. 620.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN YOUNG ANGELS AND YOUNG
YARHOOS. FAIRIES, KILLCROPS, AND CHANGE-
LINGS. LUTHER'S OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT.
HIS COLLOQUIA MENSALIA. DIFFERENCE BE-
TWEEN THE OLD AND NEW EDITION.

I think it not impertinent sometimes to relate such
accidents as may seem no better than mere trifles; for
even by trifles are the qualities of great persons as well
disclosed as by their great actions; because in matters of
importance they commonly strain themselves to the ob-
servance of general commended rules; in lesser things
they follow the current of their own natures.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER CCXXXI. — p. 623.

QUESTION AS TO WHETHER BOOKS UNDER THE TERMINATION OF "ANA" HAVE BEEN SERVICEABLE OR INJURIOUS TO LITERATURE CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH LUTHER'S TABLE TALK. HISTORY OF THE EARLY ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THAT BOOK, OF ITS WONDERFUL PRESERVATION, AND OF THE MARVELLOUS AND UNIMPEACHABLE VERACITY OF CAPTAIN HENRY BELL.

Prophecies, predictions, Or where they abide,
 Stories and fictions, On this or that side,
 Allegories, rhymes, Or under the mid line
 And serious pastimes Of the Holland sheets fine,
 For all manner men, Or in the tropics fair
 Without regard when, Of sunshine and clear air,
 Or under the pole
 Of chimney and sea coal:
 Read they that list; understand they that can;
Verbum satis est to a wise man.

BOOK OF RIDDLES.

CHAPTER CCXXXII. — p. 626.

THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY FEELING.

It behoves the high
 For their own sakes to do things worthy.
 BEN JONSON.

CHAPTER CCXXXIII. — p. 629.

THE PETTY GERMAN PRINCES EXCELLENT PATRONS OF LITERATURE AND LEARNED MEN. THE DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR. QUOTATION FROM BISHOP HACKET. AN OPINION OF THE EXCELLENT MR. BOYLE. A TENET OF THE DEAN OF CHALON, PIERRE DE ST. JULIEN, AND A VERITABLE PLANTAGENET.

*Ita nati estis, ut bona malaque vestra ad Rempublicam
 pertineant.* TACITUS.

CHAPTER CCXXXIV. — p. 631.

OPINION OF A MODERN DIVINE UPON THE WHEREABOUT OF NEWLY-DEPARTED SPIRITS. ST. JOHN'S BURIAL, ONE RELIC ONLY OF THAT SAINT, AND WHEREFORE. A TALE CONCERNING ABRAHAM, ADAM AND EVE.

Je sçay qu'il y a plusieurs qui diront que je fais beaucoup de petits faits contes, dont je m'en passerois bien. Ouy, bien pour aucuns, — mais non pour moy, me contentant de m'en renouveler le souvenir, et en tirer autant de plaisir. BRANTÔME.

CHAPTER CCXXXV. — p. 634.

THE SHORTEST AND PLEASANTEST WAY FROM DONCASTER TO JEDDAH, WITH MANY MORE, TOO LONG.

Πόνος πόνος πόνος τίσις,
 Πᾶ πᾶ γὰρ οὐκ ἴδαν ἴγα. SOPHOCLES.

CHAPTER CCXXXVI. — p. 641.

CHARITY OF THE DOCTOR IN HIS OPINIONS. MASON THE POET. POLITICAL MEDICINE. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. CERVANTES. STATE PHYSICIANS. ADVANTAGE TO BE DERIVED FROM, WHETHER TO KING, CABINET, LORDS, OR COMMONS. EXAMPLES. PHILOSOPHY OF POPULAR EXPRESSIONS. COTTON MATHER. CLAUDE PAJON AND BARNABAS OLEY. TIMOTHY ROGERS AND MELANCHOLY.

Go to!
 You are a subtle nation, you physicians,
 And grown the only cabinets in court! B. JONSON.

CHAPTER CCXXXVII. — p. 646.

MORE MALADIES THAN THE BEST PHYSICIANS CAN PREVENT BY REMEDIES. THE DOCTOR NOT GIVEN TO QUESTIONS, AND OF THE POCO-CURANTE SCHOOL AS TO ALL THE POLITICS OF THE DAY.

A slight answer to an intricate and useless question is a fit cover to such a dish; a cabbage leaf is good enough to cover a pot of mushrooms. JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER CCXXXVIII. — p. 647.

SIMONIDES. FUNERAL POEMS. UNFEELING OPINION IMPUTED TO THE GREEK POET, AND EXPRESSED BY MALHERBE. SENECA. JEREMY TAYLOR AND THE DOCTOR ON WHAT DEATH MIGHT HAVE BEEN, AND, WERE MEN WHAT CHRISTIANITY WOULD MAKE THEM, MIGHT BE.

*Intendale chi può; che non è stretto
 Alcuno a creder più di quel che vuole.*
 ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

CHAPTER CCXXXIX. — p. 648.

THE DOCTOR DISSENTS FROM A PROPOSITION OF WARBURTON'S, AND SHOWS IT TO BE FALSLACIOUS. HUTCHINSON'S REMARKS ON THE POWERS OF BRUTES. LORD SHAPTESBURY QUOTED. APOLLONIUS AND THE KING OF BABYLON. DISTINCTION IN THE TALMUD BETWEEN AN INNOCENT BEAST AND A VICIOUS ONE. OPINION OF ISAAC LA PEYRESC. THE QUESTION DE ORIGINE ET NATURA ANIMARUM IN BRUTIS AS BROUGHT BEFORE THE THEOLOGIANS OF SEVEN PROTESTANT ACADEMIES IN THE YEAR 1635 BY DANIEL SENNEITUS.

Toutes veritez ne sont pas bonnes à dire serieusement.
 GOMGAM.

CHAPTER CCXL. — p. 655.

THE JESUIT GARASSE'S CENSURE OF HUARTE AND BARCLAY. EXTRAORDINARY INVESTIGATION. THE TENDENCY OF NATURE TO PRESERVE ITS OWN ARCHETYPAL FORMS. THAT OF ART TO VARY THEM. PORTRAITS. MORAL AND PHYSICAL CADASTRE. PARISH CHRONICLER AND PARISH CLERK THE DOCTOR THOUGHT MIGHT BE WELL UNITED.

Is't you, Sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER CCXLI. — p. 660.

THE DOCTOR'S UTOPIA DENOMINATED COLUMBIA. HIS SCHEME ENTERED UPON — BUT "LEFT HALF TOLD" LIKE "THE STORY OF CAMBUS-CAN BOLD."

I will to satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own, a new Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not?
BURTON.

CHAPTER CCXLII. — p. 662.

FARTHER REMARKS UPON THE EFFECTS OF SCHISM, AND THE ADVANTAGES WHICH IT AFFORDS TO THE ROMISH CHURCH AND TO INFIDELITY.

— *Io non ci ho interesse
Nessun, nè vi fui mai, ne manco chieggo
Per quel ch'io ne vò dir, d' esservi messo.
Vò dir, che senza passion eleggo,
E non forzato, e senza pigliar parte;
Di dirne tutto quel, ch' intendo e veggo.*

BRONZINO PITTORE.

CHAPTER CCXLIII. — p. 664.

BREVITY BEING THE SOUL OF WIT THE AUTHOR STUDIES CONCISENESS.

You need not fear a surfeit, here is but little, and that light of digestion. QUARLES.

CHAPTER CCXLIV. — p. 664.

THE AUTHOR VENTURES TO SPEAK A WORD ON CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS: — QUOTES BEN SIRACH, SOLOMON, BISHOP HACKET, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, BISHOP REYNOLDS, MILTON, ETC.

— Ἄλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μωρὸν, βίου ποτὶ τέμα
Ψυχῆ τῶν ἀγνῶτων τῆθι χαρίζομενος. SIMONIDES.

FRAGMENTS TO THE DOCTOR. — p. 669.

A LOVE FRAGMENT FOR THE LADIES, INTRODUCED BY A CURIOUS INCIDENT WHICH THE AUTHOR BEGS THEY WILL EXCUSE.

Now will ye list a little space,
And I shall send you to solace;
You to solace and be blyth,
Hearken! ye shall hear belyve
A tale that is of verity.

ROSWALL AND LILLIAN.

A FRAGMENT ON BEARDS. — p. 671.

Yet have I more to say which I have thought upon, for I am filled as the moon at the full! ECCLESIASTICUS.

FRAGMENT ON MORTALITY. — p. 673.

FRAGMENT OF SIXTH VOLUME. — p. 674.

FRAGMENT WHICH WAS TO HAVE ANSWERED THE QUESTION PROPOSED IN THE TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND CHAPTER. — p. 676.

Io utti già dire ad un valente uomo nostro victino, gli uomini abbiano molte volte bisogno sì di lagrimare, come di ridere; e per tal cagione egli affermava essere state da principio trovate le dolorose favole, che si chiamarono Tragedie, acciòche raccontate ne' teatri, che in qual tempo si costumava di fare, tirassero le lagrime agli occhi di coloro, che avevano di ciò mestiere; e così eglio piangendo della loro infermita guarissero. Ma come ciò sia a noi non istà bene di contristare gli animi delle persone con cui favelliamo; massimamente colà dove si dimori per aver festa e sollazzo, e non per piagnere; che se pure alcuno è, che infermi per vaghezza di lagrimare, assai leggier cosa fia di medicarlo con la mostarda forte, o porlo in alcun luogo al fumo.

GALATEO, DEL M. GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

FRAGMENT ON HUTCHINSON'S WORKS. — p. 676.

FRAGMENT RELATIVE TO THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT DONCASTER AND THE LIVING OF ROSSINGTON. — p. 679.

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER. — p. 680.

MEMOIRS OF CAT'S EDEN. — p. 681.

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER. — p. 681.

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

MEMOIR OF THE CATS OF GRETA HALL. — p. 682.

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER. — p. 686.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΝΑΠΙΑΝΤΑΣ. — p. 686.

Ἄλλ' ὁ μὲν διάβολος ἐνέτινυσέ τιτι παρανόμους ἀνθρώπους, καὶ εἰς τοὺς τῶν βασιλίων ὑβρίσαν ἀνδράντας.

CHRYSOST. HOM AD POPUL. ANTIOCHEN.

EPILUDE OF MOTTOES. — p. 691.

L'ENVOY. — p. 694.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

CHAPTER VII. A. I.

A FAMILY PARTY AT A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S.

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

GEORGE WITHER TO THE KING.

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

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

I had spoken as it were abstractedly, and the look which accompanied the words was rather cogitative than regardant. The Bhow Begum laid down her snuff-box and replied, entering into the feeling, as well as echoing the words, "It *ought* to be written in a book,—certainly it ought."

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

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

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

"Write it in a book!" she replied, "I am sure you won't;" and she looked at me with a frown. Poets have written much

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

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

"He will write it!" said the Bhow Begum, taking up her snuff-box, and accompanying the words with a nod of satisfaction and encouragement. "He will never be so foolish!" said my wife. My wife's eldest sister rejoined, "he is foolish enough for any thing."

CHAPTER VI. A. I.

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

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

WHEN I ought to have been asleep the "unborn pages crowded on my soul." The

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

Twelve by the kitchen clock!—still restless!—One! O Doctor, for one of thy comfortable composing draughts!—Two! here's a case of insomnolence! I, who in summer close my lids as instinctively as the daisy when the sun goes down; and who in winter could hybernate as well as Bruin, were I but provided with as much fat to support me during the season, and keep the wick of existence burning:—I, who, if my pedigree were properly made out, should be found to have descended from one of the Seven Sleepers, and from the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood!

I put my arms out of bed. I turned the pillow for the sake of applying a cold surface to my cheek. I stretched my feet into the cold corner. I listened to the river, and to the ticking of my watch. I thought of all sleepy sounds and all soporific things: the flow of water, the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarine's head on the chimney-piece, a horse in a mill, the

opera, Mr. Humdrum's conversation, Mr. Proser's poems, Mr. Laxative's speeches, Mr. Lengthy's sermons. I tried the device of my own childhood, and fancied that the bed revolved with me round and round. Still the Doctor visited me as perseveringly as if I had been his best patient; and, call up what thoughts I would to keep him off, the Horse charged through them all.

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

CHAPTER V. A. I.

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

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

THE wise ancients held that dreams are from Jove. Virgil hath told us from what gate of the infernal regions they go out, but at which of the five entrances of the town of Mansoul they get in John Bunyan hath not explained. Some have conceited that unembodied spirits have access to us during sleep, and impress upon the passive faculty, by divine permission, presentiments of those things whereof it is fitting that we should be thus dimly forewarned. This opinion is held by Baxter, and to this also doth Bishop Newton incline. The old atomists supposed that the likenesses or spectres of corporeal things (*exuvia scilicet rerum, vel effluvia*, as

they are called by Vaninus, when he takes advantage of them to explain the *Fata Morgana*), the atomists I say, supposed that these spectral forms which are constantly emitted from all bodies,

*Omne genus quoniam passim simulacra feruntur**,

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

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

*si fuè en espiritu, ò fuè
en cuerpo, no sè; que yo
solo sè, que no lo sè; †*

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

Of that wonderous horse of brass
Whereon the Tartar King did pass;

nor of Alborak, who was the best beast for a night-journey that ever man bestrode. Tell

* LUCRETIVS.

† CALDERON.

me not even of Pegasus! I have ridden him many a time; by day and by night have I ridden him; high and low, far and wide, round the earth, and about it, and over it, and under it. I know all his earth-paces, and his sky-paces. I have tried him at a walk, at an amble, at a trot, at a canter, at a hand-gallop, at full gallop, and at full speed. I have proved him in the *manège* with single turns and the *manège* with double turns, his bounds, his curvets, his *pirouettes*, and his *pistes*, his *croupade* and his *balotade*, his gallop-galliard, and his capriole. I have been on him when he has glided through the sky with wings outstretched and motionless, like a kite or a summer cloud; I have bestrode him when he went up like a bittern with a strong spiral flight, round, round, and round, and upward, upward, upward, circling and rising still; and again when he has gone full sail, or full fly, with his tail as straight as a comet's behind him. But for a hobby or a night horse, Pegasus is nothing to Nobs.

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

CHAPTER IV. A. I.

A CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

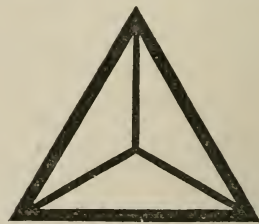
*Tel condamne mon Coq-à-l'âne qui un jour en justifiera
e bon sens.* LA PRETIEUSE.

I WENT down to breakfast as usual, overflowing with joyous thoughts. For mirth and for music, the skylark is but a type of me. I warbled a few wood notes wild, and then, full of the unborn work, addressed myself to my wife's eldest sister, and asked if she would permit me to dedicate the Book to her. "What book?" she replied. "The History," said I, "of Doctor Daniel Dove, of Doncaster, and his Horse Nobs." She answered, "No, indeed! I will have no such nonsense dedicated to me!"—and with that she drew up her upper lip, and the lower region of the nose. I turned to my wife's

youngest sister: "Shall I have the pleasure of dedicating it to you?" She raised her eyes, inclined her head forwards with a smile of negation, and begged leave to decline the honour. "Commandante," said I, to my wife and Commandress, "shall I dedicate it then to you?" My Commandante made answer, "Not unless you have something better to dedicate."

"So Ladies!" said I; "the stone which the builders rejected,"—and then looking at my wife's youngest sister—"Oh, it will be such a book!" The manner and the tone were so much in earnest, that they arrested the bread and butter on the way to her mouth; and she exclaimed, with her eyes full of wonder and incredulity at the same time, "Why, you never can be serious?" "Not serious," said I; "why I have done nothing but think of it and dream of it the whole night." "He told me so," rejoined my Commandante, "the first thing in the morning." "Ah, Stupey!" cried my wife's eldest sister, accompanying the compliment with a protrusion of the head, and an extension of the lips, which disclosed not only the whole remaining row of teeth, but the chasms that had been made in it by the tooth drawer; *hiatus valde lacrymabiles*.

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



It past from hand to hand. "Why, he is not in earnest;" said my wife's youngest sister. "He never can be," replied my wife. And yet beginning to think that peradventure I was, she looked at me with a quick turn of

the eye,—"a pretty subject, indeed, for you to employ your time upon!—You,—*vema whehaha yohu almad otenba twandri athan-cod!*" I have thought proper to translate this part of my Commandante's speech into the Garamna tongue.

CHAPTER III. A. I.

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS. A COMPLIMENT PROPERLY RECEIVED.

La tasca è proprio cosa da Christiani.
BENEDETTO VARCHI.

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

Now, of all the inventions of the Tailor (who is of all artists the most inventive), I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach; the monkey has his check, the opossum her pouch; and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is—to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race, who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder in which they bear about their little implements; certes a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality is in proportion to their bulk, are said, upon the authority of tradition,

when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth, as a place of security till breakfast; whence it may be inferred that they are not liable to tooth-ache, and that they make no use of tooth-picks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity, much might be said; for it would not be difficult to show, with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must* and *have* and *been*, which enabled Whitaker, of Manchester, to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood, that pockets are coeval with clothing: and, as erudite men have maintained that language and even letters are of divine origin, there might with like reason be a conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis, which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our diplomatists, the *sine-quantounniness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a stomach,—and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*Succus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla?*"

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

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

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this (not to mention that the very name of commutation ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold day-light and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwelling-houses), I abominate that bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And perceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping

pitably, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this further proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must therefore either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.

When the Bhow Begum had seated herself I told her how my proffered dedication had been thrice rejected with scorn, and repeating the offer I looked for a more gracious reply. But, as if scorn had been the influenza of the female mind that morning, she answered, "No; indeed she would not have it after it had been refused by every body else." "Nay, nay," said I; "it is as much in your character to accept, as it was in theirs to refuse." While I was speaking she took a pinch of snuff; the nasal titillation co-operated with my speech, for when any one of the senses is pleased, the rest are not likely to continue out of humour. "Well," she replied, "I will have it dedicated to me, because I shall delight in the book." And she powdered the carpet with tobacco dust as she spake.

CHAPTER II. A. I.

CONCERNING DEDICATIONS, PRINTERS' TYPES,
AND IMPERIAL INK.

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

LA PRETIEUSE.

MONSIEUR Dellon, having been in the Inquisition at Goa, dedicated an account of that tribunal, and of his own sufferings to Mademoiselle du Cambout de Coislin, in these words:

Mademoiselle,

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

This is the book which that good man Claudius Buchanan with so much propriety

put into the hands of the Grand Inquisitor of India, when he paid him a visit at the Inquisition, and asked him his opinion of the accuracy of the relation upon the spot!

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

A dedication has oftentimes cost the unhappy author a greater consumption of thumb and finger nail than the whole book besides, and all varieties of matter and manner have been resorted to. Mine must be so far in character with the delectable history which it introduces, that it shall be unlike all which have ever gone before it. I knew a man (one he was who would have been an ornament to his country if methodism and madness had not combined to overthrow a bright and creative intellect), who, in one of his insaner moods, printed a sheet and a half of muddy rhapsodies with the title of the "Standard of God Displayed:" and he prefaced it by saying that the price of a perfect book, upon a perfect subject, ought to be a perfect sum in a perfect coin; that is to say, one guinea. Now as Dr. Daniel Dove was a perfect Doctor, and his horse Nobs was a perfect horse, and as I humbly hope their history will be a perfect history, so ought the Dedication thereunto to be perfect in its kind. Perfect therefore it shall be, as far as kalotypography can make it. For though it would be hopeless to exceed all former Dedications in the turn of a compliment or of a sentence, in the turn of the letters it is possible to exceed them all. It was once my fortune to employ a printer who had a love for his art; and having a taste that way myself, we discussed the merits of a new font one day when I happened to call in upon him. I objected to the angular inclination of a capital italic *A* which stood upon its pins as if it were starting aghast from the next letter on the left, and was about to tumble upon that to the right; in which case down would go the rest of the word, like a row of soldiers which children make with cards.

My printer was too deeply enamoured with the beauties of his font, to have either ear or eye for its defects; and hastily waving that point he called my attention to a capital *R* in the same line, which cocked up its tail just as if it had been nicked; that cock of the tail had fascinated him. "Look Sir," said he, while his eyes glistened with all the ardour of an amateur; "look at that turn! — that's sweet, Sir!" and drawing off the hand with the forefinger of which he had indicated it, he described in the air the turn that had delighted him, in a sort of heroic flourish, his head with a diminished axis, like the inner stile of a Pentagraph, following the movement. I have never seen that *R* since without remembering him.

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

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

this is an imperial age, in which to say nothing of M. Ingelby, the Emperor of the Conjurors, we have seen no fewer than four new Emperors. He of Russia, who did not think the old title of Peter the Great good enough for him; he of France, for whom any name but that of Tyrant or Murderer is too good; he of Austria, who took up one imperial appellation to cover over the humiliating manner in which he laid another down; and he of Hayti, who if he be wise will order all public business to be carried on in the talkee-talkee tongue, and make it high treason for any person to speak or write French in his dominions. We also must dub our old Parliament imperial forsooth! that we may not be behindhand with the age. Then we have Imperial Dining Tables! Imperial Oil for nourishing the hair! Imperial Liquid for Boot Tops! Yea, and, by all the Cæsars deified and damnified, Imperial Blacking! For my part I love to go with the stream, so I will have an Imperial Dedication.

Behold it, Reader. Therein is mystery.

To
The How Begun
KEDORA
PABARMA.

CHAPTER I. A. I.

NO BOOK CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A
PREFACE.

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

Who was the Inventor of Prefaces? I shall be obliged to the immortal Mr. Urban (immortal, because like the king in law he never dies,) if he will propound this question for me in his Magazine, that great lumber-room wherein small ware of all kinds has been laid up higgledy-piggledy by half-penny-worths or farthing-worths at a time for four-score years, till, like broken glass, rags, or rubbish, it has acquired value by mere

accumulation. To send a book like this into the world without a Preface would be as impossible as it is to appear at Court without a bag at the head and a sword at the tail; for as the perfection of dress must be shown at Court, so in this history should the perfection of histories be exhibited. The book must be *omni genere absolutum*; it must prove and exemplify the perfectibility of books: yea, with all imaginable respect for the "Delicate Investigation," which I leave in undisputed possession of an appellation so exquisitely appropriate, I conceive that the title of THE BOOK, as a popular designation *κατ' ἐξοχην*, should be transferred from the edifying report of that Inquiry, to the present unique, unrivalled, and unrivalable production;—a production the like whereof hath not been, is not, and will not be. Here however let me warn my Greek and Arabian translators how they render the word, that if they offend the Mufti or the Patriarch, the offence as well as the danger may be theirs: I wash my hands of both. I write in plain English, innocently and in the simplicity of my heart: what may be made of it in heathen languages concerns not me.

ANTE-PREFACE.

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

"PREFACES," said Charles Blount, Gent., who committed suicide because the law would not allow him to marry his brother's widow,—(a law, be it remarked in passing, which is not sanctioned by reason, and which, instead of being in conformity with scripture, is in direct opposition to it, being in fact the mere device of a corrupt and greedy church)—"Prefaces," said this flippant, ill-opinioned and unhappy man, "ever were, and still are but of two sorts, let other modes and fashions vary as they please. Let the pro-

fane long peruke succeed the godly cropt hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery presbytery again, yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of prefaceing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he shall be hanged, or no; or else in a huffing manner he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of some friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual shams of all scribblers as well ancient as modern." This was not true then, nor is it now; but when he proceeds to say, "for my part I enter the lists upon another score,"—so say I with him; and my Preface shall say the rest.

P R E F A C E.

Oh for a quill pluck'd from a Seraph's wing!

YOUNG.

So the Poet exclaimed; and his exclamation may be quoted as one example more of the vanity of human wishes; for, in order to get a Seraph's quill it would be necessary, according to Mrs. Glasse's excellent item in her directions for roasting a hare, to begin by catching a Seraph. A quill from a Seraph's wing is, I confess, above my ambition; but one from a Peacock's tail was within my reach; and be it known unto all people, nations and languages, that with a Peacock's quill this Preface hath been penned—literally—truly, and *bona-fidely* speaking. And this is to write, as the learned old Pasquier says, *pavonesquement*, which in Latin minted for the nonce may be rendered *pavonicè*, and in English peacockically or peacockishly, whichever the reader may like best. That such a pen has verily and indeed been used upon this occasion I affirm. I affirm it upon the word of a true man; and here is a Captain of his Majesty's Navy at my elbow, who himself made the pen, and

who, if evidence were required to the fact, would attest it by as round an oath as ever rolled over a right English tongue. Nor will the time easily escape his remembrance, the bells being at this moment ringing, June 4. 1814, to celebrate the King's birth-day, and the public notification that peace has been concluded with France.

I have oftentimes had the happiness of seeing due commendation bestowed by gentle critics, unknown admirers and partial friends upon my pen, which has been married to all amiable epithets:—classical, fine, powerful, tender, touching, pathetic, strong, fanciful, daring, elegant, sublime, beautiful. I have read these epithets with that proper satisfaction which, when thus applied, they could not fail to impart, and sometimes qualified the pride which they inspired by looking at the faithful old tool of the Muses beside me, worn to the stump in their service: the one end mended up to the quick in that spirit of economy which becomes a son of the Lackland family, and shortened at the other by the gradual and alternate processes of burning and biting, till a scant inch only is left above the finger place. Philemon Holland was but a type of me in this respect. Indeed I may be allowed to say that I have improved upon his practice, or at least that I get more out of a pen than he did, for in the engraved title-page to his *Cyropædia*, where there appears the Portrait of the *Interpres* marked by a great D inclosing the Greek letter Φ (which I presume designates Doctor Philemon) *ætatis suæ* 80. A°. 1632, it may be plainly seen that he used his pen only at one end. Peradventure he delighted not, as I do, in the mitigated ammoniac odour.

But thou, O gentle reader, who in the exercise of thy sound judgment and natural benignity wilt praise this Preface, thou mayest with perfect propriety bestow the richest epithets upon the pen wherewith its immortal words were first clothed in material forms. Beautiful, elegant, fine, splendid, fanciful, will be to the very letter of truth: versatile it is as the wildest wit; flexible as the most morkey-like talent; and shouldst

thou call it tender, I will whisper in thine ear—that it is only too soft. Yet softness may be suitable; for of my numerous readers one half will probably be soft by sex, and of the other half a very considerable proportion soft by nature. Soft therefore be the Pen and soft the strain.

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

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

They who are versed in the doctrine of sympathies and the arcana of correspondences as revealed to the Swedish Emanuel, will doubtless admire the instinct or inspiration which directed my choice to the pavianian Pen. The example should be followed by all consumers of ink and quill. Then would the lover borrow a feather from the

turtle dove. The lawyer would have a large assortment of kite, hawk, buzzard and vulture: his clients may use pigeon or quill. Poets according to their varieties. Mr. —, the Tom Tit. Mr. —, the Water-wag-tail. Mr. —, the Crow. Mr. —, the Mocking-bird. Mr. —, the Magpie. Mr. —, the Sky-lark. Mr. —, the Eagle. Mr. —, the Swan. Lord —, the Black Swan. Critics some the Owl, others the Butcher Bird. Your challenger must indite with one from the wing of a game cock: he who takes advantage of a privileged situation to offer the wrong and shrink from the atonement will find a white feather. Your dealers in public and private scandal, whether Jacobins or Anti-Jacobins, the pimps and panders of a profligate press, should use none but duck feathers, and those of the dirtiest that can be found in the purlieus of Pimlico or St. George's Fields. But for the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, whether he dictates in morals or in taste, or displays his peculiar talent in political prophecy, he must continue to use goose quills. Stick to the goose, Mr. Jeffrey; while you live, stick to the Goose!

INITIAL CHAPTER.

Ἐξ ὧ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα. — HOMER.

THEY who remember the year 1800 will remember also the great controversy whether it was the beginning of a century, or the end of one; a controversy in which all Magazines, all Newspapers, and all persons took part. Now as it has been deemed expedient to divide this work, or to speak more emphatically this Opus, or more emphatically still this Ergon, into Chapters Ante-Initial and Post-Initial, a dispute of the same nature might arise among the commentators in after ages, if especial care were not now taken to mark distinctly the beginning. This therefore, is the Initial Chapter, neither Ante nor Post, but standing between both; the point of initiation, the goal of the *Antes*, the starting place of the *Posts*; the mark at which the former end their career, and from whence the latter take their departure.

* "Framed in the prodigality of nature."

THE DOCTOR,

ETC.

*Eccoti il libro ; mettilvi ben cura,
Iddio l' ajuti e dia buona ventura.*

ORL. INNAM.

CHAPTER I. P. I.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS HISTORY AT HOME
AND AT TEA.

If thou be a severe sour complexioned man, then I here
disallow thee to be a competent Judge.

IZAACK WALTON.

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

CHAPTER II. P. I.

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

*Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo?
quando?*

TECHNICAL VERSE.

Thus have I begun according to the most approved forms; not like those who begin the Trojan War from Leda's egg, or the History of Great Britain from Adam, or the Life of General Washington from the Discovery of the New World; but in conformity to the Horatian precept, rushing into

the middle of things. Yet the Giant Moulneau's appeal to his friend the story-telling Ram may well be remembered here; *Belier, mon ami, si tu voulais commencer par le commencement, tu me ferois grand plaisir.* For in the few lines of the preceding chapter how much is there that requires explanation? — Who was Nobs? — Who was Barnaby? — Who was the Doctor? — Who was Mrs. Dove? — The place, where? — The time, when? — The persons, who? —

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

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

Waving the Orders in Council, and the Order of the Day, a phrase so familiar in the disorderly days of the French National Convention, think, gentle Reader, of the order of Knighthood, of Holy Orders, of the orders of architecture, the Linnæan orders, the orderly Serjeant, the ordinal numbers, the Ordinary of Newgate, the Ordinary on Sundays at 2 o'clock in the environs of the Metropolis, the ordinary faces of those who partake of what is ordinarily provided for them there;

and under the auspices of Government itself, and *par excellence* the Extraordinary Gazette. And as the value of health is never truly and feelingly understood except in sickness, contemplate for a moment what the want of order is. Think of disorder in things remote, and then as it approaches thee. In the country wherein thou livest, bad; in the town whereof thou art an inhabitant, worse; in thine own street, worsen; in thine own house, worst of all. Think of it in thy family, in thy fortune, in thine intestines. In thy affairs, distressing; in thy members, painful; in thy conduct, ruinous. Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. Abstract it from a Dictionary, and thou mayest imagine the inextricable confusion which would ensue. Reject it from the Alphabet, and Zerah Colburne himself could not go through the chrisscross row. How then should I do without it in this history?

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

When the excellent Hooker was on his death-bed, he expressed his joy at the prospect of entering a World of Order.

CHAPTER III. P. I.

WHOLESAME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE VANITY OF FAME.

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

GWILLIM'S DISPLAY OF HERALDRY.

Who was the Doctor?

We will begin with the persons for sundry reasons, general and specific. Doth not the Latin grammar teach us so to do, wherein the personal verbs come before the impersonal, and the *Propria quæ maribus* precede all other nouns? Moreover by replying to this question all needful explanation as to time and place will naturally and of necessity follow in due sequence.

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

Who was the Doctor?

Can it then be necessary to ask? — Alas the vanity of human fame! Vanity of vanities, all is Vanity! "How few," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "have heard of the name of Veneatapadino Ragium! He imagined that that there was no man in the world that knew him not: how many men can tell me that he was the King of Narsinga?" When I mention Arba, who but the practised textualist can call to mind that he was "a great man among the Anakin," that he was the father of Anak, and that from him Kirjath-Arba took its name? A great man among the Giants of the earth, the founder of a city, the father of Anak! — and now there remaineth nothing more of him or his race than the bare mention of them in one of the verses of one of the chapters of the Book of Joshua: except for that only record it would not now be known that Arba had ever lived, or that Hebron was originally called after his name. *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas.* An old woman in a village in the West of England was told one day

that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederic was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fulness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, "Is a ! is a ! — The Lord ha' marcy ! — Well, well ! The King of Prussia ! And who's he ?" — The "Who's he" of this old woman might serve as text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he" may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederic, or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac, or Sir Humphrey. Who built the Pyramids? Who ate the first Oyster? *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas.*

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

Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mear* of the earth and of their reign? †

Who was the Doctor?

Oh! that thou hadst known him, Reader !
Then should I have answered the question,
— if orally, by an emphasis upon the article,
— *the* Doctor; or if in written words, **THE DOCTOR** — thus giving the word that capital designation to which, as the head of his profession within his own orbit, he was so justly entitled. But I am not writing to those only who knew him, nor merely to the inhabitants of the West Riding, nor to the present generation alone: — No ! to all Yorkshire, — all England; all the British Empire; all the countries wherein the English tongue is, or shall be, spoken or understood; yea to all places, and all times to come. *Para todos*, as saith the famous Doctor Juan Perez

de Montalvan, *Natural de Madrid*, which is, being interpreted, a Spanish Cockney — *para todos; porque es un aparato de varias materias, donde el Filosofo, el Cortesano, el Humanista, el Poeta, el Predicador, el Teologo, el Soldado, el Devoto, el Jurisconsulto, el Matematico, el Medico, el Soltero, el Casado, el Religioso, el Ministro, el Plebeyo, el Señor, el Oficial, y el Entretenido, hallaran juntamente utilidad y gusto, erudicion y divertimento, doctrina y desahogo, recreo y enseñanza, moralidad y alivio, ciencia y descanso, provecho y passatiempo, alabanzas y representaciones, y ultimamente exemplos y donaires, que sin ofender las costumbres delecten el animo, y sazonen el entendimiento.*

Who was the Doctor?

The Doctor was Doctor Daniel Dove.

CHAPTER IV. P. I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF DOCTOR DOVE,
WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF A YEOMAN'S
HOUSE IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORK-
SHIRE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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

HORAT. Od.

DANIEL, the son of Daniel Dove and of Dinah his wife, was born near Ingleton in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Monday the twenty-second of April, old style, 1723, nine minutes and three seconds after three in the afternoon; on which day Marriage came in and Mercury was with the Moon; and the aspects were ☐ ♃ ♀ : a week earlier, it would have been a most glorious Trine of the Sun and Jupiter; — circumstances which were all duly noted in the blank leaf of the family Bible.

Daniel, the father, was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six and twenty acres which his fathers had possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther

* A mear or meer-stone, still means a boundary stone. The word is used in our Homilies. See fourth part of the Sermon for Rogation Week.

† SPENSER.

than registers or title deeds could ascend. The little church, called Chapel le Dale, stands about a bow-shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common with its limestone rocks peering every where above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

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

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

D
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1608.

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

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest in the best kitchen which held the house-linen,

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

and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely thus described by Landor:—

Of pearly hue

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

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

CHAPTER V. P. I.

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

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

BAPTISTA PORTA.

THEY who know that the word physiognomy is not derived from phiz, and infer from that knowledge that the science is not confined to the visage alone, have extended it to hand-writings also, and hence it has become fashionable in this age of collectors to collect the autographs of remarkable persons. But now that Mr. Rapier has arisen, "the Reformer of illegible hands," he and his rival Mr. Carstairs teach all their pupils to write alike. The countenance however has fairer play in our days than it had in old times, for the long heads of the sixteenth century were made by the nurses, not by nature. Elongating the nose, flattening the temples, and raising the forehead are no longer performed by manual force, and the face undergoes now no other artificial modelling than such as may be impressed upon it by the aid of

the looking-glass. So far physiognomy becomes less difficult, the data upon which it has to proceed not having been falsified *ab initio*; but there arises a question in what state ought they to be examined? Dr. Gall is for shaving the head, and overhauling it as a Turk does a Circassian upon sale, that he may discover upon the outside of the skull the organs of fighting, murder, cunning, and thieving (near neighbours in his *mappa cerebri*), of comparing colours, of music, of sexual instinct, of philosophical judgment, &c. &c., all which, with all other qualities, have their latitudes and longitudes in the brain, and are conspicuous upon the outward skull, according to the degree in which they influence the character of the individual.

It must be admitted that if this learned German's theory of craniology be well founded, the Gods have devised a much surer, safer, and more convenient means for discovering the real characters of the Lords and Ladies of the creation, than what Mornus proposed, when he advised that a window should be placed in the breast. For if his advice had been followed, and there had actually been a window in the sternum,—it is, I think, beyond all doubt that a window-shutter would soon have been found indispensably necessary in cold climates, more especially in England, where pulmonary complaints are so frequent; and, secondly, the wind would not be more injurious to the lungs in high latitudes, than the sun would be to the liver in torrid regions; indeed, every where during summer it would be impossible to exist without a green curtain, or Venetian blinds to the window; and after all, take what precautions we might, the world would be ten times more bilious than it is. Another great physical inconvenience would also have arisen; for if men could peep into their insides at any time, and see the motions and the fermentations which are continually going on, and the rise and progress of every malady distinctly marked in the changes it produced, so many nervous diseases would be brought on by frequent inspection, and so many derangements from attempting to regulate the machine, that the

only way to prevent it from making a full stop would be to put a lock upon the shutter, and deliver the key to the Physician.

But upon Dr. Gall's theory how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purposes of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory as applied to practice offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gasses, and with the commencement of the French Revolution, and in these later days with the progress of the Bible Society. In courts of Justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention. Think also in State Trials what infinite advantages an Attorney General might derive from the opinion of a Regius Professor of Craniology! Even these are but partial benefits. Our Generals, Ministers, and Diplomats would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which Parents or Guardians might think proper to bespeak. The Doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth, by his skill in mechanics, devise with characteristic ingenuity the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born the professional cap, medical, military, theological, commercial, or legal, would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no farther than just to hint that the materials of the mould may operate sympha-

thetically, and therefore that for a lawyer in *rus* the cap should be made of brass, for a divine of lead, for a politician of base-metal, for a soldier of steel, and for a sailor of heart of English oak.

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

But if we would form a judgement of the interior of that portentous head which is thus formidably obumbrated, how could it be done so well as by beholding the Doctor among his books, and there seeing the food upon which his terrific intellect is fed. There we should see the accents, quantities, dialects, digammas, and other such small gear as in these days constitute the complete armour of a perfect scholar; and by thus discovering what goes into the head we might form a fair estimate of what was likely to come out of it. This is a truth which, with many others of equal importance, will be beautifully elucidated in this nonpareil history. For Daniel Dove, the Father, had a collection of books; they were not so nu-

merous as those of his contemporary Harley, famous for his library, and infamous for the Peace of Utrecht; but he was perfectly conversant with all their contents, which is more than could be said of the Earl of Oxford.

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

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

CHAPTER VI. P. I.

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

*Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
Quem non mordaci respiciens gloria furo
Solicitat, non fastosi mala gawlia luxus,
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vite.*

POLITIAN.

HAPPILY for Daniel, he lived before the age of Magazines, Reviews, Cyclopædias, Elegant Extracts and Literary Newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vender. His books were few in number, but they were all weighty either in matter or in size. They consisted of the *Morte d'Arthur* in the fine black-letter edition of Copeland; Plutarch's *Morals*

and Pliny's Natural History, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat, and both translated by that old worthy Philemon, who for the service which he rendered to his contemporaries and to his countrymen deserves to be called the best of the Hollands, without disparaging either the Lord or the Doctor of that appellation. The whole works of Joshua Sylvester (whose name, let me tell the reader in passing, was accented upon the first syllable by his contemporaries, not as now upon the second);—Jean Petit's History of the Netherlands, translated and continued by Edward Grimeston, another worthy of the Philemon order; Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourses; Stowe's Chronicle; Joshua Barnes's Life of Edward III.; "Ripley Revived by Eirenæus Philalethes, an Englishman styling himself Citizen of the World," with its mysterious frontispiece representing the *Domus Natura*, to which, *Nil deest, nisi clavis*: the Pilgrim's Progress: two volumes of Ozell's translation of Rabelais; Latimer's Sermons; and the last volume of Fox's Martyrs, which latter book had been brought him by his wife. The Pilgrim's Progress was a godmother's present to his son: the odd volumes of Rabelais he had picked up at Kendal, at a sale, in a lot with Ripley Revived and Plutarch's Morals: the others he had inherited.

Daniel had looked into all these books, read most of them, and believed all that he read, except Rabelais, which he could not tell what to make of. He was not, however, one of those persons who complacently suppose every thing to be nonsense, which they do not perfectly comprehend, or flatter themselves that they do. His simple heart judged of books by what they ought to be, little knowing what they are. It never occurred to him that any thing would be printed which was not worth printing, any thing which did not convey either reasonable delight or useful instruction: and he was no more disposed to doubt the truth of what he read, than to question the veracity of his neighbour, or any one who had no interest in deceiving him. A book carried with it to him authority in its very aspect. The Morte

d'Arthur therefore he received for authentic history, just as he did the painful chronicle of honest John Stowe, and the Barnesian labours of Joshua the self-satisfied: there was nothing in it indeed which stirred his English blood like the battles of Cressy and Poitiers and Najara; yet on the whole he preferred it to Barnes's story, believed in Sir Tor, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lamorack as entirely as in Sir John Chandos, the Captal de Buche and the Black Prince, and liked them better.

Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth, and poets derive any satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it, Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester, however, was reserved for a Sabbath book; as a week-day author Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a syllabub. He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves; the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar, that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim which will not in all cases hold good. There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art,—with whatsoever is truly great and excellent. Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated (as such things always are) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had

happened that strangers with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

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

Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men. In fact he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement not for use. He had never attempted to teach him-

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

Never indeed was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. And well he might be so, for no man ever passed through the world with less to disquiet or to sour him. Bred up in habits which secured the continuance of that humble but sure independence to which he was born, he had never known what it was to be anxious for the future. At the age of twenty-five he had brought home a wife, the daughter of a little landholder like himself, with fifteen pounds for her portion: and the true-love of his youth proved to him a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. If at any time there had been some alloy in his happiness, it was when there appeared reason to suppose that in him his family would be extinct; for though no man knows what parental feelings are till he has ex-

perceived them, and Daniel therefore knew not the whole value of that which he had never enjoyed, the desire of progeny is natural to the heart of man; and though Daniel had neither large estates, nor an illustrious name to transmit, it was an unwelcome thought that the little portion of the earth which had belonged to his fathers time out of mind, should pass into the possession of some stranger, who would tread on their graves and his own without any regard to the dust that lay beneath. That uneasy apprehension was removed after he had been married fifteen years, when to the great joy of both parents, because they had long ceased to entertain any hope of such an event, their wishes were fulfilled in the birth of a son. This their only child was healthy, apt and docile, to all appearance as happily disposed in mind and body as a father's heart could wish. If they had fine weather for winning their hay or shearing their corn, they thanked God for it; if the season proved unfavourable, the labour was only a little the more and the crop a little the worse. Their stations secured them from want, and they had no wish beyond it. What more had Daniel to desire?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII. P. I.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY. AN EXPERIMENT UPON MOONSHINE.

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

Proverbios del Marques de Santillana.

It is not, however, for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations as the sparks fly upward, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion. Having nothing to desire for himself, Daniel's ambition had taken a natural direction and fixed upon his son. He was resolved that the boy should be made a scholar; not with the prospect of advancing him in the

* See Drayton's Poems, and Nare's Gloss. in v.
J. W. W.

world, but in the hope that he might become a philosopher, and take as much delight in the books which he would inherit as his father had done before him. Riches and rank and power appeared in his judgment to be nothing when compared to philosophy; and herein he was as true a philosopher as if he had studied in the Porch, or walked the groves of Academus.

It was not however for this,—for he was as little given to talk of his opinions as to display his reading,—but for his retired habits, and general character, and some odd practices into which his books had led him, that he was commonly called Flossofer Daniel by his neighbours. The appellation was not affixed in derision, but respectfully and as his due; for he bore his faculties too meekly ever to excite an envious or an ill-natured feeling in any one. Rural Flossofers were not uncommon in those days, though in the progress of society they have disappeared like Crokers, Bowyers, Lorimers, Armourers, Running Footmen, and other descriptions of men whose occupations are gone by. But they were of a different order from our Daniel. They were usually Philomaths, Students in Astrology, or the Celestial Science, and not unfrequently Empirics or downright Quacks. Between twenty and thirty almanacs used to be published every year by men of this description, some of them versed enough in mathematics to have done honour to Cambridge, had the fates allowed; and others such proficient in rognery, that they would have done equal honour to the whipping-post.

A man of a different stamp from either came in declining life to settle at Ingleton in the humble capacity of schoolmaster, a little before young Daniel was capable of more instruction than could be given him at home. Richard Guy was his name; he is the person to whom the lovers of old rhyme are indebted for the preservation of the old poem of Flodden Field, which he transcribed from an ancient manuscript, and which was printed from his transcript by Thomas Gent of York. In his way through the world, which had not been along the

King's high Dunstable road, Guy had picked up a competent share of Latin, a little Greek, some practical knowledge of physic, and more of its theory; astrology enough to cast a nativity, and more acquaintance with alchemy than has often been possessed by one who never burnt his fingers in its processes. These acquirements were grafted on a disposition as obliging as it was easy; and he was beholden to nature for an understanding so clear and quick that it might have raised him to some distinction in the world if he had not been under the influence of an imagination at once lively and credulous. Five and fifty years had taught him none of the world's wisdom; they had sobered his mind without maturing it; but he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.

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

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

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

come upon the hands of the person that picks up the beans."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Accordingly the parties met at the ap-

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

The operation was repeated on the two following nights; and Daniel would have kept up his son two hours later than his regular time of rest to continue it on the third if the evening had not set in with clouds and rain. In spite of the patient's belief that the warts would waste away and were wasting, (for Prince Hohenlohe could not require more entire faith than was given on this occasion,) no alteration could be perceived in them at a fortnight's end. Daniel thought the experiment had failed because it had not been repeated sufficiently often, nor perhaps continued long enough. But the Schoolmaster was of opinion that the cause of failure was in the basin: for that silver being the lunar metal would by affinity assist the influential virtues of the moonlight, which finding no such affinity in a mixed metal of baser compounds, might contrariwise have its potential qualities weakened, or even destroyed when received in a brassen vessel, and reflected from it. Flossofer Daniel assented to this theory. Nevertheless as the child got rid of his troublesome excrescences in the course of three or four months, all parties disregard-

ing the lapse of time at first, and afterwards fairly forgetting it, agreed that the remedy had been effectual, and Sir Kenelm, if he had been living, might have procured the solemn attestation of men more veracious than himself that moonshine was an infallible cure for warts.

CHAPTER VIII. P. I.

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOLBOY.

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

FROM this time the two Flossofers were friends. Daniel seldom went to Ingleton without looking in upon Guy, if it were between school hours. Guy on his part would walk as far with him on the way back, as the tether of his own time allowed, and frequently on Saturdays and Sundays he strolled out and took a seat by Daniel's fireside. Even the wearying occupation of hearing one generation of urchins after another repeat *a-b-ab*, hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and pacing like a horse in a mill the same dull dragging round day after day, had neither diminished Guy's good-nature, nor lessened his love for children. He had from the first conceived a liking for young Daniel, both because of the right principle which was evinced by the manner in which he proposed the question concerning stealing the beans, and of the profound gravity (worthy of a Flossofer's son) with which he behaved in the affair of the moonshine. All that he saw and heard of him tended to confirm this favourable prepossession; and the boy, who had been taught to read in the Bible and in Stowe's Chronicle, was committed to his tuition at seven years of age.

Five days in the week (for in the North of England Saturday as well as Sunday is a Sabbath to the Schoolmaster) did young

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

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

paid in Purgatory; — to be hoped, I say, because if there be no Purgatory, the Dean may have gone farther and fared worse. Being the only *Latiner* in the school, his lessons were heard with more interest and less formality. Guy observed his progress with almost as much delight and as much hope as Daniel himself. A schoolmaster who likes his vocation feels toward the boys who deserve his favour something like a thrifty and thriving father toward the children for whom he is scraping together wealth; he is contented that his humble and patient industry should produce fruit not for himself, but for them, and looks with pride to a result in which it is impossible for him to partake, and which in all likelihood he may never live to see. Even some of the old Phlebotomists have had this feeling to redeem them.

“Sir,” says the Compositor to the Corrector of the Press, “there is no heading in the Copy for this Chapter. What must I do?”

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

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

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

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

But supposing that the Rabbis were right in allotting to the women a ninefold propor-

tion of talkativeness, I confess that I have inherited my mother's share.

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

And here if my gentle Public will consider to what profitable uses this gift might have been applied, the disinterestedness of my disposition in having thus benevolently dedicated it to their service, will doubtless be appreciated as it deserves by their discrimination and generosity. Had I carried it to the pulpit, think how I might have filled the seats, and raised the prices of a private chapel! Had I taken it to the bar, think how I could have mystified a judge, and bamboozled a jury! Had I displayed it in the senate, think how I could have talked against time, for the purpose of delaying a division, till the expected numbers could be brought together; or how efficient a part I could have borne in the patriotic design of impeding the business of a session, prolonging and multiplying the debates, and worrying a minister out of his senses and his life.

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

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

Every thing here shall be in order. The digressions into which this gift of discourse may lead me must not interrupt the arrangement of our History. Never shall it be said of the Unknown that “he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.” We have a journey to perform from Dan to Beersheba, and we must halt occasionally by the way. Matter will arise contingent to the story, correlative to it, or excrement from it; not necessary to its progress, and yet indispensable for

your delight, my gentle Public, and for mine own ease. My Public would not have me stifle the *afflatus* when I am labouring with it, and in the condition of Elihu as described by himself in the 18th and 19th verses of the xxxii. chapter of the book of Job.

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

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

How then shall these Chapters be annominated? Intercalary they shall not. That word will send some of my readers to Johnson's Dictionary for its meaning; and others to Sheridan, or Walker for its pronunciation. Besides, I have a dislike to all mongrel words, and an especial dislike for strange compounds into which a preposition enters. I owe them a grudge. They make one of the main difficulties in Greek and German.

From our own Calendars we cannot borrow an appellation. In the Republican one of our neighbours, when the revolutionary fever was at its height, the supplemental days were called *Sans-culottes*. The Spaniards would call them *Dias Descamisados*. The holders of liberal opinions in England would term them Radical Days. A hint might be taken hence, and we might name them radical chapters, as having the root of the matter in them; — or *ramal*, if there were such a word, upon the analogy of the Branch Bible societies. Or *ramage* as the king of Cockayne hath his Foliage. But they would not be truly and philosophi-

cally designated by these names. They are not branches from the tree of this history, neither are they its leaves; but rather choice garlands suspended there to adorn it on festival days. They may be likened to the waste weirs of a canal, or the safety valves of a steam engine, (my gentle Public would not have me stifle the *afflatus*!) — interludes; — symphonies between the acts; — voluntaries during the service; — resting places on the ascent of a church tower; angular recesses of an old bridge, into which foot passengers may retire from carriages or horsemen; — houses-of-call upon the road; seats by the way side, such as those which were provided by the Man of Ross, or the not less meritorious Woman of Chippenham, Maud Heath of Langley Burrel, — Hospices on the passages of the Alps, — Capes of Good Hope, or Isles of St. Helena, — yea, Islands of Tinian or Juan Fernandez, upon the long voyage whereon we are bound.

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

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

But for a new occasion, a new word or a new composite must be formed. Therefore I will strike one in the mint of analogy, in

* SENECA, Epist. 58.

which alone the king's English must be coined, and call them Interchapters — and thus endeth

INTERCHAPTER I.

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

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

OVID.

CHAPTER IX. P. I.

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

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

NORRIS.

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

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

Patrick*, “that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom.”

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

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

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

To put a boy in the way he should go, is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain; but there are rocks and shallows in her course,

* Fuller has the same remark in his notes on Jonah. “As for cards to play with, let us not wholly condemn them, lest lacing our consciences too straight, we make them to grow awry on the wrong side.” p. 40.

winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and perils of the sea.

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

— *nunquam successu crescat honestum.**

No such disappointment was destined to befall our Daniel. The way in which he trained up his son was that into which the bent of the boy's own nature would have led him; and all circumstances combined to favour the tendency of his education. The country abounding in natural objects of sublimity and beauty (some of these singular in their kind) might have impressed a duller imagination than had fallen to his lot; and that imagination had time enough for its workings during his solitary walks to and from school morning and evening. His home was in a lonely spot; and having neither brother nor sister, nor neighbours near enough in any degree to supply their place as playmates, he became his father's com-

* LUCAN.

panion imperceptibly as he ceased to be his fondling. And the effect was hardly less apparent in Daniel than in the boy. He was no longer the same taciturn person as of yore; it seemed as if his tongue had been loosened, and when the reservoirs of his knowledge were opened they flowed freely.

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

CHAPTER X. P. I.

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

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

DEKKER.

WILLIAM DOVE was Daniel's only surviving brother, seven years his junior. He was

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

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

William Dove's was not a case of fatuity. Though *all* was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half-saved*. Some of his faculties were more than ordinarily acute, but the power of self conduct was entirely wanting in him. Fortunately it was supplied by a sense of entire dependence which produced entire docility. A dog does not obey his master more dutifully than William obeyed his brother; and in

this obedience there was nothing of fear; with all the strength and simplicity of a child's love, it had also the character and merit of a moral attachment.

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

William had a great fondness for his nephew. Let not Protestants suppose that Nepotism is an affection confined to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. In

its excess indeed it is peculiarly a Papal vice,—which is a degree higher than a Cardinal one; but like many other sins it grows out of the corruption of a good feeling. It may be questioned whether fond uncles are not as numerous as unkind ones, notwithstanding our recollections of King Richard and the Children in the Wood. We may use the epithet nepotious for those who carry this fondness to the extent of doting, and as expressing that degree of fondness it may be applied to William Dove: he was a nepotious uncle. The father regarded young Daniel with a deeper and more thoughtful, but not with a fonder affection, not with such a doting attachment. Dinah herself, though a fond as well as careful mother, did not more thoroughly

— delight to hear

Her early child mis-speak half-uttered words;*

and perhaps the boy, so long as he was incapable of distinguishing between their moral qualities, and their relative claims to his respect and love and duty, loved his uncle most of the three. The father had no idle hours; in the intervals when he was not otherwise employed, one of his dear books usually lay open before him, and if he was not feeding upon the page, he was ruminating the food it had afforded him. But William Dove, from the time that his nephew became capable of noticing and returning caresses seemed to have concentrated upon him all his affections. With children affection seldom fails of finding its due return; and if he had not thus won the boy's heart in infancy, he would have secured it in childhood by winning his ear with these marvellous stories. But he possessed another talent which would alone have made him a favourite with children,—the power of imitating animal sounds with singular perfection. A London manager would have paid him well for performing the cock in Hamlet. He could bray in octaves to a nicety, set the geese gabbling by addressing them in their own tongue, and make the turkey-cock spread his fan, brush his wing

* DONNE.

against the ground, and angrily gob-gobble in answer to a gobble of defiance. But he prided himself more upon his success with the owls, as an accomplishment of more difficult attainment. In this Mr. Wordsworth's boy of Winander was not more perfect. Both hands were used as an instrument in producing the notes; and if Pope could have heard the responses which came from barn and doddered oak and ivied crag, he would rather, (satirist as he was,) have left Ralph unsatirised, than have vilified one of the wildest and sweetest of nocturnal sounds.

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

CHAPTER XI. P. I.

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

'Tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom.

BEN JONSON.

READER, you have not forgotten where we are at this time: you remember I trust, that we are neither at Dan nor Beersheba; nor anywhere between those two celebrated places; nor on the way to either of them: but that we are in the Doctor's parlour, that Mrs. Dove has just poured out his seventh cup of tea, and that the clock of St. George's has struck five. In what street, parade, place, square, row, terrace or lane, and in what town, and in what county; and on what day, and in what month, and in what year, will be explained in due time. You cannot but remember what was said in the second

chapter *post initium* concerning the importance and the necessity of order in an undertaking like this. "All things," says Sir Thomas Brown, "began in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order, and mystical mathematics of the City of Heaven:" This awful sentence was uttered by the Philosopher of Norwich upon occasion of a subject less momentous than that whereon we have entered, for what are the mysteries of the *Quincunx* compared to the delineation of a human mind? Be pleased only at present to bear in mind where we are. Place but as much confidence in me as you do in your review, your newspaper, and your apothecary; give me but as much credit as you expect from your tailor; and if your apothecary deserves that confidence as well, it will be well for you, and if your credit is as punctually redeemed, it will be well for your tailor. It is not without cause that I have gone back to the Doctor's childhood and his birth-place. Be thou assured, O Reader! that he never could have been seated thus comfortably in that comfortable parlour where we are now regarding him, — never by possibility could have been at that time in that spot, and in those circumstances; — never could have been the Doctor that he was, — nay, according to all reasonable induction, all tangible or imaginable probabilities, — never would have been a Doctor at all, — consequently thou never couldst have had the happiness of reading this delectable history, nor I the happiness of writing it for thy benefit and information and delight, — had it not been for his father's character, his father's books, his schoolmaster Guy, and his Uncle William, with all whom and which, it was therefore indispensable that thou shouldst be made acquainted.

A metaphysician, or as some of my contemporaries would affect to say a psychologist, if he were at all a master of his art bablative (for it is as much an *ars bablativa* as the law, which was defined to be so by that old traitor and time-server Serjeant Maynard) — a metaphysician I say, would not require more than three such octavo volumes as

those of Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population, to prove that no existing circumstance could at this time be what it is, unless all preceding circumstances had from the beginning of time been precisely what they were. But, my good reader, I have too much respect for you, and too much regard for your precious time, and too much employment, or amusement (which is a very rational kind of employment) for my own, to waste it in demonstrating a truism. No man knows the value of time more feelingly than I do!

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

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

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

Ill fare that reader's heart who of this

book says otherwise! "*Tam suavia dicam facinora, ut malè sit ei qui talibus non delectetur!*" said a very different person from old Higgins, writing in a different vein. I have not read his book, but so far as my own is concerned, I heartily adopt his malediction.

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

I might have told thee, Reader, of Daniel the Grandfather, and of Abigail his second wife, who once tasted tea in the house-keeper's apartments at Skipton Castle; and of the Great Grandfather who at the age of twenty-eight died of the small-pox, and was the last of the family that wore a leathern jerkin; and of his father Daniel the *atavus*, who was the first of the family that shaved, and who went with his own horse and arms to serve in that brave troop, which during the wreck of the King's party the heir of Lowther raised for the loyal cause: and of that Daniel's Grandfather, (the *tritavus*) who going to Kentmere to bring home a

wife was converted from the Popish superstition by falling in with Bernard Gilpin on the way. That apostolic man was so well pleased with his convert, that he gave him his own copy of Latimer's sermons, — that copy which was one of our Daniel's Sunday books, and which was religiously preserved in reverence for this ancestor, and for the Apostle of the North (as Bernard Gilpin was called), whose autograph it contained.

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

CHAPTER XII. P. I.

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

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

It has been the general practice of historians, from the time of Moses, to begin at the beginning of their subject: but as a river may be traced either from its sources or its mouth, so it appears that a history may be composed in the reversed order of its chronology; and a French author of very considerable ability and great learning has actually written a history of the Christian religion from his own times upwards. It forms part of an elaborate and extensive work entitled *Parallele des Religions*, which must have been better known than it appears to be at present if it had not happened to be published in Paris during the most

turbulent year of the Revolution. Perhaps if I had carried back the memoirs of the Dove family, I might have followed his example in choosing the up-hill way, and have proceeded from son to father in the ascending line. But having resolved (whether judiciously or not) not to go farther back in these family records than the year of our Lord 1723, being the year of the Doctor's birth, I shall continue in the usual course, and pursue his history *ab incunabilis* down to that important evening on which we find him now reaching out his hand to take that cup of tea which Mrs. Dove has just creamed and sugared for him. After all the beaten way is usually the best, and always the safest. "He ought to be well mounted," says Aaron Hill, "who is for leaping the hedges of custom." For myself I am not so adventurous a horseman as to take the hazards of a steeple chace.

Proceeding, therefore, after the model of a Tyburn biography, which being an ancient as well as popular form is likely to be the best, — we come after birth and parentage to education. "That the world from Babel was scattered into divers tongues, we need not other proof," says a grave and good author, "than as Diogenes proved that there is motion, — by walking; — so we may see the confusion of languages by our confused speaking. Once all the earth was of one tongue, one speech and one consent; for they all spake in the holy tongue wherein the world was created in the beginning. But *pro peccato dissentionis humanae* (as saith St. Austin,) — for the sin of men disagreeing, — not only different dispositions but also different languages came into the world. — They came to Babel with a disagreeing agreement; and they came away punished with a speechless speech. They disagree among themselves, while every one strives for dominion. They agree against God in their *Nagavad lan Liguda*, — we will make ourselves a rendezvous for idolatry. But they come away speaking to each other, but not understood of each other; and so speak to no more purpose than if they spake not at all. This punishment of theirs at Babel

is like Adam's corruption, hereditary to us; for we never come under the rod at the Grammar School, but we smart for our ancestor's rebellion at Babel."

Light lie the earth upon the bones of Richard Guy, the Schoolmaster of Ingleton! He never consumed birch enough in his vocation to have made a besom; and his ferule was never applied unless when some moral offence called for a chastisement that would be felt. There is a closer connection between good-nature and good sense than is commonly supposed. A sour ill-tempered pedagogue would have driven Daniel through the briars and brambles of the Grammar and foundered him in its sloughs; Guy led him gently along the green-sward. He felt that childhood should not be made altogether a season of painful acquisition, and that the fruits of the sacrifices then made are uncertain as to the account to which they may be turned, and are also liable to the contingencies of life at least, if not otherwise jeopardized. "*Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons le un peu jour de l'Aurore!*" The precept which warmth of imagination inspired in Jean Jacques was impressed upon Guy's practice by gentleness of heart. He never crammed the memory of his pupil with such horrific terms as Prothesis, Aphæresis, Epenthesis, Syncope, Paragoge, and Apocope; never questioned him concerning Appositio, Evocatio, Syllepsis, Prolepsis, Zeugma, Synthesis, Antiptosis, and Synecdoche; never attempted to deter him (as Lily says boys are above all things to be deterred) from those faults which Lily also says, seem almost natural to the English, — the heinous faults of Iotacism, Lambdacism, (which Alcibiades affected,) — Ischnotesism, Traulism and Plateasm. But having grounded him well in the nouns and verbs, and made him understand the concords, he then followed in part the excellent advice of Lily thus given in his address to the Reader:

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII. P. I.

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

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

I AM sometimes inclined to think that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system, than boys at a grammar school. The Pig is allowed to feed upon any kind of offal, however coarse, on which he can thrive, till the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon; and then he is fed daintily. Now it has sometimes appeared to me that in like manner, boys might acquire their first knowledge of Latin from authors very inferior to those which are now used in all schools; provided the matter was unexceptionable and the Latinity good; and that they should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity till they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.

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

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

But though Textor was continually working in claſſical literature with a patience and perseverance which nothing but the delight he experienced in ſuch occupations could have ſuſtained, he was without a particle of claſſical taſte. His taſte was that of the age wherein he flouriſhed, and theſe his Dialogues are Moralities in Latin verſe. The deſigns and thoughts which would have accorded with their language, had they been written either in old French or old English, appear, when preſented in Latinity, which is alway that of a ſcholar, and largely interwoven with ſcraps from familiar claſſics, as ſtrange as Harlequin and Pantaloon would do in heroic coſtume.

Earth opens the firſt of theſe curious compositions with a bitter complaint for the miſfortunes which it is her lot to witneſs. Age (*Ætas*) overhears the lamentation and

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

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

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Si breve tempus abit,

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Si vita caduca recedit ;

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Si cadit hora.

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Dies abeunt,

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Perit Omne,

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Venit Mors,

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset fati meminisse futuri ?

SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset lachrymis consumere vitam ?

TERTIUS MUNDANUS.

Quidnam prodesset tantis incumbere curis ?

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

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

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

and proper abhorrence — as if like poor Thomas Tusser he had suffered under their inhuman discipline.

Horrified at this, Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* advises her to send a Son of Thunder round the world, who should reprove the nations for their sins, and sow the seeds of virtue by his preaching. *Peregrinus* goes upon this mission and returns to give an account of it. Nothing can be worse than the report. As for the Kings of the Earth, it would be dangerous, he says, to say what they were doing. The Popes suffered the ship of Peter to go wherever the winds carried it. Senators were won by intercession or corrupted by gold. Doctors spread their nets in the temples for prey, and Lawyers were dumb unless their tongues were loosened by money. — Had he seen the Italians ? — Italy was full of dissensions, ripe for war, and defiled by its own infamous vice. The Spaniards ? — They were suckled by Pride. The English ? —

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

In short the Missionary concludes that he has found every where an abundant crop of vices, and that all his endeavours to produce amendment have been like ploughing the sea shore. Again afflicted Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* recommends that she should call up Justice and send her abroad with her scourge to repress the wicked. But Justice is found to be so fast asleep that no calling can awaken her. *Mors* then advises her to summon *Veritas* ; alas ! unhappy *Veritas* enters complaining of pains from head to foot and in all the intermediate parts, within and without ; she is dying and entreats that Nature will call some one to confess her. But who shall be applied to ? — Kings ? They will not come. — Nobles ? *Veritas* is a hateful personage to them. — Bishops, or mitred Abbots ? They have no regard for Truth. — Some Saint from the desert ? Nature knows not where to find one ! Poor *Veritas* therefore dies “unhouselled, disappointed, unanealed ;” and forthwith three Demons enter rejoicing that Human Nature is left with none to help her,

and that they are Kings of this world. They call in their Ministers, *Caro* and *Voluptas* and *Vitium*, and send them to do their work among mankind. These successful missionaries return, and relate how well they have sped every where; and the Demons being by this time hungry, after washing in due form, and many ceremonious compliments among themselves, sit down to a repast which their ministers have provided. The bill of fare was one which Beelzebub's Court of Aldermen might have approved. There were the brains of a fat monk,—a roasted Doctor of Divinity who afforded great satisfaction,—a King's sirloin,—some broiled Pope's flesh, and part of a Schoolmaster; the joint is not specified, but I suppose it to have been the rump. Then came a Senator's lights and a Lawyer's tongue.

When they have eaten of these dainties till the distended stomach can hold no more, *Virtus* comes in, and seeing them send off the fragments to their Tartarean den, calls upon mankind to bestow some sustenance upon her, for she is tormented with hunger. The Demons and their ministers insult her and drive her into banishment; they tell Nature that to-morrow the great King of Orcus will come and carry her away in chains; off they go in a dance, and Nature concludes the piece by saying that what they have threatened must happen, unless Justice shall be awakened, *Virtue* fed, and *Veritas* restored to life by the sacred book.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV. P. I.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

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

BEN JONSON.

"THIS account of Textor's Dialogues," says a critical Reader, "might have done very well for the *Retrospective Review*, or one of the *Magazines*, or *D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*. But no one would have looked for it here, where it is completely out of place."

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

"What the Title authorised me to look for."

"Do you know, Sir, what mutton broth means at a city breakfast on the Lord Mayor's Day, mutton broth being the appointed breakfast for that festival? It means according to established usage—by

liberal interpretation—mutton broth and every thing else that can be wished for at a breakfast. So, Sir, you have here not only what the title seems to specify, but every thing else that can be wished for in a book. In treating of the Doctor, it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is the Doctor &c., and that &c., like one of Lyttleton's, implies every thing that can be deduced from the words preceding.

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

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

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

The intellectual education which young Daniel received at home was as much out of

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

CHAPTER XV. P. I.

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

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

"WHAT, SIR," exclaims a Lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and wood-stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full dye, — "what, Sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?" And she casts her eyes complacently toward an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female, some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools have composed for the

laudable purpose of enabling children to understand every thing. — “What, Sir,” she repeats, “are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?”

“Yes, Madam, in very many cases.”

“I should like, Sir, to be instructed why?”

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

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

that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it.

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

“There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered, when they were with most dexterity put aside! Let me tell you a story which the Jesuit Manuel de Vergara used to tell of himself. When he was a little boy he asked a Dominican Friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The Friar not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look round the room, and thinking he had found a safe reply pointed to a kettle on the fire, and said the Commandment meant that he must never put his hand in the pot while it was boiling. The very next day, a loud scream alarmed the family, and behold there was little Manuel running about the room holding up his scalded finger, and exclaiming “Oh dear, oh dear, I’ve committed adultery! I’ve committed adultery! I’ve committed adultery!”

CHAPTER XVI. P. I.

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

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

I ENDED that last chapter with a story, and though “I say it who should not say it,” it is a good story well applied. Of what use a story may be even in the most serious debates may be seen from the circulation of

old Joes in Parliament, which are as current there as their sterling namesakes used to be in the city some threescore years ago. A jest, though it should be as stale as last week's newspaper, and as flat as Lord Flounder's face, is sure to be received with laughter by the Collective Wisdom of the Nation: nay, it is sometimes thrown out like a tub to the whale, or like a trail of carrion to draw off hounds from the scent.

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

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

Had his Lordship perused the evidence which had been laid before the House of Commons when the Bill was brought in, upon which evidence the Bill was founded? Was he aware of the shocking barbarities connected with the trade, and inseparable

from it? Did he know that children inevitably lacerate themselves in learning this dreadful occupation? that they are frequently crippled by it? frequently lose their lives in it by suffocation, or by slow fire? that it induces a peculiar and dreadful disease? that they who survive the accumulated hardships of a childhood during which they are exposed to every kind of misery, and destitute of every kind of comfort, have at the age of seventeen or eighteen to seek their living how they can in some other employment,—for it is only by children that this can be carried on? Did his Lordship know that girls as well as boys are thus abused? that their sufferings begin at the age of six, sometimes a year earlier? finally that they are sold to this worst and most inhuman of all slaveries, and sometimes stolen for the purpose of being sold to it?

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

James Montgomery! these remarks are too late for a place in thy Chimney Sweepers' Friend: but insert them, I pray thee, in thy newspaper, at the request of one who admires and loves thee as a Poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in

spirit at this moment a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good will.

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

INTERCHAPTER II.

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

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

BENEDDETTO VARCHI.

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

And I am the better for having uttered it.

Mahomet begins some of the chapters of the Koran with certain letters of unknown signification, and the commentators say that the meaning of these initials ought not to be inquired. So Gelaeddin says, so sayeth Taleb. And they say truly. Some begin with A. L. M. Some with K. H. I. A. S. ; some with T. H. ;— T. S. M. ;— T. S. or I. S. others with K. M. ;— H. M. A. S. K. ;— N. M. ;— a single *Kaf*, a single *Nun* or

a single *Sad*, and *sad* work would it be either for *Kaffer* or Mussulman to search for meaning where *none* is. Gelaeddin piously remarks that there is only One who knoweth the import of these letters;— I reverence the name which he uses too much to employ it upon this occasion. Mahomet himself tells us that they are the signs of the Book which teacheth the true doctrine,— the Book of the Wise,— the Book of Evidence, the Book of Instruction. When he speaketh thus of the Koran he lieth like an impostor as he is: but what he has said falsely of that false book may be applied truly to this. It is the Book of Instruction inasmuch as every individual reader among the thousands and tens of thousands who peruse it will find something in it which he did not know before. It is the Book of Evidence because of its internal truth. It is the Book of the Wise, because the wiser a man is the more he will delight therein; yea, the delight which he shall take in it will be the measure of his intellectual capacity. And that it teacheth the true doctrine is plain from this circumstance, that I defy the British Critic, the Antijacobin, the Quarterly and the Eclectic Reviews,— ay, and the Evangelical, the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, with the Christian Observer to boot, to detect any one heresy in it. Therefore I say again,

Aballiboozobanganorribo,

and, like Mahomet, I say that it is the Sign of the Book; and therefore it is that I have said it;

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

Happen it may,— for things not less strange have happened, and what has been may be again;— for may be and has been are only tenses of the same verb, and that verb is eternally being declined:— Happen I say it may; and peradventure if it may it must; and certainly if it must it will;— but what with indicatives and subjunctive

tives, presents, præterperfects and paulo-post-futura, the parenthesis is becoming too long for the sentence, and I must begin it again. A prudent author should never exact too much from the breath or the attention of his reader, — to say nothing of the brains.

Happen then it may that this Book may outlive Lord Castlereagh's Peace, Mr. Pitt's reputation (we will throw Mr. Fox's into the bargain); Mr. Locke's Metaphysics, and the Regent's Bridge in St. James's Park. It may outlive the eloquence of Burke, the discoveries of Davy, the poems of Wordsworth, and the victories of Wellington. It may outlive the language in which it is written; and, in heaven knows what year of heaven knows what era, be discovered by some learned inhabitant of that continent which the insects who make coral and madrepora are now, and from the beginning of the world have been, fabricating in the Pacific Ocean. It may be dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred Island of the West, — for I cannot but hope that some reverence will always be attached to this most glorious and most happy island when its power and happiness and glory, like those of Greece, shall have passed away. It may be deciphered and interpreted, and give occasion to a new religion called Doverly or Danielism, which may have its Chapels, Churches, Cathedrals, Abbeys, Priors, Monasteries, Nunneries, Seminaries, Colleges, and Universities; — its Synods, Consistories, Convocations, and Councils; — its Acolytes, Sacristans, Deacons, Priests, Archdeacons, Rural Deans, Chancellors, Prebends, Canons, Deans, Bishops, Archbishops, Prince Bishops, Primate, Patriarchs, Cardinals, and Popes; its most Catholic Kings, and its Kings most Dovish or most Danielish. It may have Commentators and Expounders — (who can doubt that it will have them?) — who will leave unenlightened that which is dark, and darken that which is clear. Various interpretations will be given, and be followed by as many sects. Schisms must ensue; and the tragedies, comedies, and farces, with all

the varieties of tragi-comedy and tragi-farce or farcico-tragedy which have been represented in this old world, be enacted in that younger one. Attack on the one side, defence on the other; high Dovers and low Dovers; Danielites of a thousand unimagined and unimaginable denominations; schisms, heresies, seditions, persecutions, wars, — the dismal game of Puss-catch-corner played by a nation instead of a family of children, and in dreadful earnest, when power, property, and life are to be won and lost!

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

*Il saper troppo qualche volta nuoce.**

"Curiosity," says Fuller, "is a kernel of the Forbidden Fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking."

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVII. P. I.

THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A CATHOLIC TASTE.

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

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

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

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

He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, sally-luns at Bath, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon haddocks at Aberdeen, and drunk punch with beef-steaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a *dejeûner à l'Angloise*.

A good digestion turneth all to health. †

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

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

The reader will not have forgotten, I trust, (but if he should I now remind him of it,) that in the brief inventory of Daniel's library there appeared some odd volumes of that "book full of Pantagruelism," the in-

* BRAUMONT and FLETCHER.

† HERBERT.

estimable life of the Great Gargantua. The elder Daniel could make nothing of this book; and the younger, who was about ten years old when he began to read it, less than he could of the Pilgrim's Progress. But he made out something.

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

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

The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise :

Mr. Wordsworth, in that noble poem, observes,

Oh many are the Poets that are sown
By nature !

Among the emblems of Daniel Heinsius — (look at his head, reader, if thou hast a collection of portraits to refer to, and thou wilt marvel how so queer a conceit should have entered it, for seldom has there been a face more gnarled and knotted with crabbed cogitation than that of this man, who was one of the last of the Giants;) — among his emblems, I say, is one which represents

Cupid sowing a field, and little heads springing out of the ground on all sides, some up to the neck, others to the shoulders, and some with the arms out. If the crop were examined, I agree with Mr. Wordsworth, that poets should be found there as thick as darnel in the corn; — and grave counsellors would not be wanting whose advice would be that they should be weeded out.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII. P. I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ἔὰ δ' ἂν ἐπιμανθῶ — ὑπὸ τοῦ λόγου ἐξανακαζόμενος
ἐπιμανθήσομαι. HERODOTUS.

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

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

On which was written Πηγάρωλ.

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

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

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

received a cut upon the brow, which left a scar as long as he lived.

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

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

CHAPTER XIX. P. I.

A CONVERSATION WITH MISS GRAVEAIRS.

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

BURTON.

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

"But you ought not to write such things, Mr. Author; really you ought not. What can be more unpleasant than to be reading aloud, and come unexpectedly upon something so strange that you know not whether to proceed or make a full stop, nor where to look, nor what to do? It is too bad of you, Sir, let me tell you! and if I come to any thing more of the kind, I must discard the book. It is provoking enough to meet

with so much that one does not understand; but to meet with any thing that one ought not to understand, is worse. Sir, it is not to be forgiven; and I tell you again, that if I meet with any thing more of the same kind, I must discard the book."

"Nay, dear Miss Graveairs!"

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

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

"Well, you are a strange man!"

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

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

"That question, dear Madam, is so sensibly proposed, that I will answer it with all serious sincerity. There is nothing exceptionable in these volumes; 'Certes,' as Euphues Lily has said, 'I think there be more speeches here which for gravity will mislike the foolish, than unseemly terms which for vanity may offend the wise.' There is nothing in them that I might not have read to Queen Elizabeth, if it had been my fortune to have lived in her golden days; nothing that can by possibility taint the imagination, or strengthen one evil propensity, or weaken one virtuous principle. But they are not composed like a forgotten novel of Dr. Towers's, to be read aloud in dissenting families instead of a moral essay, or a sermon; nor like Mr. Kett's Emily, to complete the education of young ladies by supplying them with an abstract of universal knowledge. Neither have they any preten-

sions to be placed on the same shelf with Cælebs. But the book is a moral book; its tendency is good, and the morality is both the wholesomer and pleasanter because it is not administered as physic, but given as food. I don't like morality in doses."

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

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

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

Here, however, the book is, —

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

Ladies and Gentlemen, my gentle Readers, one of our liveliest and most popular old Dramatists knew so well the capricious humour of an audience that he made his Prologue say —

He'd rather dress upon a Triumph-Day
My Lord Mayor's Feast, and make them sauces too,
Sauce for each several mouth; nay further go,
He'd rather build up those invincible Pies
And Castle-Custards that affright all eyes, —
Nay, eat them all and their artillery, —
Than dress for such a curious company,
One single dish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* MIDDLETON and ROWLEY's Spanish Gipsy.

* BEN JONSON.

† BURNS.

"*En un mot; mes amis, je n'ai entrepris de vous contenter tous en général; ainsi uns et autres en particulier, et par spécial, moy-même.*"*

CHAPTER XX. P. I.

HOW TO MAKE GOLD.

*L'Alchimista non travaglia a voto ;
 Ei cerca l'oro, ei cerca l'oro, io dico
 Ch'ei cerca l'oro; e s'ei giungesse in porto
 Fora ben per se stesso e per altrui.
 L'oro e somma posanza infra mortali ;
 Chiedine a Cavalier, chiedine a Dame,
 Chiedine a tutto il Mondo.* CHIABRERA.

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

This book was the Exposition of Eirenaeus Philalthes upon Sir George Ripley's Hermetico-Poetical works. Daniel had formerly set as little value upon it as upon Rabelais. He knew indeed what its purport was; thus much he had gathered from it: but although it professed to contain "the plainest and most excellent discoveries of the most hidden secrets of the Ancient Philosophers that were ever yet published," it was to him as unintelligible as the mysteries of Pantagruelism. He could make nothing of the work that was to ascend in *Bus* and *Nubi* from the Moon up to the Sun, though the Expositor had expounded that this was in *Nubibus*; nor of the Lake which was to be boiled with the ashes of Hermes's Tree, night and day without ceas-

ing, till the Heavenly Nature should ascend and the Earthly descend: nor of the Crow's bill, the White Dove, the Sparkling Cherubim, and the Soul of the Green Lion. But he took those cautions simply and honestly as cautions, which were in fact the lures whereby so many infatuated persons had been drawn on to their own undoing. The author had said that his work was not written for the information of the illiterate, and illiterate Daniel knew himself to be. "Our writings," says the dark Expositor, "shall prove as a curious edged knife; to some they shall carve out dainties, and to others it shall serve only to cut their fingers. Yet we are not to be blamed; for we do seriously profess to any that shall attempt the work, that he attempts the highest piece of philosophy that is in Nature; and though we write in English, yet our matter will be as hard as Greek to some, who will think they understand us well, when they misconstrue our meaning most perversely; for is it imaginable that they who are fools in Nature should be wise in our Books, which are testimonies unto Nature?" And again, "Make sure of thy true matter, which is no small thing to know; and though we have named it, yet we have done it so cunningly, that thou mayest sooner stumble at our Books than at any thou ever didst read in thy life.—Be not deceived either with receipt or discourse; for we verily do not intend to deceive you; but if you will be deceived, be deceived!—Our way, which is an easy way, and in which no man may err,—our broad way, our *linear* way, we have vowed never to reveal it but in metaphor. I, being moved with pity, will hint it to you. Take that which is not yet perfect, nor yet wholly imperfect, but in a way to perfection, and out of it make what is most noble and most perfect. This you may conceive to be an easier receipt than to take that which is already perfect, and extract out of it what is imperfect and make it perfect, and after out of that perfection to draw a *plusquam* perfection; and yet this is true, and we have wrought it. But this last discovery, which I hinted in few words, is it which no man

* PASQUIER.

ever did so plainly lay open; nor may any make it more plain upon pain of an anathema."

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

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

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

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

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

Surlly. If I should?

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

Surlly. That cannot be.

The egg's ordained by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentiâ*.

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

Mammon. And that
Our art doth further.

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

Surlly. Ay, what is that?

Subtle. Marry we say—
Mammon. Ay, now it heats; stand, father;
Pound him to dust.

Subtle. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which congregate
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,

But common to all metals and all stones;
For where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone;
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engendered;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female in all metals.
Some so believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these too
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence than nature doth in earth.

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

"Father," said the boy Daniel one day, after listening to a conversation upon this subject, "I should like to learn to make gold."

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

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

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

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

No, boy, thou canst never be as rich as the

King, nor as great as the Squire; but thou mayest be a Philosopher, and that is being as happy as either."

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

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"But what does a Philosopher do?" rejoined the boy. "The Squire hunts and shoots and smokes, and drinks punch and goes to Justice-Meetings. And the King goes to fight for us against the French, and governs the Parliament, and makes laws. But I cannot tell what a Philosopher's business is. Do they do any thing else besides making Almanacks and gold?"

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

"And what do they read there?"

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

CHAPTER XXI. P. I.

A DOUBT CONCERNING THE USES OF PHILOSOPHY.

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

PROVERBIOS DEL MARQUES DE SANTILLANA.

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

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

"What I have read at the end of the Dictionary, Father. There was one Philosopher that was pounded in a mortar."

"That, Daniel," said the Father, "could

neither have been the Philosopher's fault nor his choice."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They sent him off to Bedlam, I suppose," said the Mother, "it was the fit place for him, poor creature."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXII. P. I.

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.

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

T'ANSILLO.

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

"My son, many things appear strange or silly in themselves if they are presented to us simply, without any notice when and where they were done, and upon what occa-

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

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

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

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

"But let us look in the Bible: — aye, this is the place.

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

"Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from

care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtil, spirits.

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

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

“For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Now for the philosophy which relates to knowledge. Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing when we look around us in this wonderful world to understand something of what we see: to know something of the earth on

which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made: to comprehend the motions of the moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons: to observe the laws which sustain the universe by keeping all things in their courses: to search into the mysteries of nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shown us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

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

“These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in charity with his neighbours, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he who possesses both that is the true Philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing; and yet the farther he advances in knowledge the better he understands how little he can attain, and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of an immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy.”

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

“My son, if thou wilt receive my words,—

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

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

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

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

“For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

“He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

"He keepeth the paths of judgement and preserveth the way of his Saints.

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

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

"Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee,

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXIII. P. I.

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS.

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

* * * *

*Y para el vulgo rudo, que ignorante
abhorrece el manjar costoso, guisa
el plato del gracioso extravagante;*

*Con que les hartas de contento y risa,
gustando de mirar sayal grossero,
mas que sutil y candida camisa.*

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENIA.

WERE it not for that happy facility with which the mind in such cases commonly satisfies itself, my readers would find it not

more easy to place themselves in imagination at Ingleton a hundred years ago, than at Thebes or Athens, so strange must it appear to them, that a family should have existed, in humble but easy circumstances, among whose articles of consumption neither tea nor sugar had a place, who never raised potatoes in their garden, nor saw them at their table, and who never wore a cotton garment of any kind.

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

That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days, as being the home and head quarters of Rowland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or Puppet-show-master-general, of the North; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel, whom the Spectator has immortalised.

My readers must not form their notion of Rowland Dixon's company from the ambulatory puppet-shows which of late years have added new sights and sounds to the

* I am not sure whether *man* is left out advisedly, but I suspect it is.

spectacles and cries of London. Far be it from me to depreciate those peripatetic street exhibitions, which you may have before your window at a call, and by which the hearts of so many children are continually delighted: Nay, I confess that few things in that great city carry so much comfort to the cockles of my own, as the well-known voice of Punch;

— the same which in my school-boy days
I listened to, —

as Wordsworth says of the Cuckoo,

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

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

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

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

But the Rowlandian, Dixonian, or Ingletonian puppets were large as life; and required for their removal a caravan — (in the use to which that word is now appropriated), — a vehicle of such magnitude and questionable shape, that if Don Quixote had encountered its like upon the highway, he would have regarded it as the most formidable adventure which had ever been presented to his valour. And they went as

far beyond our street-puppets in the sphere of their subjects as they exceeded them in size; for in that sphere *quicquid agunt homines* was included, — and a great deal more.

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

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate,

may be imagined from a play-bill of Queen Anne's reign, in which one of them is thus advertised:

“At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little Opera, called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's flood. Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in

a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the Sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels, ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch, and Sir John Spendall."

I have not found it any where stated at what time these irreverent representations were discontinued in England, nor whether (which is not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then Archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks, and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for Saints and Images as for the great object of Romish Idolatry. These, probably, will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the Sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Dalilah elipt him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "hazy weather, master Noah," having been preserved by

tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupæ gesticulantes*, which may be found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum Latina*, edited by Mr. Popham.

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

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

A tragic part was assigned to Punch in one of Rowland Dixon's pieces, and that one of the most popular, being the celebrated tragedy of Jane Shore. The Beadle in this piece, after proclaiming in obvious and opprobrious rhyme the offence which had drawn upon Mistress Shore this public punishment, prohibited all persons from relieving her on pain of death, and turned her out, according to the common story, to die of hunger in the streets. The only person who ventured to disobey this prohibition was Punch the Baker; and the reader may judge of the dialogue of these

pieces by this Baker's words, when he stole behind her, and nudging her furtively, while he spake, offered her a loaf, saying, "*Tak it Jenny, tak it!*" for which act so little consonant with his general character, Punch died a martyr to humanity by the hangman's hands.

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

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

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

"I believe it would, indeed!" said the Boy; "and then to see MORS and NATURA; and have DAMNATUS called up; and the Three Cacodæmons at supper upon the sirloin of a King, and the roasted Doctor of

Divinity, and the cruel Schoolmaster's rump! Would not it be nice, Mr. Guy?"

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXIV. P. I.

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

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

QUARLES.

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

speciali gratiâ, and in a way that rather enhanced that dignity than derogated from it.

A performer of a very different kind used in those days to visit Ingleton in his rounds, where his arrival was always expected by some of the community with great anxiety. This was a certain Dr. Green, who having been regularly educated for the profession of medicine, and regularly graduated in it, chose to practise as an itinerant, and take the field with a Merry Andrew for his aide-de-camp. He was of a respectable and wealthy family in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, which neighbourhood on their account he never approached in his professional circuits, though for himself he was far from being ashamed of the character that he had assumed. The course which he had taken had been deliberately chosen, with the twofold object of gratifying his own humour, and making a fortune; and in the remoter as well as in the immediate purpose, he succeeded to his heart's content.

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

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

He is indeed a fortunate man who, if he *must* have a hobby-horse, which is the same as saying if he *will* have one, keeps it not merely for pleasure, but for use, breaks it in well, has it entirely under command, and gets as much work out of it as he could have done out of a common roadster. Dr. Green did this; he had not taken to this strange course because he was impatient of the restraints of society, but because he fancied that his constitution both of body and of mind required an erratic life; and that, within certain bounds which he prescribed for himself, he might indulge in it, both to his own advantage, and that of the community,—that part of the community at least among whom it would be his lot to labour. Our

laws had provided itinerant Courts of Justice for the people. Our church had formerly provided itinerant preachers; and after the Reformation, when the Mendicant Orders were abolished by whom this service used to be performed, such preachers have never failed to appear during the prevalence of any religious influenza. Dr. Green thought that itinerant physicians were wanted; and that if practitioners regularly educated and well qualified would condescend to such a course, the poor ignorant people would no longer be cheated by travelling quacks, and sometimes poisoned by them!

One of the most reprehensible arts to which the Reformers resorted in their hatred of popery, was that of adapting vulgar verses to church tunes, and thus associating with ludicrous images, or with something worse, melodies which had formerly been held sacred. It is related of Whitefield that he, making a better use of the same device, fitted hymns to certain popular airs, because, he said, "there was no reason why the Devil should keep all the good tunes to himself." Green acted upon a similar principle when he took the field as a Physician Errant, with his man Kemp, like another Sancho for his Squire. But the Doctor was no Quixote; and his Merry Andrew had all Sancho's shrewdness, without any alloy of his simplicity.

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

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

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

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

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

The nature of Flowers dame Physic doth shew ;
She teacheth them all to be known to a few .

Elsewhere he observes that

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

In a comedy of Lord Digby's, written more than a hundred years after Tusser's didactics, one of the scenes is laid in a lady's laboratory, "with a fountain in it, some stills, and many shelves, with pots of porcelain and glasses;" and when the lady wishes to keep her attendant out of the way, she sends her there, saying

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

And Tusser among "the Points of Housewifery united to the Comfort of Husbandry," includes good housewifely physic, as inculcated in these rhymes ;

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

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

The receipts collected in this and other books for domestic practice are some of them so hyper-composite that even Tusser's garden could hardly supply all the indigenous ingredients ; others are of the most fantastic kind, and for the most part they were as troublesome in preparation, and many of them as disgusting, as they were futile. That "Sovereign Water" which was invented by Dr. Stephens, was composed of almost all known spices, and all savoury and odorous herbs, distilled in claret. With this Dr. Stephens "preserved his own life until such extreme old age that he could neither go nor ride ; and he did continue his life, being bed-rid five years, when other

physicians did judge he could not live one year; and he confessed a little before his death, that if he were sick at any time, he never used any thing but this water only. And also the Archbishop of Canterbury used it, and found such goodness in it that he lived till he was not able to drink out of a cup, but sucked his drink through a hollow pipe of silver."

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

For consumption, there were pills in which powder of pearls, of white amber and of coral, were the potential ingredients; there was cockwater, the cock being to be chased and beaten before he was killed, or else plucked alive! and there was a special water procured by distillation, from a peck of garden shell-snails and a quart of earth worms, besides other things; this was prescribed not for consumption alone, but for dropsy and all obstructions. For all faintness, hot agues, heavy fantasies and imaginations, a cordial was prepared in tabulates, which were called *Manus Christi*: the true receipt required one ounce of prepared pearls to twelve of fine sugar, boiled with rose water, violet water, cinnamon water, "or howsoever one would have them." But apothecaries seldom used more than a drachm of pearls to a pound of sugar, because men would not go to the cost thereof; and the *Manus Christi simplex* was made without

any pearl at all. For broken bones, bones out of joint, or any grief in the bones or sinews, oil of swallows* was pronounced exceeding sovereign, and this was to be procured by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar with about as many different herbs! A mole, male or female according to the sex of the patient, was to be dried in an oven whole as taken out of the earth, and administered in powder for the falling evil. A grey eel with a white belly was to be closed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dunghill, and at the end of a fortnight its oil might be collected to "help hearing." A mixture of rose leaves and pigeon's dung quilted in a bag, and laid hot upon the parts affected, was thought to help a stitch in the side; and for a quinsy, "give the party to drink," says Markham, "the herb mouse-ear, steep in ale or beer; and look when you see a swine rub himself, and there upon the same place rub a slick-stone, and then with it slick all the swelling, and it will cure it."

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

A water specially good against gravel or dropsy might be distilled from the dried and pulverised blood of a black buck or he-goat, three or four years old. The animal was to be kept by himself, in the summer time when the sun was in Leo, and dieted for three weeks upon certain herbs given in prescribed order, and to drink nothing but red wine, if you would have the best preparation, though some persons allowed him his

* I have known it used in the present century. The Old Doctor who used it, — Blacksmith, Farrier, Phlebotomist, and Tooth-drawer combined, — is now consigned to his resting place, — ætat. 81.

fill of water every third day. But there was a water of man's blood which in Queen Elizabeth's days was a new invention, "whereof some princes had very great estimation, and used it for to remain thereby in their force, and, as they thought, to live long." A strong man was to be chosen, in his flourishing youth, and of twenty-five years, and somewhat choleric by nature. He was to be well dieted for one month with light and healthy meats, and with all kinds of spices, and with good strong wine, and moreover to be kept with mirth; at the month's end veins in both arms were to be opened, and as much blood to be let out as he could "tolerate and abide." One handful of salt was to be added to six pounds of this blood, and this was to be seven times distilled, pouring the water upon the residuum after every distillation, till the last. This was to be taken three or four times a year, an ounce at a time. One has sight of a theory here; the life was thought to be in the blood, and to be made transferable when thus extracted.

Richard Brathwait, more famous since Mr. Haslewood has identified him with Drunken Barnaby, than as author of "the English Gentleman and the English Gentlewoman, presented to present times for ornaments, and commended to posterity for precedents," says of this Gentlewoman, "herbals she peruseth, which she seconds with conference; and by degrees so improves her knowledge, as her cautelous care perfits many a dangerous cure." But herbals were not better guides than the medical books of which specimens have just been set before the reader, except that they did not lead the practitioner so widely and perilously astray. "Had Solomon," says the author of Adam in Eden, and the Paradise of Plants, "that great proficient in all sublunary experiments, preserved those many volumes that he wrote in this kind, for the instruction of future ages, so great was that spaciousness of mind that God had bestowed on him, that he had immediately under the Deity been the greatest of Doctors for the preservation of mankind: but with the loss of his books

so much lamented by the Rabbins and others, the best part of this herbarary art hath since groaned under the defects of many unworthy authors, and still remains under divers clouds and imperfections." This writer, "the ingeniously learned and excellent Herbarist Mr. William Coles," professing as near as possible to acquaint all sorts of people with the very pith and marrow of herbarism, arranges his work according to the anatomical application of plants, "appropriating," says he, "to every part of the body, (from the crown of the head, with which I begin, and proceed till I come to the sole of the foot,) such herbs and plants whose grand uses and virtues do most specifically, and by signature thereunto belong, not only for strengthening the same, but also for curing the evil effects whereunto they are subjected:"—the signatures being, as it were, the books out of which the ancients first learned the virtues of herbs; Nature, or rather the God of Nature, having stamped on divers of them legible characters to discover their uses, though he hath left others without any, "that after he had showed them the way, they, by their labour and industry, which renders every thing more acceptable, might find out the rest." It was an opinion often expressed by a physician of great and deserved celebrity, that in course of time specifics would be discovered for every malady to which the human frame is liable. He never supposed, (though few men have ever been more sanguine in their hopes and expectations,) that life was thus to be indefinitely prolonged, and that it would be man's own fault, or his own choice, if he did not live for ever; but he thought that when we should thus have been taught to subdue those diseases which cut our life short, we should, like the Patriarchs, live out the number of our days, and then fall asleep,—Man being by this physical redemption restored to his original corporeal state.

Then shall like four straight pillars, the four Elements
Support the godly structure of Mortality:
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,

Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew :
 No sickness of contagion, no grim death,
 Or deprivation of health's real blessings,
 Shall then affright the creature, built by Heaven,
 Reserved for immortality.*

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

Some specific remedies being known to exist, it is indeed reasonable to suppose that others will be found. Old theorists went farther ; and in a world which everywhere bears such undeniable evidences of design in every thing, few theories should seem more likely to be favourably received than the one which supposed that every healing plant bears, in some part of its structure, the type or signature of its peculiar virtues : now this could in no other way be so obviously marked, as by a resemblance to that part of the human frame for which its remedial uses were intended. There is a fable, indeed, which says that he who may be so fortunate as to taste the blood of a certain unknown animal, would be enabled thereby to hear the voice of plants and understand their speech ; and if he were on a mountain at sunrise, he might hear the herbs which grow there, when freshened with the dews of night they open themselves to the beams of the morning, return thanks to the Creator for the virtues with which he has indued them, each specifying what those virtues were, *le quali veramente son tante e tali che beati i pastori che quelle capessero*. A botanical writer who flourished a little before the theory of signatures was started complains that herbal medicine had fallen into disuse ; he says, *antequam chemia patrum nostrorum memoriâ orbi restitueretur, contenti vivebant oî τῶν ἰατρῶν κομφοὶ καὶ χαρίεστατοι pharmacis ex vegetabilium regno accersitis parum solliciti de Solis sulphure et oleo, de Lunæ sale et essentiâ, de Saturni saccharo, de Martis tincturâ et croco, de vitriolo Veneris, de Mercurio præcipitato, et Antimonii floribus, de*

*Sulphuris spiritu et Tartari crystallis: nihilominus masculè debellabant morbos, et tutè et jucundè. Nunc sæculi nostri infelicitas est, quod vegetabilibus contemptim habitis, plerique nihil aliud spirant præter metallica ista, et extis parata horribilia secreta.** The new theory came in timely aid of the Galenists ; it connected their practice with a doctrine hardly less mysterious than those of the Paracelsists, but more plausible because it seemed immediately intelligible, and had a natural religious feeling to strengthen and support it.

The Author of Adam in Eden refers to Oswald Crollius, as "the great discoverer of signatures," and no doubt has drawn from him most of his remarks upon this theory of physical correspondence. The resemblance is in some cases very obvious ; but in many more the Swedenborgian correspondences are not more fantastic ; and where the resemblances exist the inference is purely theoretical.

Walnuts are said to have the perfect signature of the head ; the outer husks or green covering represents the *pericranium*, or outward skin of the skull, whereon the hair groweth, — and therefore salt made of those husks is exceeding good for wounds in the head. The inner woody shell hath the signature of the skull, and the little yellow skin or peel, that of the *dura* and *pia mater* which are the thin scarfs that envelope the brain. The kernel hath "the very figure of the brain, and therefore it is very profitable for the brain and resists poisons." So too the Piony, being not yet blown, was thought to have "some signature and proportion with the head of man, having sutures and little veins dispersed up and down, like unto those which environ the brain : when the flowers blow they open an outward little skin representing the skull : " the piony, therefore, besides its other virtues was very available against the falling sickness. Poppy heads with their crowns somewhat represent the head and brain, and

* FORD.

* PETRI LAUREMBERGII *Rostochiensis Horticultura*. — Præloquium, p. 10.

therefore decoctions of them were used with good success in several diseases of the head. And Lilies of the Valley, which in Coles's days grew plentifully upon Hampstead-heath, were known by signature to cure the apoplexy; "for as that disease is caused by the dropping of humours into the principal ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lilly hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use herein."

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

When the mistresses of families grounded their practice of physic upon such systems of herbarry, or took it from books which contained prescriptions like those before adduced, (few being either more simple or more rational,) Dr. Green might well argue

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

Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose,
And what gave thee that jolly red Nose?
Cinnamon and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

A few years later, "Langham, an Irish footman of this Lord, upon the sickness of the Lady Catherine, this Lord's wife, carried a letter from Callowdon to old Dr. Fryer, a physician dwelling in Little Britain in London; and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor for the recovery of her health, a journey of an

hundred and forty-eight miles performed by him in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's and apothecary's houses, which no one horse could have so well and safely performed." No doubt it was for the safer conveyance of the bottle, that a footman was sent on this special errand, for which the historian of that noble family adds, "the lady shall after give him a new suit of cloaths."

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

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

At the time to which this chapter refers, Dr. Green was in his meridian career, and enjoyed the highest reputation throughout the sphere of his itinerancy. Ingleton lay in his rounds, and whenever he came there he used to send for the schoolmaster to pass the evening with him. He was always glad if he could find an opportunity also of conversing with the elder Daniel, as the Flossofer of those parts. William Dove could have communicated to him more curious things relating to his own art; but William kept out of the presence of strangers, and had happily no ailments to make him seek the Doctor's advice; his occasional indispositions were but slight, and he treated them in his own way. That way was sometimes merely superstitious, sometimes it was whimsical, and sometimes rough. If his charms failed when he tried them upon himself, it was not for want of faith. When at any time it happened that one of his eyes was blood-shot, he went forthwith in search of some urchin whose mother, either for laziness, or in the belief that it was wholesome to have it in that state, allowed his ragged head to serve as a free warren for certain "small deer." One of these hexapeds William secured, and "using him as if he loved him," put it into his eye; when according to William's account the insect fed upon what it found, cleared the eye, and disappearing he knew not where or how, never was seen more.

His remedy for the cholic was a pebble posset; white pebbles were preferred, and of these what was deemed a reasonable quantity was taken in some sort of milk porridge. Upon the same theory he sometimes swallowed a pebble large enough as he said to clear all before it; and for that purpose they have been administered of larger calibre than any bolus that ever came

from the hands of the most merciless apothecary, as large indeed sometimes as a common sized walnut. Does the reader hesitate at believing this of an ignorant man, living in a remote part of the country? Well might William Dove be excused, for a generation later than his John Wesley prescribed, in his *Primitive Physic*, quicksilver to be taken ounce by ounce, to the amount of one, two, or three pounds, till the desired effect was produced. And a generation earlier, Richard Baxter of happy memory and unhappy digestion, having read in Dr. Gerhard "the admirable effects of the swallowing of a gold bullet upon his father," in a case which Baxter supposed to be like his own, got a gold bullet of between twenty and thirty shillings weight, and swallowed it. "Having taken it," says he, "I knew not how to be delivered of it again. I took clysters and purges for about three weeks, but nothing stirred it; and a gentleman having done the like, the bullet never came from him till he died, and it was cut out. But at last my neighbours set a day apart to fast and pray for me, and I was freed from my danger in the beginning of that day!"

CHAPTER XXV. P. I.

Hiatus valde lacrymabilis.

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

I MUST pass over fourteen years, for were I to pursue the history of our young Daniel's boyhood and adolescence into all the ramifications which a faithful biography requires, fourteen volumes would not contain it. They would be worth reading, for that costs little; they would be worth writing, though that costs much. They would deserve the best embellishments that the pencil and the graver could produce. The most poetical of artists would be worthily employed in designing the sentimental and melancholy

scenes; Cruikshank for the grotesque; Wilkie and Richter for the comic and serio-comic; Turner for the actual scenery; Bewick for the head and tail pieces. They ought to be written; they ought to be read. They should be written — and then they would be read. But time is wanting:

*Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni!*

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

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

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

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

Not the man who is shaving himself.

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

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

* Cowley's *Davidels*, book i. vol. i. p. 302., and note p. 364. The Latin version is in vol. ii. p. 513.

"Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an *eternal now* does always last."

It is needless to add that the term originated with the Schoolmen.

Not the wise and the good.

Not those who are in sickness or in sorrow.

Not I.

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

CHAPTER XXVI. P. I.

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

Je ne veux dissimuler, amy Lecteur, que je n'aye bien préveu, et me tiens pour dûëment adverty, que ne puis eviter la reprehension d'aucuns, et les calomnies de plusieurs, ausquels cest écrit désplaira du tout.

CHRISTOFLE DE HERICOURT.

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

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

Some of my readers, and especially those who pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, or their success in it, will think it strange, perhaps, that the elder Daniel, when he resolved to make a scholar of his son, did not determine upon breeding him either to the Church or the Law, in either of which

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

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

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

My Lord! put not the book aside in displeasure! (I address myself to whatever Bishop may be reading it.) Unbiased I will not call myself, for I am a true and

orthodox churchman, and have the interests of the Church zealously at heart, because I believe and know them to be essentially and inseparably connected with those of the commonwealth. But I have been an attentive observer, and as such, request a hearing. Receive my remarks as coming from one whose principles are in entire accord with your Lordship's, whose wishes have the same scope and purport, and who, while he offers his honest opinion, submits it with proper humility to your judgment.

The founders of the English Church did not intend that the sermon should invariably form a part of the Sunday services.* It became so in condescension to the Puritans, of whom it has long been the fashion to speak with respect, instead of holding them up to the contempt and infamy and abhorrence which they have so richly merited. They have been extolled by their descendants and successors as models of patriotism and piety; and the success with which this delusion has been practised is one of the most remarkable examples of what may be effected by dint of effrontery and persevering falsehood.

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

The general standard of the Clergy has undoubtedly been very much raised since the days when they were not allowed to preach without a licence for that purpose from the Ordinary. Nevertheless it is certain that many persons who are in other, and more material respects well, or even excellently, qualified for the ministerial functions, may be wanting in the qualifications for a preacher. A man may possess great learning, sound principles and good sense, and yet be without the talent of arranging and expressing his thoughts well in a written discourse: he may want the power of fixing the attention, or reaching the

hearts of his hearers; and in that case the discourse, as some old writer has said in serious jest, which was designed for edification turns to *tedification*. The evil was less in Addison's days, when he who distrusted his own abilities availed himself of the compositions of some approved Divine, and was not disparaged in the opinion of his congregation by taking a printed volume into the pulpit. This is no longer practised; but instead of this, which secured wholesome instruction to the people, sermons are manufactured for sale, and sold in manuscript, or printed in a cursive type imitating manuscript. The articles which are prepared for such a market are, for the most part, copied from obscure books, with more or less alteration of language, and generally for the worse; and so far as they are drawn from such sources they are not likely to contain any thing exceptionable on the score of doctrine: but the best authors will not be resorted to, for fear of discovery, and therefore when these are used, the congregation lose as much in point of instruction, as he who uses them ought to lose in self-esteem.

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

Nor when they contain nothing that is actually erroneous, but are merely unimproving, are they in that case altogether harmless. They are not harmless if they are felt to be tedious. They are not harmless if they torpify the understanding: a chill that begins there may extend to the vital regions. Bishop Taylor (the great

* Selden's words are not to be readily forgotten. "Preaching, for the most part, is the glory of the Preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechising would do much better." TABLE TALK.

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

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

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

ness that sometimes leads me to exchange congregational for solitary worship."

The saintly Herbert says,

"Judge not the Preacher, for he is thy Judge;
If thou mislike him thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

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

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

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

It happened also that of the few clergy within the very narrow circle in which Daniel moved, some were in no good repute for their conduct, and none displayed either that zeal in the discharge of their pastoral functions, or that earnestness and ability in performing the service of the Church, which

are necessary for commanding the respect and securing the affections of the parishioners. The clerical profession had never presented itself to him in its best, which is really its true light; and for that cause he would never have thought of it for the boy, even if the means of putting him forward in this path had been easier and more obvious than they were. And for the dissenting ministry, Daniel liked not the name of a Nonconformist. The Puritans had left behind them an ill savour in his part of the country, as they had done every where else; and the extravagances of the primitive Quakers, which during his childhood were fresh in remembrance, had not yet been forgotten.

It was well remembered in those parts that the Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, through the malignity of some of his puritanical parishioners, had been taken out of his bed—from his wife who was then big with child—and hurried away to Lancaster jail, where he was imprisoned three years for no other offence than that of fidelity to his Church and his King. And that the man who was a chief instigator of this persecution, and had enriched himself by the spoil of his neighbour's goods, though he flourished for awhile, bought a field and built a fine house, came to poverty at last, and died in prison, having for some time received his daily food there from the table of one of this very Vicar's sons. It was well remembered also that, in a parish of the adjoining county-palatine, the puritanical party had set fire in the night to the Rector's barns, stable, and parsonage; and that he and his wife and children had only as it were by miracle escaped from the flames.

William Dove had also among his traditional stores some stories of a stranger kind concerning the Quakers, these parts of the North having been a great scene of their vagaries in their early days. He used to relate how one of them went into the church at Brough, during the reign of the Puritans, with a white sheet about his body, and a rope about his neck, to prophesy before the people and their Whig Priest (as he called

him) that the surplice which was then prohibited should again come into use, and that the Gallows should have its due! And how when their ringleader, George Fox, was put in prison at Carlisle, the wife of Justice Benson would eat no meat unless she partook it with him at the bars of his dungeon, declaring she was moved to do this; wherefore it was supposed he had bewitched her. And not without reason; for when this old George went, as he often did, into the Church to disturb the people, and they thrust him out, and fell upon him and beat him, sparing neither sticks nor stones if they came to hand, he was presently, for all that they had done to him, as sound and as fresh as if nothing had touched him; and when they tried to kill him, they could not take away his life! And how this old George rode a great black horse, upon which he was seen in the course of the same hour at two places, threescore miles distant from each other! And how some of the women who followed this old George used to strip off all their clothes, and in that plight go into the church at service time on the Sunday, to bear testimony against the pomps and vanities of the world; "and to be sure," said William, "they must have been witched, or they never would have done this." "Lord deliver us!" said Dinah, "to be sure they must!"—"To be sure they must, Lord bless us all!" said Haggy.

CHAPTER XXVII. P. I.

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

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

AMONG the people who were converted to the Christian faith during the sixth century

were two tribes or nations called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it had been better if they had been left unconverted; for they have multiplied prodigiously among us, so that between the Lazy Christians and the Zany ones, Christianity has grievously suffered.

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

What Daniel saw of the Lazi, and what he heard of the Zani, prevented him from ever forming a wish to educate his son for a North country cure, which would have been all the preferment that lay within his view. And yet, if any person to whose judgment he deferred, had reminded him

that Bishop Latimer had risen from as humble an origin, it might have awakened in him a feeling of ambition for the boy, not inconsistent with his own philosophy.

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

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

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

—— "all impudence and tongue"

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

Justice was a Cheese-monger, a mere cheese-monger,
Weighed nothing to the world but mites and maggots
And a main stink; Law, like a horse-courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbards,
And pampered up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame and founder'd.†

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

* LORD BROOKE.

† WOMEN PLEASED.

Men of that large profession that can speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law !
That with most quick agility can turn
And re-return ; can make knots and undo them,
Give forked counsel, take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up. These men
He knew would thrive ; — *

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

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PETER HOPKINS. EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE. DESCRIPTION OF HIS DWELLING-HOUSE.

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

PETER HOPKINS was a person who might have suffered death by the laws of Solon, if that code had been established in this country ; for though he lived in the reigns of George I. and George II., he was neither Whig nor Tory, Hanoverian nor Jacobite. When he drank the King's health with any of his neighbours, he never troubled himself with considering which King was intended, nor to which side of the water their good wishes were directed. Under George or Charles he would have been the same quiet subject, never busying himself with a thought about political matters, and having no other wish concerning them than that they might remain as they were,—so far he

was a Hanoverian, and no farther. There was something of the same temper in his religion ; he was a sincere Christian, and had he been born to attendance at the Mass or the Meeting House would have been equally sincere in his attachment to either of those extremes : for his whole mind was in his profession. He was learned in its history ; fond of its theories ; and skilful in its practice, in which he trusted little to theory and much to experience.

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

Hopkins lived next door to the Mansion House, which edifice was begun a few years after Daniel went to live with him. There is a view of the Mansion House in Dr. Miller's History of Doncaster, and in that print the dwelling in question is included. It had undergone no other alteration at the time this view was taken than that of having had its casements replaced by sash windows, an improvement which had been made by our Doctor, when the frame-work of the casements had become incapable of repair. The gilt pestle and mortar also had been removed from its place above the door. Internally the change had been greater ; for the same business not being continued there after the Doctor's decease, the shop had been converted into a sitting room, and the very odour of medicine had passed away. But I will not allow myself to dwell upon this melancholy subject. The world is full of mutations ; and there is hardly any that does not bring with it some regret at the time, — and alas, more in the retrospect ! I have lived to see the American Colonies separated from Great Britain, the Kingdom of Poland extinguished, the Republic of Venice destroyed, its territory seized by one Usurper, delivered over in exchange to another, and the transfer sanctioned and con-

* BEN JONSON.

firmed by all the Powers of Europe in Congress assembled! I have seen Heaven knows how many little Principalities and States, proud of their independence, and happy in the privileges connected with it, swallowed up by the Austrian or the Prussian Eagle, or thrown to the Belgic Lion, as his share in the division of the spoils. I have seen constitutions spring up like mushroom and kicked down as easily. I have seen the rise and fall of Napoleon.

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

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

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

This unfortunate chimney, being in the

* HABBINGTON.

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

CHAPTER XXIX. P. I.

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

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

BISHOP HACKETT.

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

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

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

— must nombre al the hole circumstaunce
Of hys matter with brevycacion,

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

That he walke not by longe continuance
The perambulate way,

* HAWE'S "Pastime of Pleasure."

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

Τὸν μὴ λίγοντα τῶν δεόντων μηδὲ ἐν
Μακρῶν νόμιζε, κἄν δὲ εἴπη συλλαβὰς.
Τὸν δ' εὖ λίγοντα, μὴ νόμιζε' εἶναι μακρῶν,
Μηδ' ἂν σφόδρ' εἴπη πολλὰ, καὶ πολλὸν χρόνον.*

My good Readers will remember that, as was duly noticed in our first chapter P I. the clock of St. George's had just struck five, when Mrs. Dove was pouring out the seventh cup of tea for her husband, and when our history opens. I have some observations to make concerning both the tea and the tea service, which will clear the Doctor from any imputation of intemperance in his use of that most pleasant, salu-tiferous and domesticising beverage: but it would disturb the method of my narration were they to be introduced in this place. Here I have something to relate about the Clock. Some forty or fifty years ago a Butcher, being one of the Churchwardens of the year, and fancying himself in that capacity invested with full power to alter and improve any thing in or about the Church, thought proper to change the position of the clock, and, accordingly, had it removed to the highest part of the tower, immediately under the battlements. Much beautiful Gothic work was cut away to make room for the three dials, which he placed on three sides of this fine tower; and when he was asked what had induced him thus doubly to disfigure the edifice, by mis-placing the dials, and destroying so much of the ornamental part, the great and greasy killeow answered that by fixing the dials so high, he could now stand at his own shop-door and see what it was o'clock! That convenience this arrant churchwarden had

the satisfaction of enjoying for several years, there being no authority that could call him to account for the insolent mischief he had done. But Archdeacon Markham (to his praise be it spoken), at the end of the last century, prevailed on the then church-wardens to remove two of the dials, and restore the architectural ornaments which had been defaced.

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

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

* "The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man."

Young's *Night Thoughts*. Night I.

* PHILEMON.

CHAPTER XXX. P. I.

THE OLD BELLS RUNG TO A NEW TUNE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

I cannot but admit that these appellations are not so stately in appearance as those of the peal which the Bishop of Chalons recently baptized, and called a "happy and holy family" in the edifying discourse that he delivered upon the occasion. The first of these was called Marie, to which—or to whom—the Duke and Duchess of Danderville (so the newspapers give this name) stood sponsors. "It is you, Marie," said the Bishop, "who will have the honour to announce the festivals, and proclaim the glory of the Lord! You appear among us under the most happy auspices, presented by those respectable and illustrious hands to which the practices of piety have been so long familiar. And you, Anne," he pursued, addressing the second bell,— "an object worthy of the zeal and piety of our first magistrate (the Prefect), and of her who so nobly shares his solicitude,—you shall be charged with the same employment. Your voice shall be joined to Marie's upon important occasions. Ah! what touching lessons will you not give in imitation of her whose name you bear, and whom we reverence as the purest of Virgins! You, also, Deodate, will take part in this concert, you whom an angel, a new-born infant, has conjointly with me consecrated to the Lord! Speak, Deodate! and let us hear your marvellous accents." This Angel and Godmother, in whose name the third bell was given, was Mademoiselle Deodate Boisset, then in the second month of her age, daughter of Viscount Boisset. "And you, Stephanie, crowned with glory," continued the orator, in learned allusion to the Greek word *στέφανος*, "you are not less worthy to mingle your accents with the melody of your sisters. And you, lastly, Seraphine and Pudentienne, you will raise your voices in this touching concert, happy all of you in having been presented to the benedictions of the Church, by these noble and generous souls, so praiseworthy for the liveliness of their faith, and the holiness of their example." And then the Bishop concluded by calling upon the congregation to join with him in prayer that the Almighty

would be pleased to preserve from all accidents this "happy and holy family of the bells."

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

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

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

In spite of this christening, the object of Dr. Tresham's admiration is as decidedly a Tom-Bell as the Puss in Boots who appeared at a Masquerade (Theodore Hook remembers when and where) was a Tom Cat. Often as the said Tom-Bell has been mentioned, there is but one other anecdote recorded of him; it occurred on Thursday the thirteenth day of March, 1806, and was thus described in a letter written two hours after the event:—"An odd thing happened to-day, about half-past four, Tom suddenly went mad; he began striking as fast as he could about twenty times. Every body went out doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the Dean was dead, or the College on fire. However, nothing was the matter but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels: in other words, something had happened to the works, but it was not

of any serious consequence, for he has struck six as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night as well as he did before the attack."

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

But I return to a subject, which would have interested him in his antiquarian pursuits,—for he loved to wander among the Ruins of Time. We will return therefore to that ceremony of christening Church Bells, which, with other practices of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, has been revived in France.

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

Nothing can be more candid! Bells are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the Priest undertakes to remove. There was however a previous ceremony of blessing the furnace when the bells were cast within the precincts of a monastery, as they most frequently were in former times, and this may have been intended for the prevention of such defects. The Brethren stood round the furnace ranged in proces-

sional order, sang the 150th Psalm, and then after certain prayers blessed the molten metal, and called upon the Lord to infuse into it his grace and overshadow it with his power, for the honour of the Saint to whom the bell was to be dedicated and whose name it was to bear.

When the time of christening came, the officiating Priest and his assistant named every bell five times, as a sort of prelude, for some unexplained reason which may perhaps be as significant and mystical as the other parts of the ceremony. He then blessed the water in two vessels which were prepared for the service. Dipping a clean linen cloth in one of these vessels, he washed the bell within and without, the bell being suspended over a vessel wider in circumference than the bell's mouth, in order that no drop of the water employed in this washing might fall to the ground; for the water was holy. Certain psalms were said or sung (they were the 96th and the four last in the psalter) during this part of the ceremony and while the officiating Priest prepared the water in the second vessel: this he did by sprinkling salt in it, and putting holy oil upon it, either with his thumb, or with a stick; if the thumb were used, it was to be cleaned immediately by rubbing it well with salt over the same water. Then he dipt another clean cloth in this oiled and salted water, and again washed the bell within and without: after the service the cloths were burnt lest they should be profaned by other uses. The bell was then authentically named. Then it was anointed with chrism in the form of a cross four times on the broadest part of the outside, thrice on the smaller part, and four times on the inside, those parts being anointed with most care against which the clapper was to strike. After this the name was again given. Myrrh and frankincense were then brought, the bell was incensed while part of a psalm was recited, and the bell was authentically named a third time; after which the priest carefully wiped the chrism from the bell with tow, and the tow was immediately burnt in the censer. Next the Priest struck each

bell thrice with its clapper, and named it again at every stroke; every one of the assistants in like manner struck it and named it once. The bells were then carefully covered each with a cloth and immediately hoisted that they might not be contaminated by any irreverent touch. The Priest concluded by explaining to the congregation, if he thought proper, the reason for this ceremony of christening the bells, which was that they might act as preservatives against thunder and lightning, and hail and wind, and storms of every kind, and moreover that they might drive away evil Spirits. To these and their other virtues the Bishop of Chalons alluded in his late truly Gallican and Roman Catholic discourse. "The Bells," said he, "placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform heaven of the necessities of the earth."

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

Bim 1st. — Canning O'Connel.

Bim 2d. — Plunkett Shiel.

Bim 3d. — Augustus Frederick Cobbett.

Bim 4th. —	Williams Wynn Burdett Waithman.
Bim 5th. —	Grenville Wood.
Bim 6th. —	Palmerston Hume.
Bon —	Lawless Brougham.
Bell —	Lord King, <i>per se</i> ;

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

None but himself can be his parallel ;

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

CHAPTER XXXI. P. I.

MORE CONCERNING BELLS.

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

HERBERT.

THERE are more mysteries in a peal of bells than were touched upon by the Bishop of Chalons in his sermon. There are plain bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob-majors, and grandsire-bob-cators, and there is a Bob-maximus. Who Bob was, and whether he were Bob Major, or Major Bob, that is whether Major were his name or his rank, and if his rank, to what service he belonged, are questions which inexorable Oblivion will not answer, however earnestly adjured. And there is no Witch of Endor who will call up Bob from the grave to answer them himself. But there are facts in the history of bell-ringing which Oblivion has not yet made her own, and one of them is that the greatest performance ever completed by one person in the world was that of Mr. Samuel Thurston at

the New Theatre Public House in the City of Norwich, on Saturday evening, July 1, 1809, when he struck all these intricate short peals, the first four upon a set of eight musical hand-bells, the last on a peal of ten.

But a performance upon hand-bells when compared to bell-ringing is even less than a review in comparison with a battle. Strength of arm as well as skill is required for managing a bell-rope. Samuel Thurston's peal of plain bob-triples was "nobly brought round" in two minutes and three quarters, and his grandsire-bob-cators were as nobly finished in five minutes and fourteen seconds. The reader shall now see what real bell-ringing is.

The year 1796 was remarkable for the performance of great exploits in this manly and English art, — for to England the art is said to be peculiar, the cheerful carrillons of the continent being played by keys. In that year, and in the month of August, the Westmoreland youths rang a complete peal of 5040 grandsire-triples in St. Mary's Church, Kendal, being the whole number of changes on seven bells. The peal was divided into ten parts, or courses of 504 each; the bobs were called by the sixth, a lead single was made in the middle of the peal, and another at the conclusion, which brought the bells home. Distinct leads and exact divisions were observed throughout the whole, and the performance was completed in three hours and twenty minutes. A like performance took place in the same month at Kidderminster in three hours and fourteen minutes. Stephen Hill composed and called the peal, it was conducted through with one single, which was brought to the 4984th change, viz. 1,267,453. This was allowed by those who were conversant in the art to exceed any peal ever yet rung in this kingdom by that method.

Paulo majora canamus. The Society of Cambridge youths that same year rang, in the Church of St. Mary the Great, a true and complete peal of Bob-maximus in five hours and five minutes. This consisted of 6600 changes, and for regularity of striking and harmony throughout the peal was

allowed by competent judges to be a very masterly performance. In point of time the striking was to such a nicety that in each thousand changes the time did not vary one sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the last thousand was exactly equal to the first.

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

In that same year died Mr. Patrick, the celebrated composer of church-bell music, and senior of the Society of Cumberland Youths, — an Hibernian sort of distinction for one in middle or later life. He is the same person whose name was well known in the scientific world as a maker of barometers; and he it was who composed the whole peal of Stedman's triples, 5040 changes, (which his obituarist says had till then been deemed impracticable, and for the discovery of which he received a premium of 50*l.* offered for that purpose by the Norwich amateurs of the art,) "his productions of real double and treble bob-royal being a standing monument of his unparalleled and superlative merits." This Mr. Patrick was interred on the afternoon of Sunday, June 26, in the churchyard of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; the corpse was followed to the grave by all the Ringing Societies in London and its environs, each sounding hand-bells with muffled clappers, the church bells at the same time ringing a dead peal :

Ὡς οὖν ἀμφοτέρων τῶν Πατρῶν βοῆς ἠκούσθη.

James Ogden was interred with honours of the same kind at Ashton-under-Line, in

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXXII. P. I.

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

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

BALBUENA.

THE subject of these memoirs heard the bells of St. George's ring for the battles of Dettinard and Culloden; for Commodore Anson's return and Admiral Hawke's victory; for the conquest of Quebec; for other victories, important in their day, though in the retro-

* Some readers may not be displeased with these old lines.

TINTINNABULUM SONAT !
Laudo Deum Verum, plebem voco, congreo clerum ;
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

spect they may seem to have produced little effect; and for more than one Peace; for the going out of the Old Style, and for the coming in of the New; for the accession, marriage, and coronation of George III.; for the birth of George IV.; and that of all his royal brethren and sisters; — and what was to him a subject of nearer and dearer interest than any of these events, — for his own wedding.

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

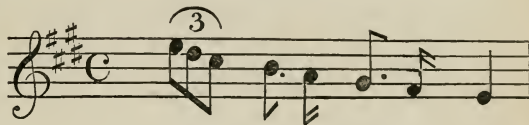
So did a certain Father Confessor in the Netherlands, whom a buxom widow consulted upon the perilous question whether she should marry a second husband, or continue in widowed blessedness. The prudent Priest deemed it too delicate a point for him to decide; so he directed her to attend to the bells of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

What said the Bells of Doncaster to our dear Doctor on that happy morning which made him a whole man by uniting to him the rib that he till then had wanted? They said

to him as distinctly as they spoke to Whittington, and to the Flemish Widow, —

Daniel Dove brings Deborah home.

Daniel Dove brings Deborah home.



Daniel Dove brings Deborah home.

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

Reader, you may skip this preliminary account if you please, but it will be to your loss if you do! You perhaps may be one of those persons who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and neither make inquiry concerning, nor take notice of, any thing on the way; but, thank Heaven, I cannot pass through Doncaster in any such mood of mind. If, however, thou belongest to a better class, then may I promise that in what is here to follow thou wilt find something to recompense thee for the little time thou wilt employ in reading it, were that time more than it will be, or more valuable than it is. For I shall assuredly either tell thee of something which thou didst not know before

(and let me observe by the bye that I never obtained any information of any kind which did not on some occasion or other prove available) — or I shall waken up to pleasurable consciousness thy napping knowledge. Snuff the candles therefore, if it be candle-light, and they require it (I hope, for thine eyes' sake, thou art not reading by a lamp!) — stir the fire, if it be winter, and it be prudent to refresh it with the poker; and then comfortably begin a new chapter :

*Faciam ut hujus loci semper meminervis.**

CHAPTER XXXIII. P. I.

DONCASTRIANA. THE RIVER DON.

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

How would it have astonished Peter Hopkins if some one gifted with the faculty of second-sight had foretold to him that, at the sale of Pews in a new Church at Doncaster, eighteen of those Pews should produce upwards of sixteen hundred pounds, and that one of them should be bought at the price of £138,—a sum for which, in his days, lands enough might have been purchased to have qualified three men as Yorkshire Freeholders! How would it have surprised him to have been told that Doncaster races would become the greatest meeting in the North of England; that Princes would attend them, and more money would annually be won and lost there than might in old times have sufficed for a King's ransom! But the Doncaster of George the Fourth's reign is not more like the Doncaster of George the Second's, than George the Fourth himself, in manners, habit, character, and person is like his royal Great Grandfather;—not more like than to the Doncaster of the United States, if such a place there be there; or

to the Doncaster that may be in New South Wales, Van Diemen's or Swan-river-land. It was a place of considerable importance when young Daniel first became an inhabitant of it; but it was very far from having attained all the advantages arising from its well-endowed corporation, its race-ground, and its position on the great north road.

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

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

* TERENCE

But the Yorkshire Don might be liked also for its own sake. Hear how its course is described in old prose and older verse ! "The River Don or Dun," says Dodsworth in his Yorkshire collections, "riseth in the upper part of Pennystone parish, near Lady's Cross — (which may be called our Apennines, because the rain-water that falleth sheddeth from sea to sea) — cometh to Birchworth, so to Pennystone, thence to Boleterstone by Medop, leaveth Wharnclyffe Chase (stored with roebucks, which are decayed since the great frost) on the north (belonging to Sir Francis Wortley, where he hath great iron-works. The said Wharnclyffe affordeth two hundred dozen of coal for ever to his said works. In this Chase he had red and fallow deer and roes), and leaveth Bethuns, a Chase and Tower of the Earl of Salop, on the south side. By Wortley to Waddsey, where in times past Everingham of Stainber had a park, now disparked ; thence to Sheffield, and washeth the castle wall ; keepeth its course to Attercliffe, where is an iron forge of the Earl of Salop ; from thence to Winkebank, Kymberworth and Eccles, where it entertaineth the Rother ; cometh presently to Rotherham, thence to Aldwark Hall, the Fitzwilliams' ancient possession ; then to Thriberg Park, the seat of Reresbyes Knights ; then to Mexborough, where hath been a Castle ; then to Conisborough Park and Castle of the Earls of Warrens, where there is a place called Horsas Tomb ; from thence to Sprotebrough, the ancient seat of the famous family of Fitzwilliam, who have flourished since the Conquest ; thence by Newton to Donceastre, Wheatley, and Kirk Sandal, to Barnby-Dunn ; by Bramwith and Stainforth to Fishlake ; thence to Turnbrig, a port town serving indifferently for all the west parts, where he pays his tribute to the Ayre."

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

Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do bound my
south
And offerest up thy stream to mighty Humber's mouth ;

Of yew and climbing elm that crown'd with many a spray,
From thy clear fountain first thro' many a mead dost play,
Till Rother, whence the name of Rotherham first begun,
At that her christened town doth lose her in my Don ;
Which proud of her recourse, towards Donceastre doth
drive,

Her great and chiefest town, the name that doth derive
From Don's near bordering banks ; when holding on her
race,

She, danceling in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
Whose bravery hourly adds new honors to her bank :
When Sherwood sends her in slow Idle that, made rank
With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such abundance
flows,

As that her battenning breast her fallings sooner feeds,
And with more lavish waste than oft the grazier needs ;
Whose soil, as some reports, that be her borderers, note,
With water under earth undoubtedly doth float,
For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
High, while the floods are high, and when they fall again,
It falleth : but at last when as my lively Don
Along by Marshland side her lusty course hath run,
The little wandering Trent, won by the loud report
Of the magnific state and height of Humber's court,
Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire.

Seldon's rich commentary does not extend to that part of the Polyolbion in which these lines occur, but a comment upon the supposed rising and falling of the Marshland with the waters is supplied by Camden. "The Don," he says, after it has passed Hatfield Chase, "divides itself, one stream running towards the river Idel, which comes out of Nottinghamshire, the other towards the river Aire ; in both which they continue till they meet again, and fall into the Æstuary of Humber. Within the island, or that piece of ground encompassed by the branches of these two rivers, are Dikemarsh, and Marshland, fenny tracts, or rather river-islands, about fifteen miles round, which produce a very green rank grass, and are as it were set round with little villages. Some of the inhabitants imagine the whole island floats upon the water ; and that sometimes when the waters are increased 'tis raised higher ; just like what Pomponius Mela tells us of the Isle of Autrum in Gaul." Upon this passage Bishop Gibson remarks, "As to what our author observes of the ground being heaved up, Dr. Johnston affirms he has spoke with several old men, who told him that the turf-moor between Thorne and Gowle was so much higher before the draining, especially in winter time, than it is now, that before they could see little of the church

steeple, whereas now they can see the church-yard wall."

The poet might linger willingly with Ebenezer Elliott and

— rock, vale and wood, —

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

but we must proceed with good matter-of-fact prose.

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

Many vestiges of former cultivation were discovered when this cut was made, — such (according to Gibson's information) as gates, ladders, hammers, and shoes. The land was observed in some places to lie in ridges and furrows, as if it had been ploughed ; and oaks and fir trees were frequently dug up, some of which were found lying along, with

their roots still fastened ; others, as if cut or burnt, and severed from the ground. Roots were long to be seen in the great cut, some very large and standing upright, others with an inclination toward the east.

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

CHAPTER XXXIV. P. I.

MORAL INTEREST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS. LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Let none our Author rudely blame
Who from the story has thus long digrest ;
But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

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

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

He could not only find

— tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing, — *

but endeavoured to find all he could in them, and for that reason delighted to inquire into the history of places and of things, and to understand their past as well as their present state. The revolutions of a mansion house within his circuit were as interesting to him as those of the Mogul Empire ; and he had as much satisfaction in being acquainted with the windings of a brook from its springs

* SHAKESPEARE.

to the place where it fell into the Don, as he could have felt in knowing that the sources of the Nile had been explored, or the course and termination of the Niger.

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

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

Hear, hear, oh hear!

Udite —

Fiumi correnti, e rive, —

*E voi — fontane vive! **

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

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

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

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

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

* GIUSTO DE' CONTE.

knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gypsies, tinkers, and potters.

The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove in the highest degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have found out a bump on his head for its local habitation;—letting that quackery pass, it is enough for me to know that he derived this feeling from his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by inheritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt upon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye whose domains extend over more square miles than there were square roods upon his patrimony! To have held that little patrimony unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest of your genealogies!

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

Next to that wild river Wease whose visible course was as delightful to the eye and ear, as its subterranean one was to the imagination, he loved the Don. He was not one of those refined persons who like to lessen their admiration of one object by comparing it with another. It entered as little into his mind to depreciate the Don because it was not a mountain stream, as it did into Corporal Trim's or Uncle Toby's to think the worse of Bohemia because it has no sea coast. What if it had no falls, no rapids or resting-places, no basins whose pellucid water might tempt Diana and the Oreades to bathe in it; instead of these the

Don had beauties of its own, and utilities which give to such beauties when combined with them an additional charm. There was not a more pleasing object in the landscape to his eyes than the broad sail of a barge slowly moving between the trees, and bearing into the interior of England the produce of the Baltic, and of the East and West.

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

And wherefore did he thus like Doncaster? For a better reason than the epigrammatist could give for not liking Dr. Fell, though perhaps many persons have no better than that epigrammatist had in this case, for most of their likings and dislikings. He liked it because he must have been a very unreasonable man if he had not been thankful that his lot had fallen there—because he was useful and respected there, contented, prosperous, happy; finally because it is a very likeable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England: for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well-built, well-governed, has no manufactures, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling, than perhaps any other town in the kingdom, and moreover it sends no members to parliament.

INTERCHAPTER III.

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

Ha forse

Testa la p-le, ove si chiuda in vece

Di senso, altro che nebbia? o forma voce

Chi sta più saggia, che un bebi d'armento?

CHIABRERA.

“WHAT a kind of Being is circumstance!”

says Horace Walpole in his atrocious tragedy of the Mysterious Mother.—A very odd kind of Being indeed. In the course of my reading I remember but three Beings equally remarkable, — as personified in prose and verse. Social-Tie was one; Catastrophe another; and Inoculation, heavenly Maid! the third.

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

The old and famous illustration of Hermes may be in part applied to the Public; it is a circle of which the centre is every where: in part I say, for its circumference is defined. It is bounded by language, and has many intercircles. It is indeed a confused multiplicity of circles intersecting each other, perpetually in motion and in change. Every man is the centre of some circle, and yet involved in others; he who is not sometimes made giddy by their movements, has a strong head; and he who is not sometimes thrown off his balance by them, stands well upon his legs.

Again, the Public is like a nest of patent coffins packed for exportation, one within another. There are Publics of all sizes, from the *genus generalissimum*, the great general universal Public, whom London is

not large enough to hold, to the *species specialissima*, the little Thinking Public, which may find room in a nutshell.

There is the fashionable Public, and the Religious Public, and the Play-going Public, and the Sporting Public, and the Commercial Public, and the Literary Public, and the Reading Public, and heaven knows how many Publics more. They call themselves Worlds sometimes, — as if a certain number of worldlings made a World!

He who pays his homage to any or all of these Publics, is a Publican and a Sinner.

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

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

CHAPTER XXXV. P. I.

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

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

CHAUCCER.

DONCASTER is built upon a peninsula, or ridge of land, about a mile across, having a gentle slope from east to west, and bounded on the west by the river; this ridge is composed of three strata, to wit,—of the alluvial soil deposited by the river in former ages, and of limestone on the north and west; and of sandstone to the south and east. To the south of this neck of land lies a tract called Potteric Carr, which is much below the level of the river, and was a morass, or range of fens, when our Doctor first took up his abode in Doncaster. This tract extends about four miles in length and nearly three in breadth, and the security which it afforded against an attack on that side, while the river protected the peninsula by its

** SENeca, 2, 79.

semicircular bend on the other, was evidently one reason why the Romans fixed upon the site of Doncaster for a station. In Brockett's Glossary of North-Country words, Carr is interpreted to mean "flat marshy land; a pool or lake;" but the etymology of the word is yet to be discovered.

These fens were drained and enclosed pursuant to an act of Parliament which was obtained for that purpose in the year 1766. Three principal drains were then cut, fourteen feet wide, and about four miles long, into which the water was conducted from every part of the Carr, southward, to the little river Torne, at Rossington Bridge, whence it flows into the Trent. Before these drainings the ground was liable to frequent inundations, and about the centre there was a decoy for wild ducks: there is still a deep water there of considerable extent, in which very large pike and eels are found. The soil, which was so boggy at first that horses were lost when attempting to drink at the drains, has been brought into good cultivation (as all such ground may be) to the great improvement of the district; for till this improvement was effected intermittent fevers and sore throats were prevalent there, and they have ceased from the time that the land was drained. The most unhealthy season now is the Spring, when cold winds from the North and North East usually prevail during some six weeks; at other times Doncaster is considered to be a healthy place. It has been observed that when epidemic diseases arrive there, they uniformly come from the south; and that the state of the weather may be foretold from a knowledge of what it has been at a given time in London, making an allowance of about three days, for the chance of winds. Here, as in all places which lie upon a great and frequented road, the transmission of diseases has been greatly facilitated by the increase of travelling.

But before we leave Potteric Carr, let us try, reader, whether we cannot improve it in another way, that is, in the dissenting and so-called evangelical sense of the word, in which sense the battle of Trafalgar was im-

proved, in a sermon by the Reverend John Evans. Gentle Reader, let you and I in like manner endeavour to improve this enclosure of the Carr.

Four thousand acres of bog whereof that Carr consisted, and upon which common sand, coal ashes, and the scrapings of a limestone road were found the best manure, produce now good crops of grain, and excellent pasturage.

There are said to be in England and Wales at this time 3,984,000 acres of uncultivated but cultivable ground; 5,950,000 in Scotland; 4,900,000 in Ireland; 166,000 in the smaller British Islands. Crags, woods, and barren land are not included in this statement. Here are 15,000,000 acres, the worst of which is as good as the morass which has been reclaimed near Doncaster, and the far greater part very materially better.

I address myself now to any one of my readers who pays poor rates; but more especially to him who has any part in the disposal of those rates; and most especially to a clergyman, a magistrate, and a member of Parliament.

The money which is annually raised for poor-rates in England and Wales has for some years amounted to from five to six millions. With all this expenditure cases are continually occurring of death from starvation, either of hunger or cold, or both together; wretches are carried before the magistrates for the offence of lying in the streets or in unfinished houses, when they have not where to hide their heads; others have been found dead by the side of limekilns, or brickkilns, whither they had crept to save themselves from perishing for cold; and untold numbers die of the diseases produced by scanty and unwholesome food.

This money, moreover, is for the most part so applied, that they who have a rightful claim upon it, receive less than in justice, in humanity, and according to the intent of a law wisely and humanely enacted, ought to be their portion; while they who have only a legal claim upon it, that claim arising from an evil usage which has become pre-

scriptive, receive pay, where justice, policy, and considerate humanity, and these very laws themselves, if rightly administered, would award restraint or punishment.

Thus it is in those parts of the United Kingdom, where a provision for the poor is directly raised by law. In Scotland the proportion of paupers is little less, and the evils attendant upon poverty are felt in an equal or nearly equal degree. In Ireland they exist to a far greater extent, and may truly be called terrible.

Is it fitting that this should be while there are fifteen millions of cultivable acres lying waste? Is it possible to conceive grosser improvidence in a nation, grosser folly, grosser ignorance of its duty and interest, or grosser neglect of both, than are manifested in the continuance and growth and increase of this enormous evil, when the means of checking it are so obvious, and that too by a process in which every step must produce direct and tangible good?

But while the Government is doing those things which it ought not to have done, and leaves undone those which it ought to do, let Parishes and Corporations do what is in their power for themselves. And bestir yourselves in this good work, ye who can! The supineness of the Government is no excuse for you. It is in the exertions of individuals that all national reformation must begin. Go to work cautiously, experimentally, patiently, charitably, and in faith! I am neither so enthusiastic as to suppose, nor so rash as to assert, that a cure may thus be found for the complicated evils arising from the condition of the labouring classes. But it is one of those remedial means by which much misery may be relieved, and much of that profligacy that arises from hopeless wretchedness be prevented. It is one of those means from which present relief may be obtained, and future good expected. It is the readiest way in which useful employment can be provided for the industrious poor. And if the land so appropriated should produce nothing more than is required for the support of those employed in cultivating it, and who

must otherwise be partly or wholly supported by the poor-rates, such cultivation would, even then, be profitable to the public. Wherever there is heath, moor or fen,—which there is in every part of the Island,—there is work for the spade; employment and subsistence for man is to be found there, and room for him to encrease and multiply for generations.

Reader, if you doubt that bog and bad land may be profitably cultivated, go and look at Potteric Carr, (the members of both Houses who attend Doncaster Races, may spare an hour for this at the next meeting). If you desire to know in what manner the poor who are now helpless may be settled upon such land, so as immediately to earn their own maintenance, and in a short time to repay the first cost of their establishment, read the account of the Pauper Colonies in Holland; for there the experiment has been tried, and we have the benefit of their experience.

As for the whole race of Political Economists, our Malthusites, Benthamites, Utilitarians or Futilitarians, they are to the Government of this Country such counsellors as the magicians were to Pharaoh; whosoever listens to them has his heart hardened.—But they are no conjurors.

CHAPTER XXXVI. P. I.

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

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

EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE Poet Crabbe has said that there subsists an utter repugnancy between the studies of topography and poetry. He must have intended by topography, when he said so,

the mere definition of boundaries and specification of land-marks, such as are given in the advertisement of an estate for sale; and boys in certain parts of the country are taught to bear in mind by a remembrance in tail when the bounds of a parish are walked by the local authorities. Such topography indeed bears as little relation to poetry as a map or chart to a picture.

But if he had any wider meaning, it is evident, by the number of topographical poems, good, bad and indifferent, with which our language abounds, that Mr. Crabbe's predecessors in verse, and his contemporaries also, have differed greatly from him in opinion upon this point. The Polyolbion, notwithstanding its common-place personifications and its inartificial transitions, which are as abrupt as those in the Metamorphoses and the Fasti, and not so graceful, is nevertheless a work as much to be valued by the students and lovers of English literature, as by the writers of local history. Drayton himself, whose great talents were deservedly esteemed by the ablest of his contemporaries in the richest age of English poetry, thought he could not be more worthily employed than in what he calls the Herculean task of this topographical poem; and in that belief he was encouraged by his friend and commentator Selden, to whose name the epithet of learned was in old times always and deservedly affixed. With how becoming a sense of its dignity and variety the Poet entered upon his subject, these lines may shew :

Thou powerful God of flames, in verse divinely great,
Touch my invention so with thy true genuine heat,
That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;
But as my subject serves so high or low to strain,
And to the varying earth so suit my varying strain,
That Nature in my work thou mayest thy power avow;
That as thou first found'st art, and didst her rules allow,
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best in imitating thee.
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood.
These things so in my song I naturally may show
Now as the mountain high, then as the valley low;
Here fruitful as the mead; there as the heath be bare,
Then as the gloomy wood I may be rough, tho' rare.

I would not say of this Poet, as Kirkpatrick says of him, that when he

— his Albion sung

With their own praise the echoing vallies rung;
His bounding Muse o'er every mountain rode,
And every river warbled where he flowed;

but I may say that if instead of sending his Muse to ride over the mountains, and resting contented with her report, he had ridden or walked over them himself, his poem would better have deserved that praise for accuracy which has been bestowed upon it by critics who had themselves no knowledge which could enable them to say whether it were accurate or not. Camden was more diligent; he visited some of the remotest counties of which he wrote.

This is not said with any intention of detracting from Michael Drayton's fame: the most elaborate criticism could neither raise him above the station which he holds in English literature, nor degrade him from it. He is extolled not beyond the just measure of his deserts in his epitaph, which has been variously ascribed to Ben Jonson, to Randolph, and to Quarles, but with most probability to the former, who knew and admired and loved him.

He was a poet by nature, and carefully improved his talent; — one who sedulously laboured to deserve the approbation of such as were capable of appreciating, and cared nothing for the censures which others might pass upon him. "Like me that list," he says,

— my honest rhymes,

Nor care for critics, nor regard the times.

And though he is not a poet *virum volitare per ora*, nor one of those whose better fortune it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers, yet what he deemed his greatest work will be preserved by its subject; some of his minor poems have merit enough in their execution to ensure their preservation, and no one who studies poetry as an art will think his time mis-spent in perusing the whole, — if he have any real love for the art which he is pursuing. The youth who enters upon that pursuit without a feeling of respect and gratitude for those elder poets, who by their labours have prepared the way for him, is not likely to

produce any thing himself that will be held in remembrance by posterity.

CHAPTER XXXVII. P. I.

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

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

THERE was a Poet who wrote a descriptive poem, and then took a journey to see the scenes which he had described. Better late than never, he thought ; and thought wisely in so thinking. Drayton was not likely to have acted thus upon after consideration, if in the first conception of his subject he did not feel sufficient ardour for such an undertaking. It would have required indeed a spirit of enterprise as unusual in those days as it is ordinary now. Many a long day's ride must he have taken over rough roads, and in wild countries ; and many a weary step would it have cost him, and many a poor lodging must he have put up with at night, where he would have found poor fare, if not cold comfort. So he thought it enough, in many if not most parts, to travel by the map, and believed himself to have been sufficiently "punctual and exact in giving unto every province its peculiar bounds, in laying out their several landmarks, tracing the course of most of the principal rivers, and setting forth the situation and estate of the chiefest towns."

Peter Heylyn, who speaks thus of his own exactness in a work partaking enough of the same nature as the Poly-olbion to be remembered here, though it be in prose and upon a wider subject, tells a humorous

anecdote of himself, in the preface to his *Cosmography*. "He that shall think this work imperfect," says he, "(though I confess it to be nothing but imperfections) for some deficiencies of this kind, may be likened to the country fellow, (in Aristophanes, if my memory fail not), who picked a great quarrel with the map because he could not find where his own farm stood. And such a country customer I did meet with once, a servant of my elder brother, sent by him with some horses to Oxford, to bring me and a friend of mine unto his house ; who having lost his way as we passed through the forest of Whichwood, and not being able to recover any beaten track, did very earnestly entreat me to lead the way, till I had brought him past the woods to the open fields. Which when I had refused to do, as I had good reason, alledging that I had never been there before, and therefore that I could not tell which way to lead him ; 'that's strange!' said he ; 'I have heard my old master, your father, say that you made a book of all the world ; and cannot you find your way out of the wood ?'"

Peter Heylyn was one who fell on evil times, and on whom, in consequence, evil tongues have fallen. But he was an able, honest, brave man, who "stood to his tackling when he was tasted." And if thou hast not read his *Survey of the State of France*, Reader, thou hast not read one of our liveliest books of travels in its lighter parts ; and one of the wisest and most replete with information that ever was written by a young man.

His more learned contemporary Lightfoot, who steered a safer but not so straight a course, met with an adventure not unlike that of Heylyn's in the forest ; but the application which in the cosmographer's case was ridiculously made by an ignorant and simple man, was in this instance self-originated.

Lightfoot had promised to set forth as an accompaniment to his *Harmony of the Evangelists*, "A chorographical description of the land of Canaan, and those adjoining places, that we have occasion to look upon

as we read the Gospels."—"I went on in that work," he says, "a good while, and that with much cheerfulness and content! for methought a Talmudical survey and history of the land of Canaan, (not omitting collections to be taken up out of the Scripture, and other writers,) as it would be new and rare, so it might not prove unwelcome nor unprofitable to those that delighted in such a subject."—It cost him as much pains to give the description as it would have done to travel thither; but says one of his Editors, "the unhappy chance that hindered the publishing this elaborate piece of his, which he had brought to pretty good perfection, was the edition of Doctor Fuller's Pisgah Sight; great pity it was that so good a book should have done so much harm; for that book, handling the same matters and preventing his, stopped his resolution of letting his labours on that subject see the light. Though he went a way altogether different from Dr. Fuller; and so both might have shown their face together in the world; and the younger sister, if we may make comparisons, might have proved the fairer of the two."

It is pleasant to see how liberally and equitably both Lightfoot and Fuller speak upon this matter;—"But at last, says the former, I understood that another workman, a far better artist than myself, had the description of the Land of Israel, not only in hand, but even in the press; and was so far got before me in that travel that he was almost at his journey's end, when I was but little more than setting out. It was grievous to me to have lost my labour, if I should now sit down; and yet I thought it wisdom not to lose more in proceeding farther, when one on the same subject, and of far more abilities in it, had got the start so far before me.

"And although I supposed, and at last was assured, even by that Author himself (my very learned and worthy friend) that we should not thrust nor hinder one another any whit at all, though we both went at once in the perambulation of that land, because he had not meddled with that Rab-

binic way that I had gone; yet, when I considered what it was to glean after so clean a reaper, and how rough a Talmudical pencil would seem after so fine a pen, I resolved to sit down, and to stir no more in that matter, till time and occasion did show me more encouragement thereunto, than as yet I saw. And thus was my promise fallen to the ground, not by any carelessness or forgetfulness of mine, but by the happy prevention of another hand, by whom the work is likely to be better done. Yet was I unwilling to suffer my word utterly to come to nothing at all, though I might evade my promise by this fair excuse: but I was desirous to pay the reader something in pursuance of it, though it were not in this very same coin, nor the very same sum, that I had undertaken. Hereupon I turned my thoughts and my endeavours to a description of the Temple after the same manner, and from the same authors, that I had intended to have described the Land; and that the rather, not only that I might do some thing towards making good my promise; but also, that by a trial in a work of this nature of a lesser bulk, I might take some pattern and assay how the other, which would prove of a far larger pains and volume, would be accepted, if I should again venture upon it."

Lightfoot was sincere in the commendation which he bestowed upon Fuller's diligence, and his felicitous way of writing. And Fuller on his part rendered justice in the same spirit to Lightfoot's well known and peculiar erudition. "Far be it from me," he says, "that our pens should fall out, like the herdsmen of Lot and Abraham, the land not being able to bear them both, that they might dwell together. No such want of room in this subject, being of such latitude and receipt, that both we and hundreds more, busied together therein, may severally lose ourselves in a subject of such capacity. The rather, because we embrace several courses in this our description; it being my desire and delight, to stick only to the written word of God, whilst my worthy friend takes in the choicest Rabbinical and Talmudical relations, being so

well seen in these studies, that it is questionable whether his skill or my ignorance be the greater therein."

Now then — (for now and then go thus lovingly together, in familiar English) — after these preliminaries, the learned Lightfoot, who at seven years of age, it is said, could not only read fluently the biblical Hebrew, but readily converse in it, may tell his own story.

"Here by the way," he says, "I cannot but mention, and I think I can never forget, a handsome and deserved check that mine own heart, meeting with a special occasion, did give me, upon the laying down of the other task, and the undertaking of this, for my daring to enter either upon the one or the other. That very day wherein I first set pen to paper to draw up the description of the Temple, having but immediately before laid aside my thoughts of the description of the Land, I was necessarily called out, towards the evening, to go to view a piece of ground of mine own, concerning which some litigiousness was emerging, and about to grow. The field was but a mile from my constant residence and habitation, and it had been in mine owning divers years together; and yet till that very time, had I never seen it, nor looked after it, nor so much as knew whereabouts it lay. It was very unlikely I should find it out myself, being so utterly ignorant of its situation; yet because I desired to walk alone, for the enjoying of my thoughts upon that task that I had newly taken in hand, I took some direction which way to go, and would venture to find out the field myself alone. I had not gone far, but I was at a loss; and whether I went right or wrong I could not tell; and if right thither, yet I knew not how to do so farther; and if wrong, I knew not which way would prove the right, and so in seeking my ground I had lost myself. Here my heart could not but take me to task; and, reflecting upon what my studies were then, and had lately been upon, it could not but call me fool; and methought it spake as true to me, as ever it had done in all my life, — but only when it called me sinner.

A fool that was so studious, and had been so searching about things remote, and that so little concerned my interest, — and yet was so neglective of what was near me, both in place, and in my particular concernment! And a fool again, who went about to describe to others, places and buildings that lay so many hundred miles off, as from hence to Canaan, and under so many hundred years' ruins, — and yet was not able to know, or find the way to a field of mine own, that lay so near me!

"I could not but acknowledge this reproof to be both seasonable, and seasoned both with truth and reason; and it so far prevailed with me, that it not only put me upon a resolution to lay by that work that I had newly taken in hand that morning, but also to be wiser in my bookishness for the time to come, than for it, and through it, to neglect and sink my estate as I had done. And yet within a little time after, I know not how, I was fallen to the same studies and studiousness again, — had got my laid-up task into my hands again before I was aware, — and was come to a determination to go on in that work, because I had my notes and collections ready by me as materials for it; and when that was done, then to think of the advice that my heart had given me, and to look to mine own business.

"So I drew up the description of the Temple itself, and with it the History of the Temple-service."

Lightfoot's heart was wise when it admonished him of humility; but it was full of deceit when it read him a lesson of worldly wisdom, for which his conscience and his better mind would have said to him "Thou Fool!" if he had followed it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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

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

FEAR NOT, my patient reader, that I should lose myself and bewilder you, either in the Holy land, or Whichwood forest, or in the wide fields of the Poly-olbion, or in Potteric Carr, or in any part of the country about Doncaster, most fortunate of English towns for circumstances which I have already stated and henceforth to be the most illustrious, as having been the place where my never-to-be-forgotten Philosopher and friend passed the greater part of his innocent and useful and happy life. Good patient reader, you may confide in me as in one who always knows his whereabouts, and whom the Goddess Upibilia will keep in the right way.

In treating of that flourishing and every way fortunate town, I have not gone back to visionary times, like the author who wrote a description and drew a map of Anglesea as it was before the flood. Nor have I touched upon the ages when hyenas prowled over what is now Doncaster race-ground, and great lizards, huge as crocodiles, but with long necks and short tails, took their pleasure in Potteric Carr. I have not called upon thee, gentle and obsequious reader, to accompany me into a Præadamite world, nor even into the antediluvian one. We began with the earliest mention of Doncaster—no earlier; and shall carry our summary notices of its history to the Doctor's time,—no later. And if sometimes the facts on which I may touch should call forth thoughts, and those thoughts remind me of other facts, anecdotes leading to reflection, and reflection producing more anecdotes, thy pleasure will be con-

sulted in all this, my good and patient reader, and thy profit also as much as mine; nay, more in truth, for I might think upon all these things in silence, and spare myself the trouble of relating them.

O Reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader, you would find
A Tale in every thing!*

I might muse upon these things and let the hours pass by unheeded as the waters of a river in their endless course. And thus I might live in other years,—with those who are departed, in a world of my own, by force of recollection;—or by virtue of sure hope in that world which is their's now, and to which I shall, ere long, be promoted.

For thy pleasure, Reader, and for thy improvement, I take upon myself the pains of thus materialising my spiritual stores. Alas! their earthly uses would perish with me unless they were thus embodied!

"The age of a cultivated mind," says an eloquent and wise and thoughtful author, "is often more complacent and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature: while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter.

"In truth, nothing is so happy to itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and ripened imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. The more it produces, the more capable it becomes of production; the creative faculty grows by indulgence; and the more it combines, the more means and varieties of combinations it discovers.

"When death comes to destroy that mysterious and magical union of capacities and acquirements which has brought a noble genius to this point of power, how frightful and lamentable is the effect of the stroke that stops the current which was wont to

* WORDSWORTH.

put this mighty formation into activity! Perhaps the incomprehensible Spirit may have acted in conjunction with its corporeal adherents to the last. Then in one moment, what darkness and destruction follows a single gasp of breath!"*

This fine passage is as consolatory in its former part, as it is gloomy at the conclusion; and it is gloomy there, because the view which is there taken is imperfect. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world,—but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for Heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with wealth, rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things; but nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. When Ovid says, in Ben Jonson's play,—

We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fade our loves,

the dramatist makes the Roman Poet speak like a sensualist, as he was, and the philosophy is as false as it is foul. Affections well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping: these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.

INTERCHAPTER IV.

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

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

THAT the lost Ten Tribes of Israel may be found in London, is a discovery which any

person may suppose he has made, when he walks for the first time from the city to Wapping. That the tribes of Judah and Benjamin flourish there is known to all mankind; and from them have sprung the Scripites, and the Omniumites, and the Threepcentites.

But it is not so well known that many other tribes noticed in the Old Testament are to be found in this Island of Great Britain.

There are the Hittites, who excel in one branch of gymnastics. And there are the Amorites, who are to be found in town and country; and there are the Gadites, who frequent watering places, and take picturesque tours.

Among the Gadites I shall have some of my best readers, who, being in good humour with themselves and with every thing else, except on a rainy day, will even then be in good humour with me. There will be Amorites in their company; and among the Amorites, too, there will be some, who, in the overflowing of their love, will have some liking to spare for the Doctor and his faithful memorialist.

The Poets, those especially who deal in erotics, lyrics, sentimentals or sonnets, are the Ah-oh-ites.

The gentlemen who speculate in chapels are the Puh-ites.

The chief seat of the Simeonites is at Cambridge; but they are spread over the land. So are the Man-ass-ites, of whom the finest specimens are to be seen in St. James's-Street, at the fashionable time of day for exhibiting the dress and the person upon the pavement.

The free-masons are of the family of the Jachinites.

The female Haggites are to be seen in low life wheeling barrows, and in high life seated at card tables.

The Shuhamites are the cordwainers.

The Teamanites attend the sales of the East India Company.

Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir James Scarlett, and Sir James Graham, belong to the Jim-nites.

Who are the Gazathites if the people of

* SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

London are not, where any thing is to be seen? All of them are Gettites when they can, all would be Havites if they could.

The journalists should be Geshurites, if they answered to their profession: instead of this they generally turn out to be Geshu-wrongs.

There are, however, three Tribes in England, not named in the Old Testament, who considerably outnumber all the rest. These are the High Vulgarites, who are the children of Rahank and Phashan; the Middle Vulgarites, who are the children of Mammon and Terade, and the Low Vulgarites, who are the children of Tahag, Rahag, and Bohobtay-il.

With the Low Vulgarites I have no concern, but with the other two tribes, much. Well it is that some of those who are *fruges consumere nati*, think it proper that they should consume books also: if they did not, what a miserable creature wouldst thou be, Henry Colburn, who art their Bookseller! I myself have that kind of respect for the consumers which we ought to feel for every thing useful. If not the salt of the earth they are its manure, without which it could not produce so abundantly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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

My good Lord, there is a Corporation,
A body, — a kind of body. MIDDLETON.

WELL, reader, I have told thee something concerning the topography of Doncaster: and now in due order, and as in duty bound, will I give thee a sketch of its history; "*summa sequar fastigia rerum*," with becoming brevity, according to my custom, and in conformity with the design of this book. The Nobility and Gentry who attend the races there, will find it very agreeable to be well acquainted with every thing relating

to the place; and I particularly invite their attention to that part of the present chapter which concerns the Doncaster charters, because as a wise and ancient author hath said, *turpe est homini nobili ejus civitatis in quâ versetur, jus ignorare*, which may be thus applied, that every gentleman who frequents Doncaster races ought to know the form and history of its corporation.

In Edward the Confessor's reign, the soccage part of Doncaster and of some adjoining townships was under the manor of Hexthorp, though in the topsy-turveying course of time Hexthorp has become part of the soke of Doncaster. Earl Tostig was the Lord of that manor, one of Earl Godwin's sons, and one who holds, like his father, no honourable place in the records of those times, but who in the last scene of his life displayed a heroism that may well redeem his name. The manor being two miles and a half long, and one and a half broad, was valued at eighteen pounds yearly rent; but when Doomsday book was compiled that rent had decreased one third. It had then been given by the Conqueror to his half-brother Robert Earl of Montaigne in Normandy, and of Cornwall in England. The said Earl was a lay-pluralist of the first magnitude, and had no fewer than seven hundred and fifty manors bestowed upon him as his allotment of the conquered kingdom. He granted the lordship and soke of Doncaster with many other possessions to Nigel de Fossard, which Nigel is believed to have been the Saxon noble who at the time of the conquest held these same possessions under the crown.

The Fossard family ended in an heiress in Cœur-de-Lion's reign; and the only daughter of that heiress was given in marriage by John Lackland to Peter de Malolieu or Maulay, as a reward for his part in the murder of Prince Arthur. Peter de Maulay bore, as such a service richly deserved, an ill name in the nation, being moreover a favourite of King John's, and believed to be one of his evil counsellors as well as of his wicked instruments: but the name was in good odour with his descendants, and was borne accordingly by eight Peters in succes-

sion. The eighth had no male issue; he left two daughters, and daughters are said by Fuller to be "silent strings, sending no sound to posterity, but losing their own surnames in their matches." Ralph Salvayne or Salvin, a descendant of the younger co-heiress, in the reign of James I., claimed the Lordship of Doncaster; and William his son after a long suit with the Corporation, resigned his claim for a large sum of money.

The Burgesses had obtained their Charter from Richard I., in the fifth year of his reign, that king confirming to them their Soke, and Town or Village of Danecastre, to hold of him and his heirs, by the ancient rent, and over and above that rent, by an annual payment at the same time of twenty-five marks of silver. For this grant the Burgesses gave the king fifty marks of silver, and were thereby entitled to hold their Soke and Town "effectually and peaceably, freely and quietly, fully and honourably, with all the liberties and free customs to the same appertaining, so that none hereupon might them disturb." This charter, with all and singular the things therein contained, was ratified and confirmed by Richard II., to his beloved the then Burgesses of the aforesaid Town.

The Burgesses fearing that they might be molested in the enjoyment of these their liberties and free customs, through defect of a declaration and specification of the same, petitioned Edward IV., in the seventh year of his reign, that he would graciously condescend those liberties and free customs, under specifical declaration and express terms, to them and their heirs and successors, incorporating them, and making them persons fit and capable, with perpetual succession. Accordingly the king granted that Doncaster should be a free borough, and that the burgesses, tenants, residents, and inhabitants and their successors, should be free burgesses and might have a Gild Merchant, and continue to have the same liberties and free customs, as they and their predecessors had theretofore reasonably used and enjoyed. And that they from thenceforth might be, in reality and name, one body and one perpe-

tual community; and every year choose out of themselves one fit person to be the Mayor, and two other fit persons for the Serjeants at Mace, of the same town, within the same town dwelling, to rule and govern the community aforesaid, for ever. And further of his more abundant grace the king granted that the cognizance of all manner of pleas of debt, trespass, covenant, and all manner of other causes and contracts whatsoever within the same borough, should be holden before the Mayor. He granted also to the corporation the power of attachment for debt, by their Serjeants at Mace; and of his abundant grace that the Mayor should hold and exercise the office of Coroner also, during his year; and should be also a Justice and Keeper of the King's peace within the said borough. And he granted them of his same abundant grace the right of having a Fair at the said Borough every year upon the vigil, and upon the feast, and upon the morrow of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to be held, and for the same three days to continue, with all liberties and free customs to this sort of fair appertaining, unless that fair should be to the detriment of the neighbouring fairs.

There appear to this Charter among others as witnesses, the memorable names of "our dearest brothers, George of Clarence, and Richard of Gloucester, Dukes; Richard Wydeville de Ryvers, our Treasurer of England, Earl; and our beloved and faithful William Hastynges de Hastynges, Chamberlain of our Household, and Anthony Wydeville de Scales, Knights. The charter is moreover decorated with the armorial bearings of the Corporation, a Lion sejant, upon a cushion powdered ermine, holding in his paws and legs a banner with the castle thereon depicted, and this motto, *Sen Comfort et Liesse*, his Comfort and Joy.

Henry VII. enlarged the charter, giving of his special grace, to the Mayor and Community all and singular the messuages, marshes, lands, tenements, rents, reversions and services, advowsons of churches, chantries and chapels, possessions and all hereditaments whatsoever within the Lordship and its de-

pendencies, "with the court-leets, view-of-frank-pledges-courts, waters, mills, entry and discharge of waters, fairs, markets, tolls, picages, stallages, pontages, passages, and all and singular profits, commodities and emoluments whatsoever within that lordship and its precincts to the King, his heirs and successors howsoever appertaining, or lately belonging. And all and singular the issues, revenues, and profits of the aforesaid courts, view of frank pledge, waters, mills, fairs, markets, tolls, picages, stallages, pontages, passages, and the rest of the premises in what manner so ever accruing or arising." For this the Mayor and Community were to pay into the Exchequer yearly in equal portions, at the feasts of St. Michael the Archangel, and Easter, without fee, or any other charge, the sum of seventy and four pounds, thirteen shillings eleven pence and a halfpenny. Further of his more extensive grace, he granted them to hold twice in every year a leet or view of frank pledge; and that they might have the superintendency of the assize of bread and ale, and other victuals vendible whatsoever, and the correction and punishment of the same, and all and whatsoever, which to a leet or view of frank pledge appertaineth, or ought to appertain. And that they might have all issues and profits and perquisites, fines, penalties, redemptions, forfeitures, and amerciements in all and singular these kind of leets, or frank pledge to be forfeited, or assessed, or imposed; and moreover wayf, strayf, infang-thief, and outfang-thief; and the goods and chattels of all and singular felons, and the goods of fugitives, convicts and attainted, and the goods and chattels of outlaws and waived; and the wreck of sea when it should happen, and goods and chattels whatsoever confiscated within the manor, lordship, soke, towns, villages, and the rest of the premises of the precincts of the same, and of every of them found, or to be found for ever."

In what way any wreck of sea could be thrown upon any part of the Doncastrian jurisdiction is a question which might have occasioned a curious discussion between Corporal Trim and his good master. How

it could happen I cannot comprehend, unless "the fatal Welland," according to old saw,

— which God forbid!
Should drown all Holland with his excrement.*

Nor indeed do I see how it could happen then, unless Humber should at the same time drown all Lindsey, and the whole of the Yorkshire plain, and Trent bear a part also with all his thirty tributary streams, and the plain land of all the midland counties be once more flooded, "as it was in the days of Noah." But if the official person who drew up this charter of Henry the Seventh contemplated any such contingency, he must have been a whimsical person; and moreover an unreasonable one not to have considered that Doncaster itself must be destroyed by such a catastrophe, and consequently that its corporation even then could derive no benefit from wreck at sea.

Further of his more abundant grace King Henry granted to the Mayor and Community that they might hold two markets in the week for ever, to wit every Tuesday and every Saturday; and that they might hold a second fair, which was to be upon the vigil, and upon the day of St. James the Apostle, and upon the morrow of the day immediately following to continue: and that they might choose a Recorder; and hold a weekly court in their Guild Hall, which court should be a Court of Record: and that the Recorder and three of the Aldermen should be Justices as well as the Mayor, and that they might have a gaol within the precincts of their town.

Henry VIII. confirmed this his father's charter, and Elizabeth that her father's confirmation. In the next reign when the corporation, after having "endured the charge of many great and tedious suits," had compounded with Ralph Salvin for what they called his pretended title, they petitioned the King that he would be pleased to accept from them a surrender of their estates, together with an assurance of Salvin's title, and then graciously assure and convey the

* SPENSER.

said manors and premises to them and their successors, so to secure them against any farther litigation.

This accordingly was done. In the fourth year after the Restoration the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses petitioned for a ratification of their existing privileges and for an enlargement of them, which Charles II. granted, "the borough being an ancient and populous borough, and he being desirous that for the time to come, for ever, one certain and invariable method might be had of, for, and in the preservation of our peace, and in the rule and governance of the same borough, and of our people in the same inhabiting, and of others resorting thither; and that that borough in succeeding times, might be, and remain a borough of harmony and peace, to the fear and terror of the wicked, and for the support and reward of the good." Wherefore he the King of his special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, willed, granted, constituted, declared and confirmed, and by his then presents did will, grant, constitute, declare and confirm, that Doncaster should be, and continue for ever, a free borough itself; and that the Mayor and community, or commonalty thereof, should be one body corporate and politic in reality, deed and name, by the name of Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of the borough of Doncaster in the County of York, and by that name be capacitated and enabled to plead, and to be impleaded, answer and be answered; defend and be defended; and to have, purchase, receive, possess, give, grant and demise."

This body corporate and politic, which was, to have perpetual succession, was by the Charter appointed to consist of one Mayor, twelve Aldermen, and twenty-four capital Burgesses, the Aldermen to be "of the better and more excellent inhabitants of the borough," and the capital Burgesses of the better, more reputable and discreet, and these latter were to be "for ever in perpetual future times, the Common Council of the borough." The three Estates of the Borough as they may be called, in court or convocation gathered together and assem-

bled, were invested with full authority, power, and ability of granting, constituting, ordaining, making, and rendering firm, from time to time, such kind of laws, institutes, bye-laws, ordinances, and constitutions, which to them, or the greater part of them, shall seem to be, according to their sound understandings, good, salutary, profitable, honest, or honourable, and necessary for the good rule and governance of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, and of all and singular, and other the inhabitants of the borough aforesaid; and of all the officers, ministers, artificers, and resiants whatsoever within the borough aforesaid, for the time being; and for the declaring in what manner and form, the aforesaid Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, and all and singular other the ministers, officers, artificers, inhabitants, and resiants of the borough aforesaid, and their factors or agents, servants and apprentices, in their offices, callings, mysteries, artifices, and businesses, within the borough aforesaid, and the liberties of the same for the time being, shall have, behave, and use themselves, and otherwise for the more ultimate public good, common utility and good regimen of the borough aforesaid." And for the victualling of the borough, and for the better preservation, governance, disposing, letting, and demising of the lands, tenements, possessions, revenues, and hereditaments, vested in their body corporate, they had power to ordain and enforce such punishments, penalties, inflictions, and imprisonments of the body, or by fines and amercements, or by both of them, against and upon all delinquents and offenders against these their laws as might to them seem necessary, so that nevertheless this kind of laws, ordinances, institutions, and constitutions, be not repugnant, nor contrary to the laws and statutes of the kingdom.

Persons refusing to accept the office of Mayor, Alderman, Capital Burgess, or any other inferior office of the borough, except the Recorders, might be committed to gaol, till they consented to serve, or fined at the discretion of the Corporation, and held fast in their gaol till the fine was paid.

This Charter also empowered the Corporation to keep a fair on the Saturday before Easter, and thenceforth on every alternate Saturday until the feast of St. Andrew, for cattle, and to hold at such times a court of pie-powder.

James II. confirmed the corporation in all their rights and privileges, and by the Charter of Charles II., thus confirmed, Doncaster is governed at this day.

It was during the mayoralty of Thomas Pheasant that Daniel Dove took up his abode in Doncaster.

CHAPTER XL. P. I.

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

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

HOOVER.

READER, thou mayest perhaps have thought me at times disposed to be circumambagious in my manner of narration. But now, having cast thine eyes over the Doncaster charters, even in the abridged form in which I have considerably presented them, thou knowest what a round-about style is when amplified with all possible varieties of professional tautology.

You may hear it exemplified to a certain degree, in most sermons of the current standard, whether composed by those who inflict them upon their congregation, or purchased ready made and warranted orthodox as well as original. In a still greater degree you may hear it in the extempore prayers of any meeting-house, and in those with which the so-called Evangelical Clergymen of the Establishment think proper

sometimes to prologize and epilogize their grievous discourses. But in tautology the Lawyers beat the Divines hollow.

Cocceius laid it down as a fundamental rule of interpretation in theology, that the words and phrases of scripture are to be understood in every sense of which they are susceptible; that is, that they actually signify every thing that they can possibly signify. The Lawyers carry this rule farther in their profession than the Leyden Professor did in his: they deduce from words not only every thing that they can possibly signify, but sometimes a great deal more; and sometimes they make them bear a signification precisely opposite to what they were intended to express.

That crafty politician who said the use of language is to conceal our thoughts, did not go farther in his theory, than the members of the legal profession in their practice; as every deed which comes from their hands may testify, and every Court of Law bears record. You employ them to express your meaning in a deed of conveyance, a marriage settlement, or a will; and they so smother it with words, so envelope it with technicalities, so bury it beneath redundancies of speech, that any meaning which is sought for may be picked out, to the confusion of that which you intended. Something at length comes to be contested: you go to a Court of Law to demand your right; or you are summoned into one to defend it. You ask for justice, and you receive a nice distinction — a forced construction, — a verbal criticism. By such means you are defeated and plundered in a civil cause; and in a criminal one a slip of the pen in the indictment brings off the criminal scot free. As if slips of the pen in such cases were always accidental! But because Judges are incorruptible (as, blessed be God, they still are in this most corrupt nation), and because Barristers are not to be suspected of ever intentionally betraying the cause which they are fee'd to defend, it is taken for granted that the same incorruptibility, and the same principled integrity, or gentlemanly sense of honour which sometimes is its substitute,

are to be found among all those persons who pass their miserable lives in quill-driving, day after day, from morning till night, at a scrivener's desk, or in an attorney's office!

CHAPTER XLI. P. I.

REVENUE OF THE CORPORATION OF DONCASTER WELL APPLIED.

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

HERBERT.

WELL, gentle Reader, we have made our way through the Charters, and seen that the Borough of Doncaster is, as it may be called, an *imperium in imperio*—or *regnum*, or rather, if there were such word, *regnum, in regno*—(such a word there ought to be, and very probably was, and most certainly would be if the Latin were a living language)—a little kingdom in itself, modelled not unhappily after the form of that greater one whereof it is a part ; differing from it, for reasons so evident that it would be a mere waste of words and time to explain them,—in being an elective instead of an hereditary monarchy, and also because the monarchy is held only for a year, not for life ; and differing in this respect likewise, that its three estates are analogous to the vulgar and mistaken notion of the English constitution, not to what that constitution is, as transmitted to us by our fathers.

We have seen that its Mayor (or Monarch), its twelve Aldermen (or House of Lords), all being of the better and more excellent inhabitants, and its four-and-twenty capital Burgesses (or House of Commons,) all of the better, more reputable and discreet Doncastrians, constitute one body corporate and politic in reality, deed, and name, to the fear and terror of the wicked, and for the support and reward of the good ; and that the municipal government has been thus constituted expressly to the end that Doncaster might remain for ever a borough of

harmony and peace : to the better effecting of which most excellent intent, a circumstance which has already been adverted to, contributes greatly, to wit, that Doncaster sends no members to Parliament.

Great are the mysteries of Corporations ; and great the good of them when they are so constituted, and act upon such principles as that of Doncaster.

There is an old Song which says—

Oh London is a gallant town
A most renowned city ;
'Tis governed by the scarlet gown,
Indeed, the more's the pity.

The two latter verses could never be applied to Doncaster. In the middle of the last century the revenues of the Corporation did not exceed 1500*l.* a-year : at the beginning of this they had increased to nearly 6000*l.*, and this income was principally expended, as it ought to be, for the benefit of the Town. The public buildings have been erected from these funds ; and liberal donations made from them to the Dispensary and other eleemosynary institutions. There is no constable-assessment, none for paving and lighting the street ; these expenses are defrayed by the corporation, and families are supplied with river water chiefly at its expense.

Whether this body corporate should be commended or condemned for encouraging the horse-races, by building a grand stand upon the course, and giving annually a plate of the value of fifty pounds, to be run for, and two sums of twenty guineas each toward the stakes, is a question which will be answered by every one according to his estimate of right and wrong. Gentlemen of the Turf will approve highly of their conduct, so will those Gentlemen whose characteristics are either light fingers or black legs. Put it to the vote in Doncaster, and there will be few voices against them : take the sense of the nation upon it by universal suffrage, and there would be a triumphant majority in their favour.

In this, and alas ! in too many other cases, *vox populi est vox diaboli*.

A greater number of families are said to

meet each other at Doncaster races, than at any other meeting of the same kind in England. That such an assemblage contributes greatly to the gaiety and prosperity of the town itself, and of the country round about, is not to be disputed. But horse races excite evil desires, call forth evil passions, encourage evil propensities, lead the innocent into temptation, and give opportunities to the wicked. And the good which arises from such amusements, either as mere amusement — (which is in itself unequivocally a good when altogether innocent), — or by circulating money in the neighbourhood, — or by tending to keep up an excellent breed of horses, for purposes of direct utility, — these consequences are as dust in the balance, when compared with the guilt and misery that arise from gambling.

Lord Exeter and the Duke of Grafton may, perhaps, be of a different opinion. So should Mr. Gully, whom Pindar may seem to have prophetically panegyrised as

— Ὀλυμπιονίκων
Ἄνδρα, — πῶς ἀρετῶν
ἱερόννα.*

That gentleman, indeed, may, with great propriety, congratulate himself upon his knowledge of what is called the world, and the ability with which he has turned it to a good practical account. But Lord Burleigh, methinks, would shake his head in the ante-chamber of Heaven if he could read there the following paragraph from a Sunday Newspaper.

“PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF THE TURF.
— We stated in a former number that Lord Exeter’s turf-profits were, for the previous season, 26,000*l.*, this was intended to include bets. But we have now before us a correct and consecutive account of the Duke of Grafton’s winnings, from 1811 to 1829 inclusive, taking in merely the value of the stakes for which the horses ran, and which amounts to no less a sum than 99,211*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat more than 5000*l.* per annum. This, even giving in a good round sum for training and outlay, will leave a sufficiently

pleasant balance in hand; to say nothing of the betting book, not often, we believe, light in figures. His Grace’s greatest winnings were in 1822 and 1825: in the former of these years they amounted to 11,364*l.* 5*s.* — in the latter, 12,668*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*”

It is to be hoped that the Duke has with his crest and coronet his motto also upon the covers of his racing and betting books, and upon his prize plates and cups:

ET DECUS ET PRETIUM RECTI.

Before we pass from the Race-ground, let me repeat to the reader a wish of Horace Walpole’s that “some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributing for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility,” says he, “would find their vanity gratified; for, as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them, and, in the mean time, poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if the horse (which should be the impression on one side) were not well executed; and, as I hold that there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead farther; and the cup or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful vases.”

Pity that the hint has not been taken, and an auxiliary sporting society formed for promoting the education of Pindars and Benvenuto Cellinis!

INTERCHAPTER V.

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

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

Reader, my compliments to you!
This is a form of courtesy which the Turks

* Olymp. vii. 162.

use in their compositions, and being so courteous a form, I have here adopted it. Why not? Turks though they are, we learnt inoculation from them, and the use of coffee; and hitherto we have taught them nothing but the use of tobacco in return.

Reader, my compliments to you!

Why is it that we hear no more of Gentle Readers? Is it that having become critical in this age of Magazines and Reviews, they have ceased to be gentle? But all are not critical;

The baleful dregs

Of these late ages, — that Circean draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet, —
Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
The native judgement of the human soul.*

In thus applying these lines I mean the servitude to which any rational man degrades his intellect, when he submits to receive an opinion from the dictation of another, upon a point whereon he is just as capable of judging for himself; — the intellectual servitude of being told by Mr. A. B. or C. whether he is to like a book or not, — or why he is to like it: and the folly of supposing that the man who writes anonymously, is on that very account entitled to more credit for judgment, erudition, and integrity, than the author who comes forward in his own person, and stakes his character upon what he advances.

All Readers, however, — thank Heaven, and what is left among us of that best and rarest of all senses called Common Sense, — all Readers, however, are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an Essay upon Taste; — and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery-book.

I have something to say to all classes of

Readers: and, therefore, having thus begun to speak of one, with that class I will proceed. It is to the youthful part of my lecturers — (why not lecturers as well as auditors?) it is *virginibus puerisque* that I now address myself. Young Readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you!

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue — and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so — if you are conscious of all or any of these effects, — or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend! — young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!

* AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER XLII. P. I.

DONCASTER CHURCH. THE RECTORIAL TITHES
SECURED BY ARCHBISHOP SHARP FOR HIS
OWN FAMILY.

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

HURDIS.

THE ecclesiastical history of Doncaster is not so much to the credit of all whom it concerns, as the municipal. Nigel Fossard, in the year 1100, granted the advowson of its church to St. Mary's Abbey, York; and it was for rather more than two hundred years a rectory of two mediocrities, served by two resident rectors whom the Abbey appointed. In 1303, Archbishop Corbridge appropriated it to the abbey, and ordained it a perpetual vicarage. Fifty marks a year out of the profits of the rectory were then allowed for the Vicar's support, and he held the house and garden also which had formerly appertained to one of the Rectors. When, upon the dissolution of the monasteries, it fell to the crown, Henry VIII. gave it with other monastic impropriations to Archbishop Holgate, as some compensation for the valuable manors which he made the see of York alienate to himself. The church of Doncaster gained nothing by this transfer. The rectory was secured by Archbishop Sharp for his own family. At the beginning of the present century it was worth from 1000*l.* to 1200*l.* a year, while the Vicar had only an annual income of 80*l.* charged upon that rectory, and 20*l.* charged upon a certain estate. He had no tithes, no Easter offerings, and no other glebe than the churchyard, and an orchard attached to the vicarage: and he had to pay a curate to do the duty at Loversall church.

There is one remarkable epitaph in this church upon a monument of the altar form, placed just behind the reading-desk.

How, how, who is here ?

I Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my fere.

That I spent, that I had;

That I gave, that I have;

That I left, that I lost. A. D. 1579.

Quoth Robertus Byrkes who in this world did reign
Threescore years and seven, and yet lived not one.

Robin of Doncaster, as he is now familiarly called by persons connected, or acquainted with the church, is remembered only by this record which he has left of himself: perhaps the tomb was spared for the singularity of the epitaph, when prouder monuments in the same church were despoiled. He seems to have been one who, thinking little of any thing beyond the affairs of this world till the last year of his pilgrimage, lived during that year a new life. It may also be inferred that his property was inherited by persons to whom he was bound by no other ties than those of cold affinity; for if he had felt any concern for their welfare, he would not have considered those possessions as lost which were left to them.

Perhaps a farther inference may be fairly drawn, that though the deceased had stood in this uncomfortable relation to his heirs-at-law, he was too just a man to set aside the course of succession which the law appointed. They who think that in the testamentary disposal of their property they have a right to do whatever it is legally in their power to do, may find themselves woefully mistaken when they come to render their account. Nothing but the weightiest moral considerations can justify any one in depriving another of that which the law of the land would otherwise in its due course have assigned him. But rights of descent cease to be held sacred in public opinion in proportion as men consider themselves exempt from all duty to their forefathers; and that is in proportion as principles become sophisticated, and society more and more corrupt.

St. George's is the only church in Doncaster, a town which in the year 1800 contained 1246 houses, 5697 souls: twenty years afterwards the houses had increased to 1729, and the inhabitants to 8544. The state having made no other provision for the religious instruction of the townspeople

than one church, one vicar, and one curate— if the vicar, from other revenues than those of his vicarage, can afford to keep one—the far greater part of the inhabitants are left to be absenters by necessity, or dissenters by choice. It was the boast of the corporation in an address to Charles II. that they had not “one factious seditious person” in their town, “being all true sons of the Church of England and loyal subjects;” and that “in the height of all the late troubles and confusion (that is, during the civil wars and the commonwealth,—which might more truly have been called the common-woe) they never had any conventicle amongst them, the nurseries and seed plots of sedition and rebellion.”—There are conventicles there now of every denomination. And this has been occasioned by the great sin of omission in the Government, and the great sin of commission in that Prelate who appropriated the property of the church to his own family.

Hollis Pigot was Vicar when Daniel Dove began to reside in Doncaster; and Mr. Fawkes was his Curate.

CHAPTER XLIII. P. I.

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

Vicieux monuments,—

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

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

The oldest monument in Doncaster is a Roman altar, which was discovered in the year 1781, in digging a cellar six feet deep, in St. Sepulchre's gate. An antiquary of Ferrybridge congratulated the corporation “on the great honour resulting therefrom.”

Was it a great honour to Doncaster,—meaning by Doncaster its Mayor, its Aldermen, its capital burgesses, and its whole

people,—was it, I say, an honour, a great honour to it, and these, and each and all of these, that this altar should have been discovered? Did the corporation consider it to be so? Ought it to be so considered? Did they feel that pleasurable though feverish excitement at the discovery which is felt by the fortunate man at the moment when his deserts have obtained their honourable meed? Richard Staveley was Mayor that year: Was it an honour to him and his mayoralty as it was to King Ferdinand of Spain that, when he was King, Christopher Columbus discovered the New World,—or to Queen Elizabeth, that Shakespeare flourished under her reign? Was he famous for it, as old Mr. Bramton Gurdon of Assington in Suffolk was famous, about the year 1627, for having three sons parliament men? If he was thus famous, did he “blush to find it fame,” or smile that it should be accounted so? What is fame? what is honour? But I say no more. “He that hath knowledge spareth his words; and he that stuttheth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.”

It is a votive altar, dedicated to the *Deæ Matres*, with this inscription:

MATRIBUS
M. NAN-
TONIUS.
ORBITAL.

VOTUM. SOLVIT. LUBENS. MERITO.

and it is curious because it is only the third altar dedicated to those Goddesses which has yet been found: the other two were also found in the North of England, one at Binchester near Durham, the other at Ribchester in Lancashire.

Next in antiquity to this Roman altar, is a Saxon font in the church; its date, which is now obliterated, is said to have been A. D. 1061.

Not a wreck remains of any thing that existed in Doncaster between the time when Orbital erected his altar to the local Goddesses, and when the baptismal font was made: nor the name of a single individual; nor memorial, nor tradition of a single event.

There was a castle there, the dykes of which might partly be seen in Leland's time, and the foundation of part of the walls,— nothing more, so long even then had it been demolished. In the area where it stood the church was built, and Leland thought that great part of the ruins of one building were used for the foundations of the other, and for filling up its walls. It is not known at what time the church was founded. There was formerly a stone built into its east end, with the date of A. D. 1071; but this may more probably have been originally placed in the castle than the church. Different parts of the building are of different ages, and the beautiful tower is supposed to be of Henry the Third's age.

The Hall Cross, as it is now called, bore this inscription:

ICEST : EST : LACRUICE : OTE : D : TILLI : A :
 KI : ALME : DEU : EN : FACE : MERCI : AM :

There can be little doubt that this Otto de Tilli is the same person whose name appears as a witness to several grants about the middle of the twelfth century, and who was Seneschal to the Earl of Conisborough. It stood uninjured till the Great Rebellion, when the Earl of Manchester's army, on their way from the South to the siege of York in the year 1644, chose to do the Lord service by defacing it. "And the said Earl of Manchester's men, endeavouring to pull the whole shank down, got a smith's forge-hammer and broke off the four corner crosses; and then fastened ropes to the middle cross, which was stronger and higher, thinking by that to pull the whole shank down. But a stone breaking off, and falling upon one of the men's legs, which was nearest it, and breaking his leg, they troubled themselves no more about it." This account, with a drawing of the cross in its former state, was in Fairfax's collection of antiquities, and came afterwards into Thoresby's possession. The Antiquarian Society published an engraving of it by that excellent and upright artist Vertue, of whom it is recorded that he never would engrave a fictitious portrait. The pillar was composed of five columns,

a large one in the middle, and four smaller ones around it, answering pretty nearly to the cardinal points: each column was surmounted by a cross, that in the middle being the highest and proportionally large. There were numeral figures on the south face, near the top, which seem to have been intended for a dial; the circumference of the pillar was eleven feet seven, the height eighteen feet.

William Paterson, in the year of his mayoralty, 1678, "beautified it with four dials, ball and fane:" in 1792, when Henry Heaton was Mayor, it was taken down, because of its decayed state, and a new one of the same form was erected by the roadside, a furlong to the south of its former site, on Hop-cross hill. This was better than destroying the cross; and as either renovation or demolition had become necessary, the Corporation are to be commended for what they did. But it is no longer the same cross, nor on the same site which had once been consecrated, and where many a passing prayer had been breathed in simplicity and sincerity of heart.

What signifies the change? Both place and monument had long been desecrated. As little religious feeling was excited by it as would have been by the altar to the *Deæ Matres* if it had stood there. And of the hundreds of travellers who daily pass it, in or outside of stage coaches, in their own carriages, on horseback, or on foot; and of the thousands who flock thither during the races; and of the inhabitants of Doncaster itself, not a single soul cares whether it be the original cross or not, nor where it was originally erected, nor when, nor wherefore, nor by whom!

"I wish I did not!" said Dr. Dove, when some one advanced this consideration with the intent of reconciling him to the change. "I am an old man," said he, "and in age we dislike all change as naturally, and therefore, no doubt, as fitly, as in youth we desire it. The youthful generation, in their ardour for improvement and their love of novelty, strive to demolish what ought religiously to be preserved; the elders, in their caution and their

fear, endeavour to uphold what has become useless, and even injurious. Thus, in the order of Providence, we have both the necessary impulse and the needful check.

"But I miss the old cross from its old place. More than fifty years had I known it there; and if fifty years' acquaintance did not give us some regard even for stocks and stones, we must be stocks and stones ourselves."

CHAPTER XLIV. P. I.

HISTORICAL CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH
DONCASTER. THOMAS, EARL OF LANCASTER.
EDWARD IV. ASKE'S INSURRECTION. ILLU-
STRIOUS VISITORS. JAMES I. BARNABEE.
CHARLES I. CHURCH LIBRARY.

They unto whom we shall appear tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure.

HOOVER.

NOTHING more than the scanty notices which have already been mentioned is recorded concerning the history of Doncaster, till King John ordered it "to be enclosed with hertstone and pale, according as the ditch required; and that a light breecost or barbican should be made upon the bridge, to defend the town if need should be." The bridge was then of wood; in the following reign the townsmen "gave aid to make a stone bridge there:" in that reign a hospital for sick and leprous people was built there, the priories of St. James and St. Nicholas founded, a Dominican convent, and a Franciscan one. Henry III. slept there on his way to York. In the 23d year of Edward I. the borough was first summoned to send members to Parliament, from which burthen, as it was then considered, it was relieved in the ensuing year.

In 1321, Thomas Earl of Lancaster held a council here with other discontented Barons against Edward II.; in its results it brought many of them to an untimely death, and Lancaster himself suffered by the axe at Pomfret, as much in revenge for Gaveston,

as for this rebellion. "In this sort," says an old chronicler, "came the mighty Earl of Lancaster to his end, being the greatest Peer in this realm, and one of the mightiest Earls in Christendom: for when he began to levy war against the King, he was possessed of five earldoms, Lancaster, Lincoln, Salisbury, Leicester, and Derby, beside other seigniories, lands, and possessions, great to his advancement in honour and puissance. But all this was limited within prescription of time, which being expired both honour and puissances were cut off with dishonour and death; for (O miserable state!)

*Invidia fatorum serics, summisque negatum
Stare diu.*

"But now touching the foresaid Earl of Lancaster, great strife rose afterwards amongst the people, whether he ought to be reputed for a saint, or no. Some held that he ought to be no less esteemed, for that he did many alms-deeds in his lifetime, honoured men of religion, and maintained a true quarrel till his life's end. Also his enemies continued not long after, but came to evil ends. Others conceived another opinion of him, alleging that he favoured not his wife, but lived in spouse-breach, defiling a great number of damsels and gentlewomen. If any offended him, he slew him shortly after in his wrathful mood. Apostates and other evil doers he maintained, and would not suffer them to be punished by due order of law. All his doings he used to commit to one of his secretaries, and took no heed himself thereof; and as for the manner of his death, he fled shamefully in the fight, and was taken and put to death against his will; yet by reason of certain miracles which were said to be done near the place both where he suffered and where he was buried, caused many to think he was a Saint. Howbeit, at length by the King's commandment, the church doors of the Priory where he was buried were shut and closed, so that no man might be suffered to come to the tomb to bring any offerings, or to do any other kind of devotion to the same. Also the hill where he suffered was kept by certain

Gascoigners appointed by the Lord Hugh Spenser his son, then lying at Pomfret, to the end that no people should come and make their prayers there in worship of the said Earl, whom they took verily for a martyr."

The next confederacy at Doncaster was more successful, though it led eventually to bloodier consequences. Bolingbroke, after landing at Ravensburg, was met here by Northumberland, Hotspur, Westmorland, and others, who engaged with him there, some of them probably not knowing how far his ambitious views extended, and who afterwards became the victims of their own turbulent policy. The Dragon's teeth which were then sown produced a plentiful harvest threescore years afterwards, when more than six-and-thirty thousand Englishmen fell by each other's hands at Towton, between this town and York. Edward IV. beheaded Sir Robert Willis and Sir Ralph Grey here, whom he had taken in the rout of Lose-coat field; and when he mustered his people here to march against Warwick and Clarence, whose intentions began then to be discovered, "it was said that never was seen in England so many goodly men and so well arranged in a field." Afterwards he passed through Doncaster when he returned from exile, on the way to his crowning victory at Barnet.

Richard III. also passed through this place on the way to York, where he was crowned. In Henry VIII.'s reign it became the actual seat of war, and a battle would have been fought there, if the Don had not, by its sudden rising, twice prevented Aske and his army of insurgents from attacking the Duke of Norfolk, with so superior a force that success would have been almost certain, and the triumph of the popish party a probable result. Here Norfolk, profiting by that delay, treated with the insurgents, and finally, by offering them a free pardon, and engaging that a free Parliament should be held in the North, induced them to disperse.

In 1538 John Grigge, the Mayor, lost a thumb in an affray at Marshgate, and next year the Prior of Doncaster was hanged for

treason. In 1551 the town was visited by the plague: in that of 1582, 908 persons died here.

The next noticeable circumstance in the annals of Doncaster is, that James I. lodged there, at the sign of the Sun and Bear, on his way from Scotland to take possession of the Crown of England.

The maypole in the market-place was taken down in 1634, and the market cross erected there in its place. But the removal of the maypole seems to have been no proof of any improved state of morals in the town; for Barnabee, the illustrious potator, saw there the most unbecoming sight that he met with in all his travels. On his second visit the frail Levite was dead; and I will not pick out a name from the succession of Vicars which might suit the time of the poem, because, though Doncaster was the scene, it does not follow that the Vicar was the actor; and whoever he may have been, his name can be no object of legitimate curiosity, though Barnabee's justly was, till it was with so much ingenuity determined by Mr. Haslewood.

When the army which had been raised against the Scots was disbanded, Charles I. dined there at the house of Lady Carlingford, and a pear tree, which he is said to have planted, is now standing there in Mr. Maw's garden. Charles was there again in 1644, and attended service in the church. And from a house in the butter market it was that Morris with two companions attempted to carry off the parliamentary commander Rainsborough at noon-day, and failing in the attempt, killed him upon the spot.

A Church Library was founded here by the contributions of the clergy and gentry of the surrounding country in 1726. A chamber over the church porch was appropriated for the books, with the Archbishop's licence; and there was one curate of this town whose love of reading was so great, that he not only passed his days in this library, but had a bed fixed there, and spent his nights there also.

In 1731 all the streets were new paved, and the sign-posts taken down; and in 1739,

Daniel Dove, in remembrance of whom these volumes are composed, came to reside in Doncaster.

CHAPTER XLV. P. I.

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

Vir bonus est quis ?

TERENCE.

LET good old Fuller answer the well-known question which is conveyed in the motto to this chapter. "And here," he says, "be it remembered, that the same epithet in several places accepts sundry interpretations. He is called a Good Man in common discourse, who is not dignified with gentility; a Good Man upon the Exchange, who hath a responsible estate; a Good Man in a Camp, who is a tall man of his arms; a Good Man in the Church, who is pious and devout in his conversation. Thus, whatever is fixed therein in other relations, that person is a Good Man in history, whose character affords such matter as may please the palate of an ingenuous reader."

Two other significations may be added which Fuller has not pretermitted, because he could not include them, they being relatively to him, of posthumous birth. A Good Man upon State trials, or in certain Committees which it might not be discreet to designate, is one who will give his verdict without any regard to his oath in the first case or to the evidence in both. And in the language of the Pugilists it signifies one who can bear a great deal of beating: Hal Pierce, the Game Chicken and unrivalled glory of the ring, pronounced this eulogium upon Mr. Gully, the present honourable member for Pontefract, when he was asked for a candid opinion of his professional merits:—"Sir, he was the very Best Man as ever I had."

Among the Good Men, in Fuller's acceptance of the term, who have been in any

way connected with Doncaster, the first in renown as well as in point of time, is Robin Hood. Many men talk of him who never shot in his bow; but many think of him when they drink at his Well, which is at Skelbroke by the way-side, about six miles from Doncaster on the York road. There is a small inn near with Robin Hood for its sign. This country has produced no other hero whose popularity has endured so long. The Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Marquis of Granby have flourished upon sign-posts, and have faded there; so have their compeers Prince Eugene and Prince Ferdinand. Rodney and Nelson are fading; and the time is not far distant when Wellington also will have had his day. But while England shall be England, Robin Hood will be a popular name.*

Near Robin Hood's Well, and nearer to Doncaster, the Hermit of Hampole resided, at the place from which he was so called, "where living he was honoured, and dead was buried and sainted." Richard Role, however, for that was his name, was no otherwise sainted than by common opinion in those parts. He died in 1349, and is the oldest of our known Poets. His writings, both in verse and prose, which are of considerable extent, ought to be published at the expense of some national institution.

In the next generation John Marse, who was born in a neighbouring village of that name, flourished in the Carmelite Convent at Doncaster, and obtained great celebrity in his time for writing against—a far greater than himself—John Wickliffe.

It is believed that Sir Martin Frobisher was born at Doncaster, and that his father was Mayor of that place. "I note this the rather," says Fuller, "because learned Mr. Carpenter, in his Geography, recounts him among the famous men of Devonshire; but why should Devonshire, which hath a flock of Worthies of her own, take a lamb from another country." This brave seaman, when he left his property to a kinsman who was

* "And there they live like the old ROBIN HOOD OF ENGLAND." AS YOU LIKE IT.

very likely to dissipate it, said, "it was gotten at sea, and would never thrive long at land."

Lord Molesworth having purchased the estate at Edlington, four miles from Doncaster, formerly the property of Sir Edward Stanhope, resided there occasionally in the old mansion, during the latter part of his life. His Account of Denmark is a book which may always be read with profit. The Danish Ambassador complained of it to King William, and hinted that if one of his Danish Majesty's subjects had taken such liberties with the King of England, his master would, upon complaint, have taken off the author's head. "That I cannot do," replied William; "but if you please I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book."

Other remarkable persons who were connected with Doncaster, and were contemporaries with Dr. Dove, will be noticed in due time. Here I shall only mention two who have distinguished themselves since his day (alas!) and since I took my leave of a place endeared to me by so many recollections. Mr. Bingley, well known for his popular works upon Natural History, and Mr. Henry Lister Maw, the adventurous naval officer who was the first Englishman that ever came down the great river Amazons, are both natives of this town. I know not whether the Doncaster Maws are of Hibernian descent; but the name of M'Coghlan is in Ireland beautified and abbreviated into Maw; the M'Coghlan, or head of the family, was called the Maw; and a district of King's County was known within the memory of persons now living by the appellation of the Maw's County.

For myself, I am behind a veil which is not to be withdrawn: nevertheless I may say, without consideration of myself, that in Doncaster both because of the principal scene and of the subject of this work

HONOS ERIT HUIC QUOQUE TOMO.

INTERCHAPTER VI.

CONTINGENT CAUSES. PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS INDUCED BY REFLECTING ON THEM. THE AUTHOR TREMBLES FOR THE PAST.

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

BALBUENA.

"THERE is no action of man in this life," says Thomas of Malmesbury, "which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end." The chain of causes, however, is as long as the chain of consequences,—peradventure longer; and when I think of the causes which have combined to procreate this book, and the consequences which of necessity it must produce, I am lost in admiration.

How many accidents might for ever have impossibilitated the existence of this incomparable work! If, for instance, I the Unknown had been born in any other part of the world than in the British dominions; or in any other age than one so near the time in which the venerable subject of these memoirs flourished; or in any other place than where these localities could have been learned, and all these personalities were remembered; or if I had not counted it among my felicities like the philosopher of old, and the Polish Jews of this day, (who thank God for it in their ritual), to have been born a male instead of a female; or if I had been born too poor to obtain the blessings of education, or too rich to profit by them: or if I had not been born at all. If, indeed, in the course of six thousand years which have elapsed since the present race of intellectual inhabitants were placed upon this terraqueous globe, any chance had broken off one marriage among my innumerable married progenitors, or thwarted the courtship of those my equally innumerable ancestors who lived before that ceremony was instituted, or in countries where it was not

known,—where, or how would my immortal part have existed at this time, or in what shape would these bodily elements have been compounded with which it is invested? A single miscarriage among my millions of grandmothers might have cut off the entail of my mortal being!

*Quid non evertit primordia frivola vite ?
Nec mirum, vita est integra pene nihil.
Nunc perit, ah ! tenui pereuntis odore lucernæ,
Et fumum hunc fumus fortior ille fugat.
Totum aquilis Cæsar rapidis circumvolet orbem,
Collegamque sibi vix ferat esse Jovem.
Quantula res quantos potuisset inepta triumphos,
Et magnam nasci vel prohibere Deum !
Ezheredasset moriente lucernula flammâ
Tot dominis mundum neminibusque nevís.
Tu quoque tantilli, juvenis Pellæe, perisses,
(Quam gratus terris ille fuisset odor !)
Tu tantum unius qui pauper regulus orbis,
Et prope privatus visus es esse tibi.
Nec tu tantum, idem potuisset tollere casus
Teque, Jovis filii, Bucephalumque tuum :
Dormitorque urbem malè aclevisset agaso
Bucephalam é vestris, Indica Fata, libris.**

The snuff of a candle,—a fall,—a fright,—nay, even a fit of anger! Such things are happening daily,—yea, hourly, upon this peopled earth. One such mishap among so many millions of cases, millions ten million times told, centillions multiplied beyond the vocabulary of numeration, and ascending to *φαρμακóσια*,—which word having been coined by a certain Alexis (perhaps no otherwise remembered) and latinised *arenaginta* by Erasmus, is now Anglicised *sandillions* by me;—one such among them all!—I tremble to think of it!

Again. How often has it depended upon political events! If the Moors had defeated Charles Martel; if William instead of Harold had fallen in the Battle of Hastings; if bloody Queen Mary had left a child; or if blessed Queen Mary had not married the Prince of Orange! In the first case the English might now have been Musselmén; in the second they would have continued to use the Saxon tongue, and in either of those cases the Ego could not have existed; for if Arabian blood were put in, or Norman taken out, the whole chain of succession would have been altered. The two latter

* COWLEY.

cases, perhaps, might not have affected the bodily existence of the Ego; but the first might have entailed upon him the curse of Popery, and the second, if it had not subjected him to the same curse, would have made him the subject of a despotic government. In neither case could he have been capable of excogitating lucubrations, such as this high history contains: for either of these misfortunes would have emasculated his mind, unipsefying and unegofying the *Ipsissimus Ego*.

Another chance must be mentioned. One of my ancestors was, as the phrase is, out in a certain rebellion. His heart led him into the field and his heels got him out of it. Had he been less nimble,—or had he been taken and hanged, and hanged he would have been if taken,—there would have been no Ego at this day, no history of Dr. Daniel Dove. The Doctor would have been like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, and his immortaliser would never have lived at all.

CHAPTER XLVI. P. I.

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

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

DR. JOHNSON.

It was in the Mayoralty of Thomas Pheasant (as has already been said) and in the year of our Lord 1739, that Daniel Dove the younger, having then entered upon his seventeenth year, first entered the town of Doncaster, and was there delivered by his excellent father to the care of Peter Hopkins. They loved each other so dearly, that this, which was the first day of their separation, was to both the unhappiest of their lives.

The great frost commenced in the winter of that year; and with the many longing

lingering thoughts which Daniel cast towards his home, a wish was mingled that he could see the frozen waterfall in Weathercote Cave.

It was a remarkable era in Doncaster also, because the Organ was that year erected, at the cost of five hundred guineas, raised by voluntary subscription among the parishioners. Harris and Byfield were the builders, and it is still esteemed one of the best in the kingdom. When it was opened, the then curate, Mr. Fawkes, preached a sermon for the occasion, in which, after having rhetorised in praise of sacred music, and touched upon the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of instruments, he turned to the organ and apostrophised it thus;—“But O what—O what—what shall I call *thee* by? thou divine Box of sounds!”

That right old worthy Francis Quarles of quaint memory,—and the more to be remembered for his quaintness,—knew how to *improve* an organ somewhat better than Mr. Fawkes. His poem upon one is the first in his *Divine Fancies*, and whether he would have it ranked among Epigrams, Meditations, or Observations, perhaps he could not himself tell. The Reader may class it as he pleases.

Observe this Organ : mark but how it goes !
 'Tis not the hand alone of him that blows
 The unseen bellows, nor the hand that plays
 Upon the apparent note-dividing keys,
 That makes these well-composed airs appear
 Before the high tribunal of thine ear.
 They both concur ; each acts his several part ;
 Th' one gives it breath, the other lends it art.
 Man is this Organ ; to whose every action
 Heaven gives a breath, (a breath without coercion,)
 Without which blast we cannot act at all ;
 Without which Breath the Universe must fall
 To the first nothing it was made of.—seeing
 In Him we live, we move, we have our being.
 Thus filled with His diviner breath, and back't
 With His first power, we touch the keys and act :
 He blows the bellows : as we thrive in skill,
 Our actions prove, like music, good or ill.

The question whether instrumental music may lawfully be introduced into the worship of God in the Churches of the New Testament, has been considered by Cotton Mather and answered to his own satisfaction and

that of his contemporary countrymen and their fellow puritans, in his “Historical Remarks upon the discipline practised in the Churches of New England.”—“The Instrumental Music used in the old Church of Israel,” he says, “was an Institution of God ; it was the Commandment of the Lord by the Prophets ; and the Instruments are called God’s Instruments, and Instruments of the Lord. Now there is not one word of Institution in the New Testament for Instrumental Music in the Worship of God. And because the holy God rejects all he does not command in his worship, he now therefore in effect says to us, *I will not hear the melody of thy Organs*. But, on the other hand, the rule given doth abundantly intimate that no voice is now heard in the Church but what is significant, and edifying by signification ; which the voice of Instruments is not.”

Worse logic than this and weaker reasoning no one would wish to meet with in the controversial writings of a writer from whose opinions he differs most widely. The Remarks form part of that extraordinary and highly interesting work the *Magnalia Christi Americana*. Cotton Mather is such an author as Fuller would have been if the old English Worthy, instead of having been from a child trained up in the way he should go, had been calvinisticated till the milk of human kindness with which his heart was always ready to overflow had turned sour.

“Though Instrumental Music,” he proceeds to say, “were admitted and appointed in the worship of God under the Old Testament, yet we do not find it practised in the Synagogue of the Jews, but only in the Temple. It thence appears to have been a part of the ceremonial Pedagogy which is now abolished ; nor can any say it was a part of moral worship. And whereas the common usage now hath confined Instrumental Music to Cathedrals, it seems therein too much to Judaise,—which to do is a part of the Anti-Christian Apostacy,—as well as to Paganise.—If we admit Instrumental Music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instru-

ments used among the ancient Jews? Yea, Dancing as well as playing, and several other Judaic actions?"

During the short but active reign of the Puritans in England, they acted upon this preposterous opinion, and sold the Church organs, without being scrupulous concerning the uses to which they might be applied. A writer of that age, speaking of the prevalence of drunkenness, as a national vice, says, "that nothing may be wanting to the height of luxury and impiety of this abomination, they have translated the organs out of the Churches to set them up in taverns, chaunting their dithyrambics and bestial bacchanalias to the tune of those instruments which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God's praises, and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world,—which are the English in their churches at present."

It cannot be supposed that the Organs which were thus disposed of, were instruments of any great cost or value. An old pair of Organs,—(for that was the customary mode of expression, meaning a set,—and in like manner a pair of cards, for a pack;)—an old pair of this kind belonging to Lambeth Church was sold in 1565 for 1*l.* 10*s.* Church Organs, therefore, even if they had not been at a revolutionary price, would be within the purchase of an ordinary vintner. "In country parish Churches," says Mr. Denne the Antiquary, "even where the district was small, there was often a choir of singers, for whom forms, desks and books were provided; and they probably most of them had benefactors who supplied them with a pair of organs that might more properly have been termed a box of whistles. To the best of my recollection there were in the chapels of some of the Colleges in Cambridge very, very, indifferent instruments. That of the chapel belonging to our old house was removed before I was admitted."

The use of the organ has occasioned a great commotion, if not a schism, among the methodists of late. Yet our holy Herbert could call Church music the "sweetest of sweets;" and describe himself when listen-

ing to it, as disengaged from the body, and "rising and falling with its wings."

Harris, the chief builder of the Doncaster Organ, was a contemporary and rival of Father Smith, famous among Organists. Each built one for the Temple Church, and Father Smith's had most votes in its favour.* The peculiarity of the Doncaster Organ, which was Harris's masterpiece, is, its having, in the great organ, two trumpets and a clarion, throughout the whole compass; and these stops are so excellent, that a celebrated musician said every pipe in them was worth its weight in silver.

Our Doctor dated from that year, in his own recollections, as the great era of his life. It served also for many of the Doncastrians, as a date to which they carried back their computations, till the generation which remembered the erecting of the organ was extinct.

This was the age of Church improvement in Doncaster,—meaning here by Church, the material structure. Just thirty years before, the Church had been beautified and the ceiling painted, too probably to the disfigurement of works of a better architectural age. In 1721 the old peal of five bells was replaced with eight new ones, of new metal, heretofore spoken of. In 1723 the church floor and church-yard, which had both been unlevelled by Death's levelling course, were levelled anew, and new rails were placed to the altar. Two years later the Corporation gave the new Clock, and it was fixed to strike on the watch bell,—that clock which numbered the hours of Daniel Dove's life from the age of seventeen till that of seventy. In 1736 the west gallery was put up, and in 1741, ten years after the organ, a new pulpit, but not in the old style; for pulpits, which are among the finest works of art in Brabant and Flanders, had degenerated in England, and in other protestant countries.

* See Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. iii. p. 591. He states that Judge Jeffreys decided in favour of Smith's, and that Harris's went to Wolverhampton. I have often heard it there, and he who played on it had Music in his soul. If I recollect aright, his name was Rudge.

This probably was owing, in our own country, as much to the prevalence of puritanism, as to the general depravation of taste. It was for their beauty or their splendour that the early Quakers inveighed with such vehemence against pulpits, "many of which places," saith George Keith in his quaking days, "as we see in England and many other countries, have a great deal of superfluity, and vain and superfluous labour and pains of carving, painting and varnishing upon them, together with your cloth and velvet cushion in many places; because of which, and not for the height of them above the ground, we call them Chief Places. But as for a commodious place above the ground whereon to stand when one doth speak in an assembly, it was never condemned by our friends, who also have places whereupon to stand, when to minister, as they had under the Law."*

In 1743 a marble Communion Table was placed in the Church, and—(passing forward more rapidly than the regular march of this narration, in order to present these ecclesiastical matters without interruption,)—a set of chimes were fixed in 1754—merry be the memory of those by whom this good work was effected! The north and south galleries were re-built in 1765; and in 1767 the church was white-washed, a new reading-desk put up, the pulpit removed to what was deemed a more convenient station, and Mrs. Neale gave a velvet embroidered cover and cushion for it,—for which her name is enrolled among the benefactors of St. George's Church.

That velvet which, when I remember it, had lost the bloom of its complexion, will hardly have been preserved till now even by the dyer's renovating aid: and its embroidery has long since passed through the goldsmith's crucible. *Sic transit* excites a

more melancholy feeling in me when a recollection like this arises in my mind, than even the "forlorn *hic jacet*" of a neglected tombstone. Indeed such is the softening effect of time upon those who have not been rendered obdurate and insensible by the world and the world's law, that I do not now call to mind without some emotion even that pulpit, to which I certainly bore no good will in early life, when it was my fortune to hear from it so many somniferous discourses; and to bear away from it, upon pain of displeasure in those whose displeasure to me was painful, so many texts, chapter and verse, few or none of which had been improved to my advantage. "Public sermons"—(hear! hear! for Martin Luther speaketh!)—"public sermons do very little edify children, who observe and learn but little thereby. It is more needful that they be taught and well instructed with diligence in schools; and at home that they be orderly heard and examined in what they have learned. This way profiteth much; it is indeed very wearisome, but it is very necessary." May I not then confess that no turn of expression however felicitous—no collocation of words however emphatic and beautiful—no other sentences whatsoever, although rounded, or pointed for effect with the most consummate skill, have ever given me so much delight, as those dear phrases which are employed in winding up a sermon, when it is brought to its long-wished-for close.

It is not always, nor necessarily thus; nor ever would be so if these things were ordered as they might and ought to be. Hugh Latimer, Bishop Taylor, Robert South, John Wesley, Robert Hall, Bishop Jebb, Bishop Heber, Christopher Benson, your hearers felt no such tedium! when you reached that period it was to them like the cessation of a strain of music, which while it lasted had rendered them insensible to the lapse of time.

"I would not," said Luther, "have preachers torment their hearers and detain them with long and tedious preaching."

* "By his order, the Reading-Pew and Pulpit"—(of the Church of *Layton Ecclesia* in the County of *Huntingdon*)—"were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height, for he would often say, *They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that Prayer and Preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.*"

CHAPTER XLVII.

DONCASTRIANA. GUY'S DEATH. SEARCH FOR HIS TOMBSTONE IN INGLETON CHURCH-YARD.

Go to the dull church-yard, and see
 Those hillocks of mortality,
 Where proudest man is only found
 By a small hillock in the ground.

TIXALL POETRY.

THE first years of Daniel's abode in Doncaster were distinguished by many events of local memorability. The old Friar's bridge was taken down, and a new one with one large arch built in its stead. Turnpikes were erected on the roads to Saltsbrook and to Tadcaster; and in 1742 Lord Semple's regiment of Highlanders marched through the town, being the first soldiers without breeches who had ever been seen there since breeches were in use. In 1746 the Mansion House was begun, next door to Peter Hopkins's, and by no means to his comfort while the work was going on, nor indeed after it was completed, its effect upon his chimneys having heretofore been noticed. The building was interrupted by the rebellion. An army of six thousand English and Hessians was then encamped upon Wheatley Hills; and a Hessian general dying there, was buried in St. George's Church; from whence his leaden coffin was stolen by the gravedigger.

Daniel had then completed his twenty-second year. Every summer he paid a month's visit to his parents; and those were happy days, not the less so to all parties because his second home had become almost as dear to him as his first. Guy did not live to see the progress of his pupil; he died a few months after the lad had been placed at Doncaster, and the delight of Daniel's first return was overclouded by this loss. It was a severe one to the elder Daniel, who lost in the Schoolmaster his only intellectual companion.

I have sought in vain for Richard Guy's tombstone in Ingleton church-yard.* That

there is one there can hardly, I think, be doubted; for if he left no relations who regarded him, nor perhaps effects enough of his own to defray this last posthumous and not necessary expense; and if Thomas Gent of York, who published the old poem of Flodden Field from his transcript, after his death, thought he required no other monument; Daniel was not likely to omit this last tribute of respect and affection to his friend. But the church-yard, which, when his mortal remains were deposited there, accorded well with its romantic site, on a little eminence above the roaring torrent, and with the then retired character of the village, and with the solemn use to which it was consecrated, is now a thickly-peopled burial-ground. Since their time, manufactures have been established in Ingleton, and though eventually they proved unsuccessful, and were consequently abandoned, yet they continued long enough in work largely to increase the population of the church-yard. Amid so many tombs the stone which marked poor Guy's resting-place might escape even a more diligent search than mine. Nearly a century has elapsed since it was set up: in the course of that time its inscription not having been re-touched, must have become illegible to all but an antiquary's poring and practised eyes; and perhaps to them also unless aided by his tracing taet, and by the conjectural supply of connecting words, syllables, or letters; indeed, the stone itself has probably become half interred, as the earth around it has been disturbed and raised. Time corrodes our epitaphs, and buries our very tombstones.

Returning pensively from my unsuccessful search in the church-yard, to the little inn at Ingleton, I found there, upon a sampler, worked in 1824 by Elizabeth Brown, aged 9, and framed as an ornament for the room which I occupied, some lines in as moral a strain of verse as any which I had that day perused among the tombs. And I transcribed them for preservation, thinking it not improbable that they had been originally composed by Richard Guy, for the use of his female scholars, and handed down for a

* "Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years."

SIR T. BROWNE'S HYDRATIAPHIA.

like purpose, from one generation to another. This may be only a fond imagination, and perhaps it might not have occurred to me at another time; but many compositions have been ascribed in modern as well as ancient times, and indeed daily are so, to more celebrated persons, upon less likely grounds. These are the verses:

Jesus permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;
With thy dear children may she have a part,
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

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

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

QUARLES.

THE elder Daniel saw in the marked improvement of his son at every yearly visit more and more cause to be satisfied with himself for having given him such a destination, and to thank Providence that the youth was placed with a master whose kindness and religious care of him might truly be called fatherly. There was but one consideration which sometimes interfered with that satisfaction, and brought with it a sense of uneasiness. The Doves, from time immemorial, had belonged to the soil as fixedly as the soil had belonged to them. Generation after generation they had moved in the same contracted sphere, their wants and wishes being circumscribed alike within their own few hereditary acres. Pride, under whatever form it may show itself, is of the Devil; and though Family Pride may not be its most odious manifestation, even that child

bears a sufficiently ugly likeness of its father. But Family Feeling is a very different thing, and may exist as strongly in humble as in high life. Naboth was as much attached to the vineyard, the inheritance of his fathers, as Ahab could be to the throne which had been the prize, and the reward, or punishment, of his father Omri's ambition.

This feeling sometimes induced a doubt in Daniel whether affection for his son had not made him overlook his duty to his forefathers; — whether the fixtures of the land are not happier, and less in the way of evil, than the moveables: — whether he had done right in removing the lad from that station of life in which he was born, in which it had pleased God to place him; divorcing him, as it were, from his paternal soil, and cutting off the entail of that sure independence, that safe contentment, which his ancestors had obtained and preserved for him, and transmitted to his care to be in like manner by him preserved and handed down. The latent poetry which there was in the old man's heart made him sometimes feel as if the fields and the brook, and the hearth and the graves, reproached him for having done this! But then he took shelter in the reflection that he had consulted the boy's true welfare, by giving him opportunities of storing and enlarging his mind; that he had placed him in the way of intellectual advancement, where he might improve the talents which were committed to his charge, both for his own benefit and for that of his fellow-creatures. Certain he was that whether he had acted wisely or not, he had meant well. He was conscious that his determination had not been made without much and anxious deliberation, nor without much and earnest prayer; hitherto, he saw, that the blessing which he prayed for had followed it, and he endeavoured to make his heart rest in thankful and pious hope that that blessing would be continued. "Wouldst thou know," says Quarles, "the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing. If it be lawful thou shalt

perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving." Daniel might safely put his conduct to this test; and to this test, in fact, his own healthy and uncorrupted sense of religion led him, though probably he had never read these golden words of Quarles the Emblemist.

It was, therefore, with no ordinary delight that our good Daniel received a letter from his son, asking permission to go to Leyden, in conformity with his Master's wishes, and there prosecute his studies long enough to graduate as a Doctor in medicine. Mr. Hopkins, he said, would generously take upon himself the whole expense, having adopted him as his successor, and almost as a son; for as such he was treated in all respects, both by him and by his mistress, who was one of the best of women. And, indeed, it appeared that Mr. Hopkins had long entertained this intention, by the care which he had taken to make him keep up and improve the knowledge of Latin which he had acquired under Mr. Guy.

The father's consent, as might be supposed, was thankfully given; and accordingly Daniel Dove, in the twenty-third year of his age, embarked from Kingston-upon-Hull for Rotterdam, well provided by the care and kindness of his benevolent master with letters of introduction and of credit; and still better provided with those religious principles which, though they cannot ensure prosperity in this world, ensure to us things of infinitely greater moment,—good conduct, peace of mind, and the everlasting reward of the righteous.

CHAPTER XLIX.

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

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

SOUTHEY.

THERE were two portions of history with which the elder Daniel was better acquainted than most men,—that of Edward the Third's reign, and that of the Wars in the Netherlands down to the year 1608. Upon both subjects he was *homo unius libri*; such a man is proverbially formidable at his own weapon; and the book with which Johnson immortalised Osborne the bookseller, by knocking him down with it, was not a more formidable folio than either of those from which Daniel derived this knowledge.

Now of all the events in the wars of the Low Countries, there was none which had so strongly affected his imagination as the siege of Leyden. The patient fortitude of the besieged, and their deliverance, less by the exertions of man, (though no human exertions were omitted,) than by the special mercy of Him whom the elements obey, and in whom they had put their trust, were in the strong and pious mind of Daniel, things of more touching interest than the tragedy of Haarlem, or the wonders of military science and of courage displayed at the siege of Antwerp. Who indeed could forget the fierce answer of the Leydeners when they were, for the last time, summoned to surrender, that the men of Leyden would never surrender while they had one arm left

to eat, and another to fight with! And the not less terrible reply of the Burgemeester Pieter Adriaanzoon Vander Werf, to some of the townsmen when they represented to him the extremity of famine to which they were reduced; "I have sworn to defend this city," he made answer, "and by God's help I mean to keep that oath! but if my death can help ye men, here is my body! cut it in pieces, and share it among ye as far as it will go." And who without partaking in the hopes and fears of the contest, almost as if it were still at issue, can peruse the details of that *amphibious* battle (if such an expression may be allowed) upon the inundated country, when, in the extremity of their distress, and at a time when the Spaniards said that it was as impossible for the Hollanders to save Leyden from their power, as it was for them to pluck the stars from heaven, "a great south wind, which they might truly say came from the grace of God," set in with such a spring tide, that in the course of eight-and-forty hours, the inundation rose half a foot, thus rendering the fields just passable for the flat-bottomed boats which had been provided for that service! A naval battle, among the trees; where the besieged, though it was fought within two miles of their walls, could see nothing because of the foliage; and amid such a labyrinth of dykes, ditches, rivers and fortifications, that when the besiegers retired from their palisades and sconces, the conquerors were not aware of their own success, nor the besieged of their deliverance!

"In this delivery," says the historian, "and in every particular of the enterprise, doubtless all must be attributed to the mere providence of God, neither can man challenge any glory therein; for without a miracle all the endeavours of the Protestants had been as wind. But God who is always good, would not give way to the cruelties wherewith the Spaniards threatened this town, with all the insolencies whereof they make profession in the taking of towns (although they be by composition) without any respect of humanity or honesty. And

there is not any man but will confess with me, if he be not some atheist, or epicure, (who maintain that all things come by chance,) that this delivery is a work which belongs only unto God. For if the Spaniards had battered the town but with four cannons only, they had carried it, the people being so weakened with famine, as they could not endure any longer: besides a part of them were ill affected, and very many of their best men were dead of the plague. And for another testimony that it was God only who wrought, the town was no sooner delivered, but the wind which was south-west, and had driven the water out of the sea into the country, turned to north-east, and did drive it back again into the sea, as if the south-west wind had blown those three days only to that effect; wherefore they might well say that both the winds and the sea had fought for the town of Leyden. And as for the resolution of the States of Holland to drown the country, and to do that which they and their Prince, together with all the commanders, captains and soldiers of the army shewed in this sea-course, together with the constancy and resolution of the besieged to defend themselves, notwithstanding so many miseries which they suffered, and so many promises and threats which were made unto them, all in like sort proceeded from a divine instinct."

In the spirit of thoughtful feeling that this passage breathes, was the whole history of that tremendous struggle perused by the elder Daniel; and Daniel the son was so deeply imbued with the same feeling, that if he had lived till the time of the Peninsular War, he would have looked upon the condition to which Spain was reduced, as a consequence of its former tyranny, and as an awful proof how surely, soon or late, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Oh that all history were regarded in this spirit! "Even such as are in faith most strong, of zeal most ardent, should not," says one of the best and wisest of Theologians, "much mispend their time in com-

paring the degenerate fictions, or historical relations of times ancient or modern, with the everlasting truth. For though this method could not add much increase either to their faith or zeal, yet would it doubtless much avail for working placid and mild affections. The very penmen of Sacred Writ themselves were taught patience, and instructed in the ways of God's providence, by their experience of such events as the course of time is never barren of; not always related by canonical authors, nor immediately testified by the Spirit; but oftentimes believed upon a moral certainty, or such a resolution of circumstances concurrent into the first cause or disposer of all affairs as we might make of modern accidents, were we otherwise partakers of the Spirit, or would we mind heavenly matters as much as earthly."

CHAPTER L. P. I.

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

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

"WHY did Dan remain in ships?" says Deborah the Prophetess in that noble song, which, if it had been composed in Greek instead of Hebrew, would have made Pindar hide his diminished head, or taught him a loftier strain than even he has reached in his eagle flights—"Why did Dan remain in ships?" said the Prophetess. Our Daniel during his rough passage from the Humber to the Maese, thought that nothing should make him do so. Yet when all danger, real or imaginary, was over, upon that deep

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen:—"

* B. JONSON: Neptune's Triumph.

when all the discomforts and positive sufferings of the voyage were at an end; and when the ship,—

Quitting her fairly of the injurious sea †,
had entered the smooth waters of that stately river, and was gliding

Into the bosom of her quiet quay †;
he felt that the delight of setting foot on shore after a sea voyage, and that too the shore of a foreign country, for the first time, is one of the few pleasures which exceed any expectation that can be formed of them.

He used to speak of his landing, on a fine autumnal noon, in the well-wooded and well-watered city of Rotterdam, and of his journey along what he called the high-turnpike canal from thence to Leyden, as some of the pleasantest recollections of his life. Nothing, he said, was wanting to his enjoyment, but that there should have been some one to have partaken it with him in an equal degree. But the feeling that he was alone in a foreign land sate lightly on him, and did not continue long,—young as he was, with life and hope before him, healthful of body and of mind, cheerful as the natural consequence of that health corporeal and mental, and having always much to notice and enough to do—the one being an indispensable condition of happiness, the other a source of pleasure as long as it lasts; and where there is a quick eye and an inquiring mind, the longest residence abroad is hardly long enough to exhaust it.

No day in Daniel's life had ever passed in such constant and pleasurable excitement as that on which he made his passage from Rotterdam to Leyden, and took possession of the lodgings which Peter Hopkins's correspondent had engaged for him. His reception was such as instantly to make him feel that he was placed with worthy people. The little apprehensions, rather than anxieties, which the novelty of his situation occasioned, the sight of strange faces with which he was to be domesticated, and the sound of a strange language, to which, harsh and uninviting as it seemed, his ear and speech

† QUARLES.

must learn to accustom themselves, did not disquiet his first night's rest. And having fallen asleep, notwithstanding the new position to which a Dutch bolster constrained him, he was not disturbed by the storks,

— all night

Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks,

(for with Ben Jonson's leave, this may much more appropriately be said of them than of the ravens), nor by the watchmen's rappers, or clap-sticks, which seem to have been invented in emulous imitation of the stork's instrumental performance.

But you and I, Reader, can afford to make no tarriance in Leyden. I cannot remain with you here till you could see the Rector Magnificus in his magnificence. I cannot accompany you to the monument of that rash Baron who set the crown of Bohemia in evil hour upon the Elector Palatine's unlucky head. I cannot take you to the graves of Boerhaave and of Scaliger. I cannot go with you into that library of which Heinsius said, when he was Librarian there, "I no sooner set foot in it and fasten the door, but I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of Eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness." — *Plerumque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo, ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, &c. excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix; et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animas sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me miseret qui felicitatem hanc ignorant!* I cannot walk with you round the ramparts, from which wide-circling and well-shaded promenade you might look down upon a large part of the more than two thousand gardens which a century ago surrounded this most horticultural city of a horticultural province, the garden, as it was called, of Holland, that is of the land of Gardeners. I cannot even go up the Burgt with you, though it be pretended that the Hengist of Anglo-Saxon history erected it; nor can I

stop at the entrance of that odd place, for you to admire (as you could not but admire) the Lion of the United Provinces, who stands there erect and rampant in menacing attitude, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, his eyes truculent, his tail in full elevation, and in action correspondent to his motto *Pugno pro Patria*, wielding a drawn sword in his dreadful right paw.

Dear Reader, we cannot afford time for going to Oegstgeest, though the first Church in Holland is said to have been founded there by St. Willebord, and its burial-ground is the Campo Santo of the Dutch Roman Catholics, as Bunhill Fields of the English Dissenters. Nor can I accompany thee to Noortwyck and describe to thee its fishponds, its parterres, the arabesque carpet-work of its box, and the espalier walls or hedges, with the busts which were set in the archways, such as they existed when our Doctor, in his antedoctorial age, was a student at Leyden, having been kept up till that time in their old fashion by the representatives of Janus Dousa. We cannot, dear Reader, tarry to visit the gardens in that same pleasant village from which the neighbouring cities are supplied with medicinal plants; where beds of ranunculuses afford, when in blossom, a spectacle which no exhibition of art could rival in splendour and in beauty; and from whence rose leaves are exported to Turkey, there to have their essential oil extracted for Mahometan luxury.

We must not go to see the sluices of the Rhine, which Daniel never saw, because in his time the Rhine had no outlet through these Downs. We cannot walk upon the shore at Katwyck, where it was formerly a piece of Dutch courtship for the wooer to take his mistress in his arms, carry her into the sea till he was more than knee deep, set her down upon her feet, and then bearing her out again, roll her over and over upon the sand-hills by way of drying her. We have no time for visiting that scene of the Batavian Arcadia. No, reader, I cannot tarry to show thee the curiosities of Leyden, nor to talk over its *memorabilia*, nor to visit

the pleasant parts of the surrounding country: though Gerard Goris says, that *comme la Ville de Leide, entourée par les plaisants villages de Soeterwoude, Stompric, Wilsveen, Tedingerbroek, Oegstgeest, Leiderdorp et Vennepe, est la Céntré et la Delice de toute Hollande, ainsi la Campagne à l'entour de cette célèbre Ville est comme un autre Eden ou Jardin de plaisance, qui avec ses beaux attraits tellement transporte l'attention du spectateur qu'il se trouve contraint, comme par un ravissement d'esprit, de confesser qu'il n'a jamais vu pais au monde, ou l'art et la nature si bien ont pris leurs mesures pour apporter et entremêler tout ce qui peut servir à l'aise, à la recreation, et au profit.*

No, Reader, we must not linger here,

*Hier, waar in Hollands heertijkste oorden
De lieve Lente zoeter lacht,
Het schroetend Zuid, het grijnzend Noorden
Zijn' gloed en strenge kou verzacht;
Waar nijverheid en blij genoegeen,
Waar stille en vlijt zich samenvoegen.**

We must return to Doncaster. It would not be convenient for me to enter minutely, even if my materials were sufficient for that purpose, into the course of our student's life, from the time when he was entered among the Greenies of this famous University; nor to describe the ceremonies which were used at his *ungreening*, by his associates; nor the academical ones with which, at the termination of his regular terms, his degree in medicine was conferred. I can only tell thee that, during his residence at Leyden, he learned with exemplary diligence whatever he was expected to learn there, and by the industrious use of good opportunities a great deal more.

But,—he fell in love with a Burgemeester's Daughter.

CHAPTER LI.

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

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

BALBUENA.

THE arms of Leyden are two cross keys,

gules in a field argent; and having been entrusted with the power of those keys to bind and to loose,—and, moreover, to bleed and to blister, to administer at his discretion pills, potions, and powders, and employ the whole artillery of the pharmacopœia,—Daniel returned to Doncaster. The papal keys convey no such general power as the keys of Leyden: they give authority over the conscience and the soul; now it is not every man that has a conscience, or that chooses to keep one; and as for souls, if it were not an article of faith to believe otherwise,—one might conclude that the greater part of mankind had none, from the utter disregard of them which is manifested in the whole course of their dealings with each other. But bodily diseases are among the afflictions which flesh is heir to; and we are not more surely *fruges consumere nati*, than we are born to consume physic also, greatly to the benefit of that profession in which Daniel Dove had now obtained his commission.

But though he was now M.D. in due form, and entitled to the insignia of the professional wig, the muff, and the gold-headed cane, it was not Mr. Hopkins's intention that he should assume his title, and commence practice as a physician. This would have been an unpromising adventure; whereas, on the other hand, the consideration which a regular education at Leyden, then the most flourishing school of medicine, would obtain for him in the vicinity, was a sure advantage. Hopkins could now present him as a person thoroughly qualified to be his successor: and if at any future time Dove should think proper to retire from the more laborious parts of his calling, and take up his rank, it would be in his power to do so.

But one part of my Readers are, I suspect, at this time a little impatient to know something about the Burgemeester's Daughter; and I, because of the

—allegiance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all womankind*.

am bound to satisfy their natural and be-

* LEYDEN'S RAMP.

* SPENSER.

coming curiosity. Not, however, in this place; for though love has its bitters, I never will mix it up in the same chapter with physic. Daniel's passion for the Burgemeester's Daughter must be treated of in a chapter by itself, this being a mark of respect due to the subject, to her beauty, and to the dignity of Mynheer, her Wel Edel, Groot, Hoogh-Achtbaer father.

First, however, I must dispose of an objection.

There may be readers who, though they can understand why a lady instead of telling her love, should

— let concealment like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damask cheek,

will think it absurd to believe that any man should fix his affections as Daniel did upon the Burgemeester's Daughter, on a person whom he had no hopes of obtaining, and with whom, as will presently appear, he never interchanged a word. I cannot help their incredulity. But if they will not believe me they may perhaps believe the newspapers, which, about the year 1810, related the following case in point.

"A short time since a curious circumstance happened. The Rector of St. Martin's parish was sent for to pray by a gentleman of the name of Wright, who lodged in St. James's Street, Pimlico. A few days afterwards Mr. Wright's solicitor called on the Rector, to inform him that Mr. Wright was dead, and had made a codicil to his will wherein he had left him 1000*l.*, and Mr. Abbott, the Speaker of the House of Commons, 2000*l.*, and all his personal property and estates, deer-park and fisheries, &c. to Lady Frances Bruce Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury. Upon the Rector's going to Lord Ailesbury's to inform her Ladyship, the house-steward said she was married to Sir Henry Wilson of Chelsea Park, but he would go to her Ladyship and inform her of the matter. Lady Frances said she did not know any such person as Mr. Wright, but desired the Steward to go to the Rector to get the whole particulars, and say she would wait on him the next day: she did so, and found to her great astonishment that the

whole was true. She afterwards went to St. James's Street, and saw Mr. Wright in his coffin; and then she recollected him, as having been a great annoyance to her many years ago at the Opera House, where he had a box next to hers: he never spoke to her, but was continually watching her, look wherever she would, till at length she was under the necessity of requesting her friends to procure another box. The estates are from 20 to 30,000*l.* a-year. Lady Frances intends putting all her family into mourning out of respect."

Whether such a bequest ought to have been held good in law, and if so, whether it ought in conscience to have been accepted, are points upon which I should probably differ both from the Lord Chancellor, and the Lady Legatee.

CHAPTER LII.

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

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

RICCIARDETTO.

DEAR Ladies, I can neither tell you the name of the Burgemeester's Daughter, nor of the Burgemeester himself. If I ever heard them they have escaped my recollection. The Doctor used to say his love for her was in two respects like the small-pox; for he took it by inoculation, and having taken it, he was secured from ever having the disease in a more dangerous form.

The case was a very singular one. Had it not been so it is probable I should never have been made acquainted with it. Most men seem to consider their unsuccessful love, when it is over, as a folly which they neither like to speak of, nor to remember.

Daniel Dove never was introduced to the Burgemeester's Daughter, never was in company with her, and, as already has been intimated, never spoke to her. As for any hope of ever by any possibility obtaining a return of his affection, a devout Roman Catholic might upon much better grounds hope that Saint Ursula, or any of her Eleven Thousand Virgins would come from her place in Heaven to reward his devotion with a kiss. The gulph between Dives and Lazarus was not more insuperable than the distance between such an English Greeny at Leyden and a Burgemeester's Daughter.

Here, therefore, dear Ladies, you cannot look to read of

*Le speranze, gli affetti,
La data fe', le tenerezze, i primi
Scambievoli sospiri, i primi sguardi.**

Nor will it be possible for me to give you

*—l'idea di quel volto
Dove apprese il suo core
La prima volta a sospirar d'amore.**

This I cannot do; for I never saw her picture, nor heard her features described. And most likely if I had seen her herself, in her youth and beauty, the most accurate description that words could convey might be just as like Fair Rosamond, Helen, Rachael, or Eve. Suffice it to say that she was confessedly the beauty of that city, and of those parts.

But it was not for the fame of her beauty that Daniel fell in love with her: so little was there of this kind of romance in his nature, that report never raised in him the slightest desire of seeing her. Her beauty was no more than Hecuba's to him, till he saw it. But it so happened that having once seen it, he saw it frequently, at leisure, and always to the best advantage: "and so," said he, "I received the disease by inoculation."

Thus it was. There was at Leyden an English Presbyterian Kirk for the use of the English students, and any other persons who might choose to frequent it. Daniel felt the want there of that Liturgy in the

use of which he had been trained up: and finding nothing which could attract him to that place of worship except the use of his own language,—which, moreover, was not used by the preacher in any way to his edification,—he listened willingly to the advice of the good man with whom he boarded, and this was, that, as soon as he had acquired a slight knowledge of the Dutch tongue, he should, as a means of improving himself in it, accompany the family to their parish church. Now this happened to be the very church which the Burgemeester and his family attended: and if the allotment of pews in that church had been laid out by Cupid himself, with the fore-purpose of catching Daniel as in a pitfall, his position there in relation to the Burgemeester's Daughter could not have been more exactly fixed.

"God forgive me!" said he; "for every Sunday while she was worshipping her Maker, I used to worship her."

But the folly went no farther than this; it led him into no act of absurdity, for he kept it to himself; and he even turned it to some advantage, or rather it shaped for itself a useful direction, in this way: having frequent and unobserved opportunity of observing her lovely face, the countenance became fixed so perfectly in his mind, that even after the lapse of forty years, he was sure, he said, that if he had possessed a painter's art, he could have produced her likeness. And having her beauty thus impressed upon his imagination, any other appeared to him only as a foil to it, during that part of his life when he was so circumstanced that it would have been an act of imprudence for him to run in love.

I smile to think how many of my readers, when they are reading this chapter aloud in a domestic circle, will *bring up* at the expression of *running in love*;—like a stage-coachman, who, driving at the smooth and steady pace of nine miles an hour on a macadamised road, comes upon some accidental obstruction only just in time to check the horses.

Amorosa who flies into love; and Ama-

* METASIA.

tura who flutters as if she were about to do the same ; and Amoretta who dances into it, (poor creatures, God help them all three !) and Amanda, — Heaven bless her ! — who will be led to it gently and leisurely along the path of discretion, they all make a sudden stop at the words.

CHAPTER LIII. P. I.

OF THE VARIOUS WAYS OF GETTING IN LOVE.

A CHAPTER CONTAINING SOME USEFUL OBSERVATIONS, AND SOME BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

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

BURTON.

Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean to say another, or bolt out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men, who merely for want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterwards passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established themselves in the profession, if not in the belief, of some pernicious doctrine or opinion, to their own great injury and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth.

There may be an opposite fault ; for indeed upon the agathokakological globe there are opposite qualities always to be found in parallel degrees, north and south of the equator.

A man may dwell upon words till he becomes at length a mere precisian in speech. He may think of their meaning till he loses

sight of all meaning, and they appear as dark and mysterious to him as chaos and outer night. "Death! Grave!" exclaims Goethe's suicide, "I understand 'not the words!" and so he who looks for its quintessence might exclaim of every word in the dictionary.

They who cannot swim should be contented with wading in the shallows : they who can may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear. But let no one dive in the mud.

I said that Daniel fell in love with the Burgemeester's Daughter, and I made use of the usual expression because there it was the most appropriate : for the thing was accidental. He himself could not have been more surprised if, missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Breede-straat of Leyden, where there is no canal, he had fallen into the water ; — nor would he have been more completely over head and ears at once.

A man falls in love, just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, — perhaps, and very probably a misfortune ; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt ; it is done knowingly and intentionally ; and very often rashly, and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort ; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to — I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, — than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale ; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here : the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife ; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven they are, he is likely to do so : but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred

to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say, where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend, though the remembrance of the Burgemeester's daughter was too vivid in his imagination for him ever to run in love, or at that time deliberately to walk into it, as he afterwards did,—under such circumstances, I say, he took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall relate it not in this place.

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry,—take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English Poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the Laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

Ah! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed,—yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look; and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Take also the passage that presently follows

this; it alludes to a game which has long been obsolete,—but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next.

And when in sport with other company
Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad,
How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
Which way it went? And when at Barley-break
It came unto my turn to rescue her,
With what an earnest, swift and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run,
And further run than to my hand! her race
Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
And when we were to break again, how late
And loth her trembling hand would part with mine;
And with how slow a pace would she set forth
To meet the encountering party who contends
To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends! *

CHAPTER LIV. P. I.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE, AND MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

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

CHARLES.

WHETHER chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question, as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game at backgammon. Both enter into the constitution of the game; and choice will always have some little to do with love, though so many other operating motives may be combined with it, that it sometimes bears a very insignificant part: but from marriage it is too frequently precluded on the one side, unwilling consent, and submission to painful circumstances supplying its place; and there is one sect of Christians (the Moravians), who, where they hold to the rigour of their institute, preclude it on both sides. They marry by lot; and if divorces ever take place among them, the scandal has not been divulged to the profaner world.

Choice, however, is exercised among all other Christians; or where not exercised, it is presumed by a fiction of law or of divinity, call it which you will. The husband even insists upon it in China where the pig is bought in a poke; for when pignie arrives and the

purchaser opens the close sedan chair in which she has been conveyed to his house, if he does not like her looks at first sight, he shuts her up again and sends her back.

But when a bachelor who has no particular attachment, makes up his mind to take unto himself a wife, for those reasons to which Uncle Toby referred the Widow Wadman as being to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, how then to choose is a matter of much more difficulty, than one who has never considered it could suppose. It would not be paradoxical to assert that in the sort of choice which such a person makes, chance has a much greater part than either affection or judgment. To set about seeking a wife is like seeking one's fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest is less, though poor enough, Heaven knows, in both cases.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul

Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.*

So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.

According to the new revelation of the Saint Simonians, every individual human being has had a fitting mate created, the one and only woman for every individual man, and the one and only man for every individual woman ; and unless the persons so made, fitted and intended for each other, meet and are joined together in matrimonial bonds, there can be no perfect marriage for either, that harmonious union for which they

were designed being frustrated for both. Read the words of the Chief of the New Hierarchy himself, Father Bazard : *Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul homme, qui soient destinés à former dans le mariage l'union harmonique du couple. — Grâce aux lumieres de cette revelation, les individus les plus avancés peuvent aussi dès aujourd'hui sentir et former le lien qui doit les unir dans le mariage.*

But if Sinner Sinon and his disciples, — (most assuredly they ought to be unsainted!) — were right in this doctrine, happy marriages would be far more uncommon than they are ; the man might with better likelihood of finding it look for a needle in a bottle of hay, than seek for his other half in this wide world ; and the woman's chance would be so immeasurably less, that no intelligible form of figures could express her fraction of it.

The man who gets in love because he has determined to marry, instead of marrying because he is in love, goes about to private parties and to public places in search of a wife ; and there he is attracted by a woman's appearance, and the figure which she makes in public, not by her amiable deportment, her domestic qualities and her good report. Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey, the elder for their daughters, the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair Piscatrix is not more likely to catch a bonito, or a dorado, than she is to be caught by a shark.

Thomas Day, not old Thomas Day of the old glee, nor the young Thomas Day either, — a father and son whose names are married to immortal music, — but the Thomas Day who wrote Sandford and Merton, and who had a heart which generally led him right, and a head which as generally led him wrong ; that Thomas Day thought that the best way of obtaining a wife to his mind, was to breed one up for himself. So he selected two little orphan girls from a charity school, with the intention of marrying in

* ZOPHIEL.

due time the one whom he should like best. Of course such proper securities as could alone justify the managers of the charity in consenting to so uncommon a transaction, were required and given. The experiment succeeded in every thing—except its specific object; for he found at last that love was not a thing thus to be bespoken on either side; and his Lucretia and Sabrina, as he named them, grew up to be good wives for other men. I do not know whether the life of Thomas Day has yet found its appropriate place in the Wonderful Magazine, or in the collection entitled Eccentric Biography, — but the Reader may find it livelily related in Miss Seward's Life of Darwin.

The experiment of breeding a wife is not likely to be repeated. None but a most determined theorist would attempt it; and to carry it into effect would require considerable means of fortune, not to mention a more than ordinary share of patience: after which there must needs be a greater disparity of years than can be approved in theory upon any due consideration of human nature, and any reasonable estimate of the chances of human life.

CHAPTER LV. P. I.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VISIT TO DONCASTER.

*Fuere quondam hæc sed fuere ;
Nunc ubi sint, rogatas ? Id annos
Scire hos oportet scilicet. O bonæ
Musæ, O Lepôres — O Charities meræ !
O gaudia affuscata nullis
Litiibus ! O sine nube soles !*

JANUS DOUZA.

I HAVE more to say, dear Ladies, upon that which to you is, and ought to be, the most interesting of all worldly subjects, matrimony, and the various ways by which it is brought about; but this is not the place for saying it. The Doctor is not at this time thinking of a wife: his heart can no more be taken so long as it retains the lively image of the Burgemeester's Daughter, than Troy-town while the Palladium was safe.

Imagine him, therefore, in the year of our

Lord 1747, and in the twenty-sixth year of his age, returned to Doncaster, with the Burgemeester's Daughter, seated like the Lady in the Lobster, in his inmost breast; with physic in his head and at his fingers' ends; and with an appetite for knowledge which had long been feeding voraciously, digesting well, and increasing in its growth by what it fed on. Imagine him returned to Doncaster, and welcomed once more as a son by the worthy old Peter Hopkins and his good wife, in that comfortable habitation which I have heretofore described, and of which (as was at the same time stated) you may see a faithful representation in Miller's History of that good town; a faithful representation, I say, of what it was in 1804; the drawing was by Frederic Nash; and Edward Shirt made a shift to engrave it; the house had then undergone some alterations since the days when I frequented it; and now!—

Of all things in this our mortal pilgrimage one of the most joyful is the returning home after an absence which has been long enough to make the heart yearn with hope, and not sicken with it, and then to find when you arrive there that all is well. But the most purely painful of all painful things is to visit after a long, long interval of time the place which was once our home;—the most purely painful, because it is unmixed with fear, anxiety, disappointment, or any other emotion but what belongs to the sense of time and change, then pressing upon us with its whole unalleviated weight.

It was my fortune to leave Doncaster early in life, and, having passed *per varios casus*, and through as large a proportion of good and evil in my humble sphere, as the pious Æneas, though not exactly *per tot discrimina rerum*, not to see it again till after an absence of more than forty years, when my way happened to lie through that town. I should never have had heart purposely to visit it, for that would have been seeking sorrow; but to have made a circuit for the sake of avoiding the place would have been an act of weakness; and no man who has a proper degree of self-respect will do any thing of which he might justly feel ashamed.

It was evening, and late in autumn, when I entered Doncaster, and alighted at the Old Angel Inn. "The *Old Angel!*" said I to my fellow-traveller; "you see that even Angels on earth grow old!"

My companion knew how deeply I had been indebted to Dr. Dove, and with what affection I cherished his memory. We presently sallied forth to look at his former habitation. Totally unknown as I now am in Doncaster, (where there is probably not one living soul who remembers either me, or my very name,) I had determined to knock at the door, at a suitable hour on the morrow, and ask permission to enter the house in which I had passed so many happy and memorable hours, long ago. My age and appearance, I thought, might justify this liberty; and I intended also to go into the garden and see if any of the fruit trees were remaining, which my venerable friend had planted, and from which I had so often plucked and ate.

When we came there, there was nothing by which I could have recognised the spot, had it not been for the Mansion House that immediately adjoined it. Half of its site had been levelled to make room for a street or road which had been recently opened. Not a vestige remained of the garden behind. The remaining part of the house had been re-built; and when I read the name of R. DENNISON on the door, it was something consolatory to see that the door itself was not the same which had so often opened to admit me.

Upon returning to the spot on the following morning I perceived that the part which had been re-built is employed as some sort of official appendage to the Mansion House; and on the naked side-wall now open to the new street, or road, I observed most distinctly where the old tall chimney had stood, and the outline of the old pointed roof. These were the only vestiges that remained; they could have no possible interest in any eyes but mine, which were likely never to behold them again; and indeed it was evident that they would soon be effaced as a deformity, and the naked side-wall smoothed

over with plaster. But they will not be effaced from my memory, for they were the last traces of that dwelling which is the *Kebbla* of my retrospective day-dreams, the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of my dearest recollections; and, like an apparition from the dead, once seen, they were never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER LVI. P. I.

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

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

MIDDLETON.

WELL might Ben Jonson call bell-ringing "the poetry of steeples!" It is a poetry which in some heart or other is always sure to move an accordant key; and there is not much of the poetry, so called by courtesy because it bears the appearance of verse, of which this can be said with equal truth. Doncaster since I was one of its inhabitants had been so greatly changed, — (improved I ought to say, for its outward changes had really been improvements,) — that there was nothing but my own recollections to carry me back into the past, till the clock of St. George's struck nine, on the evening of our arrival, and its chimes began to measure out the same time in the same tones which I used to hear as regularly as the hours came round, forty long years ago.

Enough of this! My visit to Doncaster was incidentally introduced by the comparison which I could not choose but make between such a return, and that of the Student from Leyden. We must now revert to the point from whence I strayed, and go farther back than the forty years over which the chimes, as if with magic, had transported me. We must go back to the year 1747, when gentlemen wore sky-blue coats, with silver button holes and huge

cuffs extending more than half way from the middle of the hand to the elbow, short breeches just reaching to the silver garters at the knee, and embroidered waistcoats with long flaps which came almost as low. Were I to describe Daniel Dove in the wig which he then wore, and which observed a modest mean between the bush of the Apothecary and the consequential foretop of the Physician with its depending knots, fore and aft; were I to describe him in a sober suit of brown or snuff-coloured dittos, such as beseemed his profession, but with cuffs of the dimensions, waistcoat-flaps of the length, and breeches of the brevity before mentioned; Amorosa and Amatura and Amoretta would exclaim that love ought never to be named in connection with such a figure,—Amabilis, sweet girl, in the very bloom of innocence and opening youth, would declare she never could love such a creature, and Amanda herself would smile, not contemptuously, nor at her idea of the man, but at the mutability of fashion. Smile if you will, young Ladies! your great-grand-mothers wore large hoops, peaked stomachers, and modesty-bits*; their riding-habits and waistcoats were trimmed with silver, and they had very gentleman-like perukes for riding in, as well as gentleman-like cocked hats. Yet, young Ladies, they were as gay and giddy in their time as you are now; they were as attractive and as lovely; they were not less ready than you are to laugh at the fashions of those who had gone before them; they were wooed and won by gentlemen in short breeches, long flapped waistcoats, large cuffs, and tie-wigs; and the wooing and winning proceeded much in the same manner as it had done in the generations before them, as the same agreeable part of this world's business proceeds among yourselves, and as it will proceed when you will be as little thought of by your great-grand-daughters as your

great-grand-mothers are at this time by you. What care you for your great-grand-mothers!

The law of entails sufficiently proves that our care for our posterity is carried far, sometimes indeed beyond what is reasonable and just. On the other hand, it is certain that the sense of relationship in the ascending line produces in general little other feeling than that of pride in the haughty and high-born. That it should be so to a certain degree, is in the order of nature and for the general good: but that in our selfish state of society this indifference for our ancestors is greater than the order of nature would of itself produce, may be concluded from the very different feeling which prevailed among some of the ancients, and still prevails in other parts of the world.

He who said that he did not see why he should be expected to do any thing for Posterity, when Posterity had done nothing for him, might be deemed to have shown as much worthlessness as wit in this saying, if it were any thing more than the sportive sally of a light-hearted man. Yet one who "keeps his heart with all diligence," knowing that "out of it are the issues of life," will take heed never lightly to entertain a thought that seems to make light of a duty,—still less will he give it utterance. We owe much to Posterity, nothing less than all that we have received from our Forefathers. And for myself I should be unwilling to believe that nothing is due from us to our ancestors. If I did not acquire this feeling from the person who is the subject of these volumes, it was at least confirmed by him. He used to say that one of the gratifications which he promised himself after death, was that of becoming acquainted with all his progenitors, in order, degree above degree, up to Noah, and from him up to our first parents. "But," said he, "though I mean to proceed regularly step by step, curiosity will make me in one instance trespass upon this proper arrangement, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Adam and Eve."

* Probably the same as the Modesty-piece. Johnson quotes the following from the Guardian. "A narrow lace which runs along the upper part of the stays before, being a part of the tucker, is called the *Modesty-piece*."
—*in v.*

CHAPTER LVII. P. I.

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

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

TWELFTH NIGHT.

I MUST not allow the feminine part of my readers to suppose that the Doctor, when in his prime of life, was not a very likeable person in appearance, as well as in every thing else, although he wore what, in the middle of the last century, was the costume of a respectable country practitioner in medicine. Though at Leyden he could only look at a Burgemeester's daughter as a cat may look at a King, there was not a Mayor or Alderman's daughter in Doncaster who would have thought herself disparaged if he had fixed his eyes upon her, and made her a proffer of his hand.

Yet, as in the opinion of many dress "makes the man," and any thing which departs widely from the standard of dress, "the fellow." I must endeavour to give those young Ladies who are influenced more than they ought to be, and perhaps more than they are aware, by such an opinion, a more favourable notion of the Doctor's appearance, than they are likely to have if they bring him before their eyes in the fashion of his times. It will not assist this intention on my part, if I request you to look at him as you would look at a friend who was dressed in such a costume for a masquerade or a fancy ball; for your friend would expect and wish to be laughed at, having assumed the dress for that benevolent purpose. Well, then, let us take off the aforesaid sad snuff-colour coat with broad deep cuffs; still the waistcoat with its long flaps, and the breeches that barely reach to the knee, will provoke your merriment. We must not proceed farther in undressing him; and if I conceal these under a loose morning gown of green damask, the insuperable perruwig would still remain.

Let me then present him to your imagination, setting forth on horseback in that sort of weather which no man encounters voluntarily, but which men of his profession who practise in the Country are called upon to face at all seasons and all hours. Look at him in a great coat of the closest texture that the looms of Leeds could furnish,—one of those dreadnoughts, the utility of which sets fashion at defiance. You will not observe his boot-stockings coming high above the knees; the coat covers them; and if it did not, you would be far from despising them now. His tie-wig is all but hidden under a hat, the brim of which is broad enough to answer in some degree the use of an umbrella. Look at him now, about to set off on some case of emergency; with haste in his expressive eyes, and a cast of thoughtful anxiety over one of the most benignant countenances that Nature ever impressed with the characters of good humour and good sense!

Was he, then, so handsome? you say. Nay, Ladies, I know not whether you would have called him so; for, among the things which were too wonderful for him, yea, which he knew not, I suspect that Solomon might have included a woman's notion of handsomeness in man.

CHAPTER LVIII. P. I.

CONCERNING THE PORTRAIT OF DOCTOR DANIEL DOVE.

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

HERBERT.

THERE is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove.

And there Horrebow, the Natural Historian of Iceland,—if Horrebow had been his biographer—would have ended this chapter.*

* The author of the Doctor, &c.; had evidently in view the end of the Laureate's Second Letter in his *Vindiciae Eccles. Anglic.* "And with this I conclude a letter which may remind the reader of the Chapter concerning Owls in Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland."

“Here perchance,”—(observe, Reader, I am speaking now in the words of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon,)—“here perchance a question would be asked—(and yet I do marvel to hear a question made of so plain a matter,)—what should be the cause of this? If it were asked,”—(still the Lord Keeper speaketh) “thus I mean to answer: That I think no man so blind but seeth it, no man so deaf but heareth it, nor no man so ignorant but understandeth it.” “*Il y a des demandes si sottés qu'on ne les scauroit resoudre par autre moyen que par la moquerie et les absurdities; afin qu'une sottise pousse l'autre.*”*

But some reader may ask what have I answered here, or rather what have I brought forward the great authority of the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon and the arch-vituperator P. Garasse, to answer for me? Do I take it for granted that the cause wherefore there is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove should be thus apparent? or the reason why, there being no such portrait, Horrebow should simply have said so, and having so said, end therewith the chapter which he had commenced upon the subject.

O, gentle reader, you who ask this pertinent question,—I entirely agree with you! there is nothing more desirable in composition than perspicuity; and in perspicuity precision is implied. Of the Author who has attained it in his style, it may indeed be said, *omne tulit punctum*, so far as relates to style; for all other graces, those only excepted which only genius can impart, will necessarily follow. Nothing is so desirable, and yet it should seem that nothing is so difficult. He who thinks least about it when he is engaged in composition will be most likely to attain it, for no man ever attained it by labouring for it. Read all the treatises upon composition that ever were composed, and you will find nothing which conveys so much useful instruction as the account given by John Wesley of his own way of writing. “I never think of my style,” says he; “but just set down the words that come first.

Only when I transcribe any thing for the press, then I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure and proper: conciseness, which is now as it were natural to me, brings *quantum sufficit* of strength. If after all I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out neck and shoulders.” Let your words take their course freely; they will then dispose themselves in their natural order, and make your meaning plain:—that is, Mr. Author, supposing you have a meaning; and that it is not an insidious, and for that reason, a covert one. With all the head-work that there is in these volumes, and all the heart-work too, I have not bitten my nails over a single sentence which they contain. I do not say that my hand has not sometimes been passed across my brow; nor that the fingers of my left hand have not played with the hair upon my forehead,—like Thalaba's with the grass that grew beside Oneiza's tomb.

No people have pretended to so much precision in their language as the Turks. They have not only verbs active, passive, transitive, and reciprocal, but also verbs co-operative, verbs meditative, verbs frequentative, verbs negative, and verbs impossible; and, moreover, they have what are called verbs of opinion, and verbs of knowledge. The latter are used when the speaker means it to be understood that he speaks of his own sure knowledge, and is absolutely certain of what he asserts; the former when he advances it only as what he thinks likely, or believes upon the testimony of others.

Now in the Turkish language the word whereon both the meaning and the construction of the sentence depend, is placed at the end of a sentence, which extends not unfrequently to ten, fifteen, or twenty lines. What, therefore, they might gain in accuracy by this nice distinction of verbs must be more than counterbalanced by the ambiguity consequent upon long-windedness. And, notwithstanding their conscientious moods, they are not more remarkable for veracity than their neighbours who, in ancient times, made so much use of the indefinite tenses, and were said to be always liars.

* GARASSE.

We have a sect in our own country who profess to use a strict and sincere plainness of speech; they call their dialect the *plain language*, and yet they are notorious for making a studied precision in their words answer all the purposes of equivocation.

CHAPTER LIX. P. I.

SHOWING WHAT THAT QUESTION WAS, WHICH WAS ANSWERED BEFORE IT WAS ASKED.

Chacun a son stile; le mien, comme vous voyez, n'est pas laconique.
ME. DE SEVIGNE'.

IN reporting progress upon the subject of the preceding chapter, it appears that the question asked concerning the question that was answered, was not itself answered in that chapter; so that it still remains to be explained what it was that was so obvious as to require no other answer than the answer that was there given; whether it was the reason why there is no portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove? or the reason why Horrebow, if he had been the author of this book, would simply have said that there was none, and have said nothing more about it?

The question which was answered related to Horrebow. He would have said nothing more about the matter, because he would have thought there was nothing more to say; or because he agreed with Britain's old rhyming Remembrancer, that although

More might be said hereof to make a proof,
Yet more to say were more than is enough.

But if there be readers who admire a style of such barren brevity, I must tell them in the words of Estienne Pasquier, that *je fais grande conscience d'alambiquer mon esprit en telle espece d'escrite pour leur plaisir*. Do they take me for a Bottle-Conjuror that I am to compress myself into a quart, wine-merchants' measure, and be corked down? I must have "ample room and verge enough," — a large canvass such as Haydon requires, and as Rubens required before him. When I pour out nectar for my guests it must be into

— a bowl
Large as my capacious soul.

It is true I might have contented myself with merely saying there is no portrait of my venerable friend; and the benevolent reader would have been satisfied with the information, while at the same time he wished there had been one, and perhaps involuntarily sighed at thinking there was not. But I have duties to perform; first to the memory of my most dear philosopher and friend; secondly, to myself; thirdly, to posterity, which in this matter I cannot conscientiously prefer either to myself or my friend; fourthly, to the benevolent reader who delighteth in this book, and consequently loveth me therefore, and whom therefore I love, though, notwithstanding here is love for love between us, we know not each other now, and never shall! fourthly, I say to the benevolent reader, or rather readers, *utriusque generis*; and, fifthly, to the Public for the time being. "England expects every man to do his duty;" and England's expectation would not be disappointed if every Englishman were to perform his as faithfully and fully as I will do mine. Mark me, Reader, it is only of my duties to England, and to the parties above-mentioned that I speak; other duties I am accountable for elsewhere. God forbid that I should ever speak of them in this strain, or ever think of them otherwise than in humility and fear!

CHAPTER LX. P. I.

SHOWING CAUSE WHY THE QUESTION WHICH WAS NOT ASKED OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED.

Nay in troth I talk but coarsely,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"WHAT, more buffoonery!" says the Honourable Fastidious Feeble-wit, who condescends to act occasionally as Small Critic to the Court Journal: — "what, still more of this buffoonery!"

"Yes, Sir, — *vous ne recevrez de moy, sur le commencement et milieu de celuy-cy mien chapitre que bouffonnerie; et toutesfois bouffonnerie qui porte quant à soy une philosophie et*

*contemplation générale de la vanité de ce monde.**

"More absurdities still!" says Lord Make-motion Ganderman, "more and more absurdities!"

"Ay, my Lord!" as the Gracioso says in one of Calderon's Plays,

*¿ sino digo lo que quiero,
de que me sirva ser loco?*

"Ay, my Lord!" as the old Spaniard says in his national poesy, "*mas, y mas, y mas, y mas,*" more, and more, and more, and more. You may live to learn what vaunted maxims of your political philosophy are nothing else than absurdities in masquerade; what old and exploded follies there are, which with a little vamping and varnishing pass for new and wonderful discoveries;

What a world of businesses

Which by interpretation are mere nothings! †

This you may live to learn. As for my absurdities, they may seem very much beneath your sapience; but when I say *hæ nugæ seria ducunt*, (for a trite quotation when well-set is as good as one that will be new to every body,) let me add, my Lord, that it will be well both for you and your country, if your practical absurdities do not draw after them consequences of a very different dye!

No, my Lord, as well as Ay, my Lord!

Never made man of woman born
Of a bullock's tail, a blowing-horn;
Nor can an ass's hide disguise
A lion, if he ramp and rise. ‡

"More fooling," exclaims Dr. Dense: he takes off his spectacles, lays them on the table beside him, with a look of despair, and applies to the snuff-box for consolation. It is a capacious box, and the Doctor's servant takes care that his master shall never find in it a deficiency of the best rappee. "More fooling!" says that worthy Doctor.

Fooling, say you, my learned Dr. Dense? Chiabrera will tell you

*— che nou è via
Una gentil follia,—*

my erudite and good Doctor;

But do you know what fooling is? true fooling,—
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants, and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash. §

It is easy to talk of fooling and of folly, *mais d'en savoir les ordres, les rangs, les distinctions; de connoître ces différences délicates qu'il y a de Folie à Folie; les affinités et les alliances qui se trouvent entre la Sagesse et cette même Folie*, as Saint Evremond says; to know this is not under every one's nightcap; and perhaps, my learned Doctor, may not be under your wig, orthodox and in full buckle as it is.

The Doctor is all astonishment, and almost begins to doubt whether I am fooling in earnest. Ay, Doctor! you meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one. As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart, as from a hollow one; and from a full mind as from an empty head. "Levity," says Mr. Danby, "is sometimes a refuge from the gloom of seriousness. A man may whistle 'for want of thought,' or from having too much of it."

"Poor creature!" says the Reverend Philocalvin Frybabe. "Poor creature! little does he think what an account he must one day render for every idle word!"

And what account, odious man, if thou art a hypocrite, and hardly less odious if thou art sincere in thine abominable creed,—what account wilt thou render for thine extempore prayers and thy set discourses? My words, idle as thou mayest deem them, will never stupify the intellect, nor harden the heart, nor besot the conscience like an opiate drug!

"Such factiousness," saith Barrow, "is not unreasonable or unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation; harmless, I say, that is, not entrencing upon piety, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace. For Christianity is not so tetical, so harsh, so

* PASQUIER. † BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. ‡ PERLE.

§ BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

envious as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good-humour among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient, or unprofitable. If for those ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion; why may we not as well to them accommodate our organs of speech and interior sense? Why should those games which excite our wit and fancies be less reasonable than those whereby our grosser parts and faculties are exercised? yea, why are not those more reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason; seeing also they may be so managed, as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it, by good sense conveyed in jocular expression."

But think not that in thus producing the authority of one of the wisest and best of men, I offer any apology for my levities to your Gravityships! they need it not and you deserve it not.

Questi —

*Son fatti per dar pasto a gl' ignoranti ;
Ma voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.*

*Le cose belle, e preziose, e care,
Saporite, soavi e delicate,
Scoperte in man non si debbon portare
Perchè da' porci non sieno abbrattate.**

Gentlemen, you have made me break the word of promise both to the eye and ear. I began this chapter with the intention of showing to the reader's entire satisfaction,

why the question which was not asked, ought to be answered; and now another chapter must be appropriated to that matter! Many things happen between the cup and the lip, and between the beginning of a chapter and the conclusion thereof.

CHAPTER LXI. P. I.

WHEREIN THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ASKED.

*Ajutami, tu penna, et calamaio,
Ch' io hò tra mano una materia asciutta.*

MATTIO FRANZESI.

WHEREFORE there is no portrait of my excellent friend, is a question which ought to be answered, because the solution will exhibit something of what in the words of the old drinking song he used to call his "poor way of thinking." And it is a question which may well be asked, seeing that in the circle wherein he moved, there were some persons of liberal habits and feelings as well as liberal fortune, who enjoyed his peculiarities, placed the fullest reliance upon his professional skill, appreciated most highly his moral and intellectual character, and were indeed personally attached to him in no ordinary degree.

For another reason also ought this question to be resolved; a reason which whatever the reader may think, has the more weight with me, because it nearly concerns myself. "There is indeed," says the Philosopher of Bemerton, "a near relation between seriousness and wisdom, and one is a most excellent friend to the other. A man of a serious, sedate and considerate temper, as he is always in a ready disposition for meditation, (the best improvement both of knowledge and manners,) so he thinks without disturbance, enters not upon another notion till he is master of the first, and so makes clean work with it: — whereas a man of a loose, volatile and shattered humour, thinks only by fits and starts, now and then in a morning interval, when the serious mood comes upon him;

* ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

and even then too, let but the least trifle cross his way, and his desultory fancy presently takes the scent, leaves the unfinished and half-mangled notion, and skips away in pursuit of the new game." Reader, it must be my care not to come under this condemnation; and therefore I must follow to the end the subject which is before me: *quare autem nobis — dicendum videtur, ne temere secuti putemur; et breviter dicendum, ne in hujusmodi rebus diutius, quam ratio præcipiendi postulet commoremur.**

Mr. Copley of Netherhall was particularly desirous of possessing this so-much-by-us-now-desiderated likeness, and would have invited an Artist from London, if the Doctor could have been prevailed upon to sit for it; but to this no persuasions could induce him. He never assigned a reason for this determination, and indeed always evaded the subject when it was introduced, letting it at the same time plainly be perceived that he was averse to it, and wished not to be so pressed as to draw from him a direct refusal. But once when the desire had been urged with some seriousness, he replied that he was the last of his race, and if he were to be the first who had his portrait taken, well might they who looked at it exclaim with Solomon, "Vanity of vanities!"

In that thought indeed it was that the root of his objection lay. *Pauli in domo, præter se nemo superest*, is one of the most melancholy reflections to which Paulus Æmilius gave utterance in that speech of his which is recorded by Livy. The speedy extinction of his family in his own person was often in the Doctor's mind; and he would sometimes touch upon it when, in his moods of autumnal feeling, he was conversing with those persons whom he had received into his heart of hearts. Unworthy as I was, it was my privilege and happiness to be one of them; and at such times his deepest feelings could not have been expressed more unreservedly, if he had given them utterance in poetry or in prayer.

Blessed as he had been in all other things

to the extent of his wishes, it would be unreasonable in him, he said, to look upon this as a misfortune; so to repine would indicate little sense of gratitude to that bountiful Providence which had so eminently favoured him; little also of religious acquiescence in its will. It was not by any sore calamity nor series of afflictions that the extinction of his family had been brought on; the diminution had been gradual, as if to show that their uses upon earth were done. His grandfather had only had two children; his parents but one, and that one was now *ultimus suorum*. They had ever been a family in good repute, walking inoffensively towards all men, uprightly with their neighbours, and humbly with their God; and perhaps this extinction was their reward. For what Solon said of individuals, that no one could truly be called happy till his life had terminated in a happy death, holds equally true of families.

Perhaps, too, this timely extinction was ordained in mercy, to avert consequences which might else so probably have arisen from his forsaking the station in which he was born; a lowly, but safe station, exposed to fewer dangers, trials, or temptations, than any other in this age or country, with which he was enabled to compare it. The sentiment with which Sanazzaro concludes his *Arcadia* was often in his mind, not as derived from that famous author, but self-originated: *per cosa vera ed indubitata tener ti puoi, che chi più di nascoso e più lontano dalla moltitudine vive, miglior vive; e colui trà mortali si può con più verità chiamar beato, che senza invidia delle altrui grandezze, con modesto animo della sua fortuna si contenta*. His father had removed him from that station; he would not say unwisely, for his father was a wise and good man, if ever man deserved to be so called; and he could not say unhappily; for assuredly he knew that all the blessings which had earnestly been prayed for, had attended the determination. Through that blessing he had obtained the whole benefit which his father desired for him, and had escaped evils which perhaps had not been fully apprehended. His in-

* CICERO.

tellectual part had received all the improvement of which it was capable, and his moral nature had sustained no injury in the process; nor had his faith been shaken, but stood firm, resting upon a sure foundation. But the entail of humble safety had been, as it were, cut off; the birth-right—so to speak—had been renounced. His children, if God had given him children, must have mingled in the world, there to shape for themselves their lot of good or evil; and he knew enough of the world to know how manifold and how insidious are the dangers, which, in all its paths, beset us. He never could have been to them what his father had been to him;—that was impossible. They could have had none of those hallowing influences both of society and solitude to act upon them, which had imbued his heart betimes, and impressed upon his youthful mind a character that no after circumstances could corrupt. They must inevitably have been exposed to more danger, and could not have been so well armed against it. That consideration reconciled him to being childless. God, who knew what was best for him, had ordained that it should be so; and he did not, and ought not, to regret, that having been the most cultivated of his race, and so far the happiest, it was decreed that he should be the last. God's will is best.

‘Ὡς ἔφατ’ ἐνχόμενος; for with some aspiration of piety he usually concluded his more serious discourse, either giving it utterance, or with a silent motion of the lips, which the expression of his countenance, as well as the tenour of what had gone before, rendered intelligible to those who knew him as I did.

CHAPTER LXVII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOVERY OF A CERTAIN PORTRAIT AT DONCASTER.

Call in the Barber! If the tale be long
He'll cut it short, I trust. MIDDLETON.

HERE I must relate a circumstance which occurred during the few hours of my last,

and by me ever-to-be-remembered visit to Doncaster. As we were on the way from the Old Angel Inn to the Mansion House, adjoining which stood, or to speak more accurately had stood, the Kebla to which the steps of my pilgrimage were bent, we were attracted by a small but picturesque group in a shaving-shop, exhibited in strong relief by the light of a blazing fire, and of some glaring lamps. It was late in autumn and on a Saturday evening, at which time those persons in humble life, who cannot shave themselves, and whose sense of religion leads them to think that what may be done on the Saturday night ought not to be put off till the Sunday morning, settle their weekly account with their beards. There was not story enough in the scene to have supplied Wilkie with a subject for his admirable genius to work upon, but he would certainly have sketched the group if he had seen it as we did. Stopping for a minute, at civil distance from the door, we observed a picture over the fire-place, and it seemed so remarkable that we asked permission to go in and look at it more nearly. It was an unfinished portrait, evidently of no common person, and by no common hand; and as evidently it had been painted many years ago. The head was so nearly finished that nothing seemed wanting to complete the likeness; the breast and shoulders were faintly sketched in a sort of whitewash which gave them the appearance of being covered with a cloth. Upon asking the master of the shop if he could tell us whose portrait it was, Mambrino who seemed to be a good-natured fellow, and was pleased at our making the inquiry, replied that it had been in his possession many years, before he knew himself. A friend of his had made him a present of it, because, he said, the gentleman looked by his dress as if he was just ready to be shaved, and had an apron under his chin; and therefore his shop was the properest place for it. One day, however, the picture attracted the notice of a passing stranger, as it had done ours, and he recognised it for a portrait of Garrick. It certainly was so; and any one

who knows Garrick's face may satisfy himself of this when he happens to be in Doncaster. Mambrino's shop is not far from the Old Angel, and on the same side of the street.

My companion told me that when we entered the shop he had begun to hope it might prove to be a portrait of my old friend: he seemed even to be disappointed that we had not fallen upon such a discovery, supposing that it would have gratified me beyond measure. But upon considering in my own mind if this would have been the case, two questions presented themselves. The first was, whether knowing as I did that the Doctor never sate for his portrait, and knowing also confidentially the reason why he never could be persuaded to do so, or rather the feeling which possessed him on that subject,—knowing these things, I say, the first question was, whether if a stolen likeness had been discovered, I ought to have rejoiced in the discovery. For as I certainly should have endeavoured to purchase the picture, I should then have had to decide whether or not it was my duty to destroy it; for which,—or, on the other hand, for preserving it,—so many strong reasons and so many refined ones, might have been produced, *pro* and *con*, that I could not have done either one or the other, without distrusting the justice of my own determination: if I preserved it, I should continually be self-accused for doing wrong; if I destroyed it, self-reproaches would pursue me for having done what was irretrievable; so that while I lived I should never have been out of my own Court of Conscience. And let me tell you, Reader, that to be impleaded in that Court is even worse than being brought into the Court of Chancery.

Secondly, the more curious question occurred, whether if there had been a portrait of Dr. Dove, it would have been like him.

“That,” says Mr. Everydayman, “is as it might happen.”

“Pardon me, Sir; my question does not regard happening. Chance has nothing to

do with the matter. The thing queried is whether it could or could not have been.”

And before I proceed to consider that question, I shall take the counsel which Catwg the Wise gave to his pupil Taliesin; and which by these presents I recommend to every reader who may be disposed to consider himself for the time being as mine:

“Think before thou speakest;

First, what thou shalt speak;

Secondly, why thou shouldest speak;

Thirdly, to whom thou mayest have to speak;

Fourthly, about whom (or what) thou art to speak;

Fifthly, what will come from what thou mayest speak;

Sixthly, what may be the benefit from what thou shalt speak;

Seventhly, who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

Put thy word on thy fingers' ends before thou speakest it, and turn it these seven ways before thou speakest it; and there will never come any harm from what thou shalt say!

Catwg the Wise delivered this counsel to Taliesin, Chief of Bards, in giving him his blessing.”

CHAPTER LXIII.

A DISCUSSION CONCERNING THE QUESTION LAST PROPOSED.

*Questo è bene un de' più profondi passi
Che noi habbiamo ancora oggi tentato;
E non è mica da huomini bassi.*

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

Good and satisfactory likenesses may, beyond all doubt, be taken of Mr. Everydayman himself, and indeed of most persons: and were it otherwise, portrait-painting would be a worse profession than it is, though too many an unfortunate artist has reason bitterly to regret that he possessed the talents which tempted him to engage in it. There are few faces of which even a mediocre painter cannot produce what is called a staring likeness, and Sir Thomas Lawrence a handsome one;

Sir Thomas is the painter who pleases every body!

But there are some few faces with which no artist can succeed so as to please himself, (if he has a true feeling for his own art,) or to content those persons who are best acquainted with the living countenance. This is the case where the character predominates over the features, and that character itself is one in which many and seemingly opposite qualities are compounded. Garrick in Abel Drugger, Garrick in Sir John Brute, and Garrick in King Lear, presented three faces as different as were the parts which he personated; yet the portraits which have been published of him in those parts may be identified by the same marked features, which, flexible as they were rendered by his histrionic power, still under all changes retained their strength and their peculiarity. But where the same flexibility exists and the features are not so peculiar or prominent, the character is then given by what is fleeting, not by what is fixed; and it is more difficult to hit a likeness of this kind than to paint a rainbow.

Now I cannot but think that the Doctor's countenance was of this kind. I can call it to mind as vividly as it appears to me in dreams; but I could impart no notion of it by description. Words cannot delineate a single feature of his face,—such words at least as my knowledge enables me to use. A sculptor, if he had measured it, might have given you technically the relative proportions of his face in all its parts: a painter might describe the facial angle, and how the eyes were set, and if they were well-slit, and how the lips were formed, and whether the chin was in the just mean between useful length and spectatorial brevity; and whether he could have passed over Strasburgh Bridge* without hearing any observations made upon his nose. My own opinion is that the sentinel would have had something to say upon that subject; and if he had been a Protestant Soldier (which, if an Alsatian, he was likely

to be) and accustomed to read the Bible, he might have been reminded by it of the Tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus; for, as an Italian Poet says,

— in prospettiva
*Ne mostra un barbaccane sforacchiato.**

I might venture also to apply to the Doctor's nose that safe generality by which Alcina's is described in the Orlando Furioso.

*Quindi il naso, per mezzo il viso scende,
Che non trova l'invidia one l'emende.*

But farther than this, which amounts to no more than a doubtful opinion and a faint adumbration, I can say nothing that would assist any reader to form an idea at once definite and just of any part of the Doctor's face. I cannot even positively say what was the colour of his eyes. I only know that mirth sparkled in them, scorn flashed from them, thought beamed in them, benevolence glistened in them; that they were easily moved to smiles, easily to tears. No barometer ever indicated more faithfully the changes of the atmosphere than his countenance corresponded to the emotions of his mind; but with a mind which might truly be said to have been

— so various, that it seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,

thus various, not in its principles, or passions, or pursuits, but in its inquiries, and fancies, and speculations, and so alert that nothing seemed to escape its ever watchful and active apprehension,—with such a mind the countenance that was its faithful index was perpetually varying: its likeness, therefore, at any one moment could but represent a fraction of the character which identified it, and which left upon you an indescribable and inimitable impression resulting from its totality, though, in its totality, it never was and never could be seen.

Have I made myself understood?

I mean to say that the ideal face of any one to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached,—that face which is enshrined in our heart of hearts and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the

* He hath a long nose with a bending ridge;
It might be worthy of notice on Strasburg Bridge.
ROBERT THE RHYMER'S, &c.

* MATTIO FRANZESI.

grave,—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the beloved person, not the countenance that we ever actually behold, but its abstract, its idealisation, or rather, its realisation; the spirit of the countenance, its essence and its life. And the finer the character, and the more various its intellectual powers, the more must this true εἶδωλον differ from the most faithful likeness that a painter or a sculptor can produce.

Therefore I conclude that if there had been a portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove, it could not have been like him, for it was as impossible to paint the character which constituted the identity of his countenance, as to paint the flavour of an apple, or the fragrance of a rose.

CHAPTER LXIV.

DEFENCE OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING. A SYSTEM OF MORAL COSMETICS RECOMMENDED TO THE LADIES. GWILLIM. SIR T. LAWRENCE. GEORGE WITHER. APPLICATION TO THE SUBJECT OF THIS WORK.

*Pingitur in tabulis formæ peritura venustas,
Vivat ut in tabulis, quod perit in facie.*

OWEN.

THE reader will mistake me greatly if he supposes that in showing why it was impossible there should be a good portrait of Dr. Daniel Dove, I meant to depreciate the art of portrait-painting. I have a very high respect for that art, and no person can be more sincerely persuaded of its moral uses. The great number of portraits in the annual exhibitions of our Royal Academy is so far from displeasing me that I have always regarded it as a symptom of wholesome feeling in the nation,—an unequivocal proof that the domestic and social affections are still existing among us in their proper strength, and cherished as they ought to be. And when I have heard at any time observations of the would-be-witty kind upon the vanity of those who allow their portraits thus to be hung up for public view, I have generally perceived that the remark implied a much greater degree of conceit in the speaker. As for allowing the portrait to be exhibited,

that is no more than an act of justice to the artist, who has no other means of making his abilities known so well, and of forwarding himself in his profession. If we look round the rooms at Somerset House, and observe how large a proportion of the portraits represent children, the old, and persons in middle life, we shall see that very few indeed are those which can have been painted, or exhibited for the gratification of personal vanity.

Sir Thomas Lawrence ministers largely to self-admiration: and yet a few years ripen even the most flattering of his portraits into moral pictures:

*Perchè, donne mie care, la bella
Ha l' ali al capo, a le spalle ed a' piè:
E vola sì, che non si scorge più
Vestigio alcun ne' visi, dove s'è.**

Helen in her old age, looking at herself in a mirror, is a subject which old sonnetteers were fond of borrowing from the Greek Anthology. Young Ladies! you who have sate to Sir Thomas, or any artist of his school, I will tell you how your portraits may be rendered more useful monitors to you in your progress through life than the mirror was to Helen, and how you may derive more satisfaction from them when you are grown old. Without supposing that you actually “called up a look” for the painter’s use, I may be certain that none of you during the times of sitting permitted any feeling of ill-humour to cast a shade over your countenance; and that if you were not conscious of endeavouring to put on your best looks for the occasion, the painter was desirous of catching them, and would catch the best he could. The most thoughtless of you need not be told that you cannot retain the charms of youthful beauty, but you may retain the charm of an amiable expression through life: never allow yourselves to be seen with a worse than you wore for the painter! Whenever you feel ill-tempered, remember that you look ugly; and be assured that every emotion of fretfulness, of ill-humour, of anger, of irritability, of impatience, of pride, haughtiness,

* RICCIARDETTO.

envy, or malice, any unkind, any uncharitable, any ungenerous feeling, lessens the likeness to your picture, and not only deforms you while it lasts, but leaves its trace behind; for the effect of the passions upon the face is more rapid and more certain than that of time.

“His counsel,” says Gwillim the Pursuivant, “was very behoveful, who advised all gentlewomen often to look on glasses, that so, if they saw themselves beautiful, they might be stirred up to make their minds as fair by virtue as their faces were by nature; but if deformed, they might make amends for their outward deformity, with their intern pulchritude and gracious qualities. And those that are proud of their beauty should consider that their own hue is as brittle as the glass wherein they see it; and that they carry on their shoulders nothing but a skull wrapt in skin which one day will be loathsome to be looked on.”

The conclusion of this passage accorded not with the Doctor's feelings. He thought that whatever tended to connect frightful and loathsome associations with the solemn and wholesome contemplation of mortality, ought to be avoided as injudicious and injurious. So too with regard to age: if it is dark and unlovely “the fault,” he used to say, “is generally our own; Nature may indeed make it an object of compassion, but not of dislike, unless we ourselves render it so. It is not of necessity that we grow ugly as well as old.” Donne says

No spring, nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face;

he was probably speaking of his wife, for Donne was happy in his marriage, as he deserved to be. There is a beauty which, as the Duchess of Newcastle said of her mother's, is “beyond the reach of time;” that beauty depends upon the mind, upon the temper,—Young Ladies, upon yourselves!

George Wither wrote under the best of his portraits,

What I WAS, is passed by;
What I AM, away doth fly;
What I SHALL BE, none do see;
Yet in THAT my beauties be.

He commenced also a Meditation upon that portrait in these impressive lines:

When I behold my Picture and perceive
How vain it is our Portraitsures to leave
In lines and shadows, (which make shews to-day
Of that which will to-morrow fade away,)
And think what mean resemblances at best
Are by mechanic instruments exprest,
I thought it better much to leave behind me,
Some draught, in which my living friends might find me,
The same I am, in that which will remain
Till all is ruined and repaired again.

In the same poem he says,

A Picture, though with most exactness made,
Is nothing but the shadow of a shade.
For even our living bodies, (though they seem
To others more, or more in our esteem,)
Are but the shadow of that Real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the fleshly seeing,
And cannot be discerned, until we rise
Immortal objects for immortal eyes.

Like most men, George Wither, as he grew more selfish, was tolerably successful in deceiving himself as to his own motives and state of mind. If ever there was an honest enthusiast, he had been one; afterwards he feathered his nest with the spoils of the Loyalists and of the Bishops; and during this prosperous part of his turbulent life there must have been times when the remembrance of his former self brought with it more melancholy and more awful thoughts than the sight of his own youthful portrait, in its fantastic garb, or of that more sober resemblance upon which his meditation was composed.

Such a portraiture of the inner or real being as Wither in his better mind wished to leave in his works, for those who knew and loved him, such a portraiture am I endeavouring to compose of Dr. Dove, wherein the world may see what he was, and so become acquainted with his intellectual lineaments, and with those peculiarities, which, forming as it were the idiosyncrasy of his moral constitution, contributed in no small degree to those ever-varying lights and shades of character and feeling in his living countenance, which, I believe, would have baffled the best painter's art.

*Poi voi sapete quanto egli è dabbene,
Com' ha giudizio, ingegno, e discrezione
Come conosce il vero, il bello, e 'l bene.**

CHAPTER LXV.

SOCIETY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. SUCH A TOWN A MORE FAVOURABLE HABITAT FOR SUCH A PERSON AS DR. DOVE THAN LONDON WOULD HAVE BEEN.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
 Inn any where ;
 And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
 Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
 Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail ;
 Be thine own Palace, or the World's thy jail.

DONNE.

SUCH then as Daniel Dove was in the twenty-sixth year of his age we are now to consider him, settled at Doncaster, and with his way of life chosen, for better for worse, in all respects ; except, as my female readers will remember, that he was neither married, nor engaged, nor likely to be so.

One of the things for which he used to thank God was that the world had not been all before him where to choose, either as to calling or place, but that both had been well chosen for him. To choose upon such just motives as can leave no rational cause for after repentance requires riper judgment than ought to be expected at the age when the choice is to be made ; it is best for us therefore at a time of life when, though perhaps we might choose well, it is impossible that we could choose wisely, to acquiesce in the determination of others, who have knowledge and experience to direct them. Far happier are they who always know what they are to do, than they who have to determine what they will do.

*Bisogna far quel che si deve fare,
 E non già tutto quello che si vuole.**

Thus he was accustomed to think upon this subject.

But was he well placed at Doncaster ?

It matters not where those men are placed, who, as South says, "have souls so dull and stupid as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction." Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in the metropolis or in a village,

will go on in the ordinary way, conforming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more to those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world of their own, with the whole powers of the head and of the heart too (if they have one) intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit :— if they have a heart I say, for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh. In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient ; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision, and sympathy, and external excitement seem almost indispensable. Just as large towns are the only places in which first-rate workmen in any handicraft business can find employment, so men of letters and of science generally appear to think that nowhere but in a metropolis can they find the opportunities which they desire of improvement or of display. These persons are wise in their generation, but they are not children of light.

Among such persons it may perhaps be thought that our friend should be classed ; and it cannot be doubted that, in a more conspicuous field of action, he might have distinguished himself, and obtained a splendid fortune. But for distinction he never entertained the slightest desire, and with the goods of fortune which had fallen to his share he was perfectly contented. But was he favourably situated for his intellectual advancement ?—which, if such an inquiry had come before him concerning any other person, is what he would have considered to be the question-issimus. I answer without the slightest hesitation, that he was.

In London he might have mounted a Physician's wig, have ridden in his carriage, have attained the honours of the College, and added F.R.S. to his professional initials. He might, if Fortune opening her eyes had chosen to favour desert, have become Sir

Daniel Dove, Bart., Physician to his Majesty. But he would then have been a very different person from the Dr. Dove of Doncaster, whose memory will be transmitted to posterity in these volumes, and he would have been much less worthy of being remembered. The course of such a life would have left him no leisure for himself; and metropolitan society, in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength.

It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere, except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes, where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it, or, in other words, with how little wisdom it is used.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere, and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found, right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues,—for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly-favoured nation, notwithstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.

The society then of Doncaster, in the middle of the last century, was like that of any other country town which was neither the seat of manufactures, nor of a Bishop's see; in either of which more information of

a peculiar kind would have been found,—more active minds, or more cultivated ones. There was enough of those eccentricities for which the English above all other people are remarkable, those aberrations of intellect which just fail to constitute legal insanity, and which, according to their degree, excite amusement, or compassion. Nor was the town without its full share of talents; these there was little to foster and encourage, but happily there was nothing to pervert and stimulate them to a premature and mischievous activity.

In one respect it more resembled an episcopal than a trading city. The four kings and their respective suits of red and black were not upon more frequent service in the precincts of a cathedral, than in the good town of Doncaster. A stranger who had been invited to spend the evening with a family there, to which he had been introduced, was asked by the master of the house to take a card as a matter of course; upon his replying that he did not play at cards, the company looked at him with astonishment, and his host exclaimed — “What, Sir! not play at cards? the Lord help you!”

I will not say the Lord helped Daniel Dove, because there would be an air of irreverence in the expression, the case being one in which he, or any one, might help himself. He knew enough of all the games which were then in vogue to have played at them, if he had so thought good; and he would have been as willing, sometimes, in certain moods of mind, to have taken his seat at a card-table, in houses where card-playing did not form part of the regular business of life, as to have listened to a tune on the old-fashioned spinnet, or the then new-fashioned harpsichord. But that which as an occasional pastime he might have thought harmless and even wholesome, seemed to him something worse than folly when it was made a kill-time,—the serious occupation for which people were brought together,—the only one at which some of them ever appeared to give themselves the trouble of thinking. And seeing its effects upon the temper, and how nearly this habit

was connected with a spirit of gambling, he thought that cards had not without reason been called the Devil's Books.

I shall not therefore introduce the reader to a Doncaster card-party, by way of showing him the society of the place. The Mrs. Shuffles, Mrs. Cuts, and Miss Dealems, the Mr. Tittles and Mrs. Tattles, the Humdrums and the Prateapaces, the Fribbles and the Feebles, the Perts and the Prins, the Littlewits and the Longtongues, the Heavyheads and the Broadbelows, are to be found everywhere.

"It is quite right," says one of the Guessers at Truth, "that there should be a heavy duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numbing the play of the features; not only to still the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing the qualities of Fortunatus's, is always empty, however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head, is the best part of them; and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves."

CHAPTER LXVI.

MR. COPLEY OF NETHERHALL. SOCIETY AT HIS HOUSE. DRUMMOND. BURGH. GRAY. MASON. MILLER THE ORGANIST AND HISTORIAN OF DONCASTER. HERSCHEL.

All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.
HERBERT.

THERE was one house in Doncaster in which cards were never introduced; this house was Netherhall, the seat of Mr. Copley; and there Dr. Dove had the advantage of such society as was at that time very rarely, and is still not often, to be enjoyed anywhere.

The Copleys are one of the most ancient

families in Doncaster: Robert Grosseteste, one of the most eminent of our English churchmen before the Reformation, was a branch from their stock. Robert Copley, who in the middle of the last century represented the family, was brought up at Westminster School, and while there took, what is very unusual for boys at Westminster or any other school to take, lessons in music. Dr. Crofts was his master, and made him, as has been said by a very competent judge, a very good performer in thorough-bass on the harpsichord. He attempted painting also, but not with equal success; the age of painting in this country had not then arrived.

Mr. Copley's income never exceeded twelve hundred a-year; but this which is still a liberal income, was then a large one, in the hands of a wise and prudent man. Netherhall was the resort of intellectual men, in whose company he delighted; and the poor were fed daily from his table. Drummond, afterwards Archbishop of York, was his frequent guest; so was Mason; so was Mason's friend Dr. Burgh; and Gray has sometimes been entertained there. One of the "strong names" of the King of Dahomey means, when interpreted, "wherever I rub, I leave my scent." In a better sense than belongs to this metaphorical boast of the power and the disposition to be terrible, it may be said of such men as Gray and Mason that wherever they have resided, or have been entertained as abiding guests, an odour of their memory remains. Who passes by the house at Streatham that was once Mrs. Thrale's without thinking of Dr. Johnson?

During many years Mr. Copley entertained himself and his friends with a weekly concert at Netherhall, he himself, Sir Brian Cooke and some of his family, and Dr. Miller the organist, and afterwards Historian of Doncaster, being performers. Miller, who was himself a remarkable person, had the fortune to introduce a more remarkable one to these concerts; it is an interesting anecdote in the history of that person, of Miller, and of Doncaster.

About the year 1760 as Miller was dining at Pontefract with the officers of the Durham militia, one of them, knowing his love of music, told him they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in England, and yet spoke English almost as well as a native, and who was also an excellent performer on the violin; the officer added, that if Miller would come into another room this German should entertain him with a solo. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Miller heard a solo of Giardini's executed in a manner that surprised him. He afterwards took an opportunity of having some private conversation with the young musician, and asked him whether he had engaged himself for any long period to the Durham militia. The answer was, "only from month to month." "Leave them then," said the organist, "and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; and doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation." The offer was accepted as frankly as it was made: and the reader may imagine with what satisfaction Dr. Miller must have remembered this act of generous feeling, when he hears that this young German was Herschel the Astronomer.

"My humble mansion," says Miller, "consisted at that time but of two rooms. However, poor as I was, my cottage contained a small library of well-chosen books; and it must appear singular that a foreigner who had been so short a time in England should understand even the peculiarities of the language so well, as to fix upon Swift for his favourite author." He took an early opportunity of introducing his new friend at Mr. Copley's concerts; the first violin was resigned to him: and never, says the organist, had I heard the concertos of Corelli, Geminiani and Avison, or the overtures of Handel, performed more chastely, or more according to the original intention of the composers than by Mr. Herschel. I soon lost my companion: his fame was presently spread abroad: he had the offer of pupils,

and was solicited to lead the public concerts both at Wakefield and Halifax. A new organ for the parish church of Halifax was built about this time, and Herschel was one of the seven candidates for the organist's place. They drew lots how they were to perform in succession. Herschel drew the third, the second fell to Mr., afterwards Dr., Wainwright of Manchester, whose finger was so rapid that old Snetzler, the organ-builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, *Te Tevel, te Tevel! he run over te keys like one cat; he will not give my piphes room for to shpeak.* "During Mr. Wainwright's performance," says Miller, "I was standing in the middle aisle with Herschel; what chance have you, said I, to follow this man?" He replied, "I don't know; I am sure fingers will not do." On which he ascended the organ loft, and produced from the organ so uncommon a fulness,—such a volume of slow solemn harmony, that I could by no means account for the effect. After this short extempore effusion, he finished with the old hundredth-psalm-tune, which he played better than his opponent. *Ay, ay, cried old Snetzler, tish is very goot, very goot indeet; I vil luf tish man, for he gives my piphes room for to shpeak.* Having afterwards asked Mr. Herschel by what means, in the beginning of his performance, he produced so uncommon an effect, he replied, "I told you fingers would not do!" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, "one of these," said he, "I placed on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; thus by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two."

CHAPTER LXVII.

A MYTHOLOGICAL STORY MORALISED.

Il faut mettre les fables en presse pour en tirer quelque suc de vérité. GARASSE.

It is related of the great mythological personage Baly, that Veeshnoo, when he dispossessed him of his impious power,

allowed him, in mitigation of his lot, to make his choice, whether he would go to the Swerga, and take five ignorant persons with him who were to be his everlasting companions there, or to Padalon and have five Pundits in his company. Baly preferred the good company with the bad quarters.

That that which is called good company has led many a man to a place which it is not considered decorous to mention before "ears polite," is a common, and, therefore, the more an awful truth. The Swerga and Padalon are the Hindoo Heaven and Hell; and if the Hindoo fable were not obviously intended to extol the merits of their Pundits, or learned men, as the missionary Ward explains the title, it might with much seeming likelihood bear this moral interpretation, that Baly retained the pride of knowledge even when convinced by the deprivation of his power that the pride of power was vanity, and in consequence drew upon himself a further punishment by his choice.

For although Baly, because of the righteousness with which he had used his power, was so far favoured by the Divinity whom he had offended, that he was not condemned to undergo any of those torments of which there was as rich an assortment and as choice a variety in Padalon, as ever monkish imagination revelled in devising, it was at the best a dreadful place of abode and so it would appear if Turner were to paint a picture of its Diamond City from Southey's description. I say Turner, because, though the subject might seem more adapted to Martin's cast of mind, Turner's colouring would well represent the fiery streams and the sulphureous atmosphere; and that colouring being transferred from earthly landscapes to its proper place, his rich genius would have full scope for its appropriate display. Baly, no doubt, as a state prisoner who was to be treated with the highest consideration as well as with the utmost indulgence, would have all the accommodations that Yamen could afford him. There he and the Pundits might

Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And find no end, in wandering mazes lost.

They might argue there of good and evil,

Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;

and such discourses possibly

— with a pleasing sorcery might charm
Pain for awhile and anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

But it would only be *for awhile* that they could be thus beguiled by it, for it is

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!

it would be only for awhile, and they were there for a time which in prospect must appear all but endless. The Pundits would not thank him for bringing them there; Baly himself must continually wish he were breathing the heavenly air of the Swerga in the company of ignorant but happy associates, and he would regret his unwise choice even more bitterly than he remembered the glorious city wherein he had reigned in his magnificence.

He made a great mistake. If he had gone with the ignorant to Heaven he would have seen them happy there, and partaken their happiness, though they might not have been able to derive any gratification from his wisdom;—which said wisdom, peradventure, he himself when he was there might have discovered to be but foolishness. It is only in the company of the good that real enjoyment is to be found; any other society is hollow and heartless. You may be excited by the play of wit, by the collision of ambitious spirits, and by the brilliant exhibition of self-confident power: but the satisfaction ends with the scene. Far unlike this is the quiet confiding intercourse of sincere minds and friendly hearts, knowing, and loving, and esteeming each other; and such intercourse our philosopher enjoyed in Doncaster.

Edward Miller, the Organist, was a person very much after Daniel Dove's own heart. He was a warm-hearted, simple-hearted, right-hearted man: an enthusiast in his profession, yet not undervaluing, much less despising, other pursuits. The one Doc-

tor knew as little of music as the other did of medicine; but Dr. Dove listened to Miller's performance with great pleasure, and Dr. Miller, when he was indisposed, took Dove's physic with perfect faith.

This musician was brother to William Miller, the bookseller, well known in the early part of the present century as a publisher of splendid works, to whose flourishing business in Albemarle Street the more flourishing John Murray succeeded. In the worldly sense of the word the musician was far less fortunate than the bibliopole, a doctorate in his own science being the height of the honours to which he attained, and the place of organist at Doncaster the height of the preferment. A higher station was once presented to his hopes. The Marquis of Rockingham applied in his behalf for the place of Master of his Majesty's band of musicians, then vacated by the death of Dr. Boyce; and the Duke of Manchester, who was at that time Lord Chamberlain, would have given it him if the King had not particularly desired him to bestow it on Mr. Stanley, the celebrated blind performer on the organ. Dr. Miller was more gratified by this proof of the Marquis's good-will towards him than disappointed at its failure. Had the application succeeded, he would not have written the History of Doncaster; nor would he have borne a part in a well-intended and judicious attempt at reforming our church psalmody, in which part of our church service reformation is greatly needed.* This meritorious attempt was made when George Hay Drummond, whose father had been Archbishop of York, was Vicar of Doncaster, having been presented to that vicarage in 1785, on the demise of Mr. Hatfield.

At that time the Parish Clerk used there, as in all other parish churches, to choose what psalm should be sung "to the praise and glory of God," and what portions of it; and considering himself as a much more important person in this department of his office

than the organist, the only communication upon the subject which he held with Dr. Miller was to let him know what tune he must play, and how often he was to repeat it. "Strange absurdity!" says Miller. "How could the organist, placed in this degrading situation, properly perform his part of the church service? Not knowing the words, it was impossible for him to accommodate his music to the various sentiments contained in different stanzas, consequently his must be a mere random performance, and frequently producing improper effects." This, however, is what only a musician would feel; but it happened one Sunday that the clerk gave out some verses which were either ridiculously inapplicable to the day, or bore some accidental and ludicrous application, so that many of the congregation did not refrain from laughter. Mr. Drummond upon this, for he was zealously attentive to all the duties of his calling, said to Miller, "that in order to prevent any such occurrence in future he would make a selection of the best verses in each psalm, from the authorised version of Tate and Brady, and arrange them for every Sunday and festival throughout the year, provided he, the organist, who was perfectly qualified for such a task, would adapt them to proper music." To such a man as Miller this was the greatest gratification that could have been afforded; and it proved also to be the greatest service that was ever rendered to him in the course of his life; for, through Mr. Drummond's interest, the King and the Bishop patronised the work, and nearly five thousand copies were subscribed for, the list of subscribers being, it is believed, longer than had ever been obtained for any musical publication in this kingdom.

Strange to say, nothing of this kind had been attempted before; for the use of psalmody in our churches was originally no part of the service; but having, as it were, crept in, and been at first rather suffered than encouraged, and afterwards allowed and permitted only, not enjoined, no provision seems ever to have been made for its proper or even decent performance. And

* "It is sad to hear what whining, toting, yelling, or screeching there is in many country congregations, as if the people were affrighted or distracted." — *Thomas Mace's Music's Monument*, p. 3.

when an arrangement like this of Mr. Drummond's had been prepared, and Dr. Miller, with sound judgement, had adapted it, where that could be done, to the most popular of the old and venerable melodies which had been so long in possession, it may seem more strange that it should not have been brought into general use. This I say might be thought strange, if any instance of that supine and sinful negligence which permits the continuance of old and acknowledged defects in the church establishment, and church service, could be thought so.

Mr. Drummond had probably been led to think upon this subject by Mason's conversation, and by his Essays, historical and critical, on English Church Music. Mason who had a poet's ear and eye was ambitious of becoming both a musician and a painter. According to Miller he succeeded better in his musical than in his pictorial attempts, for he performed decently on the harpsichord; but in painting he never arrived even at a degree of mediocrity, and in music it was not possible to teach him the principles of composition, Miller and others having at his own desire attempted in vain to instruct him. Nevertheless, such a man, however superficial his knowledge of the art, could not but feel and reason justly upon its use and abuse in our Church Service; and he was for restricting the organist much in the same way that Drummond and Miller were for restraining the clerk. For after observing that what is called the voluntary requires an innate inventive faculty, which is certainly not the lot of many; and that the happy few who possess it will not at all times be able to restrain it within the bounds which reason and, in this case, religion would prescribe, he said, "it was to be wished therefore that in our established church extempore playing were as much discountenanced as extempore praying; and that the organist were as closely obliged in this solo and separate part of his office to keep to set forms, as the officiating minister; or as he himself is when accompanying the choir in an anthem, or a parochial congregation in a psalm." He

would have indulged him, however, with a considerable quantity of these set forms, and have allowed him, if he approached in some degree to Rousseau's high character of a Preluder, "to descant on certain single grave texts which Tartini, Geminiani, Corelli or Handel would abundantly furnish, and which may be found at least of equal elegance and propriety in the Largo and Adagio movements of Haydn or Pleyel."

Whatever Miller may have thought of this proposal, there was a passage in Mason's Essay in favour of voluntaries which was in perfect accord with Dr. Dove's notions. "Prompt and as it were casual strains," says the Poet, "which do not fix the attention of the hearer, provided they are the produce of an original fancy, which scorns to debase itself by imitating common and trivial melodies, are of all others the best adapted to induce mental serenity. We in some sort listen to such music as we do to the pleasing murmur of a neighbouring brook, the whisper of the passing breeze, or the distant warblings of the lark and nightingale; and if agreeable natural voices have the power of soothing the contemplative mind, without interrupting its contemplations, simple musical effusions must assuredly have that power in a superior degree. All that is to be attended to by the organist is to preserve such pleasing simplicity; and this musical measures will ever have, if they are neither strongly accented, nor too regularly rhythmical. But when this is the case, they cease to soothe us, because they begin to affect us. Add to this that an air replete with short cadences and similar passages is apt to fix itself too strongly on the memory; whereas a merely melodious or harmonical movement glides, as it were, through the ear, awakens a transient pleasing sensation, but leaves behind it no lasting impression. Its effect ceases, when its impulse on the auditory nerve ceases;—an impulse strong enough to dispel from the mind *all eating care* (to use our great Poet's own expression), but in no sort to rouse or ruffle any of its faculties, save those only which attend truly devotional duty."

This passage agreed with some of the Doctor's peculiar notions. He felt the power of devotional music both in such preparatory strains as Mason has here described, and in the more exciting emotions of congregational psalmody. And being thus sensible of the religious uses which may be drawn from music, he was the more easily led to entertain certain speculations concerning its application in the treatment of diseases, as will be related hereafter.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ECCENTRIC PERSONS, WHY APPARENTLY MORE COMMON IN ENGLAND THAN IN OTHER COUNTRIES. HARRY BINGLEY.

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

HAMLET.

THERE is a reason why eccentricity of character seems to be much more frequent in England than in other countries.—

Here some reflective reader, methinks, interrupts me with—"seems, good Author."
"Ay, and it is!"

Have patience, good reader, and hear me to the end! There is a reason why it seems so; and the reason is, because all such eccentricities are recorded here in newspapers and magazines, so that none of them are lost; and the most remarkable are brought forward from time to time, in popular compilations. A collection of what is called *Eccentric Biography* is to form a portion of Mr. Murray's Family Library.

But eccentric characters probably are more frequent among us than among most other nations; and for this there are two causes. The first is to be found in that spirit of independence upon which the English pride themselves, and which produces a sort of *Drawcansir*-like bravery in men who are eccentrically inclined. It becomes a perverse sort of pleasure in them to act preposterously, for the sake of showing that

they have a right to do as they please, and the courage to exercise that right, let the rest of the world think what it will of their conduct.

The other reason is that mad-houses very insufficiently supply the place of convents, and very ill also. It might almost be questioned whether convents do not well nigh make amends to humanity for their manifold mischiefs and abominations, by the relief which they afford as asylums for insanity, in so many of its forms and gradations. They afford a cure also in many of its stages, and precisely upon the same principle on which the treatment in mad-houses is founded: but oh! how differently is that principle applied! That passive obedience to another's will which in the one case is exacted by authority acting through fear, and oftentimes enforced by no scrupulous or tender means, is in the other required as a religious duty,—an act of virtue,—a voluntary and accepted sacrifice,—a good work which will be carried to the patient's account in the world to come. They who enter a convent are to have no will of their own there; they renounce it solemnly upon their admission; and when this abnegation is sincerely made, the chief mental cause of insanity is removed. For assuredly in most cases madness is more frequently a disease of the will than of the intellect. When Diabolus appeared before the town of Mansoul, and made his oration to the citizens at Ear-Gate, Lord Will-be-will was one of the first that was for consenting to his words, and letting him into the town.

We have no such asylums in which madness and fatuity receive every possible alleviation, while they are at the same time subjected to the continual restraint which their condition requires. They are wanted also for repentant sinners, who when they are awakened to a sense of their folly, and their guilt, and their danger, would fain find a place of religious retirement, wherein they might pass the remainder of their days in preparing for death. Lord Goring, the most profligate man of his age, who by his profligacy, as much as by his frequent miscon-

duct, rendered irreparable injury to the cause which he intended to serve, retired to Spain after the ruin of that cause, and there ended his days as a Dominican Friar. If there be any record of him in the Chronicles of the Order, the account ought to be curious at least, if not edifying. But it is rather (for his own sake) to be hoped than supposed that he did not hate and despise the follies and the frauds of the fraternity into which he had entered more heartily than the pomps and vanities of the world which he had left.

On the other hand wherever convents are among the institutions of the land, not to speak of those poor creatures who are thrust into them against their will, or with only a mockery of freedom in the choice, — it must often happen that persons enter them in some fit of disappointment, or resentment, or grief, and find themselves, when the first bitterness of passion is past, imprisoned for life by their own rash, but irremediable act and deed. The woman, who, when untoward circumstances have prevented her from marrying the man she loves, marries one for whom she has no affection, is more likely (poor as her chance is) to find contentment and perhaps happiness, than if for the same cause she had thrown herself into a nunnery. Yet this latter is the course to which, if she were a Roman Catholic, her thoughts would perhaps preferably at first have turned, and to which they would probably be directed by her confessor.

Men who are weary of the ways of the world, or disgusted with them, have more licence, as well as more resources than women. If they do not enter upon some dangerous path of duty, or commence wanderers, they may choose for themselves an eccentric path, in which, if their habits are not such as expose them to insult, or if their means are sufficient to secure them against it, they are not likely to be molested, — provided they have no relations whose interest it may be to apply for a statute of lunacy against them.

A gentleman of this description well known in London towards the close of George the

Second's reign by the name of Harry Bingley, came in the days of Dr. Dove to reside upon his estate in the parish of Bolton-upon-Derne near Doncaster. He had figured as an orator and politician in coffee-houses at the west end of the town, and enjoyed the sort of notoriety which it was then his ambition to obtain; but discovering with the Preacher that this was vanity and vexation of spirit, when it was either too late for him to enter upon domestic life, or his habits had unfitted him for it, he retired to his estate, which with the house upon it he had let to a farmer; in that house he occupied two rooms, and there indulged his humour as he had done in London, though it had now taken a very different direction.

"Cousin-german to Idleness," says Burton, is "*nimia solitudo*, too much solitariness. Divers are cast upon this rock for want of means; or out of a strong apprehension of some infirmity, disgrace, or through bashfulness, rudeness, simplicity, they cannot apply themselves to others' company. *Nulum solum infelici gratius solitudine, ubi nullus sit qui miseriam exprobet.* This enforced solitariness takes place and produceth his effect soonest in such as have spent their time, jovially peradventure, in all honest recreations, in good company, in some great family, or populous city; and are upon a sudden confined to a desert country cottage far off, restrained of their liberty and barred from their ordinary associates. Solitariness is very irksome to such, most tedious, and a sudden cause of great inconvenience."

The change in Bingley's life was as great and sudden as that which the Anatomist of Melancholy has here described; but it led to no bodily disease nor to any tangible malady. His property was worth about fourteen hundred a-year. He kept no servant, and no company; and he lived upon water-gruel and celery, except at harvest time, when he regaled himself with sparrow pies, made of the young birds just fledged, for which he paid the poor inhabitants who caught them two pence a-head. Probably he supposed that it was rendering the neighbourhood a service thus to rid it of what he

considered both a nuisance and a delicacy. This was his only luxury; and his only business was to collect about a dozen boys and girls on Sundays, and hear them say their Catechism, and read a chapter in the New Testament, for which they received remuneration in the intelligible form of two pence each, but at the feasts and statutes, "most sweet guerdon, better than remuneration," in the shape of sixpence. He stood godfather for several poor people's children, they were baptized by his surname; when they were of proper age he used to put them out as apprentices, and in his will he left each of them an hundred guineas to be paid when they reached the age of twenty-five if they were married, but not till they married; and if they reached the age of fifty without marrying, the legacy was then forfeited. There were two children for whom he stood godfather, but whose parents did not choose that they should be named after him; he never took any notice of these children, nor did he bequeath them any thing; but to one of the others he left the greater part of his property.

This man used every week day to lock himself in the church and pace the aisles for two hours, from ten till twelve o'clock. An author, who, in his own peculiar and admirable way, is one of the most affecting writers of any age or country, has described with characteristic feeling the different effects produced upon certain minds by entering an empty or a crowded church. "In the latter," he says, "it is chance but some present human frailty,—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory,—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory on that of the preacher,—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week day, borrowing the keys of good master Sexton; traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has kneeled there,—the congregations old and young that have found consolation there,—the meek pastor,—the docile parishioners,—with no disturbing emotions, no cross con-

flicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee!" *

Harry Bingley died in lodgings at Rotherham, whither he had removed when he felt himself ill, that he might save expense by being nearer a physician. According to his own direction his body was brought back from thence to the village, and interred in the churchyard; and he strictly enjoined that no breast-plate, handles, or any ornaments whatever should be affixed to his coffin, nor any gravestone placed to mark the spot where his remains were deposited.

Would or would not this godfather general have been happier in a convent or a hermitage, than he was in thus following his own humour? It was Dr. Dove's opinion that upon the whole he would; not that a conventual, and still less an eremitical way of life would have been more rational, but because there would have been a worthier motive for choosing it; and if not a more reasonable hope, at least a firmer persuasion that it was the sure way to salvation.

That Harry Bingley's mind had taken a religious turn appeared by his choosing the church for his daily place of promenade. Meditation must have been as much his object as exercise, and of a kind which the place invited. It appeared also by the sort of Sunday-schooling which he gave the children, long before Sunday Schools,—whether for good or evil,—were instituted, or as the phrase is, invented by Robert Raikes of eccentric memory. (Patrons and Patronesses of Sunday Schools, be not offended if a doubt concerning their utility be here implied. The Doctor entertained such a doubt; and the why and the wherefore shall in due time be fairly stated.) But Bingley certainly came under the description of a humourist, rather than of a devotee or religious enthusiast; in fact, he bore that character. And the Doctor's knowledge of human nature led him to conclude that solitary humourists are far from being happy. You see them,

* The Last Essays of Elia.

as you see the blind, at their happiest times, when they have something to divert their thoughts. But in the humourist's course of life, there is a sort of defiance of the world and the world's law; indeed, any man who departs widely from its usages avows this; and it is, as it ought to be, an uneasy and uncomfortable feeling, wherever it is not sustained by a high state of excitement; and that state, if it be lasting, becomes madness. Such persons when left to themselves and to their own reflections, as they necessarily are for the greater part of their time, must often stand not only self-arraigned for folly, but self-condemned for it.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A MUSICAL RECLUSE AND HIS SISTER.

"Some proverb maker, I forget who, says, God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing on the fiddle."

Professor PARK's Dogmas of the Constitution.

THE Doctor always spoke of Bingley as a melancholy example of strength of character misapplied. But he used to say that strength of character was far from implying strength of mind; and that strength of mind itself was no more a proof of sanity of mind, than strength of body was of bodily health. Both may coexist with mortal maladies, and both, when existing in any remarkable degree, may oftentimes be the cause of them.

Alas for man!

Exuberant health diseases him, frail worm!
And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtues from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.*

There was another person within his circuit who had taken umbrage at the world, and withdrawn from it to enjoy, or rather solace himself according to his own humour in retirement; not in solitude, for he had a sister, who with true sisterly affection accommodated herself to his inclinations, and partook of his taste. This gentleman, whose name was Jonathan Staniforth, had taken

out a patent for a ploughing machine, and had been deprived, unjustly as he deemed, of the profits which he had expected from it, by a lawsuit. Upon this real disappointment, aggravated by the sense, whether well or ill founded of injustice, he retired to his mansion in the village of Firbeck, about ten miles south of Doncaster, and there discarding all thoughts of mechanics, which had been his favourite pursuit, he devoted himself to the practice of music;—devoted is not too strong an expression. He had passed the middle of his life before the Doctor knew him; and it was not till some twenty years later that Miller became acquainted with them.

"I was introduced," says the Organist, "into a room where was sitting a thin old Gentleman, upwards of seventy years of age, playing on the violin. He had a long time lived sequestered from the world, and dedicated not less than eight hours a-day to the practice of music. His shrunk shanks were twisted in a peculiar form, by the constant posture in which he sat; and so indifferent was he about the goodness of his instrument, that, to my astonishment, he always played on a common Dutch fiddle, the original price of which could not be more than half a guinea; the strings were bad, and the whole instrument dirty and covered with resin. With this humble companion he used to work hard every morning on the old solos of Vivaldi, Tassarini, Corelli, and other ancient composers. The evening was reserved for mere amusement, in accompanying an ancient sister, who sung most of the favourite songs from Handel's old Italian Operas, which he composed soon after his arrival in England. These Operas she had heard on their first representation in London; consequently her performance was to me an uncommon treat. I had an opportunity of comparing the different manner of singing in the beginning of the century, to that which I had been accustomed to hear. And indeed the style was so different, that, musically considered, it might truly be called a different language. None of the present embellishments or graces in music

* RODENICK.

were used,—no *appoggiatura*,—no unadorned sustaining, or swelling long notes; they were warbled by a continual tremulous accent from beginning to end; and when she arrived at the period of an air, the brother's violin became mute, and she, raising her eyes to the top of the room, and stretching out her throat, executed her extempore cadence in a succession of notes perfectly original, and concluded with a long shake something like the bleating of a lamb."

Miller's feelings during this visit were so wholly professional, that in describing this brother and sister forty years afterwards, he appears not to have been sensible in how affecting a situation they were placed. Crabbe would have treated these characters finely had they fallen in his way. And so Chancey Hare Townsend could treat them, who has imitated Crabbe with such singular skill, and who has moreover music in his soul and could give the picture the soft touches which it requires.

I must not omit to say that Mr. Staniforth and his sister were benevolent, hospitable, sensible, worthy persons. Thinkst thou, reader, that they gave no proof of good sense in thus passing their lives? Look round the circle of thine acquaintance, and ask thyself how many of those whose time is at their own disposal, dispose of it more wisely,—that is to say, more beneficially to others, or more satisfactorily to themselves? The sister fulfilled her proper duties in her proper place, and the brother in contributing to her comfort performed his; to each other they were, as their circumstances required them to be, all in all; they were kind to their poor neighbours, and they were perfectly inoffensive towards the rest of the world.—They who are wise unto salvation, know feelingly, when they have done best, that their best works are worth nothing; but they who are conscious that they have lived inoffensively may have in that consciousness a reasonable ground of comfort.

The Apostle enjoins us to "eschew evil and do good." To do good is not in every one's power; and many who think they are

doing it, may be grievously deceived for lack of judgment, and be doing evil for while instead, with the best intentions, but with sad consequences to others, and eventual sorrow for themselves. But it is in every one's power to eschew evil, so far as never to do wilful harm; and if we were all careful never unnecessarily to distress or disquiet those who are committed to our charge, or who must be affected by our conduct,—if we made it a point of conscience never to disturb the peace, or diminish the happiness of others,—the mass of moral evil by which we are surrounded would speedily be diminished, and with it no inconsiderable portion of those physical ones would be removed, which are the natural consequence and righteous punishment of our misdeeds.

CHAPTER LXX.

SHOWING THAT ANY HONEST OCCUPATION IS BETTER THAN NONE, BUT THAT OCCUPATIONS WHICH ARE DEEMED HONOURABLE ARE NOT ALWAYS HONEST.

J'ai peine à concevoir pourquoi le plûpart des hommes ont une si forte envie d'être heureux, et une si grande incapacité pour le devenir.

VOYAGES DE MILORD CETON.

"HAPPY," said Dr. Dove, "is the man who, having his whole time thrown upon his hands, makes no worse use of it than to practise eight hours a-day upon a bad fiddle." It was a sure evidence, he insisted, that Mr. Staniforth's frame of mind was harmonious; the mental organ was in perfect repair, though the strings of the material instrument jarred; and he enjoyed the scientific delight which Handel's composition gave him abstractedly, in its purity and essence.

"There can now," says an American preacher*, "be no doubt of this truth because there have been so many proofs of it; that the man who retires completely from business, who is resolved to do nothing but enjoy himself, never attains the end at which

* FREEMAN'S Eighteen Sermons.

he aims. If it is not mixed with other ingredients, no cup is so insipid, and at the same time so unhealthful, as the cup of pleasure. When the whole enjoyment of the day is to eat, and drink, and sleep, and talk, and visit, life becomes a burden too heavy to be supported by a feeble old man, and he soon sinks into the arms of spleen, or falls into the jaws of death."

Alas! it is neither so easy a thing, nor so agreeable to one as men commonly expect, to dispose of leisure when they retire from the business of the world. Their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves.

Go to any sea-port town and you will see that the Sea-captain who has retired upon his well-earned savings, sets up a weather-cock in full view from his windows, and watches the variations of the wind as duly as when he was at sea, though no longer with the same anxiety.

Every one knows the story of the Tallow Chandler, who, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business, and taken a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself, after a few months trial of a holiday life, requested permission of his successor to come into town, and assist him on melting days. I have heard of one who kept a retail spirit-shop, and having in like manner retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. I have heard also of a butcher in a small country town, who some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for his amusement.

There is no way of life to which the generality of men cannot conform themselves; and it seems as if the more repugnance they may at first have had to overcome, the better at last they like the occupation. They grow insensible to the loudest and most discordant sounds, or remain only so far sensible of them, that the cessation will awaken them from sleep. The most offensive smells become pleasurable to them in time, even those which are produced by the most offensive

substances. The temperature of a glass-house is not only tolerable but agreeable to those who have their fiery occupation there. Wisely and mercifully was this power of adaptation implanted in us for our good; but in our imperfect and diseased society it is grievously perverted. We make the greater part of the evil circumstances in which we are placed; and then we fit ourselves for those circumstances by a process of systematic degradation, the effect of which most people see in the classes below them, though they may not be conscious that it is operating in a different manner, but with equal force, upon themselves.

For there is but too much cause to conclude that our moral sense is more easily blunted than our physical sensations. Roman Ladies delighted in seeing the gladiators bleed and die in the public theatre. Spanish Ladies at this day clap their hands in exultation at spectacles which make English Soldiers sicken and turn away. The most upright Lawyer acquires a sort of Swiss conscience for professional use; he is soon taught that considerations of right and wrong have nothing to do with his brief, and that his business is to do the best he can for his client, however bad the case. If this went no farther than to save a criminal from punishment, it might be defensible on the ground of humanity and of charitable hope. But to plead with the whole force of an artful mind in furtherance of a vexatious and malicious suit,—and to resist a rightful claim with all the devices of legal subtlety, and all the technicalities of legal craft,—I know not how he who considers this to be his duty towards his client, can reconcile it with his duty towards his neighbour; or how he thinks it will appear in the account he must one day render to the Lord for the talents which have been committed to his charge.

There are persons indeed who have so far outgrown their catechism as to believe that their only duty is to themselves; and who in the march of intellect have arrived at the convenient conclusion that there is no account to be rendered after death. But they

would resent any imputation upon their honour or their courage as an offence not to be forgiven; and it is difficult therefore to understand how even such persons can undertake to plead the cause of a scoundrel in cases of seduction,—how they can think that the acceptance of a dirty fee is to justify them for cross-examining an injured and unhappy woman with the cruel wantonness of unmanly insult, bruising the broken reed, and treating her as if she were as totally devoid of shame, as they themselves of decency and of humanity. That men should act thus and be perfectly unconscious the while that they are acting a cowardly and rascally part,—and that society should not punish them for it by looking upon them as men who have lost their caste, would be surprising if we did not too plainly see to what a degree the moral sense, not only of individuals, but of a whole community, may be corrupted.

Physiologists have observed that men and dogs are the only creatures whose nature can accommodate itself to every climate, from the burning sands of the desert to the shores and islands of the frozen ocean. And it is not in their physical nature alone that this power of accommodation is found. Dogs who beyond all reasonable question have a sense of duty, and fidelity, and affection, towards their human associates,—a sense altogether distinct from fear and selfishness,—who will rush upon any danger at their master's bidding, and die broken-hearted beside his body, or upon his grave,—dogs, I say, who have this capacity of virtue, have nevertheless been trained to act with robbers against the traveller, and to hunt down human beings and devour them. But depravity sinks deeper than this in man; for the dog when thus deteriorated acts against no law, natural or revealed, no moral sense; he has no power of comparing good and evil and choosing between them, but may be trained to either, and in either is performing his intelligible duty of obedience.

CHAPTER LXXI.

TRANSITION IN OUR NARRATIVE PREPARATORY TO A CHANGE IN THE DOCTOR'S LIFE. A SAD STORY SUPPRESSED. THE AUTHOR PROTESTS AGAINST PLAYING WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS READERS. ALL ARE NOT MERRY THAT SEEM MIRTHFUL. THE SCAFFOLD A STAGE. DON RODRIGO CALDERON. THISTLEWOOD. THE WORLD A MASQUERADE, BUT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS IN HIS OWN CHARACTER.

This breaks no rule of order.

If order were infringed then should I flee

From my chief purpose and my mark should miss.

Order is Nature's beauty, and the way

To Order is by rules that Art hath found.

GWILLIM.

THE question "Who was the Doctor?" has now, methinks, been answered, though not fully, yet sufficiently for the present stage of our memorials, while he is still a bachelor, a single man, an imperfect individual, half only of the whole being which by the laws of nature, and of Christian polity, it was designed that man should become.

The next question therefore that presents itself for consideration relates to that other, and as he sometimes called it better half, which upon the union of the two moieties made him a whole man.—Who was Mrs. Dove?

The reader has been informed how my friend in his early manhood, when about-to-be-a-Doctor, fell in love. Upon that part of his history I have related all that he communicated, which was all that could by me be known, and probably all there was to know. From that time he never fell in love again; nor did he ever run into it; but as was formerly intimated, he once caught the affection. The history of this attachment I heard from others; he had suffered too deeply ever to speak of it himself; and having maturely considered the matter I have determined not to relate the circumstances. Suffice it to say that he might at the same time have caught from the same person an insidious and mortal disease, if his

constitution had been as susceptible of the one contagion, as his heart was of the other. The tale is too painful to be told. There are authors enough in the world who delight in drawing tears; there will always be young readers enough who are not unwilling to shed them; and perhaps it may be wholesome for the young and happy upon whose tears there is no other call.

Not that the author is to be admired, or even excused, who draws too largely upon our lachrymal glands. The pathetic is a string which may be touched by an unskilful hand, and which has often been played upon by an unfeeling one.

For my own part, I wish neither to make my readers laugh nor weep. It is enough for me, if I may sometimes bring a gleam of sunshine upon thy brow, Pensoso; and a watery one over thy sight, Buonallegro; a smile upon Penserosa's lips, a dimple in Ananda's cheek, and some quiet tears, Sophronia, into those mild eyes, which have shed so many scalding ones! When my subject leads me to distressful scenes, it will, as Southey says, not be

— my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.*

The maxim that an author who desires to make us weep must be affected himself by what he writes, is too trite to be repeated in its original language. Both authors and actors, however, can produce this effect without eliciting a spark of feeling from their own hearts; and what perhaps may be deemed more remarkable, they can with the same success excite merriment in others, without partaking of it in the slightest degree themselves. No man ever made his contemporaries laugh more heartily than Scarron, whose bodily sufferings were such that he wished for himself

— à toute heure
Ou la mort, ou sané meilleure:

And who describes himself in his epistle to Sarazin, as

*Un Pauvret
Très-maigret;
Au col tort,
Dont le corps
Tout tortu,
Tout bossu,
Surranné,
Décharné,
Est réduit
Jour et nuit
A souffrir
Sans guerir
Des tourmens
Véhémens.*

It may be said perhaps that Scarron's disposition was eminently cheerful, and that by indulging in buffoonery he produced in himself a pleasurable excitement, not unlike that which others seek from strong liquors, or from opium; and therefore that his example tends to invalidate the assertion in support of which it was adduced. This is a plausible objection; and I am far from undervaluing the philosophy of Pantagruelism, and from denying that its effects may, and are likely to be as salutary as any that were ever produced by the proud doctrines of the Porch. But I question Scarron's right to the appellation of a Pantagruelist; his humour had neither the height nor the depth of that philosophy.

There is a well-known anecdote of a physician, who being called in to an unknown patient, found him suffering under the deepest depression of mind, without any discoverable disease, or other assignable cause. The physician advised him to seek for cheerful objects, and recommended him especially to go to the theatre and see a famous actor then in the meridian of his powers, whose comic talents were unrivalled. Alas! the comedian who kept crowded theatres in a roar was this poor hypochondriac himself!

The state of mind in which such men play their part, whether as authors or actors, was confessed in a letter written from Yarmouth Gaol to the Doctor's friend Miller, by a then well-known performer in this line, George Alexander Stevens. He wrote to describe his distress in prison, and to request that Miller would endeavour to make a small collection for him, some night at a

* Tale of PARAGUAY.

concert; and he told his sad tale sportively. But breaking off that strain he said; "You may think I can have no sense, that while I am thus wretched I should offer at ridicule! But, Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution."

It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful. Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold. In cases of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence, this is not surprising; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz when he was at the point of death desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, "The Lord will say to me presently, my friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up! (*muy arropado*) and I shall reply, Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off."

The author who relates this anecdote remarks that *o morrer com graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto máo*: the observation is good but untranslatable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour "strong in death;" perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed. Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served

as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation; as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!

The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the Father Confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement beyond all doubt was purely habitual, as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

A personage in one of Webster's Plays says,

I knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart scarce half an hour before,
And if he did, it only was to speak.

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well known fact which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact, which whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known,) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell, was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his

Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins!

All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players,—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen any where except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. There is a wide difference indeed in the performers, as there is at a masquerade between those who assume a character, and those who wear dominoes; some play off the agreeable, or the disagreeable for the sake of attracting notice; others retire as it were into themselves; but you can judge as little of the one as of the other. It is even possible to be acquainted with a man long and familiarly, and as we may suppose intimately, and yet not to know him thoroughly or well. There may be parts of his character with which we have never come in contact,—recesses which have never been opened to us,—springs upon which we have never touched. Many there are who can keep their vices secret; would that all bad men had sense and shame enough to do so, or were compelled to it by the fear of public opinion! Shame of a very different nature,—a moral shamefacedness,—which, if not itself an instinctive virtue, is near akin to one, makes those who are endowed with the best and highest feelings, conceal them from all common eyes; and for our performance of religious duties,—our manifestations of piety,—we have been warned that what of this kind is done to be seen of men, will not be rewarded openly before men and angels at the last.

If I knew my venerable friend better than I ever knew any other man, it was because he was in many respects unlike other men, and in few points more unlike them than in this, that he always appeared what he was,—neither better nor worse. With a discursive intellect and a fantastic imagination, he retained his simplicity of heart. He had kept that heart unspotted from the world; his father's blessing was upon him, and he prized it beyond all that the world could have bestowed. Crowe says of us,

Our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift!

It was not so with him; his better mind was not as a garment to be put on and off at pleasure; it was like its plumage to a bird, its beauty and its fragrance to a flower, except that it was not liable to be ruffled, nor to fade, nor to exhale and pass away. His mind was like a peacock always in full attire; it was only at times indeed, (to pursue the similitude,) that he expanded and displayed it; but its richness and variety never could be concealed from those who had eyes to see them.

—His sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind.
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart;
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimentary art.*

What he was in boyhood has been seen, and something also of his manlier years; but as yet little of the ripe fruits of his intellectual autumn have been set before the readers. No such banquet was promised them as that with which they are to be regaled. "The booksellers," says Somner the antiquary, in an unpublished letter to Dugdale, "affect a great deal of title as advantageous for the sale; but judicious men dislike it, as savouring of too much ostentation, and suspecting the wine is not good where so much bush is hung out." Somebody, I forget who, wrote a book upon the titles of books, regarding the title as a most important part of the composition. The bookseller's fashion of which Somner speaks has long been obsolete; mine is a brief title promising little, but intending much. It specifies only the Doctor; but his gravities and his levities, his opinions of men and things, his speculations moral and political, physical and spiritual, his philosophy and his religion, each blending with each, and all with all, these are comprised in the &c. of my title-page,—these and his Pantagruelism to boot. When I meditate upon these I may exclaim with the poet:—

* PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Mnemosyne hath kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertained a feast within my brain.*

These I shall produce for the entertainment of the idle reader, and for the recreation of the busy one; for the amusement of the young, and the contentment of the old; for the pleasure of the wise, and the approbation of the good; and these when produced will be the monument of Daniel Dove. Of such a man it may indeed be said that he

Is his own marble; and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than Death's Cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court! †

Some of my contemporaries may remember a story once current at Cambridge, of a luckless undergraduate, who being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dulness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew!

And yet bulky books are composed, or compiled by men who know as little as this poor empty individual. Tracts, and treatises, and tomes, may be, and are written by persons, to whom the smallest square sheet of delicate note paper, rose-coloured, or green, or blue, with its embossed border, manufactured expressly for ladies' fingers and crow-quills, would afford ample room, and verge enough, for expounding the sum total of their knowledge upon the subject whereon they undertake to enlighten the public.

Were it possible for me to pour out all that I have taken in from him, of whose accumulated stores I, alas! am now the sole living depository, I know not to what extent the precious reminiscences might run.

* ROBERT GREEN.

† MIDDLETON.

*Per sua gratia singularē
Par ch' io habbi nel capo una seguenza,
Una fontana, un fiume, un lago, un mare,
Id est un pantanaccio d'eloquenza. ‡*

Sidronius Hosschius has supplied me with a simile for this stream of recollections.

*Æstuat et cursu nunquam cessante laborat
Eridanus, fessis irrequietus aquis;
Spumeus il, fervensque, undamque supervenit unda;
Hæc illam, sed et hanc non minus ista premit.
Volvitur, et volvit pariter, motuque perenni
Truditur à fluctu posteriore prior.*

As I shall proceed

*Excipiet curam nova cura, laborque laborem,
Nec minus exhausto quod superabit erit.*

But for stores which in this way have been received, the best compacted memory is like a sieve; more of necessity slips through than stops upon the way; and well is it, if that which is of most value be what remains behind. I have pledged myself, therefore, to no more than I can perform; and this the reader shall have within reasonable limits, and in due time, provided the performance be not prevented by any of the evils incident to human life.

At present, my business is to answer the question "Who was Mrs. Dove?"

CHAPTER LXXII.

IN WHICH THE FOURTH OF THE QUESTIONS PROPOSED IN CHAPTER II. P. I. IS BEGUN TO BE ANSWERED; SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON ANCESTRY ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE READER IS INFORMED WHY THE AUTHOR DOES NOT WEAR A CAP AND BELLS.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths! they're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equal'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

BEN JONSON.

Who was Mrs. Dove?

A woman of the oldest family in this or any other kingdom, for she was beyond all doubt a legitimate descendant of Adam.

‡ MATTEO FRANZESI.

Her husband perhaps might have rather said that she was a daughter of Eve. But he would have said it with a smile of playfulness, not of scorn.

To trace her descent somewhat lower, and bring it nearer to the stock of the Courtenays, the Howards, the Manriques, the Bourbons and Thundertentrons, she was a descendant of Noah, and of his eldest son Japhet. She was allied to Ham, however, in another way, besides this remote niece-ship.

As how I pray you, Sir ?

Her maiden name was Bacon.

Grave Sir, be not disconcerted. I hope you have no antipathy to such things: or at least that they do not act upon you, as the notes of a bagpipe are said to act upon certain persons whose unfortunate idiosyncrasy exposes them to very unpleasant effects from the sound.

Mr. Critickin,—for as there is a diminutive for cat, so should there be for critic,—I defy you! Before I can be afraid of your claws, you must leave off biting your nails.

I have something better to say to the Reader, who follows wherever I lead up and down, high and low, to the hill and to the valley, contented with his guide, and enjoying the prospect which I show him in all its parts, in the detail and in the whole, in the foreground and home scene, as well as in the Pisgah view. I will tell him before the chapter is finished, why I do not wear a cap and bells.

To you, my Lady, who may imagine that Miss Bacon was not of a good family, (Lord Verulam's line, as you very properly remark, being extinct,) I beg leave to observe that she was certainly a cousin of your own; somewhere within the tenth and twentieth degrees, if not nearer. And this I proceed to prove.

Every person has two immediate parents, four ancestors in the second degree, eight in the third, and so the pedigree ascends, doubling at every step, till in the twentieth generation, he has no fewer than one million, thirty thousand, eight hundred and ninety-six

Great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,
great, great, great,

grandfathers and grandmothers. Therefore, my Lady, I conceive it to be absolutely certain, that under the Plantagenets, if not in the time of the Tudors, some of your ancestors must have been equally ancestors of Miss Deborah Bacon.

"At the conquest," says Sir Richard Phillips, "the ancestry of every one of the English people was the whole population of England; while on the other hand, every one having children at that time, was the direct progenitor of the whole of the living race."

The reflecting reader sees at once that it must be so. *Plato ait, Neminem regem non ex servis esse oriendum, neminem non serrum ex regibus. Omnia ista longa varietas miscuit, et sursum deorsum fortuna versavit. Quis ergo generosus? ad virtutem bene à natura compositus. Hoc unum est intuumdum: alioqui, si ad vetera revocas, nemo non inde est, ante quod nihil est.** And the erudite Ihre in the *Proemium* to his invaluable Glossary, says, *ut aliquoto cognationis gradu, sed per monumentorum defectum hodie inexplicabile, omnes homines inter se connexi sunt.*

Now then to the gentle reader. The reason why I do not wear a cap and bells is this.

There are male caps of five kinds which are worn at present in this kingdom; to wit, the military cap, the collegiate cap, the jockey cap, the travelling cap, and the night cap. Observe, reader, I said *kinds*, that is to say in scientific language *genera*,—for the *species* and varieties are numerous, especially in the former *genus*.

I am not a soldier; and having long been weaned from Alma Mater, of course have left off my college cap. The gentlemen of the ——— hunt would object to my going

* SENECA.

out with the bells on: it would be likely to frighten their horses; and were I to attempt it, it might involve me in unpleasant disputes, which might possibly lead to more unpleasant consequences. To my travelling cap the bells would be an inconvenient appendage; nor would they be a whit more comfortable upon my night-cap. Besides, my wife might object to them.

It follows that if I would wear a cap and bells, I must have a cap made on purpose. But this would be rendering myself singular; and of all things a wise man will most avoid any ostentatious appearance of singularity.

Now I am certainly not singular in playing the fool without one.

And indeed if I possessed such a cap, it would not be proper to wear it in this part of my history.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

RASH MARRIAGES. AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD. AFFLICTION RENDERED A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERERS; AND TWO ORPHANS LEFT, THOUGH NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same.
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

HERBERT.

Mrs. Dove was the only child of a clergyman who held a small vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar-school in the country, and having through their influence gained a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the University, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of Nature's finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm;—but woman when young, and lovely, and poor, is as a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury, had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good-natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two Lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them and laughed with them,—till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bed-side. The disease proved fatal; it communicated to Bacon and his wife; the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Deborah were then laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month the widow Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters, and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum, which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two or-

phans might have touched him is, perhaps, doubtful,—for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter, like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house, and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of 6000*l.* enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody, informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but, that notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon,—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a-year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired

village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well-spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation, and comfort, and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and in endeavouring to fulfil her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was contented to live, and even prayed for life; while, if it had respected herself only, Death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans who were thus orphaned indeed.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS EITHER TO HERSELF OR OTHERS. A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT.

Beauty! my Lord,—'tis the worst part of woman!
 A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
 By creeping minutes of defacing time;
 A superciles which each breath of care
 Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
 Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes,
 Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

Goff.

MISS TREWBODY behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret that she might do her duty to her sister's child by breeding her up under her

own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlour. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependence, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holidays, summer and winter, at the grammar-school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death: for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill the most favourable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman or Melicent his sister, to invite him for Midsummer or Christmas. At length in the seventh year a letter announced that his school-education had been completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at —— College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time: in the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth who bade so fair to do honour to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honourable connections*. The head of the family promised his part, with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking that "thank God, there would soon be an end of these demands upon him." Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "please God it should never be said that she refused to do her duty."

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy, — an annual ten pounds each: but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The Squire's

half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay, — not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it: and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequence of which was that he had left a child dependant upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret meantime was dieted upon the food of bitterness, without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time, of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books; Nelson's Festivals and Fasts was one, the other was "the Queen's Cabinet unlocked;" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge-box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me! when she laid it down: but looking in the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other

of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health; nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependents.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM.

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegance than is the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.

ROBERT WILMOT.

WHEN Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college-friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's

house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind toward this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood, from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm: and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow, passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their

separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snow-drop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard-bank, and the blue bells and the cowslip of the fields, wherein they were allowed to run wild, and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls: and in his day-dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappointment, that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened, and a creature came in, — less radiant, indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

“Margaret,” said Miss Trewbody, “do you remember your cousin Leonard?”

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. “’Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted! — ten years! — But I have not forgotten the parting, — nor the blessed days of our childhood.”

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation

with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sate trembling and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low earnest voice, “dear dear Margaret!” She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, “dear Leonard!” and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A STORY CONCERNING CUPID WHICH NOT ONE READER IN TEN THOUSAND HAS EVER HEARD BEFORE; A DEFENCE OF LOVE WHICH WILL BE VERY SATISFACTORY TO THE LADIES.

They do lie,
Lie grossly who say Love is blind, — by him
And Heaven they lie! he has a sight can pierce
Thro’ ivory, as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

THE Stoics who called our good affections eupathies, did not manage those affections as well as they understood them. They kept them under too severe a discipline, and erroneously believed that the best way to strengthen the heart was by hardening it. The Monks carried this error to its utmost extent, falling indeed into the impious absurdity that our eupathies are sinful in themselves. The Monks have been called the Stoics of Christianity; but the philosophy of the Cloister can no more bear comparison with that of the Porch, than Stoicism itself with Christianity pure and undefiled. Van Helmont compares even the Franciscans with the Stoics; *paucis mutatis*, he says, *videbam Capucinum esse Stoicum Christianum*. He might have found a closer

parallel for them in the Cynics both for their filth and their extravagance. And here I will relate a Rabbinical tradition.

On a time the chiefs of the Synagogue, being mighty in prayer, obtained of the Lord that the Evil Spirit who had seduced the Jews to commit idolatry, and had brought other nations against them to overthrow their city and destroy the Temple, should be delivered into their hands for punishment; when by advice of Zechariah the prophet they put him in a leaden vessel, and secured him there with a weight of lead upon his face. By this sort of *peine forte et dure*, they laid him so effectually that he has never appeared since. Pursuing then their supplications while the ear of Heaven was open, they entreated that another Evil Spirit, by whom the people had continually been led astray, might in like manner be put into their power. This prayer also was granted; and the Demon with whom Poets, Lovers, and Ladies are familiar, by his heathen name of Cupid, was delivered up to them.

———folle per lui
Tutto il mondo si fa. Perisca Amore,
E saggio ognun sarà.*

The prophet Zechariah warned them not to be too hasty in putting him to death, for fear of the consequences;

———You shall see
A fine confusion in the country; mark it!

But the prophet's counsel was as vain as the wise courtier's in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, who remonstrated against the decree for demolishing Cupid's altars. They disregarded his advice; because they were determined upon destroying the enemy now that they had him in their power; and they bound their prisoner fast in chains, while they deliberated by what death he should die. These deliberations lasted three days; on the third day it happened that a new-laid egg was wanted for a sick person, and behold! no such thing was to be found throughout the kingdom of Israel, for since this Evil Spirit was in durance, not an egg had

* METASTASIO.

been laid; and it appeared upon inquiry, that the whole course of kind was suspended. The chiefs of the Synagogue perceived then that not without reason Zechariah had warned them; they saw that if they put their prisoner to death the world must come to an end; and therefore they contented themselves with putting out his eyes, that he might not see to do so much mischief, and let him go.

Thus it was that Cupid became blind,—a fact unknown to the Greek and Roman Poets and to all the rhymesters who have succeeded them.

The Rabbis are coarse fablers. Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world would be palsied:

This is the salt unto Humanity
And keeps it sweet.*

Senza di lui

Che diverriam le sfere,
Il mar, la terra & Alla sua chiara face
Si coloran le stelle; ordina e lume
Ei lor ministra; egli mauticue in pace
Gli' elemente discordi; unisce insieme
Gli opposti eccessi; e con eterno giro,
Che sembra caso, ed è saper profondo,
Forma, scompone, e riproduce il mondo.†

It is with this passion as with the Amrecta in Southey's Hindoo tale, the most original of his poems; its effects are beneficial or malignant according to the subject on which it acts. In this respect Love may also be likened to the Sun, under whose influence one plant elaborates nutriment for man, and another poison; and which, while it draws up pestilence from the marsh and jungle, and sets the simoom in motion over the desert, diffuses light, life, and happiness over the healthy and cultivated regions of the earth.

It acts terribly upon Poets. Poor creatures, nothing in the whole details of the Ten Persecutions, or the history of the Spanish Inquisition, is more shocking than what they have suffered from Love, according to the statements which they have given of their own sufferings. They have endured scorching, frying, roasting, burning, sometimes by a slow fire, sometimes by a quick one; and melting,—and this too from a fire,

* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

† METASTASIO.

which, while it thus affects the heart and liver, raises not a blister upon the skin; resembling in this respect that penal fire which certain theological writers describe as being more intense because it is invisible,—existing not in form, but in essence, and acting therefore upon spirit as material and visible fire acts upon the body. Sometimes they have undergone from the same cause all the horrors of freezing and petrification. Very frequently the brain is affected; and one peculiar symptom of the insanity arising from this cause, is that the patients are sensible of it, and appear to boast of their misfortune.

Hear how it operated upon Lord Brooke, who is called the most thoughtful of poets, by the most bookful of Laureates. The said Lord Brooke in his love, and in his thoughtfulness, confesseth thus;

I sigh; I sorrow; I do play the fool!

Hear how the grave—the learned Pasquier describes its terrible effects upon himself!

*Jà je sens en mes os une flamme nouvelle
Qui me mine, qui m'ard, qui brule ma mûeulle.*

Hear its worse moral consequences, which Euphues avowed in his wicked days! “He that cannot dissemble in love is not worthy to live. I am of this mind, that both might and malice, deceit and treachery, all perjury and impiety, may lawfully be committed in love, which is lawless.”

Hear too how Ben Jonson makes the Lady Frampul express her feelings!

*My fires and fears are met: I burn and freeze;
My liver's one great coal, my heart shrunk un
With all the fibres; and the mass of blood
Within me is a standing lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That drive a drift of sleet through all my body
And shoot a February through my veins.*

And hear how Artemidorus, not the oneirologist, but the great philosopher at the Court of the Emperor Sferamond, describes the appearances which he had observed in dissecting some of those unfortunate persons, who had died of love:—*Quant à mon regard*, says he, *j'en ay veu faire anatomie de quelques uns qui estoient morts de cette maladie, qui avoient leurs entrailles toutes re-*

*tirées, leur pauvre cœur tout brûlé, leur foye toute enfumé, leurs poulmons tout rostis, les ventricules de leurs cerveaux tous endommagés; et je croy que leur pauvre ame étoit cuite et arse à petite feu, pour la vehemence et excessif chaleur et ardeur inextinguible qu'ils enduroient lors que la fièvre d'amour les avoit surprins.**

But the most awful description of its dangerous operation upon persons of his own class is given by the Prince of the French Poets, not undeservedly so called in his own times. Describing the effect of love upon himself when he is in the presence of his mistress, Ronsard says,

*Tant s'en faut que je sois alors maistre de moy,
Que je n'irois les Dieux, et trahirois mon Roy,
Je vendrois mon pay, je meurtrirois mon père;
Telle rage me tient après que j'ay tasté
A longs traits amoureux de la poison amère
Qui sort de ces beaux yeux dont je suis enchanté.*

Mercy on us! neither Petrarch, nor poor Abel Shufflebottom himself, was so far gone as this!

In a diseased heart it loses its nature, and combining with the morbid affection which it finds, produces a new disease.

When it gets into an empty heart, it works there like quicksilver in an apple dumpling, while the astonished cook, ignorant of the roguery which has been played her, thinks that there is not Death, but the Devil in the pot.

In a full heart, which is tantamount to saying a virtuous one, (for in every other, conscience keeps a void place for itself, and the hollow is always felt,) it is sedative, sanative, and preservative: a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice.

How then did this passion act upon Leonard and Margaret? In a manner which you will not find described in any of Mr. Thomas Moore's poems; and which Lord Byron is as incapable of understanding, or even believing in another, as he is of feeling it in himself.

* AMADIS DE GAULE. LIV. 23.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM
OF LIFE.

Happy the bonds that hold ye ;
 Sure they be sweeter far than liberty.
 There is no blessedness but in such bondage ;
 Happy that happy chain ; such links are heavenly.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

I WILL not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were ; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone : Hope will picture it to others, — and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood ; a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at College, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her Aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together ; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting ; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it ; and this they felt ; for

love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own, — a second birth, — dimly, but yet in some degree, resembling that which is effected by Divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope, — an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend ; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility ; but the trial was no longer painful ; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing, — which said system improves hand-writings by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and spelt worse : but letter writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life, — perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilisation has given us. There was then no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between ; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was as an exhilarant and

a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own ;

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound.*

Happy, indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as that same sweet poet says, is he,

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find
That he deserves to find so good a place.*

This was Leonard's case ; and when he kissed the paper, which her hand had pressed, it was with a consciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affection, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart. To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Whenever they arrived, a head-ache became the cause or pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber, that she might weep and dream over the precious lines : —

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush ;
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
O love ! — when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.†

INTERCHAPTER VII.

OBSOLETE ANTICIPATIONS ; BEING A LEAF OUT OF AN OLD ALMANAC, WHICH, LIKE OTHER OLD ALMANACS, THOUGH OUT OF DATE IS NOT OUT OF USE.

If

You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning beforehand.
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you ;
It is my humour. MIDDLETON.

WHEN St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become

learned, he answered, "by reading one book ;" "meaning," says Bishop Taylor, "that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not." Lord Holland's poet, the prolific Lope de Vega, tells us to the same purport :

*Que es estudiante notable
El que lo es de un libro solo.
Que quando no estavan llenos
De tantos libros agenos,
Como van dexando atras,
Sabian los hombres mas
Porque estudiavan en menos.*

The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. Like your sharp-shooter, he knows his piece perfectly, and is sure of his shot. I would, therefore, modestly insinuate to the reader what infinite advantages would be possessed by that fortunate person who shall be the *homo hujus libri*.

According to the Lawyers the King's eldest son is for certain purposes of full age as soon as he is born, — great being the mysteries of Law ! I will not assume that in like manner *hic liber* is at once to acquire maturity of fame ; for fame, like the oak, is not the product of a single generation ; and a new book in its reputation is but as an acorn, the full growth of which can be known only by posterity. The Doctor will not make so great a sensation upon its first appearance as Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler*, or the first two Cantos of *Don Juan* ; still less will it be talked of so universally as the murder of Mr. Weire. Talked of, however, it will be widely, largely, loudly and *lengthily* talked of : lauded and vituperated, vilified and extolled, heartily abused, and no less heartily admired.

Thus much is quite certain, that before it has been published a week, eight persons will be named as having written it ; and these eight positive lies will be affirmed each as positive truths on positive knowledge.

Within the month Mr. Woodbee will write to one Marquis, one Earl, two Bishops, and two Reviewers-Major, assuring them that he is *not* the Author. Mr. Sligo will cautiously avoid making any such declaration, and will take occasion significantly to remark

* DRUMMOND.

† ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

upon the exceeding impropriety of saying to any person that a work which has been published anonymously is supposed to be his. He will observe also, that it is altogether unwarrantable to ask any one, under such circumstances, whether the report be true. Mr. Blueman's opinion of the book will be asked by four-and-twenty female correspondents, all of the order of the stocking.

Professor Wilson will give it his hearty praise. Sir Walter Scott will deny that he has any hand in it. Mr. Coleridge will smile if he is asked the question. If it be proposed to Sir Humphry Davy he will smile too, and perhaps blush also. The Laureate will observe a careless silence; Mr. Wordsworth a dignified one. And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.

The Opium-Eater, while he peruses it, will doubt whether there is a book in his hand, or whether he be not in a dream of intellectual delight.

"My little more than nothing" Jeffrey the second—for of the small Jeffreys, Jeffrey Hudson must always be the first—will look less when he pops upon his own name in its pages. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan is Jeffrey the third: he must have been placed second in right of seniority, had it not been for the profound respect with which I regard the University of Glasgow. The Rector of Glasgow takes precedence of the Mayor of Garrat.

And what will the Reviewers do? I speak not of those who come to their office, (for such there are, though few,) like Judges to the bench, stored with all competent knowledge and in an equitable mind; prejudging nothing, however much they may foreknow; and who give their sentence without regard to persons, upon the merits of the case; but the aspirants and wranglers at the bar, the dribblers and the spit-fires, (there are of both sorts;)—the puppies who bite for the pleasure which they feel in exercising their teeth, and the dogs whose gratification consists in their knowledge of the pain and

injury that they inflict;—the creepers of literature, who suck their food, like the ivy, from what they strangulate and kill; they who have a party to serve, or an opponent to run down; what opinion will they pronounce in their utter ignorance of the author? They cannot play without a bias in their bowls!—Ay, there's the rub!

Ha ha, ha ha! this World doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn,
For many an honest Indian Ass
Goes for a Unicorn.

Farra diddle dyno,

This is idle fyno!

Tygh bygh, tygh bygh! O sweet delight!

He tickles this age that can

Call Tullia's ape a marmasite,

And Leda's goose a swan.*

Then the discussion that this book will excite among blue stockings, and blue beards! The stir! the buzz! the bustle! The talk at tea tables in the country, and *conversazione* in town,—in Mr. Murray's room, at Mr. Longman's dinners, in Mr. Hatchard's shop,—at the Royal Institution,—at the Alfred, at the Admiralty, at Holland House! Have you seen it?—Do you understand it? Are you not disgusted with it?—Are you not provoked at it?—Are you not delighted with it? Whose is it? Whose can it be?

Is it Walter Scott's?—There is no Scotch in the book; and that hand is never to be mistaken in its masterly strokes. Is it Lord Byron's?—Lord Byron's! Why the Author fears God, honours the King, and loves his country and his kind. Is it by Little Moore?—If it were, we should have sentimental lewdness, Irish patriotism, which is something very like British treason, and a plentiful spicing of personal insults to the Prince Regent. Is it the Laureate?—He lies buried under his own historical quartos! There is neither his mannerism, nor his moralism, nor his methodism. Is it Wordsworth?—What,—an Elephant cutting capers on the slack wire! Is it Coleridge?—The method indeed of the book might lead to such a suspicion,—but then it is intelligible throughout. Mr. A——?—there is Latin in it. Mr. B——?—there is

* BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

Greek in it. Mr. C——?— it is written in good English. Mr. Hazlitt? It contains no panegyric upon Bonaparte; no imitations of Charles Lamb; no plagiarisms from Mr. Coleridge's conversation; no abuse of that gentleman, Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth,—and no repetitions of himself. Certainly, therefore, it is *not* Mr. Hazlitt's.

Is it Charles Lamb?

Baa! Baa! good Sheep, have you any wool?
Yes marry, that I have, three bags full.

Good Sheep I write here, in emendation of the nursery song; because nobody ought to call this Lamb a *black* one.

Comes it from the Admiralty? There indeed wit enough might be found and acuteness enough, and enough of sagacity, and enough of knowledge both of books and men; but when

The Raven croaked as she sat at her meal
And the Old Woman knew what he said, *—

the Old Woman knew also by the tone who said it.

Does it contain the knowledge, learning, wit, sprightliness, and good sense, which that distinguished patron of letters my Lord Puttiface Papinhead has so successfully concealed from the public and from all his most intimate acquaintance during his whole life?

Is it Theodore Hook with the learned assistance of his brother the Archdeacon?— A good guess that of the Hook: have an eye to it!

"I guess it is our Washington Irving," says the New Englander. The Virginian replies, "I reckon it may be;" and they agree that none of the Old Country Authors are worthy to be compared with him.

Is it Smith?

Which of the Smiths? for they are a numerous people. To say nothing of Black Smiths, White Smiths, Gold Smiths, and Silver Smiths, there is Sydney, who is Joke-Smith to the Edinburgh Review; and William, who is Motion Smith to the Dissenters Orthodox and Heterodox, in Parliament, having been elected to represent

them,—to wit, the aforesaid Dissenters—by the citizens of Norwich. And there is *Cher Bobus* who works for nobody; and there is Horace and his brother James, who work in Colburn's forge at the sign of the Camel. You probably meant these brothers; they are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink; and to their praise be it spoken with no gall in it. But their wares are of a very different quality.

Is it the Author of *Thinks I to myself?*—"Think you so," says I to myself I. Or the Author of the *Miseries of Human Life?* George Colman? Wrangham,—unfrooked and in his lighter moods? Yorick of Dublin? Dr. Clarke? Dr. Busby? The Author of *My Pocket Book?* D'Israeli? Or that phenomenon of eloquence, the celebrated Irish Barrister, Counsellor Phillips? Or may it not be the joint composition of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan? he compounding the speculative, scientific, and erudite ingredients; she intermingling the lighter parts, and infusing her own grace, airiness, vivacity, and spirit through the whole. A well-aimed guess: for they would throw out opinions differing from their own, as ships in time of war hoist false colours; and thus they would enjoy the baffled curiosity of those wide circles of literature and fashion in which they move with such enviable distinction both at home and abroad.

Is it Mr. Mathurin? Is it Hans Busk?—

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, my winsome marrow!

Is it he who wrote of a *World without Souls*, and made the *Velvet Cushion* relate its adventures?

Is it Rogers?—The wit and the feeling of the book may fairly lead to such an ascription, if there be sarcasm enough to support it. So may the *Pleasures of Memory* which the Author has evidently enjoyed during the composition.

Is it Mr. Utinam? He would have written it,—if he could.—Is it Hookham Frere? He could have written it,—if he would.—Has Matthias taken up a new Pursuit in Literature? Or has William Bankes been trying the experiment whether he can im-

* SOUTHEY.

part as much amusement and instruction by writing, as in conversation?

Or is it some new genius "breaking out at once like the Irish Rebellion a hundred thousand strong?" Not one of the Planets, nor fixed stars of our Literary System, but a Comet as brilliant as it is eccentric in its course.

Away the dogs go, whining here, snuffing there, nosing in this place, pricking their ears in that, and now full-mouthed upon a false scent,—and now again all at fault.

Oh the delight of walking invisible among mankind!

"Whoever he be," says Father O'Faggot, "he is an audacious heretic." "A school-master, by his learning," says Dr. Fullbottom Wigsby. The Bishop would take him for a Divine, if there were not sometimes a degree of levity in the book, which, though always innocent, is not altogether consistent with the gown. Sir Fingerfee Dolittle discovers evident marks of the medical profession. "He has manifestly been a traveller," says the General, "and lived in the World." The man of letters says it would not surprise him if it were the work of a learned Jew. Mr. Dullman sees nothing in the book to excite the smallest curiosity; he really does not understand it, and doubts whether the Author himself knew what he would be at. Mr. McDry declares, with a harsh Scotch accent, "It's just parfit nonsense."

INTERCHAPTER VIII.

A LEAF OUT OF THE NEW ALMANAC. THE AUTHOR THINKS CONSIDERATELY OF HIS COMMENTATORS; RUMINATES; RELATES AN ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE; QUOTES SOME PYRAMIDAL STANZAS, WHICH ARE NOT THE WORSE FOR THEIR ARCHITECTURE, AND DELIVERS AN OPINION CONCERNING BURNS.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the Soul. *Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.*

FULLER.

THE Commentators in the next millennium, and even in the next century, will, I foresee,

have no little difficulty, in settling the chronology of this opus. I do not mean the time of its conception, the very day and hour of that happy event having been recorded in the seventh chapter, A. I.: nor the time of its birth, that, as has been registered in the weekly Literary Journals, having been in the second week of January, 1834. But at what intervening times certain of its Chapters and Interchapters were composed.

A similar difficulty has been found with the Psalms, the Odes of Horace, Shakespeare's Plays, and other writings sacred or profane, of such celebrity as to make the critical inquiry an object of reasonable curiosity, or of real moment.

They, however, who peruse the present volume while it is yet a new book, will at once have perceived that between the composition of the preceding Chapter and their perusal thereof, an interval as long as one of Nourjabad's judicial visitations of sleep must have elapsed. For many of the great performers who figured upon the theatre of public life when the anticipations in that Chapter were expressed, have made their exits; and others who are not there mentioned, have since that time made their entrances.

The children of that day have reached their stage of adolescence; the youth are now in mid life; the middle-aged have grown old, and the old have passed away. I say nothing of the political changes that have intervened. Who can bestow a thought upon the pantomime of politics, when his mind is fixed upon the tragedy of human life?

Robert Landor (a true poet like his great brother, if ever there was one) says finely in his *Impious Banquet*,

There is a pause near death when men grow bold
Toward all things else:

Before that awful pause, whenever the thought is brought home to us, we feel ourselves near enough to grow indifferent to them, and to perceive the vanity of all earthly pursuits, those only excepted which have the good of our fellow creatures for

their object, and tend to our own spiritual improvement.

But this is entering upon a strain too serious for this place; though any reflection upon the lapse of time and the changes that steal on us in its silent course leads naturally to such thoughts.

*Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
Frons alia est, moresque alti, nova mentis imago,
Voxque aliud mutata sonat.**

Sir Thomas Lawrence was told one day that he had made a portrait, which he was then finishing, ten years too young. "Well," he replied, "I have; and I see no reason why it should not be made so." There was this reason: ten years, if they bring with them only their ordinary portion of evil and of good, cannot pass over any one's head without leaving their moral as well as physical traces, especially if they have been years of active and intellectual life. The painter, therefore, who dips his brush in Medea's kettle, neither represents the countenance as it is, nor as it has been.

"And what does that signify?" Sir Thomas might ask in rejoinder. — What indeed! Little to any one at present, and nothing when the very few who are concerned in it shall have passed away, — except to the artist. The merits of his picture as a work of art are all that will then be considered; its fidelity as a likeness will be taken for granted, or be thought of as little consequence as in reality it then is.

Yet if Titian or Vandyke had painted upon such a principle, their portraits would not have been esteemed as they now are. We should not have felt the certainty which we now feel, that in looking at the pictures of the Emperor Charles V. and of Cortes; of King Charles the Martyr, and of Strafford, we see the veritable likeness and true character of those ever-memorable personages.

Think of the changes that any ten years in the course of human life produce in body and in mind, and in the face, which is in a certain degree the index of both. From

thirty to forty is the decade during which the least outward and visible alteration takes place; and yet how perceptible is it even during that stage in every countenance that is composed of good flesh and blood! For I do not speak of those which look as if they had been hewn out of granite, cut out of a block, cast in bronze, or moulded either in wax, tallow, or paste.

Ten years!

Quarles in those Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man, which he presents to the Reader as an Egyptian dish dressed in the English fashion, symbolises it by the similitude of a taper divided into eight equal lengths, which are to burn for ten years each, — if the candle be not either wasted, or blown out by the wind, or snuffed out by an unskilful hand, or douted (to use a good old word) with an extinguisher, before it is burned down to the socket. The poem which accompanies the first print of the series begins thus, in pyramidal stanzas; such they were designed to be, but their form resembles that of an Aztecan or Mexican Cu, rather than of an Egyptian pyramid.

1.

Behold

How short a span

Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man!

In those well-temper'd days, his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

2.

Alas

And what is that!

They come and slide and pass

Before my pen can tell thee what.

The posts of life are swift, which having run

Their seven short stages o'er, their short-liv'd task is done.

"I had an old grand-uncle," says Burns, "with whom my mother lived awhile in her girlish years. The good man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of the Life and Age of Man."

It is certain that this old song was in Burns's mind when he composed to the same cadence those well-known stanzas of which the burthen is that "man was made to mourn." But the old blind man's tears were tears of piety, not of regret; it was his

* PETRARCH.

greatest enjoyment thus to listen and to weep; and his heart the while was not so much in the past, as his hopes were in the future. They were patient hopes; he knew in Whom he believed, and was awaiting his deliverance in God's good time. *Sunt homines qui cum patientiâ moriuntur; sunt autem quidam perfecti qui cum patientiâ vivunt.** Burns may perhaps have been conscious in his better hours (and he had many such), that he had inherited the feeling (if not the sober piety) which is so touchingly exemplified in this family anecdote;—that it was the main ingredient in the *athanasia* of his own incomparable effusions; and that without it he never could have been the moral, and therefore never the truly great poet that he eminently is.

INTERCHAPTER IX.

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COMMENTATORS DRAWN FROM THE HISTORY OF THE KORAN. REMARKS WHICH ARE NOT INTENDED FOR MUSSELMEN, AND WHICH THE MISSIONARIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ARE ADVISED NOT TO TRANSLATE.

You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration, but now and then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing. JOHN NEWTON.

BUT the most illustrious exemplification of the difficulty which the Doctorean or Dovean commentators will experience in settling the chronology of these chapters, is to be found in the history of the Koran.

Mahomedan Doctors are agreed that the first part or parcel of their sacred book which was revealed to the prophet, consisted of what now stands as the first five verses of the ninety-sixth chapter; and that the chapter which ought to be the last of the whole hundred and fourteen, because it was the last which Mahommed delivered, is placed as the ninth in order.

The manner in which the book was origi-

nally produced, and afterwards put together, explains how this happened.

Whenever the Impostor found it convenient to issue a portion, one of his disciples wrote it, from his dictation, either upon palm-leaves or parchment, and these were put promiscuously into a chest. After his death Abubeker collected them into a volume, but with so little regard to any principle of order or connection, that the only rule which he is supposed to have followed was that of placing the longest chapters first.

Upon this M. Savary remarks, *ce bouleversement dans un ouvrage qui est un recueil de préceptes donnés dans différens temps et dont les premiers sont souvent abrogés par les suivans, y a jetté la plus grande confusion. On ne doit donc y chercher ni ordre ni suit.* And yet one of the chapters opens with the assertion that “a judicious order reigns in this book,”—according to Savary's version, which here follows those commentators who prefer this among the five interpretations which the words may bear.

Abubeker no doubt was of opinion that it was impossible to put the book together in any way that could detract from its value and its use. If he were, as there is every reason to think, a true believer, he would infer that the same divine power which revealed it piece-meal would preside over the arrangement, and that the earthly copy would thus miraculously be made a faithful transcript of the eternal and uncreated original.

If, on the other hand, he had been as audacious a knave as his son-in-law, the false prophet himself, he would have come with equal certainty to the same conclusion by a different process: for he would have known that if the separate portions, when they were taken out of the chest, had been shuffled and dealt like a pack of cards, they would have been just as well assorted as it was possible to assort them.

A north-country dame in days of old economy, when the tailor worked for women as well as men, delivered one of her nether garments to a professor of the sartorial art with these directions:

* ST. AUGUSTIN.

“ Here Talleor, tak this petcut ; thoo mun bin' me't, and thoo mun tap-bin' me't ; thoo mun turn me't rangsid afoor, tapsid bottom, insid oot : thoo can do't, thoo mun do't, and thoo mun do't speedly.”—Neither Bonaparte nor Wellington ever gave their orders on the field of battle with more precision, or more emphatic and authoritative conciseness.

Less contrivance was required for editing the Koran, than for renovating this petticoat : the Commander of the Faithful had only to stitch it together and bin' me't.

The fable is no doubt later than Abubek-er's time that the first transcript of this book from its eternal and uncreated original in the very essence of the Deity, is on the Preserved Table, fast by the throne of God ; on which Table all the divine decrees of things past, passing, and to come, are recorded. The size of the Table may be estimated by that of the Pen wherewith these things were written on it. The Great Pen was one of the first three created things ; it is in length five hundred years' journey, and in breadth, eighty ; and I suppose the rate of an Angel's travelling is intended, which considerably exceeds that of a rail-road, a race-horse, or a carrier-pigeon. A copy of the Koran, transcribed upon some celestial material from this original on the Preserved Table, bound in silk, and ornamented with gold and set with precious stones from Paradise, was shown to the Prophet by the Angel Gabriel, once a year, for his consolation, and twice during the last year of his life.

Far later is the legend transmitted by the Spanish Moor, Mahomet Rabadan, that Othman arranged the fragments and copied them in the Prophet's life-time ; and that when this transcript was completed, Gabriel presented the Prophet with another copy of the whole, written by his own arch-angelic hand in heaven, whereby the greatest honour and most perfect satisfaction that could be given to man were imparted, and the most conclusive proof afforded of the fidelity with which Othman had executed his holy task. For when his copy was collated with the Angel's it was found to be so exact, “ that not the least tittle was variated or omitted,

but it seemed as if the same hand and pen had written them both,” the only difference being in the size of the letters, and consequently of the two books, and in their legibility.

Gabriel's copy was contained in sixteen leaves, the size of a Damascus coin, not larger than an English shilling ; and the strokes of the letters were so much finer than any human hair or any visible thread, that they are compared to the hairs of a serpent, which are so fine that no microscope has ever yet discovered them. They were plainly legible to all who were pure and undefiled ; but no unclean person could discern a single syllable, nor could any pen ever be made fine enough to imitate such writing. The ink was of a rich purple, the cover of a bright chesnut colour. Mahomed continually carried this wonderful book about him in his bosom, and when he slept he had it always under his pillow or next his heart. After his decease it disappeared, nor though Othman and Ali diligently sought for it could it ever be found ; it was believed, therefore, to have returned to the place from whence it came.

But this is a legend of later date ; and learned Mahomedans would reject it not merely as being apocryphal, but as false.

Before I have done with the subject, let me here, on the competent authority of Major Edward Moore, inform the European reader, who may be ignorant of Arabic, that the name of the Arabian False Prophet is, in the language of his own country, written with four letters—M. H. M. D.—a character called *teshdid* over the medial M denoting that sound to be prolonged or doubled ; so that Mahammad would better than any other spelling represent the current vernacular pronunciation.

Here let me observe by the way, that the work which the reader has now the privilege of perusing is as justly entitled to the name of the Koran as the so-called pseudo-bible itself, because the word signifies “ that which ought to be read ;” and, moreover, that like the Musselman's Koran, it might also be called Dhikr, which is, being inter-

preted, "*the Admonition*," because of the salutary instruction and advice which it is intended to convey.

Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine !
Truths that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.*

Having given the reader this timely intimation, I shall now explain in what my commentators will find a difficulty of the same kind as that which Abubeker would have had, if, in putting together the disorderly writings entrusted to his care, he had endeavoured to arrange them according to the order in which the several portions were produced.

When Mahommed wanted to establish an ordinance for his followers, or to take out a licence for himself for the breach of his own laws, as when he chose to have an extra allowance of wives, or coveted those of his neighbours, he used to promulgate a fragment of the Koran, revealed *pro re natâ*, that is to say in honest old English, *for the nonce*. It has been determined with sufficient accuracy at what times certain portions were composed, because the circumstances in his public or private history which rendered them necessary, or convenient, are known. And what has been done with these parts, might have been done with the whole, if due pains had been taken, at a time when persons were still living who knew when, and why, every separate portion had been, — as they believed, — revealed. This would have required more diligence than the first Caliph had either leisure or inclination to bestow, and perhaps more sagacity than he possessed; the task would have been difficult, but it was possible.

But my commentators will never be able to ascertain any thing more of the chronology of this Koran, than the dates of its conception, and of its birth-day, the interval between them having been more than twenty years.

INTERCHAPTER X.

MORE ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT. ELUCIDATION FROM HENRY MORE AND DOCTOR WATTS. AN INCIDENTAL OPINION UPON HORACE WALPOLE. THE STREAM OF THOUGHT "FLOWETH AT ITS OWN SWEET WILL." PICTURES AND BOOKS. A SAYING OF MR. PITT'S CONCERNING WILBERFORCE. THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE SOMETIMES SHOOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che en vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito. IL CORTEGIANO.

HENRY MORE, in the Preface General to the collection of his philosophical writings, says to the reader, "if thy curiosity be forward to inquire what I have done in these new editions of my books, I am ready to inform thee that I have taken the same liberty in this Intellectual Garden of my own planting, that men usually take in their natural ones; which is, to set or pluck up, to transplant and inoculate, where and what they please. And therefore if I have rased out some things, (which yet are but very few) and transposed others, and interserted others, I hope I shall seem injurious to no man in ordering and cultivating this Philosophical Plantation of mine according to mine own humour and liking."

Except as to the rasing out, what our great Platonist has thus said for himself, may here be said for me. "Many things," as the happy old lutanist, Thomas Mace, says, "are good, yea, very good; but yet upon after-consideration we have met with the comparative, which is better; yea, and after that, with the superlative. (best of all), by adding to, or altering a little, the same good things."

During the years that this Opus has been in hand (and in head and heart also) nothing was expunged as if it had become obsolete because the persons therein alluded to had departed like shadows, or the subjects there touched on had grown out of date;

* COWPER.

but much was introduced from time to time where it fitted best. Allusions occur in relation to facts which are many years younger than the body of the chapter in which they have been grafted, thus rendering it impossible for any critic, however acute, to determine the date of any one chapter by its contents.

What Watts has said of his own Treatise upon the Improvement of the Mind may therefore, with strict fidelity, be applied to this book, which I trust, O gentle Reader, thou wilt regard as specially conducive to the improvement of thine. "The work was composed at different times, and by slow degrees. Now and then indeed it spread itself into branches and leaves, like a plant in April, and advanced seven or eight pages in a week; and sometimes it lay by without growth, like a vegetable in the winter, and did not increase half so much in the revolution of a year. As thoughts occurred to me in reading or meditation, or in my notices of the various appearances of things among mankind, they were thrown under appropriate heads, and were, by degrees, reduced to such a method as the subject would admit. The language and dress of these sentiments is such as the present temper of mind dictated, whether it were grave or pleasant, severe or smiling. And a book which has been twenty years in writing may be indulged in some variety of style and manner, though I hope there will not be found any great difference of sentiment." With little transposition Watts's words have been made to suit my purpose; and when he afterwards speaks of "so many lines altered, so many things interlined, and so many paragraphs and pages here and there inserted," the circumstances which he mentions as having deceived him in computing the extent of his work, set forth the embarrassment which the commentators will find in settling the chronology of mine.

The difficulty would not be obviated were I, like Horace Walpole, — (though Heaven knows for no such motives as influenced that posthumous libeller,) — to leave a box containing the holograph manuscript of this

Opus in safe custody, with an injunction that the seals should not be broken till the year of our Lord 2000. Nothing more than what has been here stated would appear in that inestimable manuscript. Whether I shall leave it as an heir-loom in my family, or have it deposited either in the public library of my Alma Mater, or that of my own College, or bequeath it as a last mark of affection to the town of Doncaster, concerns not the present reader. Nor does it concern him to know whether the till-then-undiscoverable name of the author will be disclosed at the opening of the seals. An adequate motive for placing the manuscript in safe custody is, that a standard would thus be secured for posterity whereby the always accumulating errors of the press might be corrected. For modern printers make more and greater blunders than the copyists of old.

In any of those works which posterity will not be "willing to let perish," how greatly would the interest be enhanced, if the whole history of its rise and progress were known, and amid what circumstances, and with what views, and in what state of mind, certain parts were composed. Sir Walter, than whom no man ever took more accurate measure of the public taste, knew this well; and posterity will always be grateful to him for having employed his declining years in communicating so much of the history of those works which obtained a wider and more rapid celebrity than any that ever preceded them, and perhaps than any that ever may follow them.

An author of the last generation, (I cannot call to mind who,) treated such an opinion with contempt, saying in his preface that "there his work was, and that as the Public were concerned with it only as it appeared before them, he should say nothing that would recal the blandishments of its childhood:" whether the book was one of which the maturity might just as well be forgotten as the nonage, I do not remember. But he must be little versed in bibliology who has not learnt that such reminiscences are not more agreeable to an author himself, than

they are to his readers, (if he obtain any,) in after times; for every trifle that relates to the history of a favourite author, and of his works, then becomes precious.

Far be it for me to despise the relic-mongers of literature, or to condemn them, except when they bring to light things which ought to have been buried with the dead; like the Dumfries craniologists, who, when the grave of Burns was opened to receive the corpse of his wife, took that opportunity of *abstracting* the poet's skull that they might make a cast from it! Had these men forgotten the malediction which Shakespeare utters from his monument? And had they never read what Wordsworth says to such men in his Poet's epitaph—

Art thou one all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away!

O for an hour of Burns' for these men's sake! Were there a Witch of Endor in Scotland it would be an act of comparative piety in her to bring up his spirit; to stigmatise them in verses that would burn for ever would be a gratification for which he might think it worth while to be thus brought again upon earth.

But to the harmless relic-mongers we owe much; much to the Thomas Hearnes and John Nichols, the Isaac Reids and the Malones, the Haslewoods and Sir Egertons. Individually, I owe them much, and willingly take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation. And let no one suppose that Sir Egerton is disparaged by being thus classed among the pioneers of literature. It is no disparagement for any man of letters, however great his endowments, and however extensive his erudition, to take part in those patient and humble labours by which honour is rendered to his predecessors, and information preserved for those who come after him.

But in every original work which lives and deserves to live, there must have been some charms which no editorial diligence can

preserve, no critical sagacity recover. The pictures of the old masters suffer much when removed from the places for which they, and in which many of them were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other Plunder-Master-General in Napoleon's armies, and have passed from thence,—honestly as regards the purchaser,—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place, and in the same light. Still it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it,—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot transplant them. The picture in its new situation is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things.

Literary works of imagination, fancy, or feeling, are liable to no injury of this kind; but in common with pictures they suffer a partial deterioration in even a short lapse of time. In such works as in pictures, there are often passages which once possessed a peculiar interest, personal and local, subordinate to the general interest. The painter introduced into an historical piece the portrait of his mistress, his wife, his child, his dog, his friend, or his faithful servant. The picture is not, as a work of art, the worse where these persons were not known, or when they are forgotten: but there was once a time when it excited on this account in very many beholders, a peculiar delight which it can never more impart.

So it is with certain books: and though there is perhaps little to regret in any thing that becomes obsolete, an author may be allowed to sigh over what he feels and knows to be evanescent.

Mr. Pitt used to say of Wilberforce that he was not so single minded in his speeches as might have been expected from the sincerity of his character, and as he would have been if he had been less dependant upon

popular support. Those who knew him, and how he was connected, he said, could perceive that some things in his best speeches were intended to *tell* in such and such quarters,—upon Benjamin Sleek in one place, Isaac Drab in another, and Nehemiah Wilyman in a third.—Well would it be if no man ever looked askant with worse motives!

Observe, Reader, that I call him simply Wilberforce, because any common prefix would seem to disparage that name, especially if used by one who regarded him with admiration; and with respect, which is better than admiration, because it can be felt for those only whose virtues entitle them to it; and with kindness, which is better than both, because it is called forth by those kindly qualities that are worth more than any talents, and without which a man, though he may be both great and good, never can be amiable. No one was ever blest with a larger portion of those gifts and graces which make up the measure of an amiable and happy man.

It will not be thought then that I have repeated with any disrespectful intention what was said of Wilberforce by Mr. Pitt. The observation was brought to mind while I was thinking how many passages in these volumes were composed with a double intention, one for the public and for posterity, the other private and personal, written with special pleasure on my part, *speciali gratiâ*, for the sake of certain individuals. Some of these, which are calculated for the meridian of Doncaster, the commentators may possibly, if they make due research, discover; but there are others which no ingenuity can detect. Their quintessence exhales when the private, which was in these cases the primary, intention has been fulfilled. Yet the consciousness of the emotions which those passages will excite, the recollections they will awaken, the surprise and the smile with which they will be received,—yea and the melancholy gratification,—even to tears,—which they will impart, has been one and not the least of the many pleasures which I have experienced while employed upon this work.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶν
-νος ἄκρια βίβη
Ἐνδον ἰντὶ φασίτεως
Φανῶντα συντίσιον.*

But while thus declaring that these volumes contain much covert intention of this kind, I utterly disclaim all covert malevolence. My roving shafts are more harmless even than bird bolts, and can hurt none on whom they fall. The arrows with which I take aim carry tokens of remembrance and love, and may be likened to those by which intelligence has been conveyed into besieged places. Of such it is that I have been speaking. Others, indeed, I have in the quiver which are pointed and barbed.

Ἴμοι μὲν ὄν Μοῖσα καεργά-
-τατον βίβος ἀλκῆ τρέφει.*

When one of these is let fly, (with sure aim and never without just cause,) it has its address written on the shaft at full length, like that which Aster directed from the walls of Methone to Philip's right eye.

Or' c'est assez s' estre esgaré de son grand chemin: j'y retourne et le bats, et le trace comme devant.†

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

AMATORY POETRY NOT ALWAYS OF THE WISEST KIND. AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOME NOTION OF ITS QUANTITY. TRUE LOVE, THOUGH NOT IN EVERY CASE THE BEST POET, THE BEST MORALIST ALWAYS.

El Amor es tan ingenioso, que en mi opinion, mas poetas ha hecho el solo, que la misma naturaleza.

PÉREZ DE MONTALVÁN.

I RETURN to the loves of Leonard and Margaret.

That poet asked little from his mistress, who entreated her to bestow upon him, not a whole look, for this would have been too great a mercy for a miserable lover, but part of a look, whether it came from the white of her eye, or the black, and if even that were too much, then he besought her only to seem to look at him:

* PINDAR.

† BRANTOME.

*Un guardo — un guardo? no, troppo pietate
E per misero Amante un guardo intero;
Solo un de' vostri raggi, occhi girate,
O parlate del bel bianco, o del bel nero.
E se troppo vi par, non mi mirate;
Ma fate sol sembianza di mirarmi,
Che nol potete far senza bearmi.**

This is a new thought in amatory poetry; and the difficulty of striking out a new thought in such poetry, is of all difficulties the greatest. Think of a look from the white of an eye! Even part of a look, however, is more than a lady will bestow upon one whom she does not favour; and more than one whom she favours will consent to part with. An *Innamorato Furioso* in one of Dryden's tragedies says:

I'll not one corner of a glance resign!

Poor Robert Greene, whose repentance has not been disregarded by just posterity, asked his mistress in his licentious days, to look upon him with one eye, (no doubt he meant a sheep's eye;) this also was a new thought; and he gave the reason for his request in this sonnet —

On women nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining,
But why did nature, in her choice combining,
Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face?
That they might favour two with equal grace.
Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
With the other granted Mars his wished glee.
If she did so whom Hymen did defy,
Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me!
In vain else nature gave two stars to thee.
If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,
Allow of two, and prove not nature vain.

Love, they say, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting. Some painters it has certainly made; whether it ever made a poet may be doubted: but there can be no doubt that under its inspiration more bad poetry has been produced than by any, or all other causes.

*Hæc via jam cunctis nota est, hæc trita poetis
Materia, hanc omnis tractat ubique libet.†*

As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly.‡

Vanity, presumption, ambition, adulation, malice and folly, flatulent emptiness and indigested fulness, misdirected talent and misapplied devotion, wantonness and want, good motives, bad motives, and mixed motives have given birth to verses in such numberless numbers, that the great lake of Oblivion in which they have sunk, must long ago have been filled up, if there had been any bottom to it. But had it been so filled up, and a foundation thus laid, the quantity of love poems which have gone to the same place, would have made a pile there that would have been the eighth wonder of the world. It would have dwarfed the Pyramids. Pelion upon Ossa would have seemed but a type of it; and the Tower of Babel would not, even when that Tower was at its highest elevation, have overtopped it, though the old rhyme says that

Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell,
And seven mile still stand and ever shall.

*Ce n'est que feu de leurs froids chaleurs,
Ce n'est qu'horreur de leurs saintes douceurs,
C'e n'est encor de leurs souspirs et pleurs,
Que vents, pluie, et orages:
Et bref, ce n'est à ouïr leurs chansons,
De leurs amours, que flammes et pleors,
Fleches, liens, et mille autres façons
De semblables outrages.*

*De voz beautez, ce n'est que tout fin or,
Perles, crystal, marbre, et ivoire encor,
Et tout l'honneur de l'Indique thesor,
Fleurs, lis, œillets, et roses:
De voz douceurs ce n'est que sucre et miel,
De voz rigueurs n'est qu'aloës, et fiel,
De voz esprits c'est tous ce que le ciel
Tient de grâces encloses.*

*Il n'y a roc, qui n'entende leurs voix,
Leurs pitieux cris ont faict cent mille fois
Pleurer les monts, les plaines, et les bois,
Les autres et fontaines.
Bref, il n'y a ny solitaires lieux,
N'y lieux hantez, voyre mesmes les cieus,
Qui ça et là ne montrent à leurs yeux
L'image de leurs peines.*

*Cestuy-la porte en son cœur fluctueux
De l'Occen les flots tumultueux,
Cestuy l'horreur des vents impetueux
Sortans de leur caverne:
L'un d'un Caucase, et Mongibel se plaingt,
L'autre en villant plus de songes se peingt,
Qu'il n'en fut onc'en cest orage, qu'un femet
En la fosse d'Averne.*

*Qui contrefaict ce Tantale mourant
Bruslé de soif au milieu d'un torrent,
Qui repaissant un aigle devorant,
S'accoustre en Promethee:*

* CHIABRERA. † SCAURANUS. ‡ SHAKESPEARE.

*Et qui encor, par un plus chaste vœu,
En se brûlant, veult Hercule estre veu,
Mais qui se mue en eau, air, terre, et feu,
Comme un second Protee.*

*L'un meurt de froid, et l'autre meurt de chaud ;
L'un vole bas, et l'autre vole haut,
L'un est chetif, l'autre a ce qui luy fault ;
L'un sur l'esprit se fonde,
L'autre s'arreste à la beauté du corps ;
On ne vid onq' si horribles discords
En ce cahos, qui troubloit les accords
Dont fut basti le monde.**

But, on the other hand, if love, simple love, is the worst of poets, that same simple love is beyond comparison the best of letter writers.

In love poems conceits are distilled from the head; in love letters feelings flow from the heart; and feelings are never so feelingly uttered, affection never so affectionately expressed, truth never so truly spoken, as in such a correspondence. Oh, if the disposition which exists at such times were sustained through life, marriage would then be indeed the perfect union, the "excellent mystery" which our Father requires from those who enter into it, that it should be made; and which it might always be, under his blessing, were it not for the misconduct of one or the other party, or of both. If such a disposition were maintained, — "if the love of husbands and wives were grounded (as it then would be) in virtue and religion, it would make their lives a kind of heaven on earth; it would prevent all those contentions and brawlings which are the great plagues of families, and the lesser hell in passage to the greater." Let no reader think the worse of that sentence because it is taken from that good homely old book, the better for being homely, entitled the *Whole Duty of Man*.

I once met with a book in which a servant girl had written on a blank leaf, "*not much love after marriage, but a good deal before!*" In her station of life this is but too true; and in high stations also, and in all those intermediate grades where either the follies of the world, or its cares, exercise over us an unwholesome influence. But it is not so with well constituted minds in those favourable circumstances wherein the

heart is neither corrupted by wealth, nor hardened by neediness. So far as the tendency of modern usages is to diminish the number of persons who are thus circumstanced, in that same proportion must the sum of happiness be diminished, and of those virtues which are the only safeguard of a nation. And that modern policy and modern manners have this tendency, must be apparent to every one who observes the course both of public and private life.

This girl had picked up a sad maxim from the experience of others; I hope it did not as a consequence make her bestow too much love before marriage herself, and meet with too little after it. I have said much of worthless verses upon this subject; take now, readers, some that may truly be called worthy of it. They are by the Manchester poet, Charles Swain.

i.

Love? — I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

2.

Yes, this is Love, the stedfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

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

As if the thing beloved were all a Saint,
And every place she entered were a shrine: †

but it must be our own fault, when it has passed away, if the realities disappoint us: they are not "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," unless we ourselves render them so. The preservation of the species is not the sole end for which love was implanted in the human heart; that end the Almighty might as easily have effected by other means: not so the development of our

* JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

† GONDBERT.

moral nature, which is its higher purpose.
The comic poet asserts that

*Verum illud verbum est vulgo quod dici solet,
Omnes sibi esse melius malle, quam alteri :**

but this is not true in love. The lover never says

*Heus proximus sum egomet mihi ;**

He knows and understands the falsehood of the Greek adage,

*φιλέει δ' ἑαυτοῦ πλείον οὐδείς οὐδὲν ἄ**

and not lovers alone, but husbands and wives, and parents, feel that there are others who are dearer to them than themselves. Little do they know of human nature who speak of marriage as doubling our pleasures and dividing our griefs: it doubles, or more than doubles both.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT. TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER. A LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD.

Read ye that run the awful truth,
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age. COWPER.

LEONARD was not more than eight-and-twenty when he obtained a living, a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than £50 a-year; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly; but its course was short.

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away ! †

Little more than five years from the time of their marriage had elapsed, before a head-

stone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited in the 30th year of her age.

When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had passed away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolised her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to their child; and so doing to await his own summons, which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

— 'Tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet. ‡

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrewes that "good husbandry is good divinity;" "the truth whereof," says Fuller, "no wise man will deny." Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him, — for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind, — he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose, —

* TERENCE.

† SHAKESPEARE.

‡ MASSINGER.

for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear, — those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind ; at first

— one of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories ;*

afterwards, as she grew up, a favourite with the village school-mistress, and with the whole parish ; docile, good-natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as a lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

Oh Christ !
How that which was the life's life of our being,
Can pass away, and we recall it thus ! †

That resemblance which was strong in childhood lessened as the child grew up ; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion ; and when hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart, instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent ; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness

which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven.

CHAPTER LXXX.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

— Thus they who reach
Grey hairs, die piecemeal. SOUTHEY.

THE name of Leonard must now be dropped as we proceed. Some of the South-American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their personal appellations, (as most names were originally derived,) from beasts, birds, plants, and other visible objects, abolish upon the death of every individual the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language, owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An abolition almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance. The name, Leonard, was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother ; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death, no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter ; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.

* DRYDEN.

† ISAAC COMINENS.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be Doctor'd and Professor'd; to be Captain'd, Major'd, Colonel'd, General'd, or Admiral'd;—to be Sir John'd, my-Lorded, or your-Graced. "You and I," says Cranmer in his Answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—"you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated Bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called Bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we being called to the name of Lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!"—But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of Fortune hears himself first addressed by a new and honourable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less, (if that heart be sound at the core,) than when, after long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his christian name,—that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations, and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is passed; and as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them.

It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives of erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and of affection! They are weakened and dissolved

by fatal circumstances and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.

"Our men of rank," said my friend one day when he was speaking upon this subject, "are not the only persons who go by different appellations in different parts of their lives. We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I was Dan in my father's house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr. Guy, if they were still living. Upon my removal to Doncaster, my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintance Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the Doctor, and not among my patients only; friends, acquaintance, and strangers, address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be any thing but the Doctor again,—till I am registered at my burial by the same names as at my christening."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

A QUESTION WHETHER LOVE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL TO THE DEAD. DOUBTS ADVANCED AND CASES STATED.

O even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice!

LORD STERLINE.

IN the once popular romance of Astrea the question *si Amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée?* is debated in reference to the faithful shepherd, Tyrcis, who, having lost his mistress Cleon, (Cleon serving for a name feminine in French, as Stella has done in English,) and continuing constant to her memory, is persecuted by the pertinacious advances of Laonice. The sage shepherd, Sylvandre, before whom the point is argued, and to whom it is referred for judgment, delivers, to the great disappointment of the lady, the following sentence: *Qu'une Amour perissable n'est pas vray Amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui luy a donné naissance. C'est pourquoy ceux qui ont aimé le corps seulement, doivent enclorre toutes les amours*

du corps dans le mesme tombeau ou il s'enserre : mais ceux qui outre cela ont aimé l'esprit, doivent avec leur Amour voler apres cet esprit aimé jusques au plus haut ciel, sans que les distances les puissent separer.

The character of a constant mourner is sometimes introduced in romances of the earlier and nobler class; but it is rare in those works of fiction, and indeed it is not common in what has happily been called the romance of real life. Let me, however, restrict this assertion within its proper bounds. What is meant to be here asserted (and it is pertinent to this part of our story) is, that it is not common for any one who has been left a widow or widower, early in life, to remain so always out of pure affection to the memory of the dead, unmingled with any other consideration or cause. Such constancy can be found only where there is the union of a strong imagination and a strong heart,—which, perhaps, is a rare union; and if to these a strong mind be united, the effect would probably be different.

It is only in a strong imagination that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold, as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect, is likely to give way. A deep sense of religion would avert the latter alternative; but I will not say that it is any preservative against the former.

A most affecting instance of this kind is related by Dr. Uwins in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage-coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend, who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed — “he is dead!” But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. “From that fatal moment,” says the Author, “has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband

to alight from the coach; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, ‘he is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!’”

There is a more remarkable case in which love, after it had long been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man residing in the neighbourhood of that city found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterwards, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication was a little grandchild, who strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and a day or two before his death he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin,—a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

Mr. Newton, of Olney, says, that once in the West Indies, upon not receiving letters from his wife in England, he concluded that surely she was dead, and this apprehension affected him so much, that he was nearly sinking under it. “I felt,” says he, “some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness which is commonly called a broken heart; and indeed, I wonder that this case is not more common than it appears to be. How often do the potsherds of the earth presume to contend with their Maker! and what a wonder of mercy is it that they are not all broken!”

This is a stern opinion; and he who delivered it held stern tenets, though in his own disposition compassionate and tender. He was one who could project his feelings, and relieve himself in the effort. No husband ever loved his wife more passionately, nor with a more imaginative affection; the long and wasting disease by which she was

consumed, affected him proportionably to this deep attachment; but immediately upon her death he roused himself, after the example of David, threw off his grief, and preached her funeral sermon. He ought to have known that this kind of strength and in this degree is given to very few of us,—that a heart may break, even though it be thoroughly resigned to the will of God, and acquiesces in it, and has a lively faith in God's mercies;—yea, that this very resignation, this entire acquiescence, this sure and certain hope, may even accelerate its breaking; and a soul thus chastened, thus purified, thus ripened for immortality, may unconsciously work out the deliverance which it ardently, but piously withal, desires.

What were the Doctor's thoughts upon this subject, and others connected with it, will appear in the proper place. It is touched upon here in relation to Leonard. His love for Margaret might be said to have begun with her life, and it lasted as long as his own. No thought of a second marriage even entered his mind; though in the case of another person, his calm views of human nature and of the course of life would have led him to advise it.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALL-POX, TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

Long-waiting love doth entrance find
 Into the slow-believing mind.
 SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

WHEN Deborah was about nineteen, the small-pox broke out in Doncaster, and soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning everywhere a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong, that Mr. Bacon, though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful, but advisable, refrained from having his daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it

during her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour; still more because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where, consequently, the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child; and that as a pastor also it became him now in his own family to set an example to his parishioners.

Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgment, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr. Bacon therefore went to Doncaster and called upon Dr. Dove. "I do not," said he, "ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care,—putting our trust in Providence."

Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr. Bacon and the Doctor, farther than that they knew each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance the Doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

"Did he fall in love with his patient?"

"No, ladies."

You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love

once, though I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion is in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love, to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.

For here let me set before the judicious Reader certain pertinent remarks by the pious and well-known author of a popular treatise upon the Right Use of Reason,—a treatise which has been much read to little purpose. That author observes, that “those writers and speakers, whose chief business is to amuse or delight, to allure, terrify, or persuade mankind, do not confine themselves to any natural order, but in a cryptical or hidden method, adapt every thing to their designed ends. Sometimes they omit those things which might injure their design, or grow tedious to their hearers, though they seem to have a necessary relation to the point in hand; sometimes they add those things which have no great reference to the subject, but are suited to allure or refresh the mind and the ear. They dilate sometimes, and flourish long upon little incidents, and they skip over, and but lightly touch the drier part of the theme.—They omit things essential which are not beautiful; they insert little needless circumstances and beautiful digressions: they invert times and actions, in order to place every thing in the most affecting light;—they place the first things last, and the last things first with wondrous art; and yet so manage it as to conceal their artifice, and lead the senses and passions of their hearers into a pleasing and powerful captivity.”

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE AUTHOR REQUESTS THE READER NOT TO BE IMPATIENT. SHOWS FROM LORD SHAFTESBURY AT WHAT RATE A JUDICIOUS WRITER OUGHT TO PROCEED. DISCLAIMS PROLIXITY FOR HIMSELF, AND GIVES EXAMPLES OF IT IN A GERMAN PROFESSOR, A JEWISH RABBI, AND TWO COUNSELLORS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Pand. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus. Still have I tarried.

Pand. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too; or you may chance to burn your lips.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I passed over fourteen years of the Doctor's boyhood and adolescence, as it may be remembered was stated in the twenty-fifth Chapter; but I must not in like manner pass over the years that intervened between his first acquaintance with Deborah Bacon, and the happy day whereon the bells of St. George's welcomed her to Doncaster as his bride. It would be as inconsistent with my design to pretermit this latter portion of his life, as it would have been incompatible with my limits to have recorded the details of the former, worthy to be recorded as they were. If any of my readers should be impatient on this occasion, and think that I ought to have proceeded to the marriage without delay, or at least to the courtship, I must admonish them in the words of a Turkish saying, that “hurry comes from the Devil, and slow advancing from Allah.”—“Needs must go when the Devil drives,” says the proverb: but the Devil shall never drive me. I will take care never to go at such a rate, “as if haste had maimed speed by overrunning it at starting.”

“The just composer of a legitimate piece,” says Lord Shaftesbury, “is like an able traveller, who exactly measures his journey, considers his ground, premeditates his stages

and intervals of relaxation and intention, to the very conclusion of his undertaking, that he happily arrives where he first proposed at setting out. He is not presently upon the spur, or in his full career, but walks his steed leisurely out of the stable, settles himself in his stirrups, and when fair road and season offer, puts on perhaps to a round trot, thence into a gallop, and after a while takes up. As down, or meadow, or shady lane present themselves, he accordingly suits his pace, favours his palfrey, and is sure not to bring him puffing, and in a heat, into his last inn."

Yes, Reader,

— matter needless, of importless burden *

may as little be expected to flow from the slit of my pen, as to "divide the lips" of wise Ulysses. On the other hand what is needful, what is weighty in its import, let who will be impatient, must not be left unsaid.

*Varie fila a varie tele
Upo mi son, che tutte ordire intendo.†*

It is affirmed by the angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, that of corporeal things the quantity is in proportion to the quality, that which is best being always in the same degree the greatest. "Thus in this our universe," he says, "the water is more than the earth, the air more than the water, the fire more than the air; the first heaven larger than the sphere of fire, the second than the first, the third than the second; and so they proceed increasing to the tenth sphere, and to the empyrean, which is, *inestimabilis et incomparabilis magnitudinis*."

Upon the principle which this greatest of the schoolmen has assumed, I leave the reader to infer what would be the probable and proper extent of the present opus, were I to indulge my genius and render justice to the subject.

To make it exceed in length the histories of Sir Charles Grandison and of Clarissa Harlowe, or the bulkier romances of Calprenede and the Scuderys, it would not be necessary to handle it in the manner of a

lawyer who, having no more argument than would lie in a nut-shell, wire-draws it and hammers at it, and hammers at it and wire-draws it, and then wire-draws it and hammers at it again, like a lecturer who is exhibiting the infinite ductility of gold.

"What a gift," says Fuller, "had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!" Mercator, in the description of Austria in his Atlas, has made mention of this Arch-Emperor of the Spintexts.

If I had been in John Halsebach's place, my exposition of that first chapter would have been comprised in one lecture, of no hungry or sleepy duration. But if John Halsebach were in mine, he would have filled more volumes than Rees's Cyclopædia with his account of Daniel Dove.

And yet Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna Professor. It is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with three hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while he should be engaged in it.‡

It is well known upon one of the English circuits that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness whom it was necessary to produce upon the trial. But what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who upon a like emergency held the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He indeed was put to his wits' end for words wherewith to fill up the time: and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal (the biographer of Wash-

‡ "The Jews did not suffer this book, or at least the beginning of it, to be read by any who had not attained their thirtieth year; and restrictions were imposed upon Commentators who might be disposed to write upon it."
— BISHOP GRAY'S *Key to the Old Testament*.

ington and the most patient of listeners,) was so far moved at last as to say, "Mr. Such a one! — (addressing him by his name in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,) — there are some things with which the Court should be supposed to be acquainted."

I can say with Burton, *malo decem potius verba, decies repetita licet, abundare, quam unum desiderari*. "To say more than a man can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken: but to say what a man ought to say, — there," — with Simon the tanner of Queenborough, — "I leave you."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

A LOOP DROPPED IN THE FOREGOING CHAPTER IS HERE TAKEN UP.

Enobarbus.

Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lepidus. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enobarbus. Not if the small come first.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the last chapter an illustration of tediousness was omitted, because it so happily exhibits the manner in which a stop may be put to a tedious discourse without incivility, that it deserves a chapter to itself.

When Madame de Stael resided at Copet, it was her custom to collect around her in the evening a circle of literati, the blue legs of Geneva, by some one of whom an essay, a disquisition, or a portion of a work in progress was frequently read aloud to entertain the rest. Professor Dragg's History of Religion had occupied on one of those evenings more time than was thought necessary, or convenient by the company, and especially by the lady of the chateau. It began at the beginning of the world, and did not pass to the Deluge with the rapidity which Dandin required from the pleader in Racine's comedy, who in like manner opened his case before the Creation. Age after age rolled away over the Professor's tongue, the course of which seemed to be interminable as that of the hand of the dial, while the clock struck the hour, and the quarter, and

the half hour, and the third quarter, and then the whole hour again, and then again the quarters. "A tedious person," says Ben Jonson, "is one a man would leap a steeple from." Madame de Stael could tolerate nothing that was dry, except her father; but she could neither leap out of her own window, nor walk out of her own room, to escape from Professor Dragg. She looked wistfully round, and saw upon many a countenance an occasional and frequent movement about the lips, indicating that a yawn was at that moment painfully stifled in its birth. Dumont committed no such violence upon nature; he had resigned himself to sleep. The Professor went steadily on. Dumont slept audibly. The Professor was deaf to every sound but that of his own voice. Madame de Stael was in despair. The Professor coming to the end of an eloquent chapter declaimed with great force and vehemence the emphatic close, and prepared to begin the next. Just in that interstice of time, Dumont stirred and snorted. Madame de Stael seized the opportunity; she clapped her hands and ejaculated *Mon Dieu! Voyez Dumont! Il a dormi pendant deux siecles!* Dumont opened his eyes, and Professor Dragg closed his manuscript.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE DOCTOR'S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN. EARLY FRIENDSHIP. COWPER'S MELANCHOLY OBSERVATION THAT GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES TO BE CORRECTED. YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN THE COMMON COURSE OF THINGS. A FINE FRAGMENT BY WALTER LANDOR.

Lass mich den Stunde gedanken, und jedes kleineren umstands.

Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!
Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,

Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen verweilenden Werth!

Klein erscheint es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;

Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.

GOETHE.

THE circumstances of my friend's boyhood and early youth, though singularly favour-

able to his peculiar cast of mind, in many or indeed most respects, were in this point disadvantageous, that they afforded him little or no opportunity of forming those early friendships which, when they are well formed, contribute so largely to our future happiness. Perhaps the greatest advantage of public education, as compared with private, is, that it presents more such opportunities than are ever met with in any subsequent stage of human life. And yet even then in friendship, as afterwards in love, we are for the most part less directed by choice than by what is called chance.

Daniel Dove never associated with so many persons of his own age at any other time as during his studies at Leyden. But he was a foreigner there, and this is almost as great an obstacle to friendship as to matrimony; and there were few English students among whom to choose. Dr. Brocklesby took his degree, and left the University the year before he entered it; Brocklesby was a person in whose society he might have delighted; but he was a cruel experimentalist, and the dispathy which this must have excited in our friend, whose love of science, ardent as it was, never overcame the sense of humanity, would have counteracted the attraction of any intellectual powers, however brilliant. Akenside, with whom in many respects he would have felt himself in unison, and by whose society he might have profited, graduated also there just before his time.

He had a contemporary more remarkable than either in his countryman John Wilkes, who was pursuing his studies there, not without some diligence, under the superintendance of a private tutor; and who obtained much notice for those lively and agreeable talents which were afterwards so flagrantly abused. But the strict and conscientious frugality which Dove observed, rendered it unfit for him to associate with one who had a liberal allowance, and expended it lavishly: and there was also a stronger impediment to any intimacy between them; for no talents however companionable, no qualities however engaging,

could have induced him to associate with a man whose irreligion was of the worst kind, and who delighted in licentious conversation.

There was one of his countrymen indeed there (so far as a Scotchman may be called so) with whom he formed an acquaintance that might have ripened into intimacy, if their lots had fallen near to each other in after life. This was Thomas Dickson, a native of Dumfries; they attended the same lectures, and consorted on terms of friendly familiarity. But when their University course is completed, men separate, like stage-coach travellers, at the end of a journey, or fellow passengers in a ship when they reach their port. While Dove "pursued the noiseless tenor of his way" at Doncaster, Dickson tried his fortune in the metropolis, where he became Physician to the London Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died in the year 1784, and is said in his epitaph to have been "a man of singular probity, loyalty, and humanity; kind to his relations, beloved by all who knew him, learned and skilful in his profession. Unfeared by the poor, he lived to do good, and died a Christian believer." For awhile some intercourse between him and the Doctor had been kept up by letters; but the intervals in their correspondence became longer and longer as each grew more engaged in business; and new connexions gradually effaced an impression which had not been made early, nor had ever been very deep. The friendship that, with no intercourse to nourish it, keeps itself alive for years, must have strong roots in a good soil.

Cowper regarded these early connexions in an unfavourable and melancholy mood. "For my own part," says he, "I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates out of about three hundred, in ten years' time not one was left me. The truth is that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another, that looks very like a friendship; and

while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and to assist each other, promises well and bids fair to be lasting. But they are no sooner separated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connexions and new employments in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this, the *man* frequently differs so much from the *boy*, — his principles, manners, temper, and conduct, undergo so great an alteration, — that we no longer recognise in him our old play-fellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections." These sentiments he has also expressed in verse : —

— School-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a different cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he that seem'd our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

Disposition, however, is the one thing which undergoes no other change than that of growth in after life. The physical constitution, when any morbid principle is innate in it, rarely alters; the moral constitution — (except by a miracle of God's mercy) — never.

— Ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰὶ

Ἄ μὲν πονηρός, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός.*

"Believe, if you will," say the Persians, "that a mountain has removed from one place to another; but if you are told that a man has changed his nature, believe it not!"

The best of us have but too much cause for making it part of our daily prayer that we fall into no sin! But there is an original pravity which deserves to be so called

in the darkest import of the term, — an inborn and incurable disease of the moral being, manifested as soon as it has strength to show itself; and wherever this is perceived in earliest youth, it may too surely be predicted what is to be expected when all control of discipline is removed. Of those that bring with them such a disposition into the world, it cannot be said that they fall into sin, because it is too manifest that they seek and pursue it as the bent of their nature. No wonder that wild theories have been devised to account for what is so mysterious, so awful, and yet so incontestable! Zephaniah Holwell, who will always be remembered for his sufferings in the Black Hole, wrote a strange book in which he endeavoured to prove that men were fallen angels, that is, that human bodies are the forms in which fallen angels are condemned to suffer for the sins which they have committed in their former state. Akin to this is the Jewish fancy, held by Josephus, as well as his less liberalised countrymen, that the souls of wicked men deceased got into the bodies of the living and possessed them; and by this agency they accounted for all diseases. Holwell's theory is no doubt as old as any part of the Oriental systems of philosophy and figments; it is one of the many vain attempts to account for that fallen nature of which every man who is sincere enough to look into his own heart, finds there what may too truly be called an indwelling witness. Something like the Jewish notion was held by John Wesley and Adam Clarke; and there are certain cases in which it is difficult not to admit it, especially when the question of the demoniacs is considered. Nor is there any thing that shocks us in supposing this to be possible for the body, and the mind also, as depending upon the bodily organs. — But that the moral being, the soul itself, the life of life, the immortal part, should appear, as so often it undoubtedly does, to be thus possessed, this indeed is of all mysterious things the darkest.

For a disposition thus evil in its nature it almost seems as if there could be no hope.

* EURIPIDES.

On the other hand, there is no security in a good one, if the support of good principles (that is to say, of religion — of Christian faith —) be wanting. It may be soured by misfortunes, it may be corrupted by wealth, it may be blighted by neediness, it may lose "all its original brightness."

School friendships arise out of sympathy of disposition at an age when the natural disposition is under little control and less disguise; and there are reasons enough, of a less melancholy kind than Cowper contemplated, why so few of these blossoms set, and of those which afford a promise of fruit, why so small a proportion should bring it to maturity. "The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie*;" and even when not thus dissolved, the mutual attachment which in boyhood is continually strengthened by similarity of circumstance and pursuits, dies a natural death in most cases when that similarity ceases. If one goes north in the intellectual bearings of his course in life, and the other south, they will at last be far as the poles asunder. If their pursuits are altogether different, and their opinions repugnant, in the first case they cease to think of each other with any warm interest; in the second, if they think of each other at all, it is with an uncomfortable feeling, and a painful sense of change.

The way in which too many ordinary minds are worsened by the mere course of time is finely delineated by Landor, in some verses which he designed as an imitation, not of a particular passage in a favourite Greek author, but of his manner and style of thought.

Friendship, in each successive stage of life,
As we approach him, varies to the view;
In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
Of Love without his arrows and his wings.
Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan
Thou findest him; or hearest him resign,
To some dog-pastor, by the quiet fire,
With much good-will and jocular adieu,
His age-worn mule, or broken-hearted steed,
Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace;
Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear
Thou art the best good fellow in the world,

But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!
Or laughter wag his newly bearded chin
At recollection of his childish hours.
But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,
When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory fails,
Look at you fig-tree statue! golden once,
As all would deem it, rottenness falls out
At every little hole the worms have made;
And if thou triest to lift it up again
It breaks upon thee! Leave it! touch it not!
Its very lightness would encumber thee.
Come — thou hast seen it: 'tis enough; be gone!

The admirable writer who composed these verses in some melancholy mood, is said to be himself one of the most constant and affectionate of friends. It may indeed safely be affirmed, that generous minds, when they have once known each other, never can be alienated as long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. No distance of place, or lapse of time, can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth. There are even some broken attachments in friendship as well as in love which nothing can destroy, and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption.

There are a few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me; and who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far asunder, we know that we are travelling the same road toward our resting place in heaven. "There is such a pleasure as this," says Cowper, "which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

PETER HOPKINS. REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT HE WAS AS GOOD A PRACTITIONER AS ANY IN ENGLAND; THOUGH NOT THE BEST. THE FITTEST MASTER FOR DANIEL DOVE. HIS SKILL IN ASTROLOGY.

*Que sea Medico mas grave
Quien mas aforismos sabe,
Bien puede ser.
Mas que no sea mas experto
El que mas huviere muerto,
No puede ser.* GONGORA.

OF all the persons with whom Daniel Dove associated at Doncaster, the one who produced the most effect upon his mind was his master and benefactor, Peter Hopkins. The influence indeed which he exercised, insensibly as it were, upon his character, was little less than that whereby he directed and fixed the course of his fortune in life. A better professional teacher in his station could nowhere have been found; for there was not a more skilful practitioner in the Three Ridings, consequently not in England; consequently not in Christendom, and by a farther consequence not in the world. Fuller says of Yorkshire that "one may call, and justify it to be the best shire in England; and that not by the help of the general katachresis of *good for great*, (as a *good blow*, a *good piece*, &c.,) but in the proper acceptation thereof. If in Tully's Orations, all being excellent, that is adjudged *optima que longissima*, the best which is the longest; then by the same proportion, this Shire, partaking in goodness alike with others, must be allowed the best." Yorkshire therefore being the best county in England, as being the largest, of necessity it must have as good practitioners in medicine as are to be found in any other county; and there being no better practitioner than Peter Hopkins there, it would have been in vain to seek for a better elsewhere.

As good a one undoubtedly might have been found;

I trust there were within this realm
Five hundred as good as he,*

though there goes more to the making of a Peter Hopkins than of an Earl Percy. But I very much doubt (and this is one of the cases in which doubt scarcely differs a shade from disbelief) whether there could anywhere have been found another person whose peculiarities would have accorded so curiously with young Daniel's natural bent, and previous education. Hopkins had associated much with Guy, in the early part of their lives; (it was indeed through this connexion that the lad was placed at Doncaster); and, like Guy, he had tampered with the mystical sciences. He knew the theories, and views, and hopes

— which set the Chymist on
To search that secret-natured stone,
Which the philosophers have told,
When found, turns all things into gold;
But being hunted and not caught,
Oh! sad reverse! turns gold to nought. †

This knowledge he had acquired, like his old friend, for its own sake,—for the pure love of speculation and curious inquiry,—not with the slightest intention of ever pursuing it for the desire of riches. He liked it, because it was mysterious; and he could listen with a half-believing mind to the legends (as they may be called) of those Adepts who from time to time have been heard of, living as erratic a life as the Wandering Jew; but with this difference, that they are under no curse, and that they may forego their immortality, if they do not choose to renew the lease of it, by taking a dose of the elixir in due time.

He could cast a nativity with as much exactness, according to the rules of art, as William Lilly, or Henry Coley, that Merlinus Anglicus Junior, upon whom Lilly's mantle descended; or the Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, William Bredon, a profound Divine, and "absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age;" who being Sir Christopher Heydon's chaplain, had a hand in composing that Knight's Defence of Judicial Astrology; but withal

* CHEVY CHACE.

† ARBUTHNOT.

was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell-ropes, and smoke them.

Peter Hopkins could erect a scheme either according to the method of Julius Firmicus, or of Aben-Ezra, or of Campanus, Alcabitius, or Porphyrius, "for so many ways are there of building these houses in the air;" and in that other called the Rational Way, which in a great degree superseded the rest, and which Johannes Muller, the great Regiomontanus, gave to the world in his Tables of Directions, drawn up at the Archbishop of Strigonia's request. He could talk of the fiery and the earthly Trigrams, the aerial and the watery; and of that property of a triangle—(now no longer regarded at Cambridge)—whereby Sol and Jupiter, Luna and Venus, Saturn and Mercury, respectively become joint Trigonocrotators, leaving Mars to rule over the watery Trigon alone. He knew the Twelve Houses as familiarly as he knew his own; the Horoscope, which is the House of Life, or more awfully to unlearned ears, *Domus Vitæ*; the House of Gain and the House of Fortune;—for Gain and Fortune no more keep house together in heaven, than either of them do with Wisdom, and Virtue, and Happiness on earth; the Hypogeum, or House of Patrimony, which is at the lowest part of heaven, the *Inam Cali*, though it be in many respects a good house to be born in here below; the Houses of Children, of Sickness, of Marriage, and of Death; the House of Religion; the House of Honours, which, being the Mesouranema, is also called the Heart of Heaven; the Agathodemon, or House of Friends, and the Cacodemon, or House of Bondage. All these he knew, and their Consignificators, and their Chronocrotators or Alfridarii, who give to these Consignificators a septennial dominion in succession.

He could ascertain the length of the planetary hour at any given time and place, anachronism being nowhere of greater consequence,—for if a degree be mistaken in the scheme, there is a year's error in the prognostication, and so in proportion for any inaccuracy more or less. Sir Christopher

Heydon, the last great champion of this occult science, boasted of possessing a watch so exact in its movements, that it would give him with unerring precision not the minute only, but the very scruple of time. That erudite professor knew—

*In quas Fortunæ leges quæque hora valeret;
Quantaque quam parvi facerent discrimina motus.**

Peter Hopkins could have explained to a student in this art, how its astronomical part might be performed upon the celestial globe "with speed, ease, delight, and demonstration." He could have expatiated upon conjunctions and oppositions; have descanted upon the four Cardinal Houses; signs fixed, moveable, or common; signs human and signs bestial; semi-sextiles, sextiles, quintiles, quartiles, tredeciles, trines, biquintiles and quincunxes; the ascension of the planets, and their declination; their dignities essential and accidental; their exaltation and retrogradation; till the hearer by understanding a little of the baseless theory, here and there, could have persuaded himself that he comprehended all the rest. And if it had been necessary to exact implicit and profound belief, by mysterious and horisontal terms, he could have amazed the listener with the Lords of Decanats, the Five Fortitudes, and the Head and Tail of the Dragon; and have astounded him by ringing changes upon Almugea, Cazimi, Hylech, Aphetes, Anacretes and Alcochodon.

"So far," says Fabian Withers, "are they distant from the true knowledge of physic which are ignorant of astrology, that they ought not rightly to be called physicians, but deceivers:—for it hath been many times experimented and proved, that that which many physicians could not cure or remedy with their greatest and strongest medicines, the astronomer hath brought to pass with one simple herb, by observing the moving of the signs.—There be certain evil times and years of a man's life, which are at every seven years' end. Wherefore if thou wilt prolong thy days, as often as thou comest to every seventh or ninth year (if

thou givest any credit to Marsilius Ficinus, or Firmicus), diligently consult with an astronomer, from whence and by what means any peril or danger may happen, or come unto thee; then either go unto a physician, or use discretion and temperance, and by that means thou mayest defer and prolong thy natural life through the rules of astronomy, and the help of the physician. Neither be ashamed to inquire of the physician what is thy natural diet, and of the astronomer what star doth most support and favour thy life, and to see in what aspect he is with the moon."

That once eminent student in the mathematics and the celestial sciences, Henry Coley, who, as Merlin junior continued Lilly's Almanac, and published also his own yearly *Nuncius Sydereus*, or Starry Messenger,—the said Coley, whose portrait in a flowing wig and embroidered band, most unlike to Merlin, has made his Ephemeris in request among the Graingerites,—he tells us it is from considering the nature of the planets, together with their daily configurations, and the mixture of their rays or beams of light and heat, that astrologers deduce their judgment of what may *probably*, not *positively* happen: for Nature, he observes, works very abstrusely; and one person may be able to make a better discovery than another, whence arise diversities of opinion too often about the same thing. The physician knows that the same portion of either single or compound simples will not work upon all patients alike; so neither can the like portion and power of qualities stir up, or work always the same; but may sometimes receive either *intention* or *remission* according to the disposed aptness of the subject, the elements or elementary bodies not always admitting of their powers alike, or when they be overpowered by more potent and prevalent operations. For universal and particular causes do many times differ so as the one hinders the operation of the other; and Nature may sometimes be so abstrusely shut up, that what we see not may over-power and work beyond what we see."

Thus were these professors of a pseudo-

science always provided with an excuse, however grossly their predictions might be contradicted by the event. It is a beautiful specimen of the ambiguity of the art that the same aspect threatened a hump-back or the loss of an eye; and that the same horoscope which prognosticated a crown and sceptre was held to be equally accomplished if the child were born to a fool's-cap, a bauble, and a suit of motley. "The right worshipful, and of singular learning in all sciences, Sir Thomas Smith, the flower in his time of the University of Cambridge," and to whom, more than to any other individual, both Universities are beholden; for when Parliament, in its blind zeal for ultra-reformation, had placed the Colleges, as well as the Religious Houses at the King's disposal, he, through Queen Katharine Par, prevailed upon Henry to preserve them, instead of dividing them also among the great court cormorants; and he it was who reserved for them the third part of their rents in corn, making that a law which had always been his practice when he was Provost of Eton:—this Sir Thomas used, as his grateful pupil Richard Eden has recorded, to call astrology *ingeniosissimam artem mentiendi*,—the most ingenious art of lying.

Ben Jonson's servant and pupil* has given some good comic examples of the way in which those who honestly endeavoured to read the stars might be deceived,—though when the stars condescended "to palter in a double sense" it was seldom in so good a humour.

— One told a gentleman
His son should be a man-killer, and be hang'd for't;
Who after proved a great and rich physician,
And with great fame, in the University
Hang'd up in picture for a grave example!

— Another schemist
Found that a squint-eyed boy should prove a notable
Pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief;
When he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,
And at last died a Judge!

* BROOME.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

ASTROLOGY. ALMANACKS. PRISCILLIANISM
RETAINED IN THEM TO THIS TIME.

I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentrics,
Centers, concentrics, circles, and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

THE connexion between astrology and the art of medicine is not more firmly believed in Persia at this day, than it was among the English people during the age of almanack-makers. The column which contained the names of the saints for every day, as fully as they are still given in Roman Catholic almanacks, was less frequently consulted than those in which the aspects were set down, and the signs and the parts of the human body under their respective governance. Nor was any page in the book regarded with more implicit belief than that which represented the "Anatomy of Man's body as the parts thereof are governed by the twelve Constellations, or rather by the Moon as she passeth by them." In those representations man indeed was not more uglily than fearfully made, — as he stood erect and naked, spiculated by emitted influences from the said signs, like another St. Sebastian; or as he sate upon the globe placed like a butt for him, while they radiated their shafts of disease and pain.

Portentous as the Homo in the almanack is, he made a much more horrific appearance in the Margarita Philosophica, which is a Cyclopædia of the early part of the 16th century. There Homo stands, naked but not ashamed, upon the two Pisces, one foot upon each, the Fish being neither in air, nor water, nor upon earth, but self-suspended as it appears in the void. Aries has alighted with two feet on Homo's head, and has sent a shaft through the forehead into his brain. Taurus has quietly seated himself across his neck. The Gemini are riding astride a little below his right shoulder. The whole trunk is laid open, as if part of the old accursed punishment for high treason had been performed upon him. The Lion occupies the

thorax as his proper domain, and the Crab is in possession of the abdomen. Sagittarius, volant in the void, has just let fly an arrow, which is on the way to his right arm. Capricornus breathes out a visible influence that penetrates both knees; Aquarius inflicts similar punctures upon both legs. Virgo fishes as it were at his intestines; Libra at the part affected by schoolmasters in their anger; and Scorpio takes the wickedest aim of all.

The progress of useful knowledge has in our own days at last banished this man from the almanack; at least from all annuals of that description that carry with them any appearance of respectability. If it has put an end to this gross superstition, it has done more than the Pope could do fourteen centuries ago, when he condemned it, as one of the pernicious errors of the Priscillianists.

In a letter to Turribius, Bishop of Astorga, concerning that heresy, Pope St. Leo the Great says: *Si universæ hæreses, quæ ante Priscilliani tempus exortæ sunt, diligentius retractentur, nullus pene invenitur error de quo non traxerit impietas ista contagium: quæ non contenta eorum recipere falsitates, qui ab Evangelio Christi sub Christi nomine deviarunt, tenebris se etiam paganitatis immersit, ut per magicarum artium prophana secreta, et mathematicorum vana mendacia, religionis fidem, morumque rationem in potestate demonum, et in affectu syderum collocarent. Quod si et credi liceat et doceri, nec virtutibus præmium, nec vitiiis pœna debetur, omniaque non solum humanarum legum, sed etiam divinarum constitutionum decreta solventur: quia neque de bonis, neque de malis actibus ulum poterit esse judicium, si in utramque partem futalis necessitas motum mentis impellit, et quicquid ab hominibus agitur, non est hominum, sed astrorum. Ad hanc insaniam pertinet prodigiosa illa totius humani corporis per duodecim Cæli signa distinctio, ut diversis partibus diversæ præsideant potestates; et creatura, quam Deus ad imaginem suam fecit, in tantâ sit obligatione syderum, in quantâ est connectione membrorum.*

But invention has been as rare among heretics as among poets. The architect of the

the Priscillian heresy (the male heresy of that name, for there was a female one also) borrowed this superstition from the mathematicians,—as the Romans called the astrological impostors of those times. For this there is the direct testimony of Saint Augustine: *Astruant etiam fatalibus stellis homines colligatos, ipsunque corpus nostrum secundum duodecim signa cæli esse compositum; sicut hi qui Mathematici vulgo appellantur, constituentes in capite Arietem, Taurum in cervice, Geminos in humeris, Cancrum in pectore, et cetera nominatim signa percurrentes ad plantas usque perveniunt, quas Piscibus tribuunt, quod ultimum signum ab Astrologis nuncupatur.*

These impostors derived this part of their craft from Egypt, where every month was supposed to be under the care of three Decans or Directors, for the import of the word must be found in the neighbouring language of the Hebrews and Syrians. There were thirty-six of these, each superintending ten days; and these Decans were believed to exercise the most extensive influence over the human frame. Astrological squares calculated upon this mythology are still in existence. St. Jerome called it the opprobrium of Egypt.

The medical superstition derived from this remote antiquity has continued down to the present generation in the English almanacks, is still continued in the popular almanacks of other countries, and prevails at this time throughout the whole Mahomedan and Eastern world. So deeply does error strike its roots, and so widely scatter its seeds; and so difficult is it to extirpate any error whatsoever, or any evil, which it is the interest of any class of men to maintain. And the rogues had much to say for themselves.

“Notwithstanding the abuses put upon the art of Astrology,” said an eminent Professor, “doubtless some judgment may be made thereby what any native may be by nature prone or addicted to. For the aspects of the Planets among themselves, as also the Fixed Stars, 'tis more than supposed, may cause many strange effects in sublunary bodies, but especially in those

that have been almost worn out with decrepit age, or debilitated with violent or tedious diseases; wherefore this knowledge may be requisite, and of excellent use to physicians and surgeons, &c., for old aches and most diseases do vary according to the change of the air and weather, and that proceeds from the motion of the heavens and aspects of the planets.”—Who that has any old aches in his bones,—or has felt his corns shoot—but must acknowledgè the truth that was brought forward here in support of an impudent system of imposture? The natural pride, and the natural piety of man, were both appealed to when he was told that the stars were appointed for signs and tokens,—that “the reason why God hath given him an upright countenance is, that he might converse with the celestial bodies, which are placed for his service as so many diamonds in an azure canopy of perpetuity,”—and that astrologers had a large field to walk in, for “all the productions of Time were the subjects of their science, and there is nothing under the Sun but what is the birth of Time.” There is no truth however pure, and however sacred, upon which falsehood cannot fasten, and engraft itself therein.

Laurence Humphrey, who was sufficiently known in Queen Elizabeth's days as one of the standard-bearers of the Nonconformists, but who, like many others, grew conformable in the end as he grew riper in experience and sager in judgment,—in his *Optimates or Treatise concerning Nobility*, which he composed for the use of that class and of the Gentry, observed how “this science above all others was so snatched at, so beloved, and even devoured by most persons of honour and worship, that they needed no excitement to it, but rather a bridle; no trumpeter to set them on, but a reprover to take them off from their heat. Many,” he said, “had so trusted to it, that they almost distrusted God.” He would not indeed wholly condemn the art, but the nobility should not have him a persuader nor an applauder of it; for there were already enough! In vain might a Bishop warn his hearers

from the pulpit and from the press that "no soothsayer, no palterer, no judicial astrologer is able to tell any man the events of his life." Man is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

AN INCIDENT WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR INTO A FORTUITOUS RESEMBLANCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF THE PREDICANT FRIARS. DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FACT AND THE FABLE; AND AN APPLICATION WHICH, UNLIKE THOSE THAT ARE USUALLY APPENDED TO ESOP'S FABLES, THE READER IS LIKELY NEITHER TO SKIP NOR TO FORGET.

Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.
PEDRO DE CUECA DE LEON.

WHILE I was writing that last chapter, a flea appeared upon the page before me, as there did once to St. Dominic.

But the circumstances in my case and in St. Dominic's were different.

For, in the first place I, as has already been said, was writing; but St. Dominic was reading.

Secondly, the flea which came upon my paper was a real flea, a flea of flea-flesh and blood, partly flea-blood and partly mine, which the said flea had feloniously appropriated to himself by his own process of flea-botomy. That which appeared upon St. Dominic's book was the Devil in disguise.

The intention with which the Devil abridged himself into so diminutive a form, was that he might distract the Saint's attention from his theological studies, by skipping upon the page, and perhaps provoke him to unsaintlike impatience by eluding his fingers.

But St. Dominic was not so to be deceived: he knew who the false flea was!

To punish him therefore for this diabolical intrusion, he laid upon him a holy spell

whereby Flea Beelzebub was made to serve as a marker through the whole book. When Dominic, whether in the middle of a sentence or at the end, lifted his eyes from the page in meditation, Flea Beelzebub moved to the word at which the Saint had paused,—he moved not by his own diabolical will, but in obedience to an impulse which he had no power to resist; and there he remained, having as little power to remove, till the Saint's eye having returned to the book, and travelled farther, stopped at another passage. And thus St. Dominic used him through the volume, putting him moreover whenever he closed the book to the *peine forte et dure*.

When Dominic had finished the volume, he dismissed his marker. Had it been a heretic, instead of the Devil, the canonised founder of the Friars Predicant, and Patron Saint of the Inquisition, would not have let him off so easily.

Indeed I cannot but think that his lenity in this case was ill-placed. He should have dealt with that flea as I did with mine.

"How, Mr. Author, was that?"

"I dealt with it, Sir, as Agesilaus unceremoniously did with one victim upon the altar of Chalciocius Pallas, at the same time that with all due ceremony he was sacrificing another. An ox was the premeditated and customary victim; the extemporaneous and extraordinary one was a six-footed 'small deer.' Plutarch thought the fact worthy of being recorded; and we may infer from it that the Spartans did not always comb their long hair so carefully as the Three Hundred did at Thermopylae, when on the morning of that ever-glorious fight, they made themselves ready to die there in obedience to the institutions of their country. What the King of Lacedaemon did with his crawler, I did with my skipper;—I cracked it, Sir."

"And for what imaginable reason can you have thought fit to publish such an incident to the world?"

"For what reason, Sir?—why, that Hop-o'-my-thumb the critic may know what he has to expect, if I lay hold of him!"

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

A CHAPTER CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIES, FRENCH LADIES, FRENCH LAWYERS, FRENCH JUDGES, FRENCH LITERATURE, AND FRENCHNESS IN GENERAL.

Quid de pulicibus? vite salientia puncta.

COWLEY.

Now, Reader, having sent away the small Critic with a flea in his ear, I will tell you something concerning one of the curiosities of literature.

The most famous flea, for a real flea, that has yet been heard of,—for not even the King of the Fleas, who, as Dr. Clarke and his fellow traveller found to their cost, keeps his court at Tiberias, approaches it in celebrity,—nor the flea of that song, which Mephistopheles sung in the cellar at Leipzig,—that flea for whom the King ordered breeches and hose from his own tailor; who was made prime minister; and who, when he governed the realm, distinguished himself, like Earl Grey, by providing for all his relations:—the most illustrious, I say, of all fleas,—*pulicum facile princeps*—was that flea which I know not whether to call Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, or Pasquier's flea, or the flea of Poitiers.

In the year 1579, when the *Grands Jours*, or Great Assizes, were held at Poitiers under President de Harlay, Pasquier, who was one of the most celebrated advocates, most accomplished scholars, and most learned men in France, attended in the exercise of his profession. Calling there one day upon Madame des Roches and her daughter, Mademoiselle Catherine, whom he describes as *l'une des plus belles et sages de nostre France*, while he was conversing with the young lady he espied a flea, *parquée au beau milieu de son sein*.

Upon this Pasquier made such a speech as a Frenchman might be expected to make upon so felicitous an occasion, admiring the taste of the flea, envying its happiness, and marvelling at its boldness *de s'estre mise en*

si beau jour; parce que jaloux de son heur, peu s'en falloit, he says, que je ne misse la main sur elle, en deliberation de luy faire un mauvais tour; et bien luy prenoit qu'elle estoit en lieu de franchise! This led to a contention *mignarde* between the young lady and the learned lawyer, who was then more than fifty years of age; *finalement, ayant esté l'auteur de la noise, says Pasquier, je luy dis que puisque ceste Puce avoit receu tant d'heur de se repaistre de son sang, et d'estre reciproquement honorée de nos propos, elle meritoit encores d'estre enclâssée dedans nos papiers, et que tres-volontiers je m'y employerois, si cette Dame vouloit de sa part faire le semblable; chose qu'elle m'accorda liberalement.*

Each was in earnest, but each, according to the old Advocate, supposed the other to be in jest: both went to work upon this theme after the visit, and each finished a copy of verses about the same time, *tombants en quelques rencontres de mots les plus signalez pour le subject.* Pasquier thinking to surprise the lady, sent his poem to her as soon as he had transcribed it, on a Sunday morning,—the better the day the better being the deed; and the lady apprehending that they might have fallen upon some of the same thoughts, lest she should be suspected of borrowing what she knew to be her own, sent back the first draught of her verses by his messenger, not having had time to write them fairly out. *Heureuse, certes, rencontre et jouissance de deux esprits, qui passe d'un long entrejet, toutes ces opinions follastres et vulgaires d'amour. Que si en cecy tu me permets d'y apporter quelque chose de mon jugement je te diray, qu'en l'un tu trouveras les discours d'une sage fille, en l'autre les discours d'un homme qui n'est pas trop fol; ayants l'un et l'autre par une bienveillance des nos sexes jöüé tels roolles que deviens.*

The Demoiselle, after describing in her poem the feats of the flea, takes a hint from the resemblance in sound between *puce* and *pucelle*, and making an allegorical use of mythology, makes by that means a decorous allusion to the vulgar notion concerning the unclean circumstances by which fleas, as they say, are bred:

*Puce, si ma plume estoit digne,
Je descrirois vostre origine ;
Et comment le plus grand des Dieux
Pour la terre quittant les cieuz,
Vous fit naître, comme il me semble,
Orion et vous tout ensemble.*

She proceeds to say that Pan became enamoured of this sister of Orion; that Diana, to preserve her from his pursuit, metamorphosed her into a flea (*en puce*), and that in this transformation nothing remained of her

*Sinon
La cratule, l'adresse, et le nom.*

Pasquier in his poem gave himself a pretty free scope in his imaginary pursuits of the flea, and in all the allusions to which its name would on such an occasion invite an old Frenchman. If the story had ended here, it would have been characteristic enough of French manners: *Or voy, je te prie*, says Pasquier, *quel fruit nous a produit cette belle altercation, ou pour mieux dire, symbolization de deux ames. Ces deux petits Jeux poëtiques commencerent à courir par les mains de plusieurs, et se trouverent si agreables, que sur leur modelle, quelques personages de marque voulurent estre de la partie; et s'employèrent sur mesme subject à qui mieux mieux, les uns en Latin, les autres en François, et quelques-uns en l'une et l'autre langue: ayant chacun si bien exploité en son endroit, qu'à chacun doit demeurer la victoire.*

Among the distinguished persons who exercised their talents upon this worthy occasion, Brisson was one; that Brisson of whom Henri III. said that no king but himself could boast of so learned a subject; who lent the assistance of his great name and talents towards setting up the most lawless of all tyrannies, that of an insurrectionary government; and who suffered death under that tyranny, as the reward such men always (and righteously as concerns themselves, however iniquitous the sentence) receive from the miscreants with whom they have leagued. He began his poem much as a scholar might be expected to do, by alluding to the well-known pieces which had been composed upon somewhat similar subjects.

*Falices meritò Mures Ranaque loquaces
Quæc cæci vatis contigit ore cani :
Vivet et extento lepidus Passerculus ævo
Cantatus numeris, culte Catulle tuis.
Te quoque, parve Culex, nulla unquam muta silebit
Posteritas, docti suave Maronis opus.
Asonusque Pulex, dubius quem condidit auctor,
Cancscet sacris innumerabilibus.
Pictionici at Pulicis longè præclarior est sors,
Quem fovet in tepido casta puella sinu.
Fortunate Pulex nimium, tua si bona noris,
Atternis vatum nobilitate metris.*

In the remainder of his poem Brisson takes the kind of range which, if the subject did not actually invite, it seemed at least to permit. He produced also four Latin epigrams against such persons as might censure him for such a production, and these, as well as the poem itself, were translated into French by Pasquier. This was necessary for the public, not for Madame des Roches, and her daughter, who were versed both in Latin and Greek. Among the numerous persons whom the Assizes had brought to Poitiers, whether as judges, advocates, suitors, or idlers, every one who could write a Latin or a French verse tried his skill upon this small subject. *Tout le Parnasse latin et françois du royaume*, says Titon du Tillet, *voult prendre part a cette rare decouverte, sur tout apres avoir reconnu que la fille, quoique tres-sage, entendoit raillerie.* There is one Italian sonnet in the collection, one Spanish, and, according to the Abbé Goujet, there are some Greek verses, but in the republication of Pasquier's works these do not appear: they were probably omitted, as not being likely ever again to meet with readers. Some of the writers were men whose names would have been altogether forgotten if they had not been thus preserved; and others might as well have been forgotten for the value of any thing which they have left; but some were deservedly distinguished in their generation, and had won for themselves an honourable remembrance, which will not pass away. The President Harlay himself encouraged Pasquier by an eulogistic epigram, and no less a person than Joseph Scaliger figures in Catullian verse among the flea-poets.

The name of the Demoiselle des Roches afforded occasion for such allusions to the

rocks of Parnassus as the dealers in commonplace poetry could not fail to profit by.

*Nil rerum variat perennis ordo.
Et constant sibi Phœbus et sorores ;
Nec Pulcx modo tot simul Poetas,
Sed Parnassia fecit ipsa rupes, —
Rupes, aut Heliconia Hippocrene.*

These verses were written by Pithou, to whose satirical talents his own age was greatly indebted for the part which he took in the Satyre Menippée ; and to whose collections and serious researches his country will always remain so. Many others harped upon the same string ; and Claude Binet, in one of his poems, compared the Lady to Rochelle, because all suitors had found her impregnable.

Nicolas Rapin, by way of varying the subject, wrote a poem in vituperation of the aforesaid flea, and called it *La Contrepuce*. He would rather, he said, write in praise of a less mentionable insect ; which, however, he did mention ; and, moreover, broadly explained, and in the coarsest terms, the Lady's allusion to Orion.

The flea having thus become the business, as well as the talk of Poitiers, some epigrams were sported upon the occasion.

*Causidicos habuit vigilantes Curia ; namque
Iltis perpetuus tinnit in aure Pulcx.*

The name of Nicolas Rapius is affixed to this ; that of Raphael Gallodonius to the following.

*Ad consultissimos Supremi Senatus Gallici
Patronos, in Rupea Pulicem ludentes.*

*Abdita causarum si vis responsa referre,
Hos tam perspicuos consule Causidicos :
Qui juris callent apices, vestigia morsu
Metiri pulicem carmine certa sciunt.
Equid eos latuisse putas dum seria tractant,
Eci dum nugantur, tam bene parva canunt ?*

The President of the Parliament of Paris, Pierre de Souffour, compared the flea to the Trojan horse, and introduced this gigantic compliment with a stroke of satire.

*Quid Magni peperere Dies ? res mira canenda est,
Vera tamen ; Pulicem progenere brevem.
Quicquid id est, tamen est magnum ; Magnis que
Diebus
Non sine divino numine progenitum.
Ille utero potuit plures gestare poetas,
Quam tulit audaces techna Pelagæ duces.
Tros equus herbes tantos non fudit ab alvo,
Dulcisonos vates quot tulit iste Pulcx.*

Pasquier was proud of what he had done in starting the flea, and of the numerous and distinguished persons who had been pleased to follow his example in poetising upon it ; *pour memorial de laquelle*, he says, *j'ai voulu dresser ce trophée, qui est la publication de leurs vers*. So he collected all these verses in a small quarto volume, and published them in 1582, with this title — *LA PUCE ; ou Jeux Poétiques François et Latins ; composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l'an 1579 : dont Pasquier fut le premier motif*. He dedicated the volume to the President Harlay, in the following sonnet :

*Pendant que du Harlay de Themis la lumiere,
Pour bannir de Poictou l'espouventable mal,
Escrçant la justice à tous de poids égal,
Restablieroit l'Astrée en sa chaire premiere ;
Quelques nobles esprits, pour se donner carrière,
Vouloient exalter un petit animal,
Et luy coler aux flancs les aisles du cheval
Qui prend jusque au ciel sa course coutumiere.
Harlay, mon Achille, relasche tes esprits ;
Sousguigne d'un bon œil tant soit peu ces escrits,
Il attend de loy, ou la mort, ou la vie :
Si tu pers à les lire un seul point de ton temps,
Ils vivront immortels dans le temple des ans,
Malgré l'oubly, la mort, le mesdire et l'envie.*

The original volume would have passed away with the generation to which it belonged, or if preserved, it would, like many others more worthy of preservation, have been found only in the cabinets of those who value books for their rarity rather than their intrinsic worth : this would have been its fate if it had not been comprised in the collective edition of Pasquier's works, which, as relating to his own times, to the antiquities of his country, and to French literature, are of the greatest importance. It was properly included there, not merely because it is characteristic of the nation, and of the age, but because it belongs to the history of the individual.

Here in England the Circuit always serves to sharpen the wits of those who are waiting, some of them hungrily, and but too many hopelessly, for practice ; and as nowhere there is more talent running to seed than at the bar, epigrams circulate there as freely as opinions, — and much more harmlessly. But that the elders of the profession, and the judges, should take part in such

levities as the *Jeux Poétiques* of Poitiers, would at all times have been as much out of character in England, as it would be still in character among our lighter-beeled, lighter-hearted, and lighter-headed neighbours. The same facility in composing Latin verse would not now be found at the French bar; but if a flea was started there, a full cry might as easily be raised after it, as it was at the *Grands Jours* held under the President Harlay; and they who joined in the cry would take exactly the same tone. You would find in their poetry just as much of what Pasquier calls *mignardise*, and just as little exertion of intellect in any other direction.

It is not language alone, all but all-powerful in this respect as language is, which makes the difference in whatever belongs to poetry, between the French and the English. We know how Donne has treated this very subject; and we know how Cleveland, and Randolph and Cowley would have treated it, licentiously indeed, but with such a profusion of fantastic thought, that a prodigality of talent would seem even greater than the abuse. In later times, if such a theme had presented itself, Darwin would have put the flea in a solar microscope, and painted the monster with surprising accuracy in the most elaborate rhymes: he would then have told of fleas which had been taken and tamed, and bound in chains, or yoked to carriages; and this he would have done in couplets so nicely turned, and so highly polished, that the poetical artist might seem to vie with the flea-tamer and carriage-builder in patience and in minute skill. Cowper would have passed with playful but melancholy grace

From gay to grave, from lively to severe,

and might have produced a second Task. And in our own days, Rogers would ease the flea, like his own gnat, in imperishable amber. Leigh Hunt would luxuriate in a fairy poem, fanciful as Drayton's *Nymphidia*, or in the best style of Herrick. Charles Lamb would crack a joke upon the subject; but then he would lead his readers to think

while he was amusing them, make them feel if they were capable of feeling, and perhaps leave them in tears. Southey would give us a strain of scornful satire and meditative playfulness in blank verse of the Elizabethan standard. Wordsworth, — no, Wordsworth would disdain the flea: but some imitator of Wordsworth would enshrine the flea in a Sonnet the thought and diction of which would be as proportionate to the subject matter, as the Great Pyramid is to the nameless one of the Pharaohs for whose tomb it was constructed. Oxford and Cambridge would produce Latin verses, good in their manner as the best of Pasquier's collection, and better in every thing else; they would give us Greek verses also, as many and as good. Landor would prove himself as recondite a Latinist as Scaliger, and a better poet; but his hendecasyllables* would not be so easily construed. Cruikshank would illustrate the whole collection with immortal designs, such as no other country, and no other man could produce. The flea would be introduced upon the stage in the next new Pantomime; Mr. Irving would discover it in the Apocalypse; and some preacher of Rowland Hill's school would improve it (as the phrase is) in a sermon, and exhort his congregation to *flee* from sin.

I say nothing of Mr. Moore, and the half dozen Lords who would *mignardise* the subject like so many Frenchmen. But how would Bernard Barton treat it? Perhaps Friend Barton will let us see in one of the next year's Annuals.

I must not leave the reader with an unfavourable opinion of the lady whose flea obtained such singular celebrity, and who *quoique tres sage entendoit raillerie*. Titon du Tillet intended nothing equivocal by this expression; and the tone which the Flea-poets took was in no degree derogatory to her, for the manners of the age permitted it. Les Dames des Roches, both mother and daugh-

* Landor's "*Phaleuciorum Liber*" was published at Pisa in 1820. It is appended to his "*Idyllia Heroica Decem*." The copy before me was his presentation copy to Southey, with corrections in his own handwriting.

ter, were remarkable and exemplary women; and there was a time when Poitiers derived as much glory from these blue ladies as from the Black Prince. The mother, after living most happily with her husband eight-and-twenty years, suffered greatly in her widowhood from vexatious lawsuits, difficult circumstances, and broken health; but she had great resources in herself, and in the dutiful attachment of Catherine, who was her only child, and whom she herself had nursed and educated; the society of that daughter enabled her to bear her afflictions, not only with patience but with cheerfulness. No solicitations could induce Catherine to marry; she refused offers which might in all other respects have been deemed eligible, because she would not be separated from her mother, from whom she said death itself could not divide her. And this was literally verified, for in 1587 they both died of the plague on the same day.

Both were women of great talents and great attainments. Their joint works in prose and verse were published in their lifetime, and have been several times reprinted, but not since the year 1604. The poetry is said to be of little value; but the philosophical dialogues are praised as being neither deficient in genius nor in solidity, and as compositions which may still be perused with pleasure and advantage. This is the opinion of a benevolent and competent critic, the Abbé Goujet. I have never seen the book.

Before I skip back to the point from which my own flea and the Poitiers' flea have led me, I must tell a story of an English lady who under a similar circumstance was not so fortunate as Pasquier's accomplished friend. This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish: so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict

injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions; — a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party — *a flea, a flea! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en!*

CHAPTER XC.

WHEREIN THE CURIOUS READER MAY FIND
SOME THINGS WHICH HE IS NOT LOOKING
FOR, AND WHICH THE INCURIOS ONE MAY
SKIP IF HE PLEASES.

Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolté toutes les Pantarches des Cieuz, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces, Uranopetes et Omprophozes. RABELAIS.

A MINUTE'S recollection will carry the reader back to the chapter whereon that accidental immolation took place, which was the means of introducing him to the *bas-bleus* of Poitiers. We were then engaged upon the connection which in Peter Hopkins's time still subsisted between astrology and the practice of medicine.

Court de Gebelin in his great hypothetical, fanciful, but withal ingenious, erudite, and instructive work, says that the almanack was one of the most illustrious and most useful efforts of genius of the first men, and that a complete history of it would be a precious canvass for the history of the human race, were it not that unfortunately many of the necessary materials have perished. *On peut assurer, he says, que sans almanach, les operations de l'agriculture seroient incertaines; que les travaux des champs ne se rencontreroient que per hazard dans les tems convenables: qu'il n'y auroit ni fêtes ni assemblées publiques, et que la memoire des tems anciens ne seroit qu'un cahos.*

This is saying a little too much. But who is there that has not sometimes occasion to consult the almanack? Maximilian I. by neglecting to do this failed in an enterprise against Bruges. It had been concerted with his adherents in that turbulent city, that he should appear before it at a certain time, and they would be ready to rise in his behalf, and open the gates for him. He forgot that it was leap-year, and came a day too soon; and this error on his part cost many of the most zealous of his friends their lives. It is remarkable that

neither the historian who relates this, nor the writers who have followed him, should have looked in the almanack to guard against any inaccuracy in the relation; for they have fixed the appointed day on the eve of St. Matthias, which being the 23d of February could not be put out of its course by leap-year.

This brings to my recollection a legal anecdote, that may serve in like manner to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinise the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey, if I remember rightly) for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon; it was during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the Bench, — and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated every thing truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the counsel came provided had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

There is a pleasing passage in Sanazzaro's *Arcadia*, wherein he describes two large beechen tablets, suspended in the temple of Pan, one on each side of the altar, *scritte di rusticane lettere; le quali successivamente di tempo in tempo per molti anni conservate dai passati pastori, contenevano in se le antiche leggi, e gli ammaestramenti della pastorale vita: dalle quali tutto quello che fra le selve oggi se adopra, ebbe prima origine.* One of these tablets contained directions for the management of cattle. In the other *eran notati tutti i di dell' anno, e i varj mutamenti delle stagioni, e la inequalità delle notte e del giorno, insieme con la osservazione delle ore, non poco necessarie a viventi, e li non falsi*

pronostici delle tempestate: e quando il Sole con suo nascimento denunzia serenita, e quando pioggia, e quando venti, e quando grandini; e quali giorni son della luna fortunati, e quali infelici alle opre de' mortali: e che ciascuno in ciascuna ora dovesse fuggire, o seguitare, per non offendere le osservabili volonta degli Di.

It is very probable that Sanazzaro has transferred to his pastoral what may then have been the actual usage in more retired parts of the country, and that before the invention of printing rendered almanacks accessible to every one, a calendar, which served for agricultural as well as ecclesiastical purposes, was kept in every considerable church. Olaus Magnus says that the northern countrymen used to have a calendar cut upon their walking-sticks (*baculos annales*, he calls them); and that when they met at church from distant parts, they laid their heads together and made their computations. The origin of these wooden almanacks, which belong to our own antiquities, as well as to those of Scandinavia, is traced hypothetically to the heathen temple, authentically to the Church. It has been supposed that the Cimbric received the Julian calendar from Cæsar himself, after his conquest, as it is called, of Britain; and that it was cut in Runic characters for the use of the priests, upon the rocks, or huge stones, which composed their rude temples, till some one thought of copying it on wood and rendering it portable, for common use: — *donec tandem*, (are Wormius's words,) *ingeniî rarâ dexteritate emersit ille, quisquis tandem fuerit, qui per lignea hæc compendia, tam utile tanque necessarium negotium plebi communicandum duxit: cuius nomen si exstaret æquiore jure fastis hisce insereretur, quum multorum tituli, quos boni publici cura vix unquam tetigit.*

The introduction of the Julian calendar at that time is, however, nothing better than an antiquary's mere dream. At a later period the Germans, who had much more communication with the Romans than ever the Scandinavians had, divided the year into three seasons, if Tacitus was rightly in-

formed; this being one consequence of the little regard which they paid to agriculture. *Hyems et ver et æstas intellectum ac vocabula habent; autumnus perinde nomen ac bona ignorantur.*

Moreover, Wormius was assured, (and this was a fact which might well have been handed down by memory, and was not likely to have been recorded), that the wooden almanacks were originally copied from a written one in a very ancient manuscript preserved in the church at Dronheim. There is no proof that a pagan *Rimstoke* ever existed in those countries. The clergy had no interest in withholding this kind of knowledge from the people even in the darkest ages of papal tyranny and monkish imposture. But during the earlier idolatries of the Romans it seems to have been withheld; and it was against the will of the Senate that the *Fasti* were first divulged to the people by Cneius Flavius Scriba.

The carelessness of the Romans during many ages as to the divisions of time, seems scarcely compatible even with the low degree of civilisation which they had attained. We are told that when the Twelve Tables were formed, no other distinctions of the day than those of sunrise and sunset were known among them by name; that some time after they began to compute from noon to noon; and that for three hundred years they had nothing whereby to measure an hour, nor knew of any such denomination, *tandiu populi Romani indiscreta lux fuit.* A brazen pillar, which marked the hour of noon by its shortest shadow, was the only means of measuring time, till, in the first Punic war, the Consul M. Valerius Messala brought thither a sun-dial from the spoils of Catania in Sicily. This was in the 477th year of the City; and by that dial the Romans went ninety-nine years without adapting it to the meridian of Rome. A better was then erected; but they were still without any guide in cloudy weather, till in the year 595 after the building of the City, Scipio Nasica introduced the water-clock, which is said to have been invented about eighty years before by Ctesibius of Alexandria.

When the Romans had begun to advance in civilisation, no people ever made a more rapid progress in all the arts and abuses which follow in its train. Astrology came with astronomy from the East, for science had speedily been converted into a craft, and in the age of the Cæsars the Egyptian professors of that craft were among the pests of Rome.

More than one Roman calendar is in existence, preserved by the durability of the material, which is a square block of marble. Each side contains three months, in parallel columns, headed by the appropriate signs of the zodiac. In these the astronomical information was given, with directions for the agricultural business of the month, and notices of the respective gods under whose tutelage the months were placed, and of the religious festivals in their course, with a warning to the husbandmen against neglecting those religious duties, upon the due performance of which the success of their labours depended.

Those learned authors who look in the Scriptures for what is not to be found there, and supply by conjectures whatever they wish to find, have not decided whether astronomy was part of Adam's infused knowledge, or whether it was acquired by him, and his son Seth; but from Seth they say it descended to Abraham, and he imparted it to the Egyptians. Whatever may be thought of this derivation, the Egyptian mind seems always to have pululated with superstition, as the slime of their own Nile is said to have fermented into low and loathsome forms of miscreant life. The Rabbis say that ten measures of witchcraft were sent into the world, and Egypt got nine of them.

The Greeks are said to have learned from the Babylonians the twelve divisions of the day. The arrow-headed* inscriptions at Babylon are supposed by some of those who have bestowed most attention upon them to be calendars: and there can be little doubt

that where the divisions of time were first scientifically observed, there the first calendar would be formed. In Egypt, however, it is that we hear of them first; and such resemblances exist between the Egyptian calendar, and the oldest of those which have been discovered in the north of Europe, that Court de Gebelin supposes they must have had a common origin, and in an age anterior to those Chaldeans whose astronomical observations ascended nineteen hundred years before the age of Alexander. This is too wild an assumption to be soberly maintained. What is common to both found its way to Scandinavia in far later times. Christianity was imported into those countries with all the corruptions which it had gathered in the East as well as in the West; and the Christian calendar brought with it as many superstitions of European growth, as there was room for inserting. There was room for many even upon the Norwegian staff.

The lineal descendant of that *rimstoke* was still in use in the middle of England at the close of the 17th century; though it was then, says Plot, a sort of antiquity so little known that it had hardly been heard of in the southern parts, and was understood but by few of the gentry in the northern. Clogg † was the English name, whether so called from the word log, because they were generally made of wood, and not so commonly of oak or fir as of box; or from the resemblance of the larger ones to the clogs, "wherewith we restrain the wild, extravagant, mischievous motions of some of our dogs," he knew not. There were some few of brass. Some were of convenient size for the pocket; and there were larger ones, which used to hang at one end of the mantle tree of the chimney for family use; as in Denmark the *rimstoke* was found in every respectable yeoman's house at the head of the table, or suspended from a beam. Plot minutely and carefully described these, and endeavoured, but not always with success,

* See the Paper of N. L. Westergaard on the Median Species of Arrow-headed Writing, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, 1844, p. 271., &c.

† The Icelandic is *Klokr*, — the Danish, *Klog*. On this point, see the *Specimen Calendarii Gentilis*, appended to the 3d vol. of the *Ædda Samundar hins Froda*, pp. 999—1124.

to explain some of the hieroglyphes or symbols by which the festivals were denoted; all which he had seen had only the Prime (or Golden Number) and the immovable feasts; the Prime, so called as indicating *primas lunas* through the year, our ancestors set in the margin of their calendars in characters of gold, — and thence its other name.

The rudest that has ever been discovered was found in pulling down part of a château in Bretagne. Its characters had so magical an appearance, that it would have been condemned by acclamation to the flames, if the Lord of the Chateau had not rescued it, thinking it was more likely to puzzle an antiquary than to raise the Devil. He sent it to Sainte-Palaye, and M. Lancelot succeeded in fully explaining it. Most barbarous as it was, there is reason for concluding that it was not older than the middle of the 17th century.

In Peter Hopkins's time the clogg was still found in farm houses. He remembered when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanack, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His inquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. "Well — well," said he, "I know not! it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year."

CHAPTER XCI.

THE AUTHOR DISPLAYS A LITTLE MORE OF SUCH READING AS IS SELDOM READ, AND SHOWS THAT LORD BYRON AND AN ESSEX WIDOW DIFFERED IN OPINION CONCERNING FRIDAY.

Si j'avois dispersé ceci en divers endroits de mon ouvrage, j'aurois évité la censure de ceux qui appelleront ce chapitre un sutas de petit recueils. Mais comme je cherche la commodité de mes lecteurs plutôt que la mienne, je veur bien au depens de cette censure, leur épargner la peine de rassembler ce que j'aurois dispersé. BAYLE.

THERE is no superstition, however harmless it may appear, and may indeed long con-

tinue to be, but has in it some latent evil. Much has arisen from the distinction of unlucky days, which may very innocently and naturally have originated, though it was afterwards dexterously applied by astrologers, and by the priests of false religions, to their own purposes. No one would willingly commence an important undertaking on the anniversary of a day which had brought to him some great and irreparable calamity. It would be indecent to fix upon St. Bartholomew's for a day of public rejoicing in France; or in Portugal, upon that day on which Lisbon was laid in ruins by the great earthquake. On the other hand an English General, and an English army, would feel something more than their wonted hope and expectation of victory, if they gave the enemy battle on the anniversaries of Waterloo, or Blenheim, Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. God be thanked neither our fleets, nor armies have ever yet caused a day to be noted with black in the English calendar!

But many a good ship has lost that tide which might have led to fortune, because the captain and the crew thought it unlucky to begin their voyage on a Friday. You were in no danger of being left behind by the packet's sailing on that day, however favourable the wind, if it were possible for the captain to devise any excuse for remaining till the morrow in harbour. Lord Byron partook this superstition; and if any thing of the slightest importance in which he was concerned were commenced on a Friday, he was seriously disconcerted.

Such, however, are the effects of superstitious animosity, that (as the Puritans in the next generation made Christmas-day a fast by an ordinance of Parliament) in James the First's reign Friday was kept as a sort of holyday. The biographer of a Spanish lady, who came to England for the purpose of secretly serving the Roman Catholic cause, says "that among her other griefs she had that of hearing the wheel go round, by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on every Friday, delighting to profane with forbidden food that day on which the

catholics, by fasting and other works of penitence, manifested their sense, every week throughout the year, of the sufferings of their Lord and Saviour. In all English houses," he says, "both private and public (to which latter great part of the people went for their meals), all kinds of meat roasted and boiled are seen on Fridays, Good Friday not excepted, as if it were a land of Jews or Turks. The nobles in particular reserve their feasts and entertainment of all kinds of meats and delicacies for Fridays. It is the sport of the great, and their sort of piety, to testify by these sacrifices their hatred to the Roman church."

There is probably some exaggeration in this statement; and if the biographer was conversant with the history of his own country, he must have known that there was a time when his own countrymen made it a point of duty to eat pork on Saturdays, for the sake of despising the Jews. But the practice cannot have been so common as he represents it; for if it had, Friday would not have retained its inauspicious character to the present time. Yet even this which is in common opinion the most unlucky of all the days, may, from particular circumstances, deserve, it appears, to be marked with a white stone. Upon a trial brought at the Chelmsford Assizes, by a disconsolate widow against a faithless suitor, for breach of promise, a letter of the defendant's was produced, containing this passage: "Mrs. Martha Harris, you say I have used you ill; but I do not think I have at all; for I told you not to count too much, lest something should happen to disappoint. You say the day was mine; but respecting that, I said, 'if before harvest it must be very soon, or it would be in harvest;' and you said 'fix any time soon.' But you said you should like to marry on a Friday, for you thought that a good day; for on a Friday your husband died, and on a Friday I first came to see you, and Friday was market day."

Old opinions, however groundless, are not often so easily overcome. The farmer has let precious days pass by without profiting by favourable weather, because he was

warned against them by his almanack, or by tradition; and for the same reason, measures which might have relieved and saved a patient have been fatally procrastinated. There were about thirty days in the Christian year to which such malignant influences were imputed, that the recovery of any person who fell ill upon them was thought to be almost impossible; in any serious disease how greatly must this persuasion have increased the danger!

More than half the days in the year are unlucky in Madagascar: and the Ombiasses, as the sort of bastard Mahomedan jugglers in that great island are called, have made the deluded people believe that any child born on one of those days will, if it be allowed to grow up, prove a parricide, be addicted to every kind of wickedness, and moreover be miserable throughout the whole course of its life. The infant is always exposed in consequence; and unless some humaner parents employ a slave or relation to preserve it, and remove it for ever from their knowledge, it is left for beasts, birds, or reptiles to devour!

The unfortunate days in Christendom, according to the received superstition in different countries, were either a little more or less than thirty,—about a twelfth part of the year; the fortunate were not quite so many, all the rest are left, if the astrologers had so pleased, in their natural uncertainty. And how uncertain all were is acknowledged in the oldest didactics upon this subject, after what were then the most approved rules had been given.

Αἵμα μὲν ἡμέραι εἰσὶν ἐπιχθονίας μάλ' ὄνεια.
 Αἱ δ' ἄλλαι μετὰδούται, ἀκέραιαι, οὐτὶ φέουσαι.
 Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλοισιν αἰνί, ταύροι δὲ τ' ἴσασιν.
 Ἄλλοτε μητρειῇ πέλει ἡμίση, ἄλλοτε μήτηρ.
 Τάων εὐδαίμων τε καὶ ὀλβίος ὅς τὰδὶ πάντα
 Εἰδὼς ἐργάζηται ἀναίτιος ἀθανάτοισιν.
 Ορεμβας κρίνον, καὶ ὑπερβασίας ἀλείψων.

These are the days of which the careful heed
 Each human enterprise will favouring speed:
 Others there are, which intermediate fall,
 Mark'd with no auspice, and unmen'd all:
 And these will some, and these will others praise;
 But few are vers'd in mysteries of days.
 Now as a stepmother the day we find
 Severe, and now as is a mother kind.

O fortunate the man! O blest is he,
 Who skill'd in these, fulfils his ministry!—
 He to whose note the auguries are giv'n,
 No rite transgress'd, and void of blame to Heaven.*

The fixed days for good and evil were said to have been disclosed by an angel to Job. I know not whether it comes from the Rabbinical mint of fables that Moses determined upon Saturday for the Israelites' Sabbath, because that day is governed by Saturn, and Saturn being a malignant planet, all manner of work that might be undertaken on the Saturday might be expected not to prosper. The Sabbatarians might have found here an astrological argument for keeping their sabbath on the same day as the Jews.

Sunday, however, is popularly supposed in France to be a propitious day for a Romish sabbath,—which is far better than a Sir-Andrew-Agnewish one. *Il est reconnu*,—says a Frenchman, whose testimony on such a point is not invalidated by his madness,—*que les jours de la semaine ne peuvent se ressembler, puisqu'ils coulent sous l'influence de différentes planettes. Le soleil, qui préside au dimanche, est censé nous procurer un beau jour plus riant que les autres jours de la semaine; et voila aussi pourquoi on se reserve ce jour pour se livrer aux plaisirs et amusemens honnêtes.*

The Jews say that the Sun always shines on Wednesdays, because his birthday was on Wednesday, and he keeps it in this manner every week. In Feyjoo's time the Spaniards had a proverbial saying, that no Saturday is ever without sunshine; nor could they be disabused of this notion because in their country it is really a rare thing to have a Saturday, or any other day, in some part or other of which the sun is not seen. But on the Wednesday in Passion week they held that it always rains, because on that day it was that Peter went out and wept bitterly, and they think that it behoves the heavens to weep, after this manner, as if in commemoration of his tears.

The saints indeed have been supposed to affect the weather so much upon their own

holydays, that a French Bishop is said to have formed an ingenious project for the benefit of a particular branch of agriculture, by reforming a small part of the Calendar. This prelate was the Bishop of Auxerre, Francis D'Inteville, first of that name. He had observed that for many years the vineyards had suffered severely on certain Saints' days, by frost, hail, cold rains or blighting winds, and he had come to the conclusion that though the said Saints had their festivals during the time when the sun is passing through Taurus, they were nevertheless *Saints gresleurs, geleurs, et gasteurs du bourgeon.*

Now this Bishop loved good wine, *comme fait tout homme de bien*; and he conceived that if these foul-weather Saints, who seemed in this respect to act as if they had enrolled themselves in a Temperance Society, were to have their days changed, and be calendared between Christmas Day and St. Typhaines, they might hail, and freeze, and bluster to their hearts content; and if their old festivals were assigned to new patrons, who were supposed to have no dislike for vineyards, all would go on well. St. George, St. Mark, St. Philip and St. Vitalis were some of the Saints who were to be provided for at Christmas; St. Christopher, St. Dominic, St. Laurence, and St. Magdalene, the most illustrious of those who should have been installed in their places,—for on their days *tant s'en faut qu'on soit en danger de gelée, que lors mestier au monde n'est, qui tant soit de requeste; comme est des faiseurs de friscades, et rafraichisseurs de vin.** These changes, however, in the Saints' administration were not effected; and it appears by Rabelais' manner of relating the fact, that the Bishop never got from the optative to the potential mood.

Master Rabelais says that the Bishop called the mother of the Three Kings St. Typhaine;—it is certain that such a Saint was made out of *Le Sainte Epiphanié*, and that the Three Kings of Cologne were filiated upon her. But whether or not this Prelate

* ELTON.

* Livre III. c. xxxiii.

were in this respect as ignorant as his flock, he is praised by writers of his own communion for having by his vigilance and zeal kept his diocese, as long as he lived, free from the Lutheran pestilence. And he deserves to be praised by others for having given a fine organ to his cathedral, and a stone pulpit, which was scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the whole kingdom.

The Japanese, who are a wise people, have fixed upon the five most unfortunate days in the year for their five great festivals; and this they have done purposely, and prudently, in order by this universal mirth to divert and propitiate their Camis, or Deities; and also by their custom on those days of wishing happiness to each other, to avert the mishaps that might otherwise befall them. They too are careful never to begin a journey at an inauspicious time, and therefore in all their road and house books there is a printed table, showing what days of the month are unfortunate for this purpose: they amount to four-and-twenty in the year. The wise and experienced Astrologer, Abino Seimei, who invented the table, was a personage endowed with divine wisdom and the precious gift of prognosticating things to come. It is to be presumed that he derived this from his parentage, which was very remarkable on the mother's side. Take, gentle Reader, for thy contentment, what Light-foot would have called no lean story.

Prince Abino Jassima was in the Temple of Inari, who, being the God and the Protector of Foxes, ought to have a temple in the Bishopric of Durham, and in Leicestershire, and wherever Foxes are preserved. Foxes' lungs, it seems, were then as much esteemed as a medicine by the Japanese, as Fox-glove may be by European physicians; and a party of Courtiers were fox-hunting at this time, in order to make use of the lungs in a prescription. They were in full cry after a young fox, when the poor creature ran into the temple, and instead of looking for protection to the God Inari, took shelter in Prince Jassima's bosom. The Prince on this occasion behaved very well, and the fox-hunters very ill, as it may be

feared most fox-hunters would do in similar circumstances. They insisted upon his turning the fox out; he protested that he would commit no such crime, for a crime it would have been in such a case; they attempted to take the creature by force, and Prince Jassima behaved so bravely that he beat them all, and set the fox at liberty. He had a servant with him, but whether this servant assisted him has not been recorded; neither is it stated that the Fox-God, Inari, took any part in the defence of his own creature and his princely votary; though from what followed it may be presumed that he was far from being an unconcerned spectator. I pass over the historical consequences which make "the hunting of that day" more important in Japanese history, than that of Chevy Chase is in our own. I pass them over because they are not exactly pertinent to this place. Suffice it to say, that King Jassima, as he must now be called, revenged his father's murder upon these very hunters, and succeeded to his throne; and then, after his victory, the fox appeared, no longer in vulpine form, but in the shape of a lady of incomparable beauty, whom he took to wife, and by whom he became the happy father of our Astrologer, Abino Seimei. Gratitude had moved this alopegyne, gynalopex, fox-lady, or lady-fox, to love; she told her love indeed, — but she never told her gratitude: nor did King Jassima know, nor could he possibly suspect, that his lovely bride had been that very fox whose life he had with so much generosity and courage preserved, — that very fox, I say, "another and the same;" — never did he imagine, nor never could he have imagined this, till an extraordinary change took place in his beautiful and beloved wife. Her ears, her nose, her claws and her tail began to grow, and by degrees this wonderful creature became a fox again! My own opinion is, that she must have been a daughter of the great Fox-God Inari himself.

Abino Seimei, her son, proved to be, as might have been expected, a cunning personage, in the old and good meaning of that word. But as he inherited this cunning from

his mysterious mother, he derived also an equal share of benevolence from his kind-hearted father, King Jassima: and therefore, after having calculated for the good of mankind the table of unfortunate days, he, for their farther good, composed an *Uta*, or couplet, of mystical words, by pronouncing which the poor traveller who is necessitated to begin a journey upon one of those days, may avert all those evils, which, if he were not preserved by such a spell, must infallibly befall him. He did this for the benefit of persons in humble life, who were compelled at any time to go wherever their lords and masters might send them. I know not whether Lord Byron would have ventured to set out on a Friday, after reciting these words, if he had been made acquainted with their value; but here they are, expressed in our own characters, to gratify the "curious in charms."

Sada Mejesi Tabicatz Fidori Josi Asijwa,
Omojitatz Figo Kitz Nito Sen.

CHAPTER XCII.

CONCERNING PETER HOPKINS AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON AND TIDES UPON THE HUMAN BODY. A CHAPTER WHICH SOME PERSONS MAY DEEM MORE CURIOUS THAN DULL, AND OTHERS MORE DULL THAN CURIOUS.

A man that travelth to the most desirable home, hath a habit of desire to it all the way; but his present business is his travel; and horse, and company, and inns, and ways, and weariness, &c., may take up more of his sensible thoughts, and of his talk and action, than his home.

BAXTER.

FEW things in this world are useless,—none indeed but what are of man's own invention. It was one of Oberlin's wise maxims that nothing should be destroyed, nothing thrown away, or wasted; he knew that every kind of refuse which will not serve to feed pigs, may be made to feed both man and beast in another way by serving for manure: perhaps he learned this from the Chinese proverb,

that a wise man saves even the parings of his nails and the clippings of his beard, for this purpose. "To burn a hair," says Darwin, "or a straw, unnecessarily, diminishes the sum of matter fit for quick nutrition, by decomposing it nearly into its elements: and should therefore give some compunction to a mind of universal sympathy." Let not this cant about universal sympathy nauseate a reader of common sense, and make him regard Darwin's opinion here with the contempt which his affectation deserves. Every thing may be of use to the farmer. And so it is with knowledge; there is none, however vain in itself, and however little it may be worth the pains of acquiring it, which may not at some time or other be turned to account.

Peter Hopkins found that his acquaintance with astrology was sometimes of good service in his professional practice. In his days most of the Almanacks contained Rules Astrological showing under what aspects and positions different modes of remedy were to be administered, and different complexions were to let blood. He had often to deal with persons who believed in their Almanack as implicitly as in their Bible, and who studied this part of it with a more anxious sense of its practical importance to themselves. When these notions were opposed to the course of proceeding which the case required, he could gain his point by talking to them in their own language, and displaying, if it were called for, a knowledge of the art which might have astonished the Almanack-maker himself. If he had reasoned with them upon any other ground, they would have retained their own opinion, even while they submitted to his authority; and would neither have had faith in him, nor in his prescriptions.

Peter Hopkins would never listen to any patient who proposed waiting for a lucky day before he entered upon a prescribed course of medicine. "Go by the moon as much as you please," he would say; "have your hair cut, if you think best, while it waxes, and cut your corns while it wanes; and put off any thing till a lucky day that

may as well be done on one day as another. But the right day to be bled is when you want bleeding; the right day for taking physic is when physic is necessary."

He was the better able to take this course, because he himself belonged to the debatable land between credulity and unbelief. Some one has said that the Devil's dubitative is a negative, — *dubius in fide, infidelis est**; and there are cases, as in Othello's, in which, from the infirmity of human nature, it is too often seen that

— to be once in doubt
Is — once to be resolved.

There is, however, a state of mind, or to speak more accurately, a way of thinking, in which men reverse the Welshman's conclusion in the old comedy, and instead of saying "it may be, but it is very impossible," resolve within themselves that it is very impossible, but it may be. So it was in some degree with Peter Hopkins; his education, his early pursuits, and his turn of mind, disposed him to take part with what was then the common opinion of common men, and counterbalanced, if they did not, perhaps, a little preponderate against the intelligence of the age, and his own deliberate judgment, if he had been called upon seriously to declare it. He saw plainly that astrology had been made a craft by means whereof knaves practised upon fools; but so had his own profession; and it no more followed as a necessary consequence from the one admission that the heavenly bodies exercised no direct influence upon the human frame, than it did from the other that the art of medicine was not beneficial to mankind.

In the high days of astrology, when such an immediate influence was affirmed upon the then undisputed authority of St. Augustin, it was asked how it happened that the professors of this science so frequently deceived others, and were deceived themselves? The answer was that too often, instead of confining themselves within the legitimate limits of the art, they enlarged their phylacteries too much. Farther, that there were many

more fixed stars than were known to us, yet these also must have their influence; and moreover that the most learned professors differed upon some of the most important points. Nevertheless, so many causes and effects in the course of nature were so visibly connected, that men, whether astrologers or not, drew from them their own conclusions, and presaged accordingly: *Mirum non est, si his et similibus solerter pensiculatis, non tam astrologi quam philosophi, medici, et longâ experientiâ docti agricolæ et nautæ, quotidie de futuris multa vera prædicant, etiam sine astrologia regulis de morbis, de annonâ, deque tempestatibus.*

All persons in Peter Hopkins's days believed that change of weather may be looked for at the change of the Moon; and all men, except a few philosophers, believe so still, and all the philosophers in Europe could not persuade an old sailor out of the belief. And that the tides have as much influence over the human body, in certain stages of disease, as the moon has over the tides, is a popular belief in many parts of the world. The Spaniards think that all who die of chronic diseases breathe their last during the ebb.† Among the wonders of the Isle and City of Cadiz, which the historian of that city, Suares de Salazar, enumerates, one is, according to P. Labat, that the sick never die there while the tide is rising or at its height, but always during the ebb: he restricts the notion to the Isle of Leon, but implies that the effect was there believed to take place in diseases of any kind, acute as well as chronic. "Him fever," says the Negro in the West Indies, "shall go when the water come low. Him alway come hot when the tide high."

If the Negroes had ever heard the theory of the tides which Herrera mentions, they would readily believe it, and look upon it as completely explaining the ground of their assertion; for according to that theory the tides are caused by a fever of the sea, which

* Dame Quickly, in telling of Falstaff's death to Bardolph, says: — "A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide." — *Henry F.* Act II. Scene III.

rages for six hours, and then intermits for as many more.

But the effect of the tides upon the human constitution in certain states is not a mere vulgar opinion. Major Moor says that near the tropics, especially in situations where the tide of the sea has a great rise and fall, scarcely any person, and certainly no one affected with feverish or nervous symptoms, is exempted from extraordinary sensations at the periods of spring tides. That these are caused by the changes of the moon he will not say, for he had never fully convinced himself, however plausible the theory, that the coincident phenomena of spring tides, and full and change of the moon, were cause and effect; but at the conjunction and opposition, or what amounts to the same, at the spring tides, these sensations are periodically felt. There is an account of one singular case in which the influence was entirely lunar. When Mr. Galt was travelling in the Morea, he fell in with a peasant, evidently in an advanced stage of dropsy, who told him, that his father had died of a similar complaint, but differing from his in this remarkable respect—the father's continued to grow regularly worse, without any intervals of alleviation; but at the change of the moon the son felt comparatively much easier. As the moon advanced to the full, the swelling enlarged; and as she waned, it again lessened. Still, however, though this alteration continued, the disease was gaining ground.

"The moon," Mr. Galt observes, "has, or is believed to have, much more to say in the affairs of those parts, than with us. The climate is more regular; and if the air have tides, like the ocean, of course their effects are more perceptible."

In an early volume of the Philosophical Transactions are some observations made by Mr. Paschal on the motions of diseases, and on the births and deaths of men and other animals, in different parts of the day and night. Having suspected, he says, that the causes of the tides at sea exert their power elsewhere, though the effect may not be so sensibly perceived on the solid as on the

fluid parts of the globe, he divided, for trial of this notion, the natural day into four senaries of hours; the first consisting of three hours before the moon's southing, and three after; the second, of the six hours following; and the third and fourth contained the two remaining quarters of the natural day. Observing then the times of birth and death, both in human and other subjects, as many as came within the circle of his knowledge, he found, he says, none that were born or died a natural death in the first and third senaries (which he called first and second tides), but every one either in the second or fourth senaries (which he called the first and second ebbs). He then made observations upon the motions of diseases, other circumstances connected with the human frame, alterations of the weather, and such accounts as he could meet with of earthquakes and other things, and he met with nothing to prevent him from laying down this as a maxim:—that motion, vigour, action, strength, &c., appear most and do best, in the tiding senaries; and that rest, relaxation, decay, dissolution, belong to the ebbing ones.

This theorist must have been strongly possessed with a favourite opinion, before he could imagine that the deep subterranean causes of earthquakes could in any degree be affected by the tides. But that the same influences which occasion the ebb and flow of the ocean have an effect upon certain diseases, is a conclusion to which Dr. Pinckard came in the West Indies, and Dr. Balfour in the East, from what they observed in the course of their own practice, and what they collected from the information of others. "In Bengal," Dr. Balfour says, "there is no room to doubt that the human frame is affected by the influences connected with the relative situations of the sun and moon. In certain states of health and vigour, this influence has not power to show itself by any obvious effects, and in such cases its existence is often not acknowledged. But in certain states of debility and disease it is able to manifest itself by exciting febrile paroxysms. Such paroxysms

show themselves more frequently during the period of the spring tides, and as these advance become more violent and obstinate, and on the other hand tend no less invariably to subside and terminate during the recess.

I have no doubt, says this practitioner, that any physician who will carefully attend to the diurnal and nocturnal returns of the tides, and will constantly hold before him the prevailing tendency of fevers to appear at the commencement, and during the period of the spring; and to subside and terminate at the commencement and during the period of the recess, will soon obtain more information respecting the phenomena of fevers, and be able to form more just and certain judgments and prognostics respecting every event, than if we were to study the history of medicine, as it is now written, for a thousand years. There is no revolution or change in the course of fevers that may not be explained by these general principles in a manner consistent with the laws of the human constitution, and of the great system of revolving bodies which unite together in producing them.

Dr. Balfour spared no pains in collecting information to elucidate and confirm his theory during the course of thirty years' practice in India. He communicated upon it with most of the European practitioners in the Company's dominions; and the then Governor General, Lord Teignmouth, considered the subject as so important, that he properly as well as liberally ordered the correspondence and the treatise, in which its results were embodied, to be printed and circulated at the expense of the government. The author drew up his scheme of an astronomical ephemeris, for the purposes of medicine and meteorology, and satisfied himself that he had "discovered the laws of febrile paroxysms, and unfolded a history and theory of fevers entirely new, consistent with itself in every part, and with the other appearances of nature, perfectly conformable to the laws discovered by the immortal Newton, and capable of producing important improvements in medicine and meteor-

ology. He protested against objections to his theory as if it were connected with the wild and groundless delusions of astrology. Yet the letter of his correspondent, Dr. Helenus Scott, of Bombay, shows how naturally and inevitably it would be connected with them in that country. "The influence of the moon on the human body," says that physician, "has been observed in this part of India by every medical practitioner. It is universally acknowledged by the doctors of all colours, of all castes, and of all countries. The people are taught to believe it in their infancy, and as they grow up, they acknowledge it from experience. I suppose that in the northern latitudes this power of the moon is far less sensible than in India. Here we universally think that the state of weakly and diseased bodies is much influenced by its motions. Every full and change increases the number of the patients of every practitioner. That the human body is affected in a remarkable manner by them I am perfectly convinced, and that an attention to the power of the moon is highly necessary to the medical practitioner in India."

This passage tends to confirm, what, indeed, no judicious person can doubt, that the application of astrology to medicine, though it was soon perverted and debased till it became a mere craft, originated in actual observations of the connection between certain bodily affections, and certain times and seasons. Many, if not most of the mischievous systems in physics and divinity have arisen from dim perceptions or erroneous apprehensions of some important truth. And not a few have originated in the common error of drawing bold and hasty inferences from weak premises. Sailors say, what they of all men have most opportunities of observing, that the moon as it rises clears the sky of clouds: *a puesta del sol, se comio poco a poco todas las nubes.* The "learned and reverend" Dr. Goad, sometime master of the Merchant Taylors' School, published a work "of vast pains, reading and many years experience," which

he called "*Astro-Meteorologia*, or a Demonstration of the Influences of the Stars in the alterations of the Air; proving that there is not an Earthquake, Comet, Parhelia, Halo, Thunder-storm or Tempest, or any other phenomena, but is referable to its particular planetary aspect, as the sub-solar cause thereof."

CHAPTER XCIII.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED.

Ἦ πολλὰ λίξας ἔσθι κἀνόνητ' ἔσθι,
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκίτ' οὐδίν; SOPHOCLES.

NOVEL readers are sometimes so impatient to know how the story is to end, that they look at the last chapter, and so — escape, should I say — or forfeit that state of agitating suspense in which it was the author or authoress's endeavour to keep them till they should arrive by a regular perusal at the well-concealed catastrophe. It may be apprehended that persons of this temper, having in their composition much more of Eve's curiosity than of Job's patience, will regard with some displeasure a work like the present, of which the conclusion is not before them: and some, perhaps, may even be so unreasonable as to complain that they go through chapter after chapter without making any progress in the story. "What care the Public," says one of these readers, (for every reader is a self-constituted representative of that great invisible body) — "what do the Public care for Astrology and Almanacks, and the Influence of the Tides upon diseases, and Mademoiselle de Roches's flea, and the Koran, and the Chronology of this fellow's chapters, and Potteric Carr, and the Corporation of Doncaster, and the Theory of Signatures, and the Philosophy of the Alchemists, and the Devil knows what besides! What have these things to do with the subject of the book, and who would ever have looked for them in a Novel?"

"A Novel do you call it, Mr. Reader?"

"Yes, Mr. Author, what else should I call it? It has been reviewed as a Novel and advertised as a Novel."

"I confess that in this very day's newspaper it is advertised in company with four new Novels; the first in the list being 'Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak,' a Legend of Devon, by Mrs. Bray: the second, 'Dacre,' edited by the Countess of Morley; Mr. James's 'Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall,' is the third: fourthly, comes the dear name of 'The Doctor;' and last in the list, 'The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Seventeenth Century.'"

I present my compliments to each and all of the authoresses and authors with whom I find myself thus associated. At the same time I beg leave to apologise for this apparent intrusion into their company, and to assure them that the honour which I have thus received has been thrust upon me. Dr. Stegman had four patients whose disease was that they saw themselves double: "they perceived," says Mr. Turner, "another self, exterior to themselves!" I am not one of Dr. Stegman's patients; but I see myself double in a certain sense, and in that sense have another and distinct self, — the one incog, the other out of cog. Out of cog I should be as willing to meet the novelist of the Polish Court, as any other unknown brother or sister of the quill. Out of cog I should be glad to shake hands with Mr. James, converse with him about Charlemagne, and urge him to proceed with his French biography. Out of cog I should have much pleasure in making my bow to Lady Morley or her editor. Out of cog I should like to be introduced to Mrs. Bray in her own lovely land of Devon, and see the sweet innocent face of her humble friend Mary Colling. But without a proper introduction I should never think of presenting myself to any of these persons; and having incog the same sense of propriety as out of cog, I assure them that the manner in which my one self has been associated with them is not the act and deed of my other self, but that of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme,

Brown, Green and Longman, my very worthy and approved good publishers.

"Why, Mr. Author, you do not mean to say that the book is not printed as a novel, does not appear as one, and is not intended to pass for one. Have you the face to deny it?"

"*Lecteur, mon ami, la demande est bien faite sans doute, et bien apparente; mais la response vous contentera, ou j'ai le sens mal-gallefretu!*"

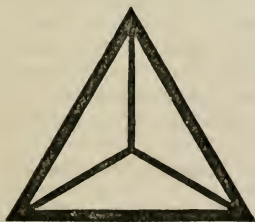
"*Lecteur, mon ami!* an Incog has no face. But this I say in the face, or in all the faces, of that Public which has more heads than a Hindoo Divinity, that the character and contents of the book were fairly, fully, carefully and considerably denoted, — that is to say, notified or made known, in the title-page. Turn to it, I entreat you, Sir! The first thing which you cannot but notice, is, that it is in motley. Ought you not to have inferred, concerning the author, that in his brain

— he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.*

And if you could fail to perceive the conspicuous and capacious

ſc,

which in its omnisignificance may promise anything, and yet pledges the writer to nothing; and if you could also overlook the mysterious monograph



your attention was invited to all this by a sentence of Butler's on the opposite page, so apposite that it seems as if he had written it

* SHAKESPEARE.

with a second-sight of the application thus to be made of it: 'There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.' This was the remark of one whose wisdom can never be obsolete; and whose wit, though much of it has become so, it will always be worth while for an Englishman to study and to understand.

"Mr. D'Israeli has said that 'the false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader, and that titles are generally too prodigal of their promises;' but yet there is an error on the other hand to be avoided, for if they say too little they may fail of attracting notice. I bore in mind what Baillet says upon this subject, to which he has devoted a long chapter: *le titre d'un Livre doit être son abrégé, et il en doit renfermer tout l'esprit, autant qu'il est possible. Il doit être le centre de toutes les paroles et de toutes les pensées du Livre; de telle sorte qu'on n'y en puisse pas même trouver une qui n'y dit de la correspondance et du rapport.* From this rule there has been no departure. Everything that is said of Peter Hopkins relates to the Doctor prospectively, because he was the Doctor's master: every thing that may be said of, or from myself, relates to the Doctor retrospectively, or reflectively, because he, though in a different sense, was mine: and everything that is said about anything else relates to him collaterally, being either derivative or tributary, either divergent from the main subject, or convergent to its main end.

"But albeit I claim the privilege of motley, and in right thereof

— I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; — *

yet I have in no instance abused that charter, nor visited any one too roughly. Nor will I ever do against all the world what John Kinsaid did, in unseemly defiance, — nor against the wind either; though

* SHAKESPEARE.

it has been no maxim of mine, nor ever shall be, to turn with the tide, or go with the crowd, unless they are going my road, and there is no other way that I can take to escape the annoyance of their company."

"And is this any reason, Mr. Author, why you should get on as slowly with the story of your book, as the House of Commons with the business of the nation, in the present reformed Parliament, with Lord Althorpe for its leader?"

"Give me credit, Sir, for a temper as imperturbably good as that which Lord Althorpe presents, like a sevenfold shield of lamb's wool, to cover him against all attacks, and I will not complain of the disparagement implied in your comparison."

"Your confounded good temper, Mr. Author, seems to pride itself upon trying experiments on the patience of your readers. Here I am in the middle of the third volume, and if any one asked me what the book is about, it would be impossible for me to answer the question. I have never been able to guess at the end of one chapter what was likely to be the subject of the next."

"Let me reply to that observation, Sir, by an anecdote. A collector of scarce books was one day showing me his small but curious hoard; 'Have you ever seen a copy of this book?' he asked, with every rare volume that he put into my hands: and when my reply was that I had not, he always rejoined with a look and tone of triumphant delight, 'I should have been exceedingly sorry if you had!'

"Let me tell you another anecdote, not less to the purpose. A thorough-bred fox-hunter found himself so much out of health, a little before the season for his sport began, that he took what was then thought a long journey to consult a physician, and get some advice which he hoped would put him into a condition for taking the field. Upon his return his friends asked him what the Doctor had said, 'Why,' said the Squire, 'he told me that I've got a dyspepsy:—I don't know what that is: but it's some damn'd thing or other I suppose!'—My good Sir, however much at a loss you may be to guess

what is coming in the next chapter, you can have no apprehension that it may turn out anything like what he, with too much reason, supposed a dyspepsy to be.

"*Lecteur, mon ami*, I have given you the advantage of a motto from Sophocles, and were it as apposite to me, as it seems applicable when coming from you, I might content myself with replying to it in a couplet of the honest old wine-bibbing, Water-poet:—

That man may well be called an idle mome
That mocks the Cock because he wears a comb.

But no one who knows a hawk from a heronshaw, or a sheep's head from a carrot, or the Lord Chancellor Brougham, in his wig and robes, from a Guy Vaux on the fifth of November, can be so mistaken in judgment as to say that I make use of many words in making nothing understood; nor as to think me,

ἄβηκτον ἀγροσσίον, αἰθαλόστομον,
ἔχοντ' ἀχάλινον, ἀκερατίε, ἀσύλωτον στόμα,
ἀπειριλάλητον, κομποραμειλόρημονα.*

"Any subject is inexhaustible if it be fully treated of; that is, if it be treated doctrinally and practically, analytically and synthetically, historically and morally, critically, popularly and eloquently, philosophically, exegetically and aesthetically, logically, neologically, etymologically, archaologically, Daniologically and Doveologically, which is to say, summing up all in one, Doctorologically.

"Now, my good Reader, whether I handle my subject in any of these ways, or in any other legitimate way, this is certain, that I never handle it as a cow does a musket; and that I have never wandered from it, not even when you have drawn me into a Tattle-de-Moy."

"*Auctor incomparabilis*, what is a Tattle-de-Moy?"

"*Lecteur, mon ami*, you shall now know what to expect in the next chapter, for I will tell you there what a Tattle-de-Moy is."

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL
CORRESPONDENCES TO THESE HIS LUCU-
BRATIONS.

And music mild I learn'd that tells
Tune, time, and measure of the song.

HIGGINS.

A TATTLE-DE-MOY, reader, was "a new-fashioned thing" in the year of our Lord 1676, "much like a Seraband, only it had in it more of conceit and of humour: and it might supply the place of a seraband at the end of a suit of lessons at any time." That simple-hearted, and therefore happy old man, Thomas Mace, invented it himself, because he would be a little modish, he said; and he called it a Tattle-de-Moy, "because it tattles, and seems to speak those very words or syllables. Its humour," said he, "is toyish, jocund, harmless and pleasant; and as if it were one playing with, or tossing, a ball up and down; yet it seems to have a very solemn countenance, and like unto one of a sober and innocent condition, or disposition; not antic, apish, or wild."

If indeed the gift of prophecy were imparted, or imputed to musicians, as it has sometimes been to poets, Thomas Mace might be thought to have unwittingly fore-shown certain characteristics of the unique opus which is now before the reader: so nearly has he described them, when instructing his pupils how to give right and proper names to all lessons they might meet with.

"There are, first, Preludes; then, secondly, Fancies and Voluntaries; thirdly, Pavines; fourthly, Allmaines; fifthly, Airs; sixthly, Galliards; seventhly, Corantoes; eighthly, Serabands; ninthly, Tattle-de-Moys; tenthly, Chichonas; eleventhly, Toys or Jiggs; twelfthly, Common Tunes; and, lastly, Grounds, with Divisions upon them.

"The Prelude is commonly a piece of confused, wild, shapeless kind of intricate play (as most use it), in which no perfect form, shape, or uniformity, can be perceived; but a random business, pottering

and grooping, up and down, from one stop, or key, to another; and generally so performed, to make trial, whether the instrument be well in tune or not; by which doing, after they have completed their tuning, they will (if they be masters) fall into some kind of voluntary or fancical play more intelligible; which (if he be a master able) is a way whereby he may more fully and plainly show his excellency and ability, than by any other kind of undertaking; and has an unlimited and unbounded liberty, in which he may make use of the forms and shapes of all the rest."

Here the quasi-prophetic lutanist may seem to have described the ante-initial chapters of this opus, and those other pieces which precede the beginning thereof, and resemble

A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which the voice shall wander.*

For though a censorious reader will pick out such expressions only as may be applied with a malign meaning; yet in what he may consider confused and shapeless, and call pottering and grooping, the competent observer will recognise the hand of a master, trying his instrument and tuning it; and then passing into a voluntary whereby he approves his skill, and foreshows the spirit of his performance.

The Pavines, Master Mace tells us, are lessons of two, three, or four strains, very grave and solemn; full of art and profundity, but seldom used in "these our light days," as in many respects he might well call the days of King Charles the Second. Here he characterises our graver Chapters, which are in strains so deep, so soothing, and so solemn withal, that if such a Pavine had been played in the hall of the palace at Aix, when King Charlemagne asked the Archbishop to dance, the invitation could not have been deemed indecorous.

Allmaines are very airy and lively, and generally in common or plain time. Airs differ from them only in being usually shorter, and of a more rapid and nimble

performance. — With many of these have the readers of the Doctor been amused.

Galliards, being grave and sober, are performed in a slow and large triple time. Some of the chapters relating to the history of Doncaster come under this description: especially that concerning its Corporation, which may be called a Galliard *par excellence*.

The Corantoes are of a shorter cut, and of a quicker triple time, full of sprightfulness and vigour, lively, brisk, and cheerful: the Serabands of the shortest triple time, and more toyish and light than the Corantoes. There are of both kinds in these volumes, and skilfully are they alternated with the Pavines:

— Now the musician

Hovers with nimble stick o'er squeaking crowd
Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat *;

and anon a strain is heard —

Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.†

And there are Chichonas also, which consist of a few conceited notes in a grave kind of humour; these are the Chapters which the Honourable Fastidious Feeblewit condemns as being in bad taste, and which Lord Makemotion Ganderman pronounces poor stuff; but at which Yorickson smiles, Macswift's countenance brightens, and Fitzrabelais laughs outright.

No prophecies can be expected to go upon all fours; and nothing in this opus corresponds to Master Mace's Toys, or Jiggs, which are "light, squibbish things, only fit for fantastical and easy light-headed people;" nor to his common Tunes.

Last in his enumeration is the Ground: this, he says, is "a set number of slow notes, very grave and stately; which, after it is expressed once or twice very plainly, then he that hath good brains and a good hand, undertakes to play several divisions upon it, time after time, till he has shewed his bravery, both of invention and execution."

My worthy friend Dr. Dense can need no hint to make him perceive how happily this applies to the ground of the present work, and the manner of treating it. And if Mr. Dulman disputes the application, it can only be because he is determined not to see it. All his family are remarkable for obstinacy.

And ere taking leave for awhile of the good old lutanist, I invite the serious and curious to another Pavine among the stars.

CHAPTER XCV.

WHEREIN MENTION IS MADE OF LORD BYRON, RONSARD, RABBI KAPOL AND CO. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT A MODE OF READING THE STARS HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THE RECOVERY OF OBLITERATED ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS; AND IT IS SHOWN THAT A MATHEMATICIAN MAY REASON MATHEMATICALLY, AND YET LIKE A FOOL.

Thus may ye behold
This man is very bold,
And in his learning old
Intendeth for to sit.
I blame him not a whit;
For it would vex his wit,
And clean against his earning
To follow such learning
As now-a-days is taught.

DOCTOR DOUBLE-ALE.

LORD BYRON calls the Stars the poetry of heaven, having perhaps in mind Ben Jonson's expression concerning bell-ringing. Ronsard calls them the characters of the sky:

— *Alors que Vesper vient embrunir nos yeux,
Attaché dans le ciel je contemple les cicur,
En qui Dieu nous escrit, en notes non obscures,
Les sorts et les destins de toutes creatures.
Car luy, en desdaignant (comme font les humains)
D'avoir encre et papier et plume entre les mains,
Par les astres du ciel, qui sont ses caracteres,
Les choses nous predit et bonnes et contraires.
Mais les hommes, chargez de terres et du trespas,
Mepresent tel escrit, et ne le lisent pas.*

The great French poet of his age probably did not know that what he thus said was actually believed by the Cabalists. According to them the ancient Hebrews represented the stars, severally and collectively, by the letters of their alphabet; to read the

* MARSTON.

† MILTON.

stars, therefore, was more than a metaphorical expression with them. And an astral alphabet for genethliacal purposes was published near the close of the fifteenth century, at Cracow, by Rabbi Kapol Ben Samuel, in a work entitled "The Profundity of Profundities."

But as this would rest upon an insecure foundation, — for who could be assured that the alphabet had been accurately made out? — it has been argued that the Heavens are repeatedly in the Scriptures called a Book, whence it is to be inferred that they contain legible characters: that the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis ought to be translated, "In the beginning God created the letter, or character of the Heavens;" and that in the nineteenth Psalm we should read "their line," instead of "their sound has gone forth into all lands," this referring to their arrangement in the firmament like letters upon a roll of parchment. Jews, Platonists and Fathers of the Church, are shown to have believed in this celestial writing. And there can be no question but that both the language and the characters must be Hebrew, that being the original speech, and those the original characters, and both divinely communicated to man, not of human invention. But single stars are not to be read as letters, as in the Astral Alphabet. This may be a convenient mode of noting them in astronomical observations; the elements of this celestial science are more recondite in proportion as the science itself is more mysterious. An understanding eye may distinguish that the stars in their groups form Hebrew letters, instead of those imaginary shapes which are called the signs of the Zodiac.

But as the Stars appear to us only as dots of light, much skill and sagacity are required for discovering how they combine into the complex forms of the Hebrew alphabet. The astral scholar reads them as antiquaries have made out inscriptions upon Roman buildings by the marks of the nails, when the letters themselves had been torn away by rapacious hands for the sake of the metal. Indeed it is not unlikely that the Abbé Bar-

thelemi took the hint from the curiously credulous work of his countryman, Gaffarel, who has given examples of this celestial writing from the Rabbis Kapol, Chomer and Abiudan. In these examples the stars are represented by white spots upon the black lines of the Hebrew letter. The Abbé, when he writes upon this subject to Count Caylus, seems not to have known that Peirese had restored ancient inscriptions by the same means; if, however, he followed the example of Peirese without choosing to mention his name, that omni-erudite man himself is likely to have seen the books from whence Gaffarel derived his knowledge.

There is yet another difficulty; even the book of Heaven is not stereotyped: its types are continually changing with the motion of the heavenly bodies, and changes of still greater importance are made by the appearance of new stars.

One important rule is to be observed in perusing this great stelliscript. He who desires to learn what good they prefigure, must read them from West to East; but if he would be forewarned of evil, he must read from North to West; in either case beginning with the stars that are most vertical to him. For the first part of this rule, no better reason has been assigned than the conjectural one, that there is a propriety in it, the free and natural motion of the stars being from West to East; but for the latter part a sufficient cause is found in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah: *septentrione pandetur malum*: "Out of the North evil shall break forth."

Dionyse Settle was persuaded that Martin Frobisher, being a Yorkshire-man, had, by his voyage in search of a north-west passage, repelled the rehearsal of those opprobrious words; not only he, but many worthy subjects more, as well as the said Dionyse, who was in the voyage himself, being "Yorkshire too."

But why should evil come from the North? "I conceive," says Gaffarel, "it would stand with sound philosophy to answer, by reason of the darkness and gloominess of the air of those parts, caused by the great distance of

the Sun; and also by reason of the Evil Spirits which inhabit dark places." This reason becomes stronger when it is considered that the word which in the Vulgate is rendered *pandetur*, may also be rendered *depingetur*, so that the verse might be translated, "all evils shall be described (or written) from the North;" and if written, then certainly to be read from that direction.

This theory of what Southey has called "the language of the lights of Heaven," is Jewish. Abu Almasar (nominally well known as Albumazar, by which name the knaves called him who knew nothing of him or his history), derived all religions from the Planets. The Chaldean, he said, was produced by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mars; the Egyptian, by Jupiter with the Sun; Judaism, by Jupiter with Saturn; Christianity, by Jupiter with Mercury; Mahomedanism, by Jupiter with Venus. And in the year 1460, when, according to his calculation, the conjunction of Jupiter and Mercury would again occur, he predicted that the Christian religion would receive its death blow, and the religion of Antichrist begin. Pursuing these fancies, others have asserted that the reason why the Jewish nation always has been miserable, and always must be so, is because their religion was formed under the influences of Saturn:—

Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.*

A malevolent planet he is, and also an unfortunate one, and it was he that

With lead-coloured shine lighting it into life,*

threw a tincture of severity and moroseness over the religion of the Jews; he it was that made them obstinate and covetous, and their Sabbath accordingly is his day. In like manner the character of the Turks and their day of rest have been determined by the planet Venus, which is the star of their religion. And as Christianity began under the influence of the Sun, Sunday is the Christian Sabbath; and the visible head of the Christian Church has his seat in Rome,

which is a solar city, its foundations having been laid when the Sun was in Leo, his proper House. Farther proof of this influence is, that the Cardinals wear red, which is a solar colour.

Dr. Jenkin, in his Discourses upon the Reasonableness and Certainty of the Christian Religion, takes into his consideration the opinion of those persons who thought that the stars would shine to little purpose unless there were other habitable worlds besides this earth whereon we dwell. One of the uses for which they serve he supposes to be this, that in all ages the wits of many men whose curiosity might otherwise be very ill employed have been busied in considering their end and nature, and calculating their distances and motions:—a whimsical argument, in advancing which he seems to have forgotten the mischievous purposes to which so much of the wit which had taken this direction had been applied.

Yet these fancies of the wildest astrologers are not more absurd than the grave proposition of John Craig, whose "*Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*" were published in London at the close of the 17th century. He asserted, and pretended to show by mathematical calculations, that the probability of the truth of the Gospel history was as strong at that time, as it would have been in the days of our Saviour himself, to a person who should have heard it related by twenty-eight disciples; but that, upon the same mathematical grounds, the probability will entirely cease by the year 3150; there would then be no more faith on earth, and, consequently, according to St. Luke, the world would then be at an end, and the Son of Man would come to judge the quick and the dead.

Bayle always ridiculed that sort of evidence which is called mathematical demonstration.

* WALLENSTEIN.

CHAPTER XCVI.

A MUSICIAN'S WISH EXCITED BY HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE. SYMPATHY BETWEEN PETER HOPKINS AND HIS PUPIL. INDIFFERENTISM USEFUL IN ORDINARY POLITICS, BUT DANGEROUS IN RELIGION.

Noi intendiamo parlare alle cose che utili sono alla umana vi'a, quanto per nostro incandimento si potrà in questa parte comprendere; e sopra quelle particelle che detto avemo di comporre.

BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

WHEN Miller talked of his friend Herschel's good fortune, and of his astronomical discoveries, and of his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who, while in his absence she could get possession of his twenty-feet reflector, amused herself with sweeping the sky, and searching for comets in the neighbourhood of the sun, the warm-hearted and musical-minded man used to wish that the science of acoustics had been advanced in the same degree as that of optics, and that his old friend, when he gave up music as a profession, had still retained it as a pursuit; for, had he constructed auditory tubes of proportionate power and magnitude to his great telescope, "who knows," said Miller, "but we might have been enabled to hear the music of the spheres!" Pythagoras used to listen to that music, when he retired into the depths of his own being; and, according to his disciples, to him alone of all mortals has it been audible. But philosophers in modern times have thought that the existence of this music is more than an enthusiast's dream, a poet's fiction, or an impostor's fable. They say it may be inferred as probable from some of Newton's discoveries; and as a consequence of that principle of harmony which in some parts of the system of nature is so clearly shown, and in others so mysteriously indicated.

As for the Doctor, when Miller talked to him of Miss Herschel's performances in sky-sweeping and comet-hunting, it reminded him of the nursery song, and he quoted the lines,

Old woman, old woman, whither so high?
I'm going to sweep cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by:

not meaning, however, any disrespect to the lady, nor knowing any thing of her age.

Herschel would have opened no new field of speculation for Peter Hopkins, if Hopkins had lived till that day; but he would have eradicated the last remains of his lurking belief in astrology, by showing how little those who pretended to read the stars had seen or known of them. The old man would have parted with it easily, though he delighted in obsolete knowledge, and took as much interest in making himself acquainted with the freaks of the human mind, as with the maladies of the human frame. He thought that they belonged to the same study; and the affection which he had so soon contracted for his pupil was in no small degree occasioned by his perceiving in him a kindred disposition. Mr. Danby says, "there is perhaps more of instinct in our feelings than we are aware of, even in our esteem of each other;" it is one of the many wise remarks of a thoughtful man.

This intellectual sympathy contributed much to the happiness of both, and no little to the intellectual progress of the younger party. But Hopkins's peculiar humour had rendered him indifferent upon some points of great moment. It had served as a prophylactic against all political epidemics, and this had been a comfortable security for him in times when such disorders were frequent and violent; and when, though far less malignant than those of the present age, they were far more dangerous, in individual cases. The reader may perhaps remember (and if not, he is now reminded of it,) how, when he was first introduced to Peter Hopkins, it was said that any king would have had in him a quiet subject, and any church a contented conformist. He troubled himself with no disputations in religion, and was troubled with no doubts, but believed what he was taught to believe, because he had been taught to believe it; and owing to the same facility of mind, under any change of dynasty, or revolution of government that could have befallen, he would have obeyed the ruling power. Such would always be the politics of the many, if they were let alone; and

such would always be their religion. As regards the civil point this is the best condition in which a people can be, both for themselves and their rulers; and if the laws be good and well administered, the form of government is good so far as it is causative of those effects, and so far as it is not causative, it is a trifle for which none but fools would contest. The proper end of all government being the general good, provided that good be attained it is infinitesimally insignificant by what means. That it can be equally attained under any form is not asserted here. The argument from the analogy of nature which might seem to favour such an assertion cannot be maintained. The Bees have their monarchy, and the Ants their republic; but when we are told to go to the Ant and the Bee, and consider their ways, it is not that we should borrow from them formic laws or apiarian policy. Under the worst scheme of government the desired end would be in a great degree attainable, if the people were trained up, as they ought to be, in the knowledge of their Christian duties; and unless they are so trained, it must ever be very imperfectly attained under the best.

Forms of government alone deserving to be so called, of whatever kind, are here intended, not those of savage or barbarous times and countries. Indeed it is only in advanced stages of society that men are left sufficiently to themselves to become reasonably contented; and then they may be expected, like our friend Peter Hopkins, to be better subjects than patriots. It is desirable that they should be so: for good subjects promote the public good at all times, and it is only in evil times that patriots are wanted,—such times as are usually brought on by rash, or profligate and wicked men, who assume the name.

From this political plasticity, in his days and in his station, no harm could arise either to himself or others. But the same temperament in religion, though doubtless it may reach the degree of saving faith, can hardly consist with an active and imaginative mind. It was fortunate, therefore, for the

Doctor, that he found a religious friend in Mr. Bacon. While he was at Leyden his position in this respect had not been favourable. Between the Dutch language and the Burgemeester's daughter, St. Peter's Kirk had not been a scene of much devotion for him. Perhaps many Churches in his own Country might have produced no better effect upon him at that time of life; but the loose opinions which Bayle had scattered were then afloat in Holland, and even these were less dangerous to a disposition such as his, than the fierce Calvinistic tenets by which they were opposed. The former might have beguiled him into scepticism, the latter might have driven him into unbelief, if the necessary attention to his professional studies, and an appetite for general knowledge, which found full employment for all leisure hours, had not happily prevented him from entering without a guide upon a field of inquiry, where he would either have been entangled among thorns, or beset with snares and pitfalls.

True indeed it is that nothing but the most injurious and inevitable circumstances could have corrupted his natural piety, for it had been fostered in him by his father's example, and by those domestic lessons which make upon us the deepest and most enduring impressions. But he was not armed, as it behoved him to be, against the errors of the age, neither those which like the pestilence walked in noon-day, nor those which did their work insidiously and in darkness.

Methodism was then in its rampant stage; the founders themselves had not yet sobered down; and their followers, though more decent than the primitive Quakers, and far less offensive in their operations, ran, nevertheless, into extravagancies which made ill-judging magistrates slow in protecting them against the insults and outrages of the rabble. The Dissenters were more engaged in controversy amongst themselves than with the Establishment; their old leaven had at that time no mass whereon to work, but it was carefully preserved. The Nonjurors, of all sects (if they may be called a sect), the

most respectable in their origin, were almost extinct. The Roman Catholics were quiet, in fear of the laws, — no toleration being then professed for a Church which proclaimed, and everywhere acted upon, the principle of absolute intolerance; but there were few populous parts of the kingdom in which there was not some secular priest, or some regular, not indeed

Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery,

for neither the uniform nor the trumpery were allowed, — but Monk, or Friar, or Jesuit, in lay-clothing, employed in secretly administering to the then decreasing numbers of their own communion, and recruiting them whenever they safely could; but more generally venturing no farther than to insinuate doubts, and unsettle the belief, of unwary and unlearned members of the established religion, for this could always be done with impunity. And in this they aided, and were aided by, those who in that age were known by the name, which they had arrogated to themselves, of Free-thinkers.

There was among the higher classes in those days a fashion of infidelity, imported from France; Shaftesbury and “the cankered Bolingbroke” (as Sir Robert Walpole used justly to call that profligate statesman) were beholden for their reputation more to this, than to any solidity of talents, or grace of style. It had made much less way in middle life than in the higher and lower ranks; for men in middle life, being generally trained up when children in the way they should go, were less likely to depart from it than those who were either above or below them in station; indeed they were not exposed to the same dangers. The principles which were veiled, but not disguised, by Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and exposed in their nakedness by Wilkes and his blasphemous associates at their orgies, were discussed in the Robin Hood Society, by men who were upon the same level with the holders-forth at the Rotunda in our own times, but who differed from them in these respects, that they neither

made a trading profession of impiety, nor ventured into the treason-line.

Any man may graduate in the schools of Irreligion and Mispolicy, if he have a glib tongue and a brazen forehead; with these qualities, and a small portion of that talent which is produceable on demand, he may take a wrangler's degree. Such men were often met with in the common walks of society, before they became audacious enough to show themselves upon the public theatre, and aspire to from a party in the state. Peter Hopkins could listen to them just with as much indifference as he did to a Jacobite, a Nonjuror, or one to whom the memory of Oliver and the saints in buff was precious. The Doctor, before he happily became acquainted with Mr. Bacon, held his peace when in the presence of such people, but from a different cause: for though his heart rose against their discourse, and he had an instinctive assurance that it was equally pernicious and false, he had not so stored himself with needful knowledge as to be able to confute the common-places of an infidel propagandist. But it has an ill effect upon others, when a person of sounder judgment and more acquirements than themselves, remains silent in the company of such talkers; for, from whatever motive his silence may proceed, it is likely to be considered, both by the assailants of the truth, and by the listeners, as an admission of his inability to maintain the better cause. Great evil has arisen to individuals, and to the community, from allowing scoffers to go unbuked in private life; and fallacies and falsehoods to pass uncontradicted and unexposed in those channels through which poison is conveyed to the public mind.

CHAPTER XCVII.

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE. CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION. TIME AND CHANGE. WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a Scotch village the Manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best; almost, indeed, what in old times the Mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness: and when the reunion which blessed them both rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep everything in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character, or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had expe-

rienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterise, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence, — to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father, — to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, "Thy will be done!" — to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away, as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which, perhaps, none but the afflicted heart is capable, — this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires.* This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the Gods:

"Ον οί θεοί φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νεός.

It was because he was "a mere philosopher," that he failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit." And the

* This passage was written when Southey was bowing his head under the sorest and saddest of his many troubles. He thus alludes to it in a letter to me, dated October 5. 1834.

"On the next leaf is the passage of which I spoke in my letter from York. It belongs to an early chapter in the third volume; and very remarkable it is that it should have been written just at that time."

heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest distress, hath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What, if she had been summoned in the flower of her years, and from a state of connubial happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted,—how surely must it have faded! how easily might that happiness have been interrupted by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solicitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were sinful as well as selfish to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was that he loved her too well to bring her again into this world of instability and trial. Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

*Ah! male FORTUNE devota est ara MANENTI!
Fallit, et hæc nullas accipit ara preces.**

All things here are subject to Time and Mutability:

*Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistra.†*

We must be in eternity before we can be secure against change. "The world," says Cowper, "upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning."

It was to the perfect Order he should find

in that state upon which he was about to enter, that the judicious Hooker looked forward at his death with placid and profound contentment. Because he had been employed in contending against a spirit of insubordination and schism which soon proved fatal to his country; and because his life had been passed under the perpetual discomfort of domestic discord, the happiness of Heaven seemed, in his estimation, to consist primarily in Order, as, indeed, in all human societies this is the first thing needful. The discipline which Mr. Bacon had undergone was very different in kind: what he delighted to think, was, that the souls of those whom death and redemption have made perfect, are in a world where there is no change, nor parting, where nothing fades, nothing passes away and is no more seen, but the good and the beautiful are permanent.

*Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone;
Ma, chi non ve la pone? ‡*

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another,—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"§

I wish I could record the name of the Monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

"The shows of things are better than themselves,"

says the author of the Tragedy of Nero, whose name also I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles:—

‡ PETRARCH.

§ See the very beautiful lines of Wordsworth in the "Yarrow Revisited." The affecting incident is introduced in "Lines on a Portrait."

Ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
Εἰδῶλ', ὁμοίαιε ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.*

These are reflections which should make us think

Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight,
O that great Sabaoth God grant me that sabbath's
sight.†

CHAPTER XCVIII.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day!
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard, or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

WITHER.

THERE is a book written in Latin by the Flemish Jesuit Sarasa, upon the Art of rejoicing always in obedience to the Apostle's precept, — '*Ars semper gaudendi, demonstrata ex solâ consideratione Divinæ Providentiæ.*' Leibnitz and Wolf have commended it; and a French Protestant minister abridged it under the better title of *L'Art de se tranquiliser dans tous les evenemens de la vie.* "I remember," says Cowper, "reading, many years ago, a long treatise on the subject of consolation, written in French; the author's name I have forgotten; but I wrote these words in the margin, — 'special consolation!' at least for a Frenchman, who is a creature the most

easily comforted of any in the world!" It is not likely that this should have been the book which Leibnitz praised; nor would Cowper have thus condemned one which recommends the mourner to seek for comfort, where alone it is to be found, in resignation to God's will, and in the prospect of the life to come. The remedy is infallible for those, who, like Mr. Bacon, faithfully pursue the course that the only true philosophy prescribes.

At first, indeed, he had felt like the bereaved maiden in Schiller's tragedy, and could almost have prayed like her, for a speedy deliverance, —

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

But even at first the sense of parental duty withheld him from such a prayer. The grief, though "fine, full, perfect," was not a grief that

— violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it,‡

There was this to compress, as it were, and perhaps to mitigate it, that it was wholly confined to himself, not multiplied among others, and reflected from them. In great public calamities, when fortunes are wrecked in revolutionary storms, or families thinned or swept off by pestilence, there may be too many who look upon it as

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris; §

and this is not so much because

— fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, ||

and that

— the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship, ||

as because the presence of a fellow sufferer at such times calls forth condolence, when that of one who continues in the sunshine of fortune might provoke an envious self-comparison, which is the commonest of all evil feelings. But it is not so with those

* SOPHOCLES.

† SPENCER.

‡ SHAKESPEARE. § INCERTI AUCTORIS.
|| SHAKESPEARE.

keener griefs which affect us in our domestic relations. The heart-wounds which are inflicted by our fellow-creatures are apt to fester: those which we receive in the dispensations of Almighty wisdom and the course of nature are remedial and sanative. There are some fruits which must be punctured before they can ripen kindly; and there are some hearts which require an analogous process.

He and Margaret had been all in all to each other, and the child was too young to understand her loss, and happily just too old to feel it as an infant would have felt it. In the sort of comfort which he derived from this sense of loneliness, there was nothing that resembled the pride of stoicism; it was a consideration that tempered his feelings and assisted in enabling him to control them, but it concentrated and perpetuated them.

Whether the souls of the departed are cognizant of what passes on earth, is a question which has been variously determined by those who have reasoned concerning the state of the dead. Thomas Burnet was of opinion that they are not, because they "rest from their labours." And South says, "it is clear that God sometimes takes his Saints out of the world for this very cause, that they may not see and know what happens in it. For so says God to King Josiah, 'Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace; neither shall thy eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and the inhabitants thereof.'" This he adduces as a conclusive argument against the invocation of Saints, saying, the "discourse would have been hugely absurd and inconsequent, if so be the saints' separation from the body gave them a fuller and a clearer prospect into all the particular affairs and occurrences that happen here upon earth."

Aristotle came to an opposite conclusion; he thought not only that the works of the deceased follow them, but that the dead are sensible of the earthly consequences of those works, and are affected in the other world by the honour or the reproach which is

justly ascribed to their memory in this. So Pindar represents it as one of the enjoyments of the blessed, that they behold and rejoice in the virtues of their posterity:

"Ἔστι δὲ καὶ τι θαυδόντασιν μέγας
Καινόνων ἐξόμιον,
Κατακρύπτει δ' οὐ κόνις
Συγγόνων κιδνάων χάριν.*

So Sextus, or Sextius, the Pythagorean, taught; *immortales crede te manere in judicio honores et penas*. And Bishop Ken deemed it would be an addition to his happiness in Paradise, if he should know that his devotional poems were answering on earth the purpose for which he had piously composed them:

— should the well-meant songs I leave behind
With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of Heaven to know
That in my verse the Saints hymn God below.

The *consensus gentium universalis* is with the Philosophers and the Bishop, against South and Burnet: it affords an argument which South would not have disregarded, and to which Burnet has, on another occasion, triumphantly appealed.

All sacrifices to the dead, and all commemorations of them, have arisen from this opinion, and the Romish Church established upon it the most lucrative of all its deceitful practices. Indeed the belief in apparitions could not prevail without it; and that belief, which was all but universal a century ago, is still, and ever will be held by the great majority of mankind. Call it a prejudice if you will; "what is an universal prejudice," says Reginald Heber, "but the voice of human nature?"—And Shakespeare seems to express his own opinion when he writes, "They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear." †

* PINDAR, Ol. viii. 101, &c. See also Pyth. v. 133. &c.
† All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. iii.

That the spirits of the departed are permitted to appear only for special purposes is what the most credulous believer in such appearances would probably admit, if he reasoned at all upon the subject. On the other hand, they who are most incredulous on this point would hardly deny that to witness the consequences of our actions may be a natural and just part of our reward or punishment in the intermediate state. We may well believe that they whom faith has sanctified, and who upon their departure join the spirits of the "just made perfect," may at once be removed from all concern with this world of probation, except so far as might add to their own happiness, and be made conducive to the good of others, in the ways of Providence. But by parity of reason, it may be concluded that the sordid and the sensual, they whose affections have been set upon worldly things, and who are of the earth earthy, will be as unable to rise above this earth, as they would be incapable of any pure and spiritual enjoyment. "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." When life is extinguished, it is too late for them to struggle for deliverance from the body of that death, to which, while the choice was in their power, they wilfully and inseparably bound themselves. The popular belief that places are haunted where money has been concealed (as if where the treasure was, and the heart had been, there would the miserable soul be also), or where some great and undiscovered crime has been committed, shows how consistent this is with our natural sense of likelihood and fitness.

There is a tale in the Nigaristan of Kemal-Pascha-zade, that one of the Sultans of Khorassan saw in a dream, Mahmoud a hundred years after his death, wandering about his palace,—his flesh rotten, his bones carious, but his eyes full, anxious, and restless. A dervise who interpreted the dream, said that the eyes of Mahmoud were thus troubled, because the kingdom, his beautiful spouse, was now in the embrace of another.

This was that great Mahmoud the Gaz-

nevide, who was the first Mohammedan conqueror that entered India, and the first who dropped the title of Malek and assumed that of Sultan in its stead. He it was, who after having broken to pieces with his own hands the gigantic idol of Soumenat, put to death fifty thousand of its worshippers, as a further proof of his holy Mohammedan indignation. In the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East, to be displayed before him,—the latter were so numerous that they were arranged in separate cabinets according to their colour and size. It was in the royal residence which he had built for himself in Gazna, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt conviction that all is vanity, he wept like a child. "What toils," said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures, and what cares in preserving them, and now I am about to die and leave them!" In this same palace he was interred, and there it was that his unhappy ghost, a century afterwards, was believed to wander.

CHAPTER XCIX.

A COUNTRY PARISH. SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST.

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delectabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delectabili, et in tutte due alcune si truovano honeste.

LEONE MEDICO (HEBRÆO).

MR. BACON'S parsonage was as humble a dwelling in all respects as the cottage in which his friend Daniel was born. A best

kitchen was its best room, and in its furniture an Observantine Friar would have seen nothing that he could have condemned as superfluous. His college and later school books, with a few volumes which had been presented to him by the more grateful of his pupils, composed his scanty library: they were either books of needful reference, or such as upon every fresh perusal might afford new delight. But he had obtained the use of the Church Library at Doncaster, by a payment of twenty shillings, according to the terms of the foundation. Folios from that collection might be kept three months, smaller volumes, one or two, according to their size; and as there were many works in it of solid contents as well as sterling value, he was in no such want of intellectual food, as too many of his brethren are, even at this time. How much good might have been done, and how much evil might probably have been prevented, if Dr. Bray's design for the formation of parochial libraries had been everywhere carried into effect!

The parish contained between five and six hundred souls. There was no one of higher rank among them than entitled him, according to the custom of those days, to be styled gentleman upon his tombstone. They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, ale-houses to brutalise, nor newspapers to mislead them. At first coming among them he had won their goodwill by his affability and benign conduct, and he had afterwards gained their respect and affection in an equal degree.

There were two services at his church, but only one sermon, which never fell short of fifteen minutes in length, and seldom extended to half-an-hour. It was generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in these days; but there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his

congregation liked that they should be repeated.

Young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions, in an excellent little book addressed by a Father to his Son, preparatory to his receiving holy orders. Its title is a "Monitor for Young Ministers," and every parent who has a son so circumstanced would do well to put it into his hands. "It is not possible," says this judicious writer, "that a young minister can at first be competent to preach his sermons with effect, even if his abilities should qualify him to write well. His very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, will preclude him from being effective. Unquestionably it is very rare indeed for a man of his age to have his mental abilities sufficiently chastened, or his method sufficiently settled, to be equal to the composition of a sermon fit for public use, even if it should receive the advantage of chaste and good delivery. On every account, therefore, it is wise and prudent to be slow and backward in venturing to produce his own efforts, or in thinking that they are fit for the public ear. There is an abundant field of the works of others open to him, from the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, even at his highest maturity. There is clearly no *want* of new compositions, excepting on some new or occasional emergencies: for there is not an open subject in the Christian religion, which has not been discussed by men of the greatest learning and piety, who have left behind them numerous works for our assistance and edification. Many of these are so neglected, that they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort, — till experience and a rational and chastened confidence shall warrant him in believing himself qualified to work upon his own resources."

"He that learns of young men," says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, "is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine

out of the wine-press; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.*

It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this that Mr. Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural humility. His only ambition was to be useful; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sincere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation. He was especially careful never to weary them, and, therefore, never to preach anything which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling: and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word stile, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson and Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

Mr. Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor overvalued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that they who listened to it would be able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would

do anything more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. "Wud I hae the persumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his Minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at Church!" "Ay, Sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to Church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

"Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it."† The author to whose little book ‡ I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying "Such was the religion of this worthy man," justly adds, "and such must be the religion of most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise."

"In spite," says this judicious writer, "of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity be the case with all men, who, from defect of

* LIGHTFOOT.

† FULLER.

‡ Few Words on many Subjects.

nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience, forbearance, and a great latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt."

CHAPTER C.

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, percase, deserved.
But what for that? This medicine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE first thing which Mr. Bacon had done after taking possession of his vicarage, and obtaining such information about his parishioners as the more considerate of them could impart, was to inquire into the state of the children in every household. He knew that to win the mother's good will was the surest way to win that of the family, and to win

the children was a good step toward gaining that of the mother. In those days reading and writing were thought as little necessary for the lower class, as the art of spelling for the class above them, or indeed for any except the learned. Their ignorance in this respect was sometimes found to be inconvenient, but by none, perhaps, except here and there by a conscientious and thoughtful clergyman, was it felt to be an evil, — an impediment in the way of that moral and religious instruction, without which men are in danger of becoming as the beasts that perish. Yet the common wish of advancing their children in the world made most parents in this station desire to obtain the advantage of what they called book-learning for any son who was supposed to manifest a disposition likely to profit by it. To make him a scholar was to raise him a step above themselves.

*Qui ha les lettres, ha l'adresse
Au double d'un qui n'en ha point.**

Partly for this reason, and still more that industrious mothers might be relieved from the care of looking after their children, there were few villages in which, as in Mr. Bacon's parish, some poor woman in the decline of life and of fortune did not obtain day-scholars enough to eke out her scanty means of subsistence.

The village Schoolmistress, such as Shenstone describes in his admirable poem, and such as Kirke White drew from the life, is no longer a living character. The new system of education has taken from this class of women the staff of their declining age, as the spinning jennies have silenced the domestic music of the spinning wheel. Both changes have come on unavoidably in the progress of human affairs. It is well when any change brings with it nothing worse than some temporary and incidental evil; but if the moral machinery can counteract the great and growing evils of the manufacturing system, it will be the greatest moral miracle that has ever been wrought.

Sunday schools †, which make Sunday a

* BAIF.

† See *suprà*, p. 146.

day of toil to the teachers, and the most irksome day of the week to the children, had not at that time been devised as a palliative for the profligacy of large towns, and the worsened and worsening condition of the poor. Mr. Bacon endeavoured to make the parents perform their religious duty toward their children, either by teaching them what they could themselves teach, or by sending them where their own want of knowledge might be supplied. Whether the children went to school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the Creed, and the Commandments, at home. These he thought were better learned at the mother's knees than from any other teacher; and he knew also how wholesome for the mother it was that the child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine. In a purely agricultural parish, there were at that time no parents in a state of such brutal ignorance as to be unable to teach these, though they might never have been taught to read. When the father or mother could read, he expected that they should also teach their children the catechism; in other cases this was left to his humble co-adjutrix the schoolmistress.

During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechising the children, after the second lesson in the evening service. His method was to ask a few questions in succession, and only from those who he knew were able to answer them; and after each answer he entered into a brief exposition suited to their capacity. His manner was so benevolent, and he had made himself so familiar in his visits, which were at once pastoral and friendly, that no child felt alarmed at being singled out; they regarded it as a mark of distinction, and the parents were proud of seeing them thus distinguished. This practice was discontinued in winter; because he knew that to keep a congregation in the cold is not the way either to quicken or cherish devotional feeling. Once a week during Lent he examined all the children, on a week day; the last examination was in Easter week, after which each was sent home

happy with a homely cake, the gift of a wealthy parishioner, who by this means contributed not a little to the good effect of the pastor's diligence.

The foundation was thus laid by teaching the rising generation their duty towards God and towards their neighbour, and so far training them in the way that they should go. In the course of a few years every household, from the highest to the lowest, — (the degrees were neither great nor many,) — had learned to look upon him as their friend. There was only one in the parish whose members were upon a parity with him in manners, none in literary culture; but in good will, and in human sympathy, he was upon a level with them all. Never interfering in the concerns of any family, unless his interference was solicited, he was consulted upon all occasions of trouble or importance. Incipient disputes, which would otherwise have afforded grist for the lawyer's mill, were adjusted by his mediation; and anxious parents, when they had cause to apprehend that their children were going wrong, knew no better course than to communicate their fears to him, and request that he would administer some timely admonition. Whenever he was thus called on, or had of himself perceived that reproof or warning was required, it was given in private, or only in presence of the parents, and always with a gentleness which none but an obdurate disposition could resist. His influence over the younger part of his flock was the greater because he was no enemy to any innocent sports, but, on the contrary, was pleased to see them dance round the may-pole, encouraged them to dress their doors with oaken boughs on the day of King Charles's happy restoration, and to wear an oaken garland in the hat, or an oak-apple on its sprig in the button hole; went to see their bonfire on the fifth of November, and entertained the morris-dancers when they called upon him in their Christmas rounds.

Mr. Bacon was in his parish what a moralising old poet wished himself to be, in these pleasing stanzas:—

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make his enemies his friends ;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God :
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in his grace and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace ;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease ;

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.*

CHAPTER CI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.
HORACE.

IN all Mr. Bacon's views he was fortunate enough to have the hearty concurrence of the wealthiest person in the parish. This was a good man, Allison by name, who having realised a respectable fortune in the metropolis as a tobaccoist, and put out his sons in life according to their respective inclinations, had retired from business at the age of threescore, and established himself with an unmarried daughter, and a maiden sister some ten years younger than himself, in his native village, that he might there, when his hour should come, be gathered to his fathers.

"The providence of God," says South, "has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil: custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot, with any enjoyment of himself, live out of it." The great preacher contrasts this with the wearisomeness of an idle life, and the misery of a continual round of what the world calls pleasure. "But now," says he, "if God has interwoven such a contentment with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-governed life?"

This passage bears upon Mr. Allison's case, partly in the consolatory fact which it states, and wholly in the application which South has made of it. At the age of fourteen he had been apprenticed to an Uncle in Bishopsgate Street-within; and twenty years after, on that Uncle's death, had succeeded to his old and well-established business. But though he had lived there prosperously and happily six and twenty years longer, he had contracted no such love for it as to overcome the recollections of his childhood. Grateful as the smell of snuff and tobacco had become to him, he still remembered that cowslips and violets were sweeter; and that the breath of a May morning was more exhilarating than the air of his own shop, impregnated as it was with the odour of the best Virginia. So having buried his wife, who was a Londoner, and made over the business to his eldest son, he returned to his native place, with the intention of dying there; but he was in sound health of body and mind, and his green old age seemed to promise,—as far as any thing can promise,—length of days.

Of his two other sons, one had chosen to

* N. B., supposed to be NICHOLAS BRETON.

be a clergyman, and approved his choice both by his parts and diligence, for he had gone off from Merchant-Taylors' School to St. John's, Oxford, and was then a fellow of that college. The other was a Mate in the Merchants' service, and would soon have the command of a ship in it. The desire of seeing the world led him to this way of life; and that desire had been unintentionally implanted by his father, who, in making himself acquainted with everything relating to the herb out of which his own fortune was raised, had become fond of reading voyages and travels. His conversation induced the lad to read these books, and the books confirmed the inclination which had already been excited; and as the boy was of an adventurous temper, he thought it best to let him follow the pursuit on which his mind was bent.

The change to a Yorkshire village was not too great for Mr. Allison, even after residing nearly half a century in Bishopsgate Street-within. The change in his own household indeed rendered it expedient for him to begin, in this sense, a new life. He had lost his mate; the young birds were full-fledged and had taken flight; and it was time that he should look out a retreat for himself and the single nestling that remained under his wing, now that his son and successor had brought home a wife. The marriage had been altogether with his approbation; but it altered his position in the house, and in a still greater degree his sister's; moreover, the nest would soon be wanted for another brood. Circumstances thus compelled him to put in effect what had been the dream of his youth, and the still remote intention of his middle age.

Miss Allison, like her brother, regarded this removal as a great and serious change, preparatory to the only greater one in this world that now remained for both; but like him she regarded it rather seriously than sadly, or sadly only in the old sober meaning of the word; and there was a soft, sweet, evening sunshine in their prospect, which both partook, because both had retained a deep affection for the scenes of their child-

hood. To Betsey, her niece, nothing could be more delightful than the expectation of such a removal. She, who was then only entering her teens, had nothing to regret in leaving London; and the place to which she was going was the very spot which, of all others in this wide world, from the time in which she was conscious of forming a wish, she had wished most to see. Her brother, the sailor, was not more taken with the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, or Dampier's Voyages, than she was with her aunt's details of the farm and the dairy at Thaxted Grange, the May-games and the Christmas gambols, the days that were gone, and the elders who were departed. To one born and bred in the heart of London, who had scarcely ever seen a flock of sheep, except when they were driven through the streets, to or from Smithfield, no fairy tale could present more for the imagination than a description of green fields and rural life. The charm of truth heightened it, and the stronger charm of natural piety; for the personages of the tale were her near kin, whose names she had learned to love, and whose living memory she revered, but whose countenances she never could behold till she should be welcomed by them in the everlasting mansions of the righteous.

None of the party were disappointed when they had established themselves at the Grange. Mr. Allison found full occupation at first in improving the house, and afterwards in his fields and garden. Mr. Bacon was just such a clergyman as he would have chosen for his parish priest, if it had been in his power to choose, only he would have had him provided with a better benefice. The single thing on which there was a want of agreement between them, was, that the Vicar neither smoked nor took snuff; he was not the worse company on this account, for he had no dislike to the fragrance of a pipe; but his neighbour lost the pleasure which he would have had in supplying him with the best pig-tail, and with Strasburg or Rappee. Miss Allison fell into the habits of her new station the more easily, because they were those which she had witnessed in

her early youth; she distilled waters, dried herbs, and prepared conserves, — which were at the service of all who needed them in sickness. Betsey attached herself at first sight to Deborah, who was about five years elder, and soon became to her as a sister. The Aunt rejoiced in finding so suitable a friend and companion for her niece; and as this connexion was a pleasure and an advantage to the Allisons, so was it of the greatest benefit to Deborah.

— What of her ensues
I list not prophecy, but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. Of this allow
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, the Author then doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may.*

INTERCHAPTER XI.

ADVICE TO CERTAIN READERS INTENDED
TO ASSIST THEIR DIGESTION OF THESE
VOLUMES.

Take this in good part, whosoever thou be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.
TUSSER.

THE wisest of men hath told us that there is a time for everything. I have been considering what time is fittest for studying this elaborate *opus*, so as best to profit by its recondite stores of instruction, as the great chronicler of Garagantua says, *avec espoir certain d'acquerrir moult prudence et preud'homme à la ditte lecture, la quelle vous relevera de tres-hauts sacrements et mysteres horrifiques.*

The judicious reader must ere this have perceived that this work, to use the happy expression of the *Demoiselle de Gournay*, is *édifié de telle sort que les mots et la matière sont consubstantiels.* In one sense indeed it is

Meet for all hours and every mood of man; †

but all hours are not equally meet for it. For it is not like Sir Walter Scott's novels, fit for men, women and children, at morning, noon, or night, summer and winter,

and every day, among all sorts of people, — Sundays excepted with the religious public. Equally sweet in the mouth it may be to some; but it will not be found equally light of digestion.

Whether it should be taken upon an empty stomach, must depend upon the constitution of the reader. If he is of that happy complexion that he awakes in the morning with his spirits elastic as the air, fresh as the dawn, and joyous as the skylark, let him by all means read a chapter before breakfast. It will be a carminative, a cordial for the day. If, on the contrary, his faculties continue to feel the influence of the leaden sceptre till breakfast has resuscitated them, I advise him not to open the book before the stomach has been propitiated by a morning offering.

Breakfast will be the best time for bachelors, and especially for lawyers. They will find it excellent to prime with.

I do not recommend it at night. Rather, indeed, I caution the reader against indulging in it at that time. Its effect might be injurious, for it would counteract the genial tendency to repose which ought then to be encouraged. Therefore when the hour of sleep approaches, lay this book aside, and read four pages upon political economy, — it matters not in what author, though the Scotch are to be preferred.

Except at night, it may be perused at any time by those who have the *mens sana in corpore sano*; those who fear God, honour the King, love their country and their kind, do their duty to their neighbours, and live in the performance and enjoyment of the domestic charities.

It will be an excellent Saturday book for Rowland Hill; his sermon will be pleasanter for it next day.

The book is good for valetudinarians, and may even be recommended in aid of Abernethy's blue-pill. But I do not advise it with water-gruel nor sago; hardly with chicken-broth, calf's-foot-jelly, or beef-tea. It accords well with a course of tonics. But a convalescent will find it best with his first beef-steak and glass of wine.

* SHAKESPEARE.

† DR. BUTT.

The case is different for those who have either a twist in the head or a morbid affection about the pericardium.

If Grey Bennet will read it, — (from which I dehort him), — he should prepare by taking the following medicine to purge cholera: —

R. *Extract: Colocynth: Comp: gr. x.*

Calomel: gr. v.

Syr: q. s. f. Massa in pilulas iij dividenda. — Sunat pilulas iij horâ somni.

It will do Lord Holland no harm.

Lord John Russell is recommended to use sage tea with it. If this operate as an alterative, it may save him from taking oil of rue hereafter in powerful doses.

For Mr. Brougham a strong decoction of the herb *lunaria* will be needful, — a plant “elegantly so named by the elder botanists, and by all succeeding ones, from *luna*, the moon, on account of the silvery semi-transparent aspect, and broad circular shape of its seed-vessels.” *Honesty*, or *satin-flower*, are its trivial names. It is recommended in this case not so much for the cephalic properties which its Linnæan appellation might seem to denote, as for its emollient and purifying virtue.

The Lord Chancellor must never read it in his wig. Dr. Parr, never without it.

Mr. Wilberforce may dip into it when he will. At all times it will find him in good humour, and in charity with all men. Nay, if I whisper to him that it will be no sin to allow himself a few pages on a Sunday, and that if the preacher, under whom he has been sitting, should have given his discourse a strong spice of Calvinism, it may then be useful to have recourse to it; — though he should be shocked at the wholesome hint, the worst thing he will say of the incognisable incognito from whom it comes, will be Poo-oo-oo-r cree-ee-ature! shaking his head, and lowering it at the same time, till his forehead almost touches the table, and his voice, gradually quickening in speed and sinking in tone, dies away to a whisper, in a manner which may thus be represented in types;

Poo-oo-oo-oo-r Crēēature

Poo-oo-oo-oo-r Crēēature

Poo-oo-ōō-r Crēature

Pōō-ōō-r Crēature

Pōōōōr Crēature

Pōōōr Crēature

Pōōr Crēature

Pōōr Crēture

Poor Cretur

Poor Crtur

Poo Crtr

Poo Cr

CHAPTER CII.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature wherewith God hath above the common rate endued him.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

MR. ALLISON was as quiet a subject as Peter Hopkins, but he was not like him a political quietist from indifference, for he had a warm sense of loyalty, and a well-rooted attachment to the constitution of his country in church and state. His ancestors had suffered in the Great Rebellion, and much the greater part of their never large estates had been alienated to raise the fines imposed upon them as delinquents. The uncle, whom he succeeded in Bishopsgate Street, had, in his early apprenticeship, assisted at burning the Rump, and in maturer years had joined as heartily in the rejoicings, when the Seven Bishops were released from the Tower: he subscribed to Walker's “Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy,” and had heard sermons preached by the famous Dr. Scott, (which were afterwards incorporated in his great work upon the Christian Life,) in the church of St. Peter-le-Poor (oddly so called, seeing that there are few districts within the City of London so rich, insomuch that

the last historian of the metropolis believed the parish to have scarcely a poor family in it),—and in All-hallows, Lombard Street, where, during the reign of the Godly, the puritanical vestry passed a resolution that if any persons should come to the church “on the day called Christ’s birth-day,” they should be compelled to leave it.

In these principles Mr. Allison had grown up; and without any profession of extra-religion, or ever wearing a sanctified face, he had in the evening of his life attained “the end of the commandment, which is charity, proceeding from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned.” London in his days was a better school for young men in trade than it ever was before, or has been since. The civic power had quietly and imperceptibly put an end to that club-law which once made the apprentices a turbulent and formidable body, at any moment armed as well as ready for a riot; and masters exercised a sort of parental control over the youth entrusted to them, which in later times it may be feared has not been so conscientiously exerted, because it is not likely to be so patiently endured. Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition, which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age. At all times men have been to be found, who engaged in hazardous speculations, gamester-like, according to their opportunities, or who, mistaking the means for the end, devoted themselves with miserable fidelity to the service of Mammon. But “Live and let live,” had not yet become a maxim of obsolete morality. We had our monarchy, our hierarchy, and our aristocracy,—God be praised for the benefits which have been derived from all three, and God in his mercy continue them to us! but we had no plutarchy, no millionaires, no great capitalists to break down the honest and industrious trader with the weight of their overbearing and overwhelming wealth. They who had enriched themselves in the course of regular and honourable commerce withdrew from business, and left the field

to others. Feudal tyranny had passed away, and moneyed tyranny had not yet arisen in its stead—a tyranny baser in its origin, not more merciful in its operations, and with less in its appendages to redeem it.

Trade in Mr. Allison’s days was a school of thrift and probity, as much as of profit and loss; such his shop had been when he succeeded to it upon his uncle’s decease, and such it continued to be when he transmitted it to his son. Old Mr. Strahan the printer (the founder of his tyrarchical dynasty) said to Dr. Johnson, that “there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money;” and he added, that “the more one thinks of this the juster it will appear.” Johnson agreed with him; and though it was a money-maker’s observation, and though the more it is considered now, the more fallacious it will be found, the general system of trade might have justified it at that time. The entrance of an Exciseman never occasioned any alarm or apprehension at No. 113. Bishopsgate-Street-Within, nor any uncomfortable feeling, unless the officer happened to be one, who, by giving unnecessary trouble, and by gratuitous incivility in the exercise of authority, made an equitable law odious in its execution. They never there mixed weeds with their tobacco, nor adulterated it in any worse way; and their snuff was never rendered more pungent by stirring into it a certain proportion of pounded glass. The duties were honestly paid, with a clear perception that the impost fell lightly upon all whom it affected, and affected those only who chose to indulge themselves in a pleasure which was still cheap, and which, without any injurious privation, they might forego. Nay, when our good man expatiated upon the uses of tobacco, which Mr. Bacon demurred at, and the Doctor sometimes playfully disputed, he ventured an opinion that among the final causes for which so excellent an herb had been created, the facilities afforded by it toward raising the revenue in a well-governed country like our own might be one.

There was a strong family likeness be-

tween him and his sister, both in countenance and disposition. Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence, if she had been allotted to him for help-mate. But though she had, in Shakespeare's language, "withered on the virgin thorn," hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable, but sickly sister-in-law, from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, the transfer of the business to the eldest, and the breaking-up of his old establishment, to the widower and his daughter, the only child who cleaved to him,—not like Ruth to Naomi, by a meritorious act of duty, for in her case it was in the ordinary course of things, without either sacrifice or choice; but the effect in endearing her to him was the same.

In advanced stages of society and nowhere more than in England at this time, the tendency of all things is to weaken the relations between parent and child, and frequently to destroy them, reducing human nature in this respect nearer to the level of animal life. Perhaps the greater number of male children who are "born into the world" in our part of it, are *put out* at as early an age, proportionately as the young bird is driven from its nest, or the young beast turned off by its dam as being capable of feeding and protecting itself; and in many instances they are as totally lost to the parent, though not in like manner forgotten. Mr. Allison never saw all his children together after his removal from London. The only time when his three sons met at the Grange was when they came there to attend their father's funeral; nor would they then have been assembled, if the Captain's ship had not happened to have recently arrived in port.

This is a state of things more favourable to the wealth than to the happiness of nations. It was a natural and pious custom in patriarchal times that the dead should be gathered unto their people. "Bury me,"

said Jacob, when he gave his dying charge to his sons,—"bury me with my fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." Had such a passage occurred in Homer, or in Dante, all critics would have concurred in admiring the truth and beauty of the sentiment. He had buried his beloved Rachel by the way where she died; but although he remembered this at his death, the orders which he gave were that his own remains should be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers. The same feeling prevails among many, or most of those savage tribes who are not utterly degraded. With them the tree is not left to lie where it falls. The body of one who dies on an expedition is interred on the spot, if distance or other circumstances render it inconvenient to transport the corpse; but, however long the journey, it is considered as a sacred duty that the bones should at some time or other be brought home. In Scotland, where the common rites of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burial-grounds in the remoter parts are preserved, may be referred as much to natural feeling as to hereditary pride.

But as indigenous flowers are eradicated by the spade and plough, so this feeling is destroyed in the stirring and bustling intercourse of commercial life. No room is left for it: as little of it at this time remains in wide America as in thickly-peopled England. That to which soldiers and sailors are reconciled by the spirit of their profession and the chances of war and of the seas, the love of adventure and the desire of advancement cause others to regard with the same indifference; and these motives are so prevalent, that the dispersion of families and the consequent disruption of natural ties, if not occasioned by necessity, would now in most instances be the effect of

choice. Even those to whom it is an inevitable evil, and who feel it deeply as such, look upon it as something in the appointed course of things, as much as infirmity and age and death.

It is well for us that in early life we never think of the vicissitudes which lie before us; or look to them only with pleasurable anticipations as they approach.

Youth

Knows nought of changes: Age hath traced them oft,
Expects and can interpret them.*

The thought of them, when it comes across us in middle life, brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a passing cloud. We turn our eyes from them while they are in prospect, but when they are in retrospect many a longing lingering look is cast behind. So long as Mr. Allison was in business he looked to Thaxted Grange as the place where he hoped one day to enjoy the blessings of retirement, — that *otium cum dignitate*, which in a certain sense the prudent citizen is more likely to attain than the successful statesman. It was the pleasure of recollection that gave this hope its zest and its strength. But after the object which during so many years he had held in view had been obtained, his day-dreams, if he had allowed them to take their course, would have recurred more frequently to Bishopsgate-Street than they had ever wandered from thence to the scenes of his boyhood. They recurred thither oftener than he wished, although few men have been more masters of themselves; and then the remembrance of his wife, whom he had lost by a lingering disease in middle age; and of the children, those who had died during their childhood, and those who in reality were almost as much lost to him in the ways of the world, made him always turn for comfort to the prospect of that better state of existence in which they should once more all be gathered together, and where there would be neither change nor parting. His thoughts often fell into this train, when on summer evenings he was taking a solitary pipe in his

garret, with the church in sight, and the churchyard wherein at no distant time he was to be laid in his last abode. Such musings induced a sense of sober piety, — of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which might vainly have been sought at prayer-meetings, or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings.

The happiness which he had found in retirement was of a different kind from what he had contemplated: for the shades of evening were gathering when he reached the place of his long-wished-for rest, and the picture of it which had imprinted itself on his imagination was a morning view. But he had been prepared for this by that slow change of which we are not aware during its progress till we see it reflected in others, and are thus made conscious of it in ourselves; and he found a satisfaction in the station which he occupied there, too worthy in its nature to be called pride, and which had not entered into his anticipations. It is said to have been a saying of George the Third, that the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed, was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as a Justice of the Peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. This was just Mr. Allison's position: there was nothing which brought him into rivalry or competition with the surrounding Squirearchy, and the yeomen and peasantry respected him for his own character, as well as for his name's-sake. He gave employment to more persons than when he was engaged in trade, and his indirect influence over them was greater; that of his sister was still more. The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been as well as for what she now was; the young looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied in vain. She it was who provided those much-

* ISAAC COMMENUS.

approved plum cakes, not the less savoury for being both homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in a parish which are the province of the Clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed; and she rendered Mr. Bacon the farther, and to him individually the greater, service of imparting to his daughter those instructions which she had no mother to impart. Deborah could not have had a better teacher; but as the present chapter has extended to a sufficient length,

*Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,
Per non venire a noja a me e voi.**

CHAPTER CIII.

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113. BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN; AND OF THE FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

THE house wherein Mr. Allison realised by fair dealing and frugality the modest fortune which enabled him to repurchase the homestead of his fathers, is still a Tobacconist's, and has continued to be so from "the palmy days" of that trade, when King James vainly endeavoured by the expression of his royal dislike, to discountenance the newly-imported practice of smoking; and Joshua Sylvester thundered from Mount Helicon a Volley of Holy Shot, thinking that thereby "Tobacco" should be "battered, and the Pipes shattered, about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise overlove so loathsome vanity."† For he said,

* ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

† Old Burton's was a modified opinion. See *Anatomic of Melancholy*, part ii. § 2. mem. 2. subs. 2.

If there be any Herb in any place
Most opposite to God's good Herb of Grace,
'Tis doubtless this; and this doth plainly prove it,
That for the most, most graceless men do love it.

Yet it was not long before the dead and unsavoury odour of that weed, to which a Parisian was made to say that "sea-coal smoke seemed a very Portugal perfume," prevailed as much in the raiment of the more coarsely-clad part of the community, as the scent of lavender among those who were clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and it had grown so much in fashion, that it was said children "began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth."

Louis XIV. endeavoured just as ineffectually to discourage the use of snuff-taking. His *valets de chambre* were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy in consequence of having, to please his Majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

I know not through what intermediate hands the business at No. 113. has passed, since the name of Allison was withdrawn from the firm; nor whether Mr. Evans, by whom it is now carried on there, is in any way related by descent with that family. Matters of no greater importance to most men have been made the subject of much antiquarian investigation; and they who busy themselves in such investigations must not be said to be ill-employed, for they find harmless amusement in the pursuit, and sometimes put up a chance truth of which others, soon or late, discover the application. The house has at this time a more antiquated appearance than any other in that part of the street, though it was modernised some forty or fifty years after Mr. Bacon's friend left it. The first floor then projected several feet farther over the street than at present, and the second several feet farther over the first; and the windows, which still extend the whole breadth of the front, were then composed of small casement panes. But in the progress of those improvements which are now carrying on in the city with as much

spirit as at the western end of the metropolis, and which have almost reached Mr. Evans's door, it cannot be long before the house will be either wholly removed, or so altered as no longer to be recognised.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago;—their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no foot-paths; spouts projected the rain-water in streams against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop*, from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of these broad signs, in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front-fall of this kind in Fleet Street maimed several persons, and killed "two young ladies, a cobbler, and the King's Jeweller."

The sign at No. 113. was an Indian Chief, smoking the calumet. Mr. Allison had found it there; and when it became necessary that a new one should be substituted, he retained the same figure,—though, if he had been to choose, he would have greatly preferred the head of Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, according to the common belief, he supposed tobacco had been introduced into this country. The Water-Poet imputed it to the Devil himself, and published

A Proclamation,
Or Approbation,
From the King of Execution
To every Nation,
For Tobacco's propagation.

Mr. Allison used to shake his head at such libellous aspersions. Raleigh was a great favourite with him, and held, indeed, in es-

pecial respect, though not as the Patron of his old trade, as St. Crispin is of the Gentle Craft, yet as the founder of his fortune. He thought it proper, therefore, that he should possess Sir Walter's History of the World, though he had never found inclination, or summoned up resolution, to undertake its perusal.

Common sense has been defined by Sir Egerton Brydges, "to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgement, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this," he adds, "be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation." Except that there was no coarseness in his nature, this would apply to Mr. Allison. He had been bred up with the notion that it behoved him to attend to his business, and that reading formed no part of it. Nevertheless he had acquired some liking for books by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those unfortunate volumes with which the shop was continually supplied for its daily consumption.

— Many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains,*

went there; and many a tome of old law, old physic, and old divinity; old history as well; books of which many were at all times rubbish; some, which though little better, would now sell for more shillings by the page than they then cost penny by the pound; and others, the real value of which is perhaps as little known now, as it was then. Such of these as in latter years caught his attention, he now and then rescued from the remorseless use to which they had been condemned. They made a curious assortment with his wife's books of devotion or amusement, wherewith she had sometimes beguiled, and sometimes soothed the weary hours of long and frequent illness. Among the former were Scott's "Christian

* The counting of these signs "from Temple Bar to the furthest Conduit in Cheapside," &c., is quoted as a remarkable instance of Fuller's Memory. Life, &c. p. 76. Ed. 1662.

Life," Bishop Bayly's "Practice of Piety," Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Dreincourt on Death, with De Foe's lying story of Mrs. Veal's ghost as a puff preliminary, and the Night Thoughts. Among the latter were Cassandra, the Guardian and Spectator, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Richardson's Novels and Pomfret's Poems.

Mrs. Allison had been able to do little for her daughter of that little, which, if her state of health and spirits had permitted, she might have done; this, therefore, as well as the more active duties of the household, devolved upon Elizabeth, who was of a better constitution in mind as well as body. Elizabeth, before she went to reside with her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the "Queen's Cabinet Unlocked." The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelt as she thought fit; but it was written in a well-proportioned Italian hand, with fine down-strokes and broad up-ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say, good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five-and-twenty years' residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding-school, of the first repute, in one of the midland counties, used to say, when they spoke of an old pupil, "*her went to school to we.*" Miss Allison's language was not of this kind,—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave a raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

She had been well instructed in ornamental work as well as ornamental penmanship. Unlike most fashions, this had continued to be in fashion because it continued to be of use; though no doubt some of the varieties which Taylor, the Water-Poet, enumerates in his praise of the Needle, might have been then as little understood as now:—

Tent-work, Raised-work, Laid-work, Prest-work, Network,
Most curious Pearl, or rare Italian Cut-work,*
Fine Fern-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-stitch and Chain-stitch,
Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch and Queen-stitch,
The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch and Maw-stitch,
The smaring Whip-stitch, Back-stitch and the Cross-stitch.

All these are good, and these we must allow;
And these are every where in practice now.

There was a book published in the Water Poet's days, with the title of "School House for the Needle;" it consisted of two volumes in oblong quarto, that form being suited to its plates "of sundry sorts of patterns and examples;" and it contained a "Dialogue in Verse between Diligence and Sloth." If Betsy Allison had studied in this "School House," she could not have been a greater proficient with the needle than she became under her Aunt's teaching: nor would she have been more

— versed in the arts
Of pies, puddings, and tarts,*

if she had gone through a course of practical lessons in one of the Pastry Schools which are common in Scotland, but were tried without success in London, about the middle of the last century. Deborah partook of these instructions at her father's desire. In all that related to the delicacies of a country table, she was glad to be instructed, because it enabled her to assist her friend; but it appeared strange to her that Mr. Bacon should wish her to learn ornamental work, for which she neither had, nor could foresee any use. But if the employment had been less agreeable than she found it in such company, she would never have disputed, nor questioned his will.

For so small a household, a more active or cheerful one could nowhere have been found than at the Grange. Ben Jonson reckoned among the happinesses of Sir Robert Wroth, that of being "with unbought provision blest." This blessing Mr. Allison enjoyed in as great a degree as his position in life permitted; he neither killed his own meat nor grew his own corn; but he had his poultry yard, his garden and his

* T. WARTON.

orchard; he baked his own bread, brewed his own beer, and was supplied with milk, cream and butter from his own dairy. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the most intelligent farmers in the neighbourhood of London are persons who have taken to farming as a business, because of their strong inclination for rural employments; one of the very best in Middlesex, when the Survey of that County was published by the Board of Agriculture, had been a Tailor. Mr. Allison did not attempt to manage the land which he kept in his own hands; but he had a trusty bailiff, and soon acquired knowledge enough for superintending what was done. When he retired from trade he gave over all desire for gain, which indeed he had never desired for its own sake; he sought now only wholesome occupation, and those comforts which may be said to have a moral zest. They might be called luxuries, if that word could be used in a virtuous sense without something so to qualify it. It is a curious instance of the modification which words undergo in different countries, that luxury has always a sinful acceptation in the southern languages of Europe, and lust an innocent one in the northern; the harmless meaning of the latter word, we have retained in the verb *to list*.

Every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. The Grange was that spot in Deborah's retrospect.

CHAPTER CIV.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A WISE MAN, WHEN HE RISES IN THE MORNING, LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO BEFORE NIGHT.

— Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE.

ONE summer evening the Doctor on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr.

Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, "Come in Doctor," said he, "if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome."

The Doctor replied, "I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?" "No," said Mr. Bacon, "God be thanked! but something has occurred which concerns both."

When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought; "Nothing," said he, "I hope has happened to distress you?" — "Only to disturb us," was the reply. "Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and who is he?" feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

"Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she would make him a good wife; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world."

"And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding?"

"I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain: that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes; and with an angry look, of which I did not

think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. 'Do you know any ill of him?' said I; 'No,' she replied, 'but I never heard any good, and that's ill enough. And I do not like his looks.'

"Well said, Deborah!" cried the Doctor: clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

"Surely, my child," said I, 'he is not an ill-looking person?' 'Father,' she replied, 'you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.'

"Well said, Deborah!" repeated the Doctor.

"Why Doctor, do you know any ill of him?"

"None. But as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness."

"You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation."

"Yet," said the Doctor, "I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her."

"Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected, as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudentially formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good

wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him."

"And how was it possible," replied the Doctor, "that you could have succeeded better? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable; and for her principles, and temper and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one."

"You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that while her habits have properly been made conformable to our poor means, and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite: though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.

"I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now,—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so."

"Are you sensible of any symptoms that

can lead to such an apprehension?" said the Doctor.

"Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions, — sensations they might almost be called, — which as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them."

"Can you not describe these sensations?"

"No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable."

"Do not," said the Doctor, "I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences, which, without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burthensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort."

"I have this feeling, Doctor; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity."

"Let me feel your pulse!"

"You will detect no other disorder there," said Mr. Bacon, holding out his arm as he

spoke, "than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself."

"You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?"

"In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death."

"And you have made up your mind to part with her?"

"Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me."

"Well then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject. — You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite. — Have I your consent?"

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

"I dare say, Deborah," said her father, composing himself, "you have been telling Betsy Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused."

"Yes," replied Deborah; "and what do you think she said? That little as she likes him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself."

"And I," said the Doctor, "rather than such a man should have you would marry you myself."

"Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor?"

"So right, that you never pleased me so well before; and never can please me better, — unless you will accept of me in his stead."

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously, and half angrily withal; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he took her by the hand, and said, "Will

you, dear Deborah?" with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried, "Father, what am I to say? speak for me!"—"Take her, my friend!" said Mr. Bacon; "My blessing be upon you both. And if it be not presumptuous to use the words,—let me say for myself, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!'"

CHAPTER CV.

A WORD OF NOBS, AND AN ALLUSION TO CÆSAR. SOME CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE DOCTOR'S SECOND LOVE, WHEREBY THOSE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST ARE ACCOUNTED FOR.

*Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
Y vá se derecho hasta el corazon;
Allí en ser llegado se torna afición,
Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos:
Causa alegrias, tristezas, antojos;
Haze llorar, y haze reir,
Haze cantar, y haze planir,
Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.*

QUESTION DE AMOR.

"NOBS," said the Doctor, as he mounted and rode away from Mr. Bacon's garden gate, "when I alighted and fastened thee to that wicket, I thought as little of what was to befall me then, and what I was about to do, as thou knowest of it now."

Man has an inward voice as well as an "inward eye,"* a voice distinct from that of conscience. It is the companion, if not "the bliss of solitude;"* and though he sometimes employs it to deceive himself, it gives him good counsel perhaps quite as often, calls him to account, reproves him for having left unsaid what he ought to have said, or for having said what he ought not to have said, reprehends or approves, admonishes or encourages. On this occasion it was a joyful and gratulatory voice, with which the Doctor spake mentally, first to Nobs and afterwards to himself, as he rode back to Doncaster.

By this unuttered address the reader would perceive, if he should haply have forgotten what was intimated in some of the ante-initial chapters, and in the first post-initial one, that the Doctor had a horse, named Nobs; and the question Who was Nobs, would not be necessary, if this were all that was to be said concerning him. There is much to be said; the tongue that could worthily express his merits had need be like the pen of a ready writer; though I will not say of him as Berni or Boiardo has said of

— *quel valeroso e bel destriero,*

Argalia's horse, Rubicano, that

*Un che volesse dir lodando il vero,
Bisogno aria di parlar piu ch' umano.*

At present, however, I shall only say this in his praise, he was altogether unlike the horse of whom it was said he had only two faults, that of being hard to catch, and that of being good for nothing when he was caught. For whether in stable or in field, Nobs would come like a dog to his master's call. There was not a better horse for the Doctor's purpose in all England; no, nor in all Christendom; no, nor in all Houyhnhndom, if that country had been searched to find one.

Cæsarem velis, said Cæsar to the Egyptian boatman. But what was that which the Egyptian boat carried, compared to what Nobs bore upon that saddle to which constant use had given its polish bright and brown?

*Virtutem solidi pectoris hospitam
Idem portat equus, qui dominum.†*

Nobs therefore carried—all that is in these volumes; yea, and as all future generations were, according to Madame Bourignon, actually as well as potentially, contained in Adam,—all editions and translations of them, however numerous.

But on that evening he carried something of more importance; for on the life and weal of his rider there depended from that hour, as far as its dependence was upon any-

* WORDSWORTH.

† CASIMIR.

thing earthly, the happiness of one of the best men in the world, and of a daughter who was not unworthy of such a father. If the Doctor had been thrown from his horse and killed, an hour or two earlier, the same day, it would have been a dreadful shock both to Deborah and Mr. Bacon; and they would always have regretted the loss of one whose company they enjoyed, whose character they respected, and for whom they entertained a feeling of more than ordinary regard. But had such a casualty occurred now, it would have been the severest affliction that could have befallen them.

Yet till that hour Deborah had never thought of Dove as a husband, nor Dove of Deborah as a wife—that is, neither had ever looked at the possibility of their being one day united to each other in that relation. Deborah liked him, and he liked her; and beyond this sincere liking neither of them for a moment dreamed that the inclination would ever proceed. They had not fallen in love with each other; nor had they run in love, nor walked into it, nor been led into it, nor entrapped into it; nor had they caught it.

How then came they to be in love at last? The question may be answered by an incident which Mr. John Davis relates in his *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America*. The traveller was making his way “faint and wearily” on foot to a place called by the strange name of *Frying Pan*,—for the Americans have given all sorts of names, except fitting ones, to the places which they have settled, or discovered, and their Australian kinsmen seem to be following the same absurd and inconvenient course. It will occasion, hereafter, as much confusion as the sameness of Mahomedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mahomedan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, “how far, my boy, is it to *Frying Pan*?” The boy replied, “you be in the *Pan* now.”

So it was with the Doctor and with Deborah;—they found themselves in love, as much to their surprise as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the *Pan*, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects,—invincible necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been.*

Into such questions, however, I enter not. “*Nolo altum sapere*,” they be matters above my capacity: the *Cobler's* check shall never light on my head, “*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.”† Opportunity, which makes thieves‡, makes lovers also, and is the greatest of all match-makers. And when opportunity came, the Doctor,

*Por ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente, §*

acted promptly. Accustomed as he was to weigh things of moment in the balance, and hold it with as even and as nice a hand, as if he were compounding a prescription on which the life of a patient might depend, he was no shillishallier, nor ever wasted a precious minute in pro-and-conning, when it was necessary at once to decide and act.

Chi ha tempo, e tempo aspetta, il tempo perde. ||

His first love, as the reader will remember, came by inoculation, and was taken at first sight. This third and last, he used to say, came by inoculation also; but it was a more remarkable case, for eleven years elapsed before there was an appearance of his having taken the infection. How it happened that an acquaintance of so many years, and which at its very commencement had led to confidence, and esteem, and familiarity, and friendship, should have led no farther, may easily be explained. Dove, when he first saw Deborah, was in love with another person.

He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a ten-

* DRYDEN. † THOMAS LODGE.
‡ *Tilfald gjör Tjusfen.* Swedish Proverb.
§ PULCI. || SERAFINO DA L'AQUILA.

dency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty-fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She, who for five of those seven years, fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment: that had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a happiness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in anything relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth, and tenderness, and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related,—if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it:—for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr. Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well
The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.*

His feelings upon such a point had been expressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose poems, more perhaps

than those of any other English author, deserve to be carefully winnowed,—the grain, which is of the best quality, being now lost amid the heap of chaff.

Lord keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To her now dead, preserve me just
In all that should performed be.
For tho' our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.†

The knowledge that the Doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed; and the sister-like feeling into which this had grown underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He meantime saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the suitability of such a marriage in other respects had ever entered into his imagination), would have seemed to him like a breach of friendship. Yet, if Mr. Bacon had died before he opened his mind to the Doctor upon occasion of Joseph Hebblethwaite's proposal, it is probable that one of the first means of consolation which would have occurred to him, would have been to offer the desolate daughter a home, together with his hand; so well was he acquainted with her domestic merits, so highly did he esteem her character, and so truly did he admire the gifts with which Nature had endowed her,—

— her sweet humour
That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.‡

† WITHER.

‡ BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

INTERCHAPTER XII.

THE AUTHOR REGRETS THAT HE CANNOT MAKE HIMSELF KNOWN TO CERTAIN READERS; STATES THE POSSIBLE REASONS FOR HIS SECRECY; MAKES NO USE IN SO DOING OF THE LICENCE WHICH HE SEEMS TO TAKE OUT IN HIS MOTTO; AND STATING THE PRETENCES WHICH HE ADVANCES FOR HIS WORK, DISCLAIMING THE WHILE ALL MERIT FOR HIMSELF, MODESTLY PRESENTS THEM UNDER A GRECIAN VEIL.

Ενθα γάρ τι δι' ψεύδος λήγεσθαι λήγεσθαι.
HERODOTUS.

THERE is more gratitude in the world than the worldly believe, or than the ungrateful are capable of believing. And knowing this, I consequently know how great a sacrifice I make in remaining incognito.

Reputation is a bubble upon the rapid stream of time; popularity, a splash in the great pool of oblivion; fame itself but a full-blown bladder, or at best a balloon. There is no sacrifice in declining them; for in escaping these you escape the impertinences and the intrusions which never fail to follow in their train. But that this book will find some readers after the Author's own heart is certain; they will lose something in not knowing who the individual is with whom they would delight to form a personal, as they have already formed a moral and intellectual friendship;

For in this world, to reckon every thing,
Pleasure to man there is none comparable
As is to read with understanding
In books of wisdom, they ben so delectable
Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable.*

And though my loss is not of this kind, yet it is great also, for in each of these unknown admirers I lose the present advantage of a well-wisher, and the possible, or even probable benefit of a future friend.

Eugenius! Eusebius! Sophron! how gladly would ye become acquainted with my outward man, and commune with me face to face! How gladly would ye, Sophronia! Eusebia! Eugenia!

With how radiant a countenance and how light a step would Euphrosyne advance to greet me! with how benign an aspect would Amanda silently thank me for having held up a mirror in which she has unexpectedly seen herself!

Letitia's eyes would sparkle at the sight of one whose writings had given her new joy. Pensive would requite me with a gentle look for cheering her solitary hours, and moving her sometimes to a placid smile, sometimes to quiet and pleasurable tears.

And you, Marcellus, from whom your friends, your country, and your kind have everything to hope, how great a pleasure do I forego by rendering it impossible for you to seek me, and commence an acquaintance with the sure presentiment that it would ripen into confidence and friendship!

There is another and more immediate gratification which this resolution compels me to forego, that of gratifying those persons who, if they knew from whom the book proceeded, would peruse it with heightened zest for its author's sake;—old acquaintance who would perceive in some of those secondary meanings which will be understood only by those for whom they were intended, that though we have long been widely separated, and probably are never again to meet in this world, they are not forgotten; and old friends, who would take a livelier interest in the reputation which the work obtains, than it would now be possible for me to feel in it myself.

"And why, Sir," says an obliging and inquisitive reader, "should you deprive your friends and acquaintance of that pleasure, though you are willing to sacrifice it yourself?"

"Why, Sir,—do you ask?"

Ah that is the mystery
Of this wonderful history,
And you wish that you could tell †

"A question not to be asked," said an odder person than I shall ever pretend to be, "is a question not to be answered."

Nevertheless, gentle reader, in courtesy I

* TREVISA.

† SOUTHEY.

will give sundry answers to your interrogation, and leave you to fix upon which of them you may think likely to be the true one.

The Author may be of opinion that his name, not being heretofore known to the public, could be of no advantage to his book.

Or, on the other hand, if his name were already well known, he might think the book stands in no need of it, and may safely be trusted to its own merits. He may wish to secure for it a fairer trial than it could otherwise obtain, and intend to profit by the unbiassed opinions which will thus reach his ear; thinking complacently with Benedict, that "happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending." In one of Metastasio's dramatic epithalamiums, Minerva says,

— *L'onore, a cui
Venni proposta anch' io
Piu meritar, che conseguir desio ;*

and he might say this with the Goddess of Wisdom.

He may be so circumstanced that it would be inconvenient as well as unpleasant for him to offend certain persons, — Sir Andrew Agnewites for example, — whose conscientious but very mischievous notions he nevertheless thinks it his duty to oppose, when he can do so consistently with discretion.

He may have wagers dependent upon the guesses that will be made concerning him.

Peradventure it might injure him in his professional pursuits, were he to be known as an author, and that he had neglected "some sober calling for this idle trade."

He may be a very modest man, who can muster courage enough for publication, and yet dares not encounter any farther publicity.

Unknown, perhaps his reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While critic blockheads throw their dirt;
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.*

He may be so shy, that if his book were

praised he would shrink from the notoriety into which it would bring him; or so sensitive, that his mortification would be extreme if it were known among his neighbours that he had been made the subject of sarcastic and contemptuous criticism.

Or if he ever possessed this diffidence he may have got completely rid of it in his intercourse with the world, and have acquired that easy habit of simulation without which no one can take his degree as Master of Arts in that great University. To hear the various opinions concerning the book and the various surmises concerning the author, take part in the conversation, mystifying some of his acquaintance and assist others in mystifying themselves, may be more amusing to him than any amusement of which he could partake in his own character. There are some secrets which it is a misery to know, and some which the tongue itches to communicate; but this is one which it is a pleasure to know and to keep. It gives to the possessor, *quasically* speaking, a double existence: the exoteric person mingles, as usual, in society, while the esoteric is like John the Giganticide in his coat of darkness, or that knight who in the days of King Arthur used to walk invisible.

The best or the worst performer at a masquerade may have less delight in the consciousness or conceit of their own talents, than he may take in conversing with an air of perfect unconcern about his own dear book. It may be sport for him to hear it scornfully condemned by a friend, and pleasure to find it thoroughly relished by an enemy.

The secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.†

Peradventure he praises it himself with a sincerity for which every reader will give him full credit; or peradventure he condemns it, for the sake of provoking others to applaud it more warmly in defence of their own favourable and pre-expressed opinion. Whether of these courses, thinkest thou, gentle reader, is he most likely to pur-

sue? I will only tell thee that either would to him be equally easy and equally entertaining. "Ye shall know that we may dissemble in earnest as well as in sport, under covert and dark terms, and in learned and apparent speeches, in short sentences, and by long ambage and circumstance of words, and finally, as well when we lie, as when we tell truth."*

In any one of the supposed cases sufficient reason is shown for his keeping, and continuing to keep his own secret.

*En nous formant, nature a ses caprices,
Divers penchans en nous elle fait observer.
Les uns, à s'exposer, trouvent mille délices;
Moi, j'en trouve à me conserver.†*

And if there be any persons who are not satisfied with this explanation, I say to them, in the words of Jupiter,

—STET PRO RATIONE VOLUNTAS.

Moreover, resting my claim to the gratitude of this generation, and of those which are to come, upon the matter of these volumes, and disclaiming for myself all merit except that of fidelity to the lessons of my philosopher and friend, I shall not fear to appropriate, *mutatis mutandis*, and having thus qualified them, the proud words of Arrian:

'Ἄλλ' ἐκείνω ἀναγκάζω, ὅτι ἐμοὶ πατρις τε, καὶ γένος, καὶ ἀρχαί, εἶδε οἱ λόγοι εἰσὶ τε — καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀπαξίω ἐμαντὸν τῶν πρώτων ἐν τῇ φωνῇ τῇ Ἀγγλικῇ, εἶπερ οὖν καὶ Δανιὴλ ὁ Ἰαερός; ἐμὸς τῶν ἐν τοῖς φαρμακείοις.

INTERCHAPTER XIII.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
To see if I can all men beguile.

Ha, my name, my name would ye so fain know?

Yea, I wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.

A, a, now I have it! I have it indeed!

My name is Ambidexter, I signify one

That with both hands finely can play.

KING CAMBYSES.

BUT the question has been mooted in the literary and cerulean circles of the metro-

polis, whether this book be not the joint work of two or more authors. And this duality or plurality of persons in one authorship has been so confidently maintained, that if it were possible to yield upon such a point to any display of evidence and weight of authority, I must have been argued out of my own indivisible individuality.

*Fort bien! Je le soutiens par la grande raison
Qu'ainsi l'a fait des Dieux la puissance suprême;
Et qu'il n'est pas en moi de pouvoir dire non,
Et d'être un autre que moi-même.‡*

Sometimes I have been supposed to be the unknown Beaumont of some equally unknown Fletcher,—the moiety of a Siamese duplicate; or the third part of a Geryonite triplicity; the fourth of a quaternion of partners, or a fifth of a Smectymnuan association. Nay, I know not whether they have not cut me down to the dimensions of a tailor, and dwindled me into the ninth part of an author!

Me to be thus served! me, who am an integral, to be thus split into fractions! me, a poor unit of humanity, to be treated like a polypus under the scissors of an experimental naturalist, or unnaturalist.

The reasons assigned in support of this pluri-personal hypothesis are, first, the supposed discrepancy of humour and taste apparent in the different parts of the book. Oh men ignorant of humorology! more ignorant of psychology! and most ignorant of Pantagruelism!

Secondly, the prodigal expenditure of mottoes and quotations, which they think could only have been supported by means of a pic-nic contribution. Oh men whose diligence is little, whose reading less, and whose sagacity least of all!

Yet looking at this fancy of the Public,—a creature entertained with many fancies, beset with many tormenting spirits, and provided with more than the four legs and two voices which were hastily attributed to the son of Sycorax;—a creature which, though it be the fashion of the times to seek for shelter under its gaberdine, is by this

* PUTTENHAM.

† MOLIÈRE.

‡ MOLIÈRE.

good light, "a very shallow monster," "a most poor credulous monster!" — I say looking at this fancy of the Public in that temper with which it is my wish to regard everything, methinks I should be flattered by it, and pleased (if anything flattering could please me) by having it supposed upon such grounds, that this book, like the *Satyre Menippée*, is the composition of several *bons et gentils esprits du tems*, — *dans lequel souz paroles et allegations pleines de raillerie, ils bouffonnerent, comme en riant le vray se peut dire*; and which *ils firent, selon leurs humeurs, caprices et intelligences, en telle sorte qu'il se peut dire qu'ils n'ont rien oublié de ce qui se peut dire pour servir de perfection à cet ouvrage, qui bien entendu sera grandement estimé par la posterité.**

The same thing occurred in the case of Gulliver's Travels, and in that case Arbuthnot thought reasonably; for, said he, "if this Book were to be decyphered, merely from a view of it, without any hints, or secret history, this would be a very natural conclusion: we should be apt to fancy it the production of two or three persons, who want neither wit nor humour; but who are very full of themselves, and hold the rest of mankind in great contempt; who think sufficient regard is not paid to their merit by those in power, for which reason they rail at them; who have written some pieces with success and applause, and therefore presume that whatever comes from them must be implicitly received by the public. In this last particular they are certainly right; for the superficial people of the Town, who have no judgment of their own, are presently amused by a great name: tell them, by way of a secret, that such a thing is Dr. Swift's, Mr. Pope's, or any other person's of note and genius, and immediately it flies about like wildfire."†

If the Book of the Doctor, instead of continuing to appear, as it originally went forth, *simplex munditiis*, with its own pithy, comprehensive, and well-considered title, were to have a name constructed for it of

composite initials, like the joint-stock volume of the five puritanical ministers above referred to, once so well known, but now preserved from utter oblivion by nothing but that name, — *vox et præterea nihil*; — if, I say, the Book of the Doctor were in like manner to be denominated, according to one or other of the various schemes of bibliogony which have been devised for explaining its phenomena, the reader might be expected in good earnest to exclaim,

— Bless us! what a word on

A title page is this! —

For among other varieties, the following present themselves for choice: —

Isdis.
Roso.
Heta.
Harco.
Samro.
Grobe.
Theho.
Heneco.
Thojama.
Johofe.
Reverne.
Hetaroso.
Walaroso.
Rosogrobe.
Venarchly.
Satacoroso.
Samrothomo.
Verevframra.
Isdisbendis.
Harcoheneco.
Henecosaheco.
Thehojowicro.
Rosohenecoharco.
Thehojowicrogicro.
Harcohenecosaheco.
Satacoharcojotacohenecosabeco.

And thus, my monster of the Isle, while I have listened and looked on like a spectator at a game of blind-man's-buff, or at a blind-fold boat-race, have you, with your errand guesses, veering to all points of the literary compass, amused the many-hu-

* CHEVERNY.

† GULLIVER decyphered.

moured yet single-minded Pantagruelist,
the quotationipotent mottoerat, the entire
unit, the single and whole *homo*, who sub-
scribes himself,

with all sincerity and good will,

Most delicate Monster,

and with just as much respect as you deserve,
not yours, or any body's humble Servant
(saving always that he is the king's dutiful
subject),

and not yours, but his own, to command,

KEWINT-HEKA-WERNER.

CHAPTER CVI.

THE AUTHOR APOSTROPHIZES SOME OF HIS
FAIR READERS; LOOKS FARTHER THAN
THEY ARE LIKELY TO DO, AND GIVES
THEM A JUST THOUGH MELANCHOLY EX-
HORTATION TO BE CHEERFUL WHILE THEY
MAY.

Hark how the birds do sing,

And woods do ring!

All creatures have their joy, and Man hath his:

Yet, if we rightly measure,

Man's joy and pleasure

Rather hereafter, than in present is.

HERBERT.

BERTHA, Arabella, Sarah, Mary, Caroline,
Dorothea, Elizabeth, Kate, Susan, — how
many answer to these names, each thinking
that peradventure she may be the individual
especially addressed —

*Alcun' è che risponde a chi nol chiama **;

you are looking with impatience for De-
borah's wedding-day, and are ready to
inveigh against me for not immediately pro-
ceeding to that part of my story. Well has
Sir William Davenant said,

Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run;

but it is true in one sense as applied to you,
and in another as applied to myself. To
you my progress appears slow, because you
are eager to arrive at what, rightly consider-
ing it the most important point upon the
whole journey of life, you may, perhaps,

* PETRARCH.

expect to prove the most interesting in this
volume. Your thoughts have sped forward
to that point and no farther. Mine travel
beyond it, and this, were there no other
motive, would retard me now. You are
thinking of the bride and bridegroom, and
the bridesmaid, and the breakfast at the
vicarage, and the wedding dinner at the
Grange, and the Doncaster bells which rung
that day to the Doctor's ears the happiest
peal that ever saluted them, from St.
George's tower. My thoughts are of a dif-
ferent complexion; for where now are the
joys and the sorrows of that day, and where
are all those by whom they were partaken!
The elder Allisons have long since been
gathered to their fathers. Betsey and her
husband (whom at that day she had never
seen) are inhabitants of a distant church-
yard. Mr. Bacon's mortal part has mould-
ered in the same grave with Margaret's.
The Doctor has been laid beside them; and
thither his aged widow Deborah was long
ago brought home, earth to earth, ashes to
ashes, dust to dust.

"The deaths of some, and the marriages
of others," says Cowper, "make a new world
of it every thirty years. Within that space
of time the majority are displaced, and a
new generation has succeeded. Here and
there one is permitted to stay longer, that
there may not be wanting a few grave Dons
like myself to make the observation."

Man is a self-survivor every year

Man like a stream is in perpetual flow.

Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey:

My youth, my noontide his, my yesterday;

The bold invader shares the present hour,

Each moment on the former shuts the grave.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun,

As tapers waste that instant they take fire. †

Yet infinitely short as the term of human
life is when compared with time to come, it
is not so in relation to time past. An hun-
dred and forty of our own generations carry
us back to the Deluge, and nine more of
antediluvian measure to the Creation, —
which to us is the beginning of time; for

† YOUNG.

“time itself is but a novelty, a late and upstart thing in respect of the Ancient of Days.”* They who remember their grandfather and see their grandchildren, have seen persons belonging to five out of that number; and he who attains the age of threescore has seen two generations pass away. “The created world,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it, and may be after it.” There is no time of life after we become capable of reflection, in which the world to come must not to any considerate mind appear of more importance to us than this;—no time in which we have not a greater stake there. When we reach the threshold of old age all objects of our early affections have gone before us, and in the common course of mortality a great proportion of the later. Not without reason did the wise compilers of our admirable Liturgy place next in order after the form of Matrimony, the services for the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, and for the Burial of the Dead.

I would not impress such considerations too deeply upon the young and happy. Far be it from me to infuse bitters into the cup of hope!

*Dum fata stant
Vivite leti: properat cursus
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.
Dura peragunt pensa sovocis,
Nec sua retro fila revolvunt. †*

What the Spaniards call *desengaño* (which our dictionaries render “discovery of deceit, the act of undeceiving, or freeing from error,”—and for which, if our language has an equivalent word, it is not in my vocabulary,)—that state of mind in which we understand feelingly the vanity of human wishes, and the instability of earthly joys,—that sad wisdom comes to all in time; but if it came too soon, it would unfit us for this world’s business and the common intercourse of life. When it comes in due season, it fits us for a higher intercourse and for a happier state of existence.

CHAPTER CVII.

THE AUTHOR INTRODUCES HIS READERS TO A RETIRED DUCHESS, AND SUGGESTS A PARALLEL BETWEEN HER GRACE AND THE RETIRED TOBACCONIST.

In midst of plenty only to embrace
Calm patience, is not worthy of your praise;
But he that can look sorrow in the face
And not be daunted, he deserves the bays.
This is prosperity, where'er we find
A heavenly solace in an earthly mind.

HUGH CROMPTON.

THERE is a very pleasing passage in a letter of the Duchess of Somerset’s, written in the unreserved intimacy of perfect friendship, without the slightest suspicion that it would ever find its way to the press. “Tis true, my dear Lady Luxborough,” she says, “times are changed with us, since no walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough, to hurt us as we childishly imagined; yet after a ball, or a masquerade, have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes, in order to go to rest? Such, methinks, is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of our bodily decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully than any night’s sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow and crying and pain shall be no more: we shall then without weariness move in our new vehicles, and transport ourselves from one part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses, the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens of our approaching dissolution with a kind of awful pleasure. I will ingenuously own to you, dear Madam, that I experience more true happiness in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the splendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could

*SAMUEL JOHNSON the elder.

† SENECA.

not satisfy a rational mind: and at the most heedless time of my youth I well remember that I always looked forward with a kind of joy to a decent retreat when the evening of life should make it practicable."

"If one only anticipates far enough, one is sure to find comfort," said a young moraliser, who was then for the first time experiencing some of the real evils of life. A sense of its vanities taught the Duchess that wisdom, before she was visited with affliction. Frances, wife and widow of Algernon seventh Duke of Somerset, was a woman who might perhaps have been happier in a humbler station, but could not have been more uncorrupted by the world. Her husband inherited from his father the honours of the Seymour, from his mother those of the Percy family; but Lord Beauchamp, —

Born with as much nobility as would,
Divided, serve to make ten noblemen
Without a herald; but with so much spirit
And height of soul, as well might furnish twenty,—*

Lord Beauchamp I say, the son thus endowed, who should have succeeded to these accumulated honours, died on his travels at Bologna of the small-pox, in the flower of his youth. His afflicted mother in reply to a letter of consolation expressed herself thus: "The dear lamented son I have lost was the pride and joy of my heart: but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person; but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shown the younger part of the world that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents, and

when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend their hearts: for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator on the evening of his birthday, which completed him nineteen."

In another letter she says, "when I lost my dear, and by me ever-lamented son, every faculty to please (if ever I were possessed of any such) died with him. I have no longer any cheerful thoughts to communicate to my friends; but as the joy and pride of my heart withers in his grave, my mind is continually haunting those mansions of the dead, and is but too inattentive to what passes in a world where I have still duties and attachments which I ought to be, and I hope I may truly say I am, thankful for. But I enjoy all these blessings with trembling and anxiety; for after my dear Beauchamp, what human things can appear permanent? Youth, beauty, virtue, health, were not sufficient to save him from the hand of death, and who then can think themselves secure? These are the melancholy considerations which generally entertain my waking hours; though sometimes I am able to view the bright side of my fate, and ask myself for whom I grieve? only for myself? how narrow an affection does this imply! Could he have lived long as my fondest wish desired, what could I have asked at the end of that term more than the assurance that he should be placed where I humbly hope, and confidently trust, he is, beyond the reach of sorrow, sin, or sickness?"

I have said that this Duchess, the Eusebia of Dr. Watts' Miscellanies, and once more known as the Cleora of her then famous friend Mrs. Rowe's Letters, might perhaps have been happier in a humbler station; but she could not have been more meek and more amiable, nor have possessed in a greater degree the Christian virtue of humility. She was one of the daughters and coheiresses of

* SHIRLEY.

the Honourable Henry Thynne, and was of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, in which office she continued after that Princess became Queen Caroline. It was through her intercession that Savage's life was spared. When the Queen being prejudiced against that wretched man had refused to hear any application in his behalf, "she engaged in it," says Johnson, "with all the tenderness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal that is kindled by generosity; an advocate," he calls her, "of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed." Her husband's father was commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset,—an odious designation, which could not have been obtained unless it had been richly deserved: but there are some evil examples which incidentally produce a good effect, and Lord Beauchamp, whose affability and amiable disposition endeared him to all by whom he was known, was perhaps more carefully instructed in the principles of Christian humility, and more sensible of their importance and their truth, because there was in his own family so glaring an instance of the folly and hatefulness of this preposterous and ridiculous sin. "It is a most terrible thing for his parents," says Horace Walpole, "Lord Beauchamp's death; if they were out of the question, one could not be sorry for such a mortification to the pride of old Somerset. He has written the most shocking letter imaginable to poor Lord Hartford, telling him that it is a judgment upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death. Lord Hartford is as good a man as lives, and has always been most unreasonably ill-treated by that old tyrant." The Duke was brute enough to say that his mother had sent him abroad to kill him. It was not his mother's fault that he had not been secured, as far as human precautions avail against the formidable disease of which he died. Three years before that event she said in one of her letters, "Inoculation is at present more in fashion than ever; half my acquaintance are shut up to nurse their

children, grandchildren, nephews, or nieces. I could be content notwithstanding the same weather to stay in town upon the fine account, if I were happy enough to see my son desire it; but that is not the case, and at his age it must either be a voluntary act or left undone."

The proud Duke lived to the great age of eighty-six, and his son died little more than twelvemonths after him, leaving an irreproachable name. The Duchess survived her son ten years, and her husband four. Upon the Duke's death the Seymour honours were divided between two distant branches of that great and ancient house; those of the Percys devolved to his only daughter and heiress the Lady Elizabeth, then wife of Sir Hugh Smithson, in whom the Dukedom of Northumberland was afterwards revived. The widow passed the remainder of her days at a seat near Colnbrook, which her husband had purchased from Lord Bathurst, and had named Percy Lodge: Richkings was its former appellation. Pope in one of his letters calls it "*Lord Bathurst's extravagante bergerie*," in allusion to the title of an old mock-romance. "The environs," says the Duchess, "perfectly answer to that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw. The house is old but convenient; and when you are got within the little paddock it stands on, you would believe yourself an hundred miles from London, which I think a great addition to its beauty." Moses Brown wrote a poem upon it, the Duke and Duchess having appointed him their laureate for the nonce; but though written by their command, it was not published till after the death of both, and was then inscribed to her daughter, at that time Countess of Northumberland. If Olney had not a far greater poet to boast of, it might perhaps have boasted of Moses Brown. Shenstone's Ode on Rural Elegance, which is one of his latest productions, related especially to this place. He inscribed it to the Duchess, and communicated it to her in manuscript through their mutual friend Lady Luxborough, sister to Bolingbroke, who pos-

sessed much of her brother's talents, but nothing of his cankered nature.

The Duchess was a great admirer of Shenstone's poetry, but though pleased with the poem, and gratified by the compliment, she told him that it had given her some pain, and requested that wherever her name or that of Percy Lodge occurred, he would oblige her by leaving a blank, without suspecting her of an affected or false modesty, for to that accusation she could honestly plead not guilty. The idea he had formed of her character, he had taken, she said, from a partial friend, whose good nature had warped her judgment. The world in general, since they could find no fault in his poem, would blame the choice of the person to whom it was inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons between the ideal lady, and the real one. "But I," said she, "have a more impartial judge to produce than either my friend or the world,—and that is my own heart, which, though it may flatter me, I am not quite so faulty as the world would represent, at the same time loudly admonishes me that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me. I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most sincere sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honour you designed me."

I have said something, and have yet more to say of a retired Tobacconist; and I will here describe the life of a retired Duchess, of the same time and country, drawn from her own letters. Some of Plutarch's parallels are less apposite, and none of them in like manner equally applicable to those of high station and those of low degree.

The duchess had acquired that taste for landscape gardening, the honour of introducing which belongs more to Shenstone than to any other individual, and has been properly awarded to him by D'Israeli, one of the most just and generous of critical authors. Thus she described the place of her retreat, when it came into their possession: "It stands in a little paddock of about a

mile and a half round, which is laid out in the manner of a French park, interspersed with woods and lawns. There is a canal in it about twelve hundred yards long, and proportionably broad, which has a stream continually running through it, and is deep enough to carry a pleasure-boat. It is well stocked with carp and tench; and at its upper end there is a green-house, containing a good collection of orange, myrtle, geranium, and oleander trees. This is a very agreeable room, either to drink tea, play at cards, or sit in with a book on a summer's evening. In one of the woods (through all which there are winding paths), there is a cave, which, though little more than a rude heap of stones, is not without charms for me. A spring gushes out at the back of it; which, falling into a basin (whose brim it overflows), passes along a channel in the pavement where it loses itself. The entrance to this recess is overhung with periwinkle, and its top is shaded with beeches, large elms, and birch. There are several covered benches, and little arbours interwoven with lilacs, woodbines, seringas and laurels; and seats under shady trees, disposed all over the park. One great addition to the pleasure of living here, is the gravelly soil, which, after a day of rain (if it holds up only for two or three hours), one may walk over without being wet through one's shoes: and there is one gravel walk that encompasses the whole. We propose to make an improvement, by adding to the present ground a little pasture farm, which is just without the pale, because there is a very pretty brook of clear water which runs through the meadows to supply our canal, and whose course winds in such a manner that it is almost naturally a serpentine river. I am afraid I shall have tired you with the description of what appear to me beauties in our little possession; yet I cannot help adding one convenience that attends it,—this is, the cheap manner in which we keep it, since it only requires a flock of sheep, who graze the lawns fine; and whilst these are feeding, their shepherd cleans away any weeds that spring up in the gravel, and re-

moves dry leaves or broken branches that would litter the walks.

“On the spot where the green-house now stands, there was formerly a chapel, dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed as a tutelary saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus, for the place we left was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the saint; but we have an old covered bench with many remains of the wit of my lord Bathurst’s visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectation from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them :

Who set the trees shall be remember
That is in haste to fell the timber?
What then shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?

There has been only one added as yet by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not :

By Bathurst planted, first these shades arose;
Prior and Pope have sung beneath these boughs:
Here Addison his moral theme pursued,
And social Gay has cheer’d the solitude.

There is one walk that I am extremely partial to, and which is rightly called the Abbey-walk, since it is composed of prodigiously high beech-trees, that form an arch through the whole length, exactly resembling a cloister. At the end is a statue; and about the middle a tolerably large circle, with Windsor chairs round it: and I think, for a person of contemplative disposition, one would scarcely find a more venerable shade in any poetical description.”

She had amused herself with improving the grounds of Percy Lodge before her husband’s death, as much for his delight as her own.

Those shady elms, my favourite trees,
Which near my Percy’s window grew,
(Studious his leisure hours to please)
I decked last year for smell and shew;
To each a fragrant woodbine bound,
And edged with pinks the verdant mound.

Nor yet the areas left ungraced
Betwixt the borders and each tree;
But on them damask roses placed,
Which rising in a just degree,
Their glowing lustre through the green
Might add fresh beauties to the scene.

Afterwards when it became her own by the Duke’s bequest, and her home was thereby fixed upon the spot of earth which she would have chosen for herself, the satisfaction which she took in adding to it either beauty or convenience was enhanced by the reflection that in adorning it she was at the same time showing her value for the gift, and her gratitude to the lamented giver.

“Every thing,” said she, “both within and without the house reminds me of my obligations to him; and I cannot turn my eyes upon any object which is not an object of his goodness to me.—And as I think it a duty, while it pleases God to continue us here, not to let ourselves sink into a stupid and unthankful melancholy, I endeavour to find out such entertainments as my retirement, and my dear Lord’s unmerited bounty will admit of.”

And oh the transport, most allied to song,
In some fair villa’s peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature’s tongue
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble’s room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some sheltered lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour’d bower,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy,
While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
Sees vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.*

The Duchess was too far advanced in life to find any of that enjoyment in her occupations, which her own poet described in these stanzas, and which he felt himself only by an effort of reflection. But if there was not the excitement of hope, there was the satisfaction of giving useful employment to honest industry. "When one comes," said she, "to the last broken arches of Mirza's bridge, rest from pain must bound our ambition, for pleasure is not to be expected in this world. I have no more notion of laying schemes to be executed six months, than I have six years hence; and this I believe helps to keep my spirits in an even state of cheerfulness, to enjoy the satisfactions that present themselves, without anxious solicitude about their duration. As our journey seems approaching towards the verge of life, is it not more natural to cast our eyes to the prospect beyond it, than by a retrospective view to recall the troublesome trifles that ever made our road difficult or dangerous? Methinks it would be imitating Lot's wife (whose history is not recorded as an example for us to follow) to want to look back upon the miserable scene we are so near escaping from."

In another letter to the same old friend she says, "I have a regular, and I hope a religious, family. My woman, though she has not lived with me quite three years, had before lived twenty-three, betwixt Lord Grantham's and Lady Cowper's: my house-keeper has been a servant as long: the person who takes in my accounts, pays my bills, and overlooks the men within doors, has been in the family thirteen years; and the other, who has lived ten, has the care of the stables, and every thing without. I rise at seven, but do not go down till nine, when the bell rings, and my whole family meet me at chapel. After prayers we go to breakfast; any friend who happens to be there, myself, and my chaplain, have ours in the little library; the others in their respective eating-rooms. About eleven, if the weather permits, we go to walk in the park, or take the air in the coach; but if it be too bad for either, we return to our various

occupations. At three we dine, sit perhaps near an hour afterwards, then separate till we meet at eight for prayers; after which we adjourn again to the library, where somebody reads aloud (unless some stranger comes who chooses cards), until half past nine, when we sup, and always part before eleven. This to the fine would sound a melancholy monastic life; and I cannot be supposed to have chosen it from ignorance of the splendour and gaiety of a court, but from a thorough experience that they can give no solid happiness; and I find myself more calmly pleased in my present way of living, and more truly contented, than I ever was in the bloom and pomp of my youth. I am no longer dubious what point to pursue. There is but one proper for the decline of life, and indeed the only one worth the anxiety of a rational creature at any age: but how do the fire of youth, and flattery of the world, blind our eyes, and mislead our fancies, after a thousand imaginary pleasures which are sure to disappoint us in the end!"

The Duchess was a person whose moral constitution had not been injured by the atmosphere of a court. But though she kept aloof from its intrigues, and had acquired even a distaste for its vanities, she retained always an affectionate regard for Queen Caroline's memory. "I should have been glad," she says to Lady Pomfret, "to have shared your reverence, and have indulged my own at Blansfelden, whilst you were overlooking the fields and the shades where our late mistress had passed the first scenes of her life, before the cares of royalty had clouded the natural vivacity of her temper, or the disguise which greatness is often forced to wear had veiled any of her native goodness; and certainly she had a greater stock of both than is often found in any rank. She could never think of her without a sigh," she said. "The most admired mistress," she calls her, "that ever adorned a court, and so fitted to charm in society, that it was impossible not to grudge her to that life which involved her in cares and encompassed her with such a cloud of dif-

ferent people, that her real lustre could not always reach those who perhaps had the most pleasure in it."

Before the loss of her son (from which the Duchess never entirely recovered), her spirits had been affected by the state of her husband's health. "The many solitary hours I pass in a day," she says, "and the melancholy employment of attending a person in his sufferings, to whom I owe every happiness I enjoy, cannot furnish me with many smiling ideas relating to this world." The country in its wintry appearances accorded with her feelings, "where," said she, "every thing around instructs me that decay is the lot of all created beings; where every tree spreads out its naked arms to testify the solemn truth, which I thank heaven I feel no pain in assenting to. It has long been my fixed opinion, that in the latter part of life, when the duties owing to a family no longer call upon us to act on the public stage of life, it is not only more decent, but infinitely more eligible, to live in an absolute retirement. However this is not the general opinion of the world, and therefore I conclude that it is better it is not so, since Providence undoubtedly orders better for us than we are able to do for ourselves."

During the latter years of her life, however, she enjoyed that absolute retirement which was her heart's desire. But the peaceful mansion in which this wise and amiable woman passed her latter years was, after her decease, inhabited by one of those men who insulted public decency by the open and ostentatious profligacy of their lives. Mrs. Carter writing from the Castle Inn at Marlborough, which had not long before been one of the residences of the Seymour family, says, "this house I consider with great respect and veneration, not without a strong mixture of regret, that what was once the elegant abode of virtue and genius, and honoured by the conversation of the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Rowe, should now re-sound with all the disorderly and riotous clamour of an inn. And yet its fate is more eligible than that of Percy Lodge, as it stands the chance of receiving indifferently

good and bad people, and is not destined to be the constant reception of shocking profligate vice."

CHAPTER CVIII.

PERCY LODGE. THAXTED GRANGE. RAPIN
THE JESUIT AND SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

It seems that you take pleasure in these walks,
Sir.

Cleanthes. Contemplative content I do, my Lord.
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feebly.

MASSINGER.

THE difference was very great between Thaxted Grange and Percy Lodge, though somewhat less than that between Northumberland House and the Tobacconist's at No. 113. Bishopsgate Street. Yet if a landscape painter who could have embodied the spirit of the scene had painted both, the Grange might have made the more attractive picture, though much had been done to embellish the Lodge by consulting picturesque effect, while the Allisons had aimed at little beyond comfort and convenience in their humble precincts.

From a thatched seat in the grounds of the Lodge, open on three sides and constructed like a shepherd's hut, there was a direct view of Windsor Castle, seen under the boughs of some old oaks and beeches. Sweet Williams, narcissuses, rose-campions, and such other flowers as the hares would not eat, had been sown in borders round the foot of every tree. There was a hermitage, absurdly so called, in the wood, with a thatched covering, and sides of straw; and there was a rosary, which though appropriately named, might sound as oddly to the ears of a Roman Catholic. A porter's lodge had been built at the entrance; and after the Duke's death the long drawing-room had been converted into a chapel, in Gothic taste, with three painted windows, which, having been bespoken for Northumberland House, but not suiting the intended alterations in that mansion, were put up here.

The Duchess and her servant had worked cross-stitch chairs for this chapel in fine crimson, the pattern was a Gothic mosaic, and they were in Gothic frames.

*Se o mundo nos nao anda a' vontade
 Nãõ he pera estranhar, pois he hum sonho
 Que nunca con ninguem tyrou verdade.
 Se quando se nos mostra mais risonho,
 Mais brande, mais amigo, o desprezamos,
 He graõ virtude, e á sua conta o ponho.
 Mais se, (o que he mais certo) o desprezamos
 Depois que nos engaita e nos despreza,
 Que premio, ou que louvor disso esperamos? **

All here, however, was as it should be: Percy Lodge was the becoming retreat of a lady of high rank, who having in the natural course of time and things outlived all inclination for the pomps and vanities of the world, and all necessity for conforming to them, remembered what was still due to her station; and doing nothing to be seen of men, had retired thither to pass the remainder of her days in privacy and religious peace.

All too was as it should be at Thaxted Grange. Picturesque was a term which had never been heard there; and taste was as little thought of as pretended to; but the right old English word comfort, in its good old English meaning, was nowhere more thoroughly understood. Nor anywhere could more evident indications of it be seen both within and without.

A tradesman retiring from business in these days with a fortune equivalent to what Mr. Allison had made, would begin his improvements upon such a house as the Grange by pulling it down. Mr. Allison contented himself with thoroughly repairing it. He had no dislike to low rooms, and casement windows. The whole furniture of his house cost less than would now be expended by a person of equal circumstances in fitting up a drawing-room. Everything was for use, and nothing for display, unless it were two fowling pieces, which were kept in good order over the fireplace in the best kitchen, and never used but when a kite threatened the poultry, or an owl was observed to frequent the dove-cote in preference to the barn.

But out of doors as much regard was shown to beauty as to utility. Miss Allison and Betsey claimed the little garden in front of the house for themselves. It was in so neglected a state when they took possession, that between children and poultry and stray pigs, not a garden flower was left there to grow wild: and the gravel walk from the gate to the porch was overgrown with weeds and grass, except a path in the middle which had been kept bare by use.

On each side of the gate were three yew trees, at equal distances. In the old days of the Grange they had been squared in three lessening stages, the uppermost tapering pyramiddally to a point. While the house had been shorn of its honours, the yews remained unshorn; but when it was once more occupied by a wealthy habitant, and a new gate had been set up and the pillars and their stone-balls cleaned from moss and lichen and short ferns, the unfortunate evergreens were again reduced to the formal shape in which Mr. Allison and his sister remembered them in their childhood. This was with them a matter of feeling, which is a better thing than taste. And indeed the yews must either have been trimmed, or cut down, because they intercepted sunshine from the garden and the prospect from the upper windows. The garden would have been better without them, for they were bad neighbours; but they belonged to old times, and it would have seemed a sort of sacrilege to destroy them.

Flower-beds used, like beds in the kitchen garden, to be raised a little above the path, with nothing to divide them from it, till about the beginning of the seventeenth century the fashion of bordering them was introduced either by the Italians or the French. Daisies, periwinkles, feverfew, hyssop, lavender, rosemary, rue, sage, worm-wood, camomile, thyme, and box, were used for this purpose: a German horticulturist observes that hyssop was preferred as the most convenient; box, however, gradually obtained the preference. The Jesuit Rapin claims for the French the merit of bringing this plant into use, and embellishes his

* DIOGO BERNARDES.

account of it by one of those school-boy fictions which passed for poetry in his days, and may still pass for it in his country. He describes a feast of the rural gods :

*Adfuit et Cybele, Phrygiæ celebrata per urbes ;
Ipsaque cum reliquis Flora invitata decabus
Venit, inornatis, ut erat neglecta, capillis ;
Sive fuit fastus, seu fors fiducia forma.
Non illi pubes ridendi prompta pepi recit,
Neglectam risere. Decem Bercynthia mater
Semotam à turba, casum miserata puellæ,
Erornat, certâque comam sub lege reponit,
Et viridi imprimis buxo (nam buxiferæ omnis
Undique campus erat) velavit tempora nymphæ.
Reddidit is speciem cultus, capitique videri
Formosa, et meruit : novus hinc decor additus ori.*

*Ex illo, ut Floram decuit cultura, per artem
Floribus ille decor posthac quesitus, et hortis ;
Quem tamen Ausonii cultores, quemque Pelasgi
Nescivere, suos nullâ qui lege per hortos
Plantabant flores, nec eos componere norant
Arcolis, tonsâque vias describere buxo.
Culla super reliquis Francis topiaria gentes,
Ingenium seu mite soli cœlique benigni
Temperic tantam per sese adjuverit artem ;
Sive illam egregiæ solers industria gentis
Extulerit, seris seu venerit usus ab annis.*

The fashion which this buxom Flora introduced had at one time the effect of banishing flowers from what should have been the flower garden : the ground was set with box in their stead, disposed in patterns more or less formal, some intricate as a labyrinth and not a little resembling those of Turkey carpets, where Mahommedan laws interdict the likeness of any living thing, and the taste of Turkish weavers excludes any combination of graceful forms. One sense at least was gratified when fragrant herbs were used in these "rare figures of composesures," or knots as they were called, hyssop being mixed in them with thyme, as aidsers the one to the other, the one being dry, the other moist. Box had the disadvantage of a disagreeable odour ; but it was greener in winter and more compact in all seasons. To lay out these knots and tread them required the skill of a master-gardener : much labour was thus expended without producing any beauty. The walks between them were sometimes of different colours, some would be of lighter or darker gravel, red or yellow sand ; and when such materials were at hand, pulverised coal and pulverised shells.

Such a garden Mr. Cradock saw at Bordeaux no longer ago than the year 1785 ; it belonged to Monsieur Rabi, a very rich Jew merchant, and was surrounded by a bank of earth, on which there stood about two hundred blue and white flower-pots ; the garden itself was a scroll work cut very narrow, and the interstices filled with sand of different colours to imitate embroidery ; it required repairing after every shower, and if the wind rose the eyes were sure to suffer. Yet the French admired this and exclaimed, *superbe ! magnifique !*

Neither Miss Allison nor her niece would have taken any pleasure in gardens of this kind, which had nothing of a garden but the name. They both delighted in flowers ; the aunt because flowers to her were "redolent of youth," and never failed to awaken tender recollections ; Betsey for an opposite reason ; having been born and bred in London, a nosegay there had seemed always to bring her a foretaste of those enjoyments for which she was looking forward with eager hope. They had stocked their front garden therefore with the gayest and the sweetest flowers that were cultivated in those days ; larkspurs both of the giant and dwarf species, and of all colours ; sweet-williams of the richest hues ; monk's-hood for its stately growth ; Betsey called it the dumbledore's delight, and was not aware that the plant in whose helmet- rather than cowl-shaped flowers that busy and best-natured of all insects appears to revel more than in any other, is the deadly aconite of which she read in poetry : the white lily, and the fleur-de-lis ; pæonies, which are still the glory of the English garden ; stocks and gillyflowers which make the air sweet as the gales of Arabia ; wall-flowers, which for a while are little less fragrant, and not less beautiful ; pinks and carnations added their spicy odours ; roses red and white peeped at the lower casements, and the jessamine climbed to those of the chambers above. You must nurse your own flowers if you would have them flourish, unless you happen to have a gardener who is as fond of them as yourself. Eve was not busier with her's in

Paradise, her "pleasant task enjoined," than Betsey Allison and her aunt, from the time that early spring invited them to their cheerful employment, till late and monitory autumn closed it for the year.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and Solomon in all his wisdom never taught more wholesome lessons than these silent monitors convey to a thoughtful mind and an "understanding heart." "There are two books," says Sir Thomas Browne, "from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens: the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."

INTERCHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING INTERCHAPTERS.

If we present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused, because the whole world is become a hodge-podge.
LVLY.

It occurs to me that some of my readers may perhaps desire to be informed in what consists the difference between a Chapter and an Inter Chapter; for that there is a difference no considerate person would be disposed to deny, though he may not be able to discover it. Gentle readers,—readers after my own heart, you for whom this *opus* was designed long before it was an *opus*, when as Dryden has said concerning one of his own plays, "it was only a confused mass

of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment,"—good-natured readers, you who are willing to be pleased, and whom therefore it is worth pleasing,—for your sakes,

And for because you shall not think that I
Do use the same without a reason why,*

I will explain the distinction.

It is not like the difference between a Baptist and an Anabaptist, which Sir John Danvers said, is much the same as that between a Whiskey and a Tim-Whiskey, that is to say, no difference at all. Nor is it like that between Dryads and Hamadryads, which Benserade once explained to the satisfaction of a learned lady, by saying, *qu'il avait autant de difference qu'entre les Evêques et les Archevêques*. Nor is it like the distinction taken by him who divided bread into white bread, brown bread, and French rolls.

A panegyric poet said of the aforesaid Benserade that he possessed three talents, which posterity would hardly be persuaded to believe;

*De plaisanter les Grands il ne fit point scrupule,
Sans qu'ils le prissent de travers;
Il fut vieux et galant sans être ridicule,
Et s'enrichit à composer des vers.*

He used to say, that he was descended and derived his name from the Abeneerages. Upon a similar presumption of etymological genealogy, it has been said that Aulus Gellius was the progenitor of all the Gells. An Englishman may doubt this, a Welshman would disbelieve, and a Jew might despise it. So might a Mahomedan, because it is a special prerogative of his prophet to be perfectly acquainted with his whole pedigree; the Mussulmen hold that no other human being ever possessed the same knowledge, and that after the resurrection, when all other pedigrees will be utterly destroyed, this alone will be preserved in the archives of Eternity.

* ROBERT GREEN.

Leaving, however, Sir William Gell to genealogise, if he pleases, as elaborately as he has topographised, and to maintain the authenticity and dignity of his Roman descent against all who may impugn it, whether Turk, Jew, or Christian, I proceed with my promised explanation.

The Hebrews call chapters and sections, and other essential or convenient divisions, the bones of a book. The Latins called them *nodæ*, knots or links; and every philologist knows that articles, whether grammatical, conventional, or of faith, are so denominated as being the joints of language, covenants, and creeds.

Now, reader, the chapters of this book are the bones wherewith its body is compacted; the knots or links whereby its thread or chain of thoughts is connected; the articulations, without which it would be stiff, lame, and disjointed. Every chapter has a natural dependence upon that which precedes, and in like manner a relation to that which follows it. Each grows out of the other. They follow in direct genealogy; and each could no more have been produced without relation to its predecessor, than Isaac could have begotten Jacob unless Abraham had begotten Isaac.

Sometimes, indeed, it must of necessity happen that a new chapter opens with a new part of the subject, but this is because we are arrived at that part in the natural prosecution of our argument. The disruption causes no discontinuance; it is (to pursue the former illustration) as when the direct line in a family is run out, and the succession is continued by a collateral branch; or as in the mineral world, in which one formation begins where another breaks off.

In my chapters, however, where there is no such natural division of the subject matter, I have ever observed that "one most necessary piece of mastership, which is ever performed by those of good skill in music, when they end a suit of lessons in any one key, and do intend presently to begin another in a differing key." Upon which piece of mastership, the worthy old "Remembrancer of the best practical music, both

divine and civil, that has ever been known to have been in the world," thus instructs his readers.

"They do not abruptly and suddenly begin such new lessons, without some neat and handsome interluding-voluntary-like playing; which may by degrees (as it were) steal into that new and intended key.

"Now that you may be able to do it handsomely, and without blemish or incompleteness (for you must know it is a piece of quaintness so to do), you must take notice, that always, when you have made an end of playing upon any one key (if discourse or some other occasion do not cause a cessation of play for some pretty time, so as the remembrance of that former key may, in a manner, be forgotten), it will be very needful that some care be taken that you leave that key handsomely, and come into that other you intend next to play upon without impertinency.

"For such impertinencies will seem to be very like such a thing as this, which I shall name—to wit—

"That when two or more persons have been soberly and very intently discoursing upon some particular solid matter, musing and very ponderously considering thereof, all on the sudden, some one of them shall abruptly (without any pause) begin to talk of a thing quite of another nature, nothing relating to the aforesaid business.

"Now those by-standers (who have judgment), will presently apprehend that, although his matter might be good, yet his manner and his wit might have been better approved of in staying some certain convenient time, in which he might have found out some pretty interluding discourse, and have taken a handsome occasion to have brought in his new matter.

"Just so is it in music, and more particularly in this last-recited matter; as to chop different things of different natures, and of different keys, one upon the neck of another, impertinently.

"For I would have it taken notice of, that music is (at least) as a language, if it will not be allowed a perfect one, because

it is not so well understood as it might be. —

“Having thus far prepared you with an apprehension of the needfulness of the thing, I will now show you how it is to be done without abruptness and absurdness.

“First, (as abovesaid) it may be that discourse may take off the remembrance of the last key in which you played, or some occasion of a leaving off for some pretty time, by a string breaking or the like; or if not, then (as commonly it happens) there may be a need of examining the tuning of your lute, for the strings will alter a little in the playing of one lesson, although they have been well stretched. But if lately put on, or have been slacked down by any mischance of pegs slipping, then they will need mending, most certainly.

“I say some such occasion may sometimes give you an opportunity of coming handsomely to your new intended key; but if none of these shall happen, then you ought, in a judicious and masterly way, to work from your last key which you played upon, in some voluntary way till you have brought your matter so to pass that your auditors may be captivated with a new attention, yet so insinuatingly, that they may have lost the remembrance of the foregoing key they know not how; nor are they at all concerned for the loss of it, but rather taken with a new content and delight at your so cunning and complete artifice.”

With strict propriety then may it be said of these my chapters, as Wordsworth has said of certain sonnets during his tour in Scotland and on the English border, that they

Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
Of Palace, or of Temple, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might besem a stately embassy
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the Throne
Of the Great King; and others as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims dressed for sacrifice.

For an ordinary book then the ordinary division into chapters might very well have

sufficed. But this is an extraordinary book. Hath not the Quarterly Review — that Review which among all Reviews is properly accounted *facile Princeps*, — hath not that great critical authority referred to it *κατ' ἐξοχήν* as “the extraordinary book called the Doctor”? Yes, reader —

All things within it
Are so digested, fitted and composed
As it shows Wit had married Order.*

And as the exceptions in grammar prove the rule, so the occasional interruptions of order here are proofs of that order, and in reality belong to it.

Lord Bacon (then Sir Francis) said in a letter to the Bishop of Ely upon sending him his writing intitled *Cogitata et Visa*, “I am forced to respect as well my times, as the matter. For with me it is thus, and I think with all men in my case: if I bind myself to an argument, it loadeth my mind; but if I rid my mind of the present cogitation, it is rather a recreation. This hath put me into these miscellanies, which I purpose to suppress if God give me leave to write a just and perfect volume of philosophy.”

That I am full of cogitations, like Lord Bacon, the judicious reader must ere this time have perceived, though he may perhaps think me not more worthy on that score to be associated with Bacon, than beans or cabbage, or eggs at best. Like him, however, in this respect I am, however unlike in others; and it is for the reader's recreation as well as mine, and for our mutual benefit, that my mind should be delivered of some of its cogitations as soon as they are ripe for birth.

I know not whence thought comes; who indeed can tell? But this we know, that like the wind it cometh as it listeth. Happily there is no cause for me to say with Sir Phillip Sydney,

If I could think how these my thoughts to leave;
Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end;
If rebel Sense would Reason's law receive,
Or Reason foiled would not in vain content;
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think,
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.

Nor with Des-Portes,

*O pensers trop pensez, que rebellez mon ame!
O debile raison! O lacqs! O traits!*

thanks to that kind Providence which has hitherto enabled me, through good and evil fortune, to maintain an even and well-regulated mind. Neither need I say with the pleasant authors of the "Rejected Addresses" in their harmless imitation of a most pernicious author,

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing and every thing is nought.

I have never worked in an intellectual treadmill, which, as it had nothing to act on, was grinding the wind.

"He that thinks *ill*," says Dean Young, (the poet's father,) "*prevents* the Tempter, and does the Devil's business for him; he that thinks *nothing*, *tempts* the Tempter, and offers him possession of an empty room; but he that thinks *religiously*, *defeats* the Tempter, and is proof and secure against all his assaults." I know not whether there be any later example where the word *prevent* is used, as in the Collect, in its Latin sense.

It is a man's own fault if he excogitate vain thoughts, and still more if he enunciate and embody them; but it is not always in his power to prevent their influx. Even the preventive which George Taberville recommends in his monitory rhymes, is not infallible:

Eschew the idle life!
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought.

Into the busiest brain they will sometimes intrude; and the brain that is over-busy breeds them. But the thoughts which are not of our own growth or purchase, and which we receive not from books, society, or visible objects, but from some undiscovered influence, are of all kinds.

Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful? *

* OTHELLO.

I dare not affirm that some are suggestions of the enemy; neither dare I deny it; from all such *tela ignea* and *tela venenata*, whatever be their origin, or whencesoever they come, God preserve us! But there are holy inspirations, which philosophy may teach us to expect, and faith to pray for.

My present business is not with these, but it is with those conceptions which float into the solitary mind, and which, if they are unrecorded pass away, like a dream or a rainbow, or the glories of an evening sky. Some of them are no better than motes in the sunbeams, as light, as fleeting, and to all apprehension as worthless. Others may be called seminal thoughts, which, if they light not upon a thorny, or stony, or arid field of intellect, germinate, and bring forth flowers, and peradventure fruit. Now it is in the Interchapters that part of this floating capital is vested; part of these waifs and strays impounded; part of this treasure trove lodged; part of these chance thoughts and fancies preserved: part I say, because

*Jay mille autres pensers, et mille et mille et mille,
Qui font qu'incessamment mon esprit se distille.†*

"There are three things," says a Welsh triad, "that ought to be considered before some things should be spoken; the manner, the place, and the time." Touching the manner, I see none whereby they could more conveniently or agreeably be conveyed; and for the place and time these must be allowed to be at my own discretion.

And howsoever, be it well or ill
What I have done, it is mine own; I may
Do whatsoever therewithal I will.‡

(Be it remarked in passing that these lines bear a much greater resemblance to Italian poetry than any of those English sonnets which have been called Petrarcial.) One place being (generally speaking) as suitable as another, it has not been necessary for me to deliberate,

*Desto antigua prñez de pensamientos
Qual el primero hare, qual el segundo.§*

I have interspersed them where I thought fit, and given them the appellation which

† DES-PORTES.

‡ DANIEL.

§ BALBUENA.

they bear, to denote that they are no more a necessary and essential part of this *opus*, than the voluntary is of the church service.

Ἐισὶν δὲ περὶ τοῦ ;
 Περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ Πύλου,
 Περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ, περὶ ἀπάντων πραγμάτων.*

A Chapter is, as has been explained, both procreated and procreative: an Interchapter is like the hebdomad, which profound philosophers have pronounced to be not only *παρβένος*, but *ἀμήτωρ*, a motherless as well as a virgin number.

Here, too, the exception illustrates the rule. There are at the commencement of the third volume four Interchapters in succession, and relating to each other, the first gignitive but not generated; the second and third both generated and gignitive, the fourth generated but not gignitive. They stand to each other in the relation of Adam, Seth, Enoch, Kenan. These are the exceptions. The other chapters are all Melchizedekites.

The gentle Reader will be satisfied with this explanation; the curious will be pleased with it. To the captious one I say in the words of John Bunyan, "Friend, howsoever thou camest by this book, I will assure thee thou wert least in my thoughts when I writ it. I tell thee, I intended the book as little for thee as the goldsmith intended his jewels and rings for the snout of a sow!"

If any be not pleased, let them please themselves with their own displeasure. *Je n'ay pas enterpris de contenter tout le monde: mesme Jupiter n'aggrée à tous.* †

CHAPTER CIX.

INCIDENTAL MENTION OF HAMMOND, SIR EDMUND KING, JOANNA BAILLIE, SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, AND MR. THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTENAY. PETER COLLINSON AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. ALLISON'S. HOLYDAYS AT THAXTED GRANGE.

And sure there seem of human kind
 Some born to shun the solemn strife;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd
 To soothe the certain ills of life,
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades and decorate repose.
 SHENSTONE.

DR. HAMMOND says he had "heard say of a man who, upon his death-bed, being to take his farewell of his son, and considering what course of life to recommend that might secure his innocence, at last enjoined him to spend his time in making verses, and in dressing a garden; the old man thinking no temptation could creep into either of these employments." As to the former part of this counsel, a certain Sir Edmund King was of a different opinion; for meeting with Watts in his youth, he said to him, "Young man, I hear that you make verses! Let me advise you never to do it but when you can't help it." If there were ever a person who could not help it, Joanna Baillie would have said nothing more than what was strictly true, when she observed that "surely writing verses must have some power of intoxication in it, and can turn a sensible man into a fool by some process of mental alchemy."

"Gardening," says Mr. Courtenay, in his *Life of Sir William Temple*, "is a pursuit peculiarly adapted for reconciling and combining the tastes of the two sexes, and indeed of all ages. It is, therefore, of all amusements the most retentive of domestic affection. It is, perhaps, most warmly pursued by the very young, and by those who are far advanced in life, — before the mind is occupied with worldly business, and after it has become disgusted with it. There is nothing in it to remind of the bustle of political life; and it requires neither a

* ARISTOPHANES.

† BOUCHET.

sanguine disposition nor the prospect of a long life, to justify the expectation of a beautiful result from the slight and easy care which it exacts. Is it too much to say that the mind which can with genuine taste occupy itself in gardening, must have preserved some portion of youthful purity; that it must have escaped, during its passage through the active world its deeper contaminations; and that no shame nor remorse can have found a seat in it."

Certainly it is not too much to say this of Sir William Temple; nor would it be too much to say it of his biographer, whether he occupy himself, or not, in gardening as well as in literature, after many laborious years honourably passed in political and official life.

Peter Collinson, whose pious memory ought to be a standing toast at the meetings of the Horticultural Society, used to say that he never knew an instance in which the pursuit of such pleasure as the culture of a garden affords, did not either find men temperate and virtuous, or make them so. And this may be affirmed as an undeniable and not unimportant fact relating to the lower classes of society, that wherever the garden of a cottage, or other humble dwelling, is carefully and neatly kept, neatness and thrift, and domestic comfort, will be found within doors.

When, Mr. Allison settled at Thaxted Grange, English gardens were beginning generally to profit by the benevolent and happy endeavours of Peter Collinson to improve them. That singularly good man availed himself of his mercantile connexions, and of the opportunities afforded him by the Royal Society, of which he was one of the most diligent and useful members, to procure seeds and plants from all parts of the world, and these he liberally communicated to his friends. So they found their way first into the gardens of the curious, then of the rich, and lastly, when their beauty recommended them, spread themselves into those of ordinary persons. He divided his time between his counting-house in Gracechurch Street and his country-

house and garden, at Mill Hill, near Hendon; it might have grieved him could he have foreseen that his grounds there would pass, after his death, into the hands of a purchaser who, in mere ignorance, rooted out the rarest plants, and cut down trees which were scarcely to be found in perfection anywhere else in the kingdom at that time.

Mr. Collinson was a man of whom it was truly said that, not having any public station, he was the means of procuring national advantages for his country, and possessed an influence in it which wealth cannot purchase, and which will be honoured when titles are forgotten. For thirty years he executed gratuitously the commissions of the Philadelphian Subscription Library, the first which was established in America; he assisted the directors in their choice of books, took the whole care of collecting and shipping them, and transmitted to the directors the earliest accounts of every improvement in agriculture and the arts, and of every philosophical discovery.

Franklin, who was the founder of that library, made his first electrical experiments with an apparatus that had been sent to it as a present by Peter Collinson. He deemed it therefore a proper mark of acknowledgment to inform him of the success with which it had been used, and his first Essays on Electricity were originally communicated in letters to this good man. They were read in the Royal Society, "where they were not thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their transactions;" and his paper in which the sameness of lightning with electricity was first asserted, was laughed at by the connoisseurs. Peter Collinson, however, gave the letters to Cave for the Gentleman's Magazine; Cave forming a better judgment than the Royal Society had done, printed them separately in a pamphlet, for which Dr. Fothergill wrote a preface; the pamphlet by successive additions swelled to a volume in quarto which went through five editions, and, as Franklin observes, "cost Cave nothing for copy money."

What a contrast between this English

Quaker and Monsieur Le Cour (observe, reader, I call him Monsieur, lest you should mistake him for a Dutchman, seeing that he lived at Leyden,) who, having raised a double tuberose from the seed, and propagated it by the roots, till he had as many as he could find room to plant, destroyed the rest as fast as they were produced, that he might boast of being the only person in Europe who possessed it. Another French florist of the same stamp, M. Bachelier was his name, kept in like manner some beautiful species of the anemone to himself, which he had procured from the East Indies, and succeeded in withholding them for ten years from all who wished to possess them likewise. A counsellor of the Parliament, however, one day paid him a visit when they were in seed, and in walking with him round the garden, contrived to let his gown fall upon them; by this means he swept off a good number of the seeds, and his servant, who was apprised of the scheme, dexterously wrapt up the gown and secured them. Any one must have been a sour moralist who should have considered this to be a breach of the eighth commandment.

Mr. Allison was well acquainted with Peter Collinson; he and his sister sometimes visited him at Mill Hill, and upon their removal into Yorkshire they were supplied from thence with choice fruit trees, and fine varieties of the narcissus and polyanthus, which were the good Quaker's favourite tribes. The wall-fruits were under Mr. Allison's especial care; he called himself, indeed, First Lord of the Fruit Department; and if the first lords of certain other departments had taken as much pains to understand their business, and to perform it, the affairs of the state would have been better managed than they were in his days, and than they are in ours. Some part also he took in directing the business of the kitchen-garden; but the flowers were left entirely to Betsey and her aunt.

The old poet who called himself Shepherd Tonic, and whom Sir Egerton, with much likelihood, supposes to have been Anthony Munday, gives in his *Woodman's Walk* an

unfavourable representation of provincial morals, when, after forsaking the court and the city, because he had found nothing but selfishness and deceit in both, he tried the country.

There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly:
But Lord! how country folks can glose
When they speak most untruly!
More craft was in a buttoned cap
And in the old wives' rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.
There was no open forgery,
But underhanded gleaving,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worse meaning.
Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby;
The poor man's back is crackt ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie:
And no degree among them all
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees d'd fall
And prayed for their amending.

If the author of these verses, or any one who entertained the same opinion, had been a guest of Mr. Allison's at Thaxted Grange, and had remained under his roof long enough to see the way of life there, and the condition of the hamlet, he would have gone away with a very different persuasion. It was a remark of Bishop Percy's that you may discern in a country parish whether there is a resident clergyman or not, by the civil or savage manners of the people. The influence of the clergyman, however exemplary he may be, is materially impaired if his benefice is so poor and his means so straitened that his own necessities leave him little or nothing to spare; but when such a parish priest as Mr. Bacon has for his neighbour such a resident landholder as his friend at the Grange, happy are—not the cottagers only, but all who live within their sphere.

There was no alehouse in the hamlet, and as the fashion of preserves had not yet been introduced, there were no poachers, the inhabitants being thus happily exempted from two of the great temptations with which in our days men of that class are continually beset. If a newspaper ever found its way among them, newspapers were at that time harmless; and when a hawker came he had no pestiferous tracts, either seditious or sec-

tarian, for sale, or for gratuitous distribution: a scurvy jest-book was the worst article in his assortment. Mr. Bacon had nothing to counteract his pastoral labours except the pravity of human nature. Of this there must everywhere be but too much; but fortunate indeed is the parish priest who finds himself in like manner stationed where there are no external circumstances to aggravate and excite it.

Wherever more than ordinary pains were bestowed upon a cottager's or farmer's garden, Mr. Allison supplied the housewife with seed of a better kind than she might otherwise have been able to procure, and with grafts from his most serviceable fruit trees. No one who behaved well in his employ was ever left in want of employment; he had always some work going on, the cost of which was allowed for as charity in his accounts: and when he observed in a boy the diligence and the disposition which made it likely that an opportunity of bettering his condition would not be thrown away upon him, he advised, or if need were, enabled the parents to educate him for trade, and at a proper age provided a situation for him in London. If any of their daughters desired to acquire those useful arts which might qualify them for domestic service, they came to assist and learn from Miss Allison when she distilled her waters, made her cowslip, elder, and gooseberry wines, prepared her pickles and preserves, dried her medicinal plants, or constructed the great goose-pye, which in the Christmas week was always dispatched by the York coach to Bishopsgate Street, for the honour of Yorkshire, and the astonishment of the Londoners. They came also when preparations were making for a holiday, for old observances of this kind were maintained as duly there as by the Romans when the Laws of the Twelve Tables were in use, and every man constantly observed his family festivals as thereby enjoined.

Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday are still in general usage; indeed I do not know that it was ever deemed malignant and idolatrous to eat them on that day even under the

tyranny of the Puritans. But in Mr. Allison's days Mid-lent Sunday was not allowed to pass without a wholesome and savoury bowl of firmity on the social board: and Easter day brought with it not only those coloured eggs which are the friendly offering of that season throughout the whole north of Europe, but the tansy pudding also,—originally perhaps introduced (and possibly by some compulsory converts from Judaism) as a representative of the bitter herbs with which the Paschal Lamb was to be eaten.

Both Christmas-days were kept at the Grange. There were people in those times who refused to keep what they called Parliament Christmas. But whether the old computation or the new were right, was a point on which neither the master nor mistress of this house pretended to form an opinion. On which day the Glastonbury Thorn blossomed they never thought it necessary to inquire, nor did they go into the byre or the fields to see upon which midnight the oxen were to be found on their knees. They agreed with Mr. Bacon that in other respects it was a matter of indifference, but not so that Christmas should be celebrated on the same day throughout Christendom: and he agreed with them that as the ritual ought to be performed at the time appointed by authority, so the convivial observances might be regulated by the old calendar, or still more fitly, repeated according to the old reckoning, in deference to old feelings and recollections which time had consecrated.

In Bishopsgate Street it had been found convenient to set down the children and their young guests on these occasions at Pope-Joan, or snip-snap-snorum, which was to them a more amusing because a noisier game. But here was room for more legitimate gambols; and when a young party had assembled numerous enough for such pastime, hunt the slipper, hot cockles, or blind-man's buff were the sports of a Christmas evening. These had been days of high enjoyment to Betsey for a few years after their removal into the country; they ceased

to be so when she saw that her aunt's hair was passing from the steel to the silver hue, and remembered that her father had reached the term of life, beyond which, in the ordinary course of nature, our strength is but labour and sorrow;—that the one was at an age

When every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in us* ;

the other, —

Even in the downfall of his mellowed years
When Nature brought him to the door of Death.*

CHAPTER CX.

A TRANSITIONAL CHAPTER, WHEREIN THE AUTHOR COMPARES HIS BOOK TO AN OMNIBUS AND A SHIP, QUOTES SHAKESPEARE, MARCO ANTONIO DE CAMOS, QUARLES, SPENSER, AND SOMEBODY ELSE, AND INTRODUCES HIS READERS TO SOME OF THE HEATHEN GODS, WITH WHOM PERHAPS THEY WERE NOT ACQUAINTED BEFORE.

We are not to grudge such interstitial and transitional matter as may promote an easy connection of parts and an elastic separation of them, and keep the reader's mind upon springs as it were.

HENRY TAYLOR'S Statesman.

DEAR impatient readers, — you whom I know and who do not know me, — and you who are equally impatient, but whom I cannot call equally dear, because you are totally strangers to me in my out-of-eog character, — you who would have had me hurry on

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought*, —

you will not wonder, nor perhaps will you blame me now, that I do not hasten to the wedding-day. The day on which Deborah left her father's house was the saddest that she had ever known till then; nor was there one of the bridal party who did not feel that this was the first of those events, in-

evitable and mournful all, by which their little circle would be lessened, and his or her manner of life or of existence changed.

There is no checking the course of time. When the shadow on Hezekiah's dial went back, it was in the symbol only that the miracle was wrought: the minutes in every other horologe held their due course. But as Opifex of this opus, I, when it seems good unto me, may take the hour-glass from Time's hand and let it rest at a stand-still, till I think fit to turn it and set the sands again in motion. You who have got into this my omnibus, know that like other omnibuses, its speed is to be regulated, not according to your individual, and perhaps contrariant wishes, but by my discretion.

Moreover, I am not bound to ply with this omnibus only upon a certain line. In that case there would be just cause of complaint, if you were taken out of your road.

*Mas estorva y desobre en el camino
Una pequeña legua de desvío
Que la jornada larga de continuo.*

Whoever has at any time lost his way upon a long journey can bear testimony to the truth of what the Reverend Padre Maestro Fray Marco Antonio de Camos says in those lines. (I will tell you hereafter, reader, (for it is worth telling,) why that namesake of the Triumvir, when he wrote the poem from whence the lines are quoted, had no thoughts of dedicating it, as he afterwards did, to D. Juan Pimentel y de Requesens.) But you are in no danger of being bewildered, or driven out of your way. It is not in a stage coach that you have taken your place with me, to be conveyed to a certain point, and within a certain time, under such an expectation on your part, and such an engagement on mine. We will drop the metaphor of the omnibus, — observing, however, by the bye, which is the same thing in common parlance as by the way, though critically there may seem to be a difference, for by the bye might seem to denote a collateral remark, and by the way a direct one; observing, however, as I said, that as Dexter called his work, or St. Jerome called it for him, *Omnimoda Historia*, so might this opus

* SHAKESPEARE.

be not improperly denominated. You have embarked with me, not for a definite voyage, but for an excursion on the water; and not in a steamer, nor in a galley, nor in one of the post-office packets, nor in a man-of-war, nor in a merchant-vessel; but in

A ship that's mann'd
With labouring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reason's hand.
My Will's the seaman's card whereby she sails;
My just Affections are the greater sails,
The top sail is my fancy.*

Sir Guyon was not safer in Phædria's "gondelay bedecked trim" than thou art on "this wide inland sea," in my ship

That knows her port and thither sails by aim;
Ne care, ne fear I how the wind do blow;
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow,
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn.†

My turn is served for the present, and yours also. The question who was Mrs. Dove? propounded for future solution in the second Chapter P. I., and for immediate consideration at the conclusion of the 71st Chapter and the beginning of the 72nd, has been sufficiently answered. You have been made acquainted with her birth, parentage, and education; and you may rest assured that if the Doctor had set out upon a tour, like Cœlebs, in search of a wife, he could never have found one who would in all respects have suited him better. What Shakespeare says of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch might seem to have been said with a second sight of this union:

Such as she is
Is this our Doctor, every way complete;
If not complete, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

You would wish me perhaps to describe her person. Sixty years had "written their defeatures in her face" before I became acquainted with her; yet by what those years had left methinks I could conceive what she had been in her youth. Go to your looking-glasses, young ladies,—and you will not be so well able to imagine by

what you see there, how you will look when you shall have shaken hands with Three-score.

One of the Elizabethan minor-poets, speaking of an ideal beauty, says,

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond Imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell,
Her feature, or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And some-times fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while,
As when I fell a-sleeping.

Just as unable should I feel myself were I to attempt a description from what Mrs. Dove was when I knew her, of what Deborah Bacon might be supposed to have been,—just as unable as this dreaming rhymer should I be, and you would be no whit the wiser. What the disposition was which gave her face its permanent beauty you may know by what has already been said. But this I can truly say of her and of her husband, that if they had lived in the time of the Romans when Doncaster was called Danum, and had been of what was then the Roman religion, and had been married, as consequently they would have been, with the rites of classical Paganism, it would have been believed both by their neighbours and themselves that their nuptial offerings had been benignly received by the god Domicius and the goddesses Maturna and Gamelia; and no sacrifice to Viriplaca would ever have been thought necessary in that household.

CHAPTER CXI.

CONCERNING MAGAZINES, AND THE FORMER
AND PRESENT RACE OF ALPHABET-MEN.

*Altri gli han messo nome Santa Crocc,
Altri lo chiaman l' A. B. C guastando
La misura, gl' accenti, et la sua vocc.*

SANSOVINO.

THE reader has now been informed who Mrs. Dove was, and what she was on that day of mingled joy and grief when the bells of

* QUARLES: *mutatis mutandis*.

† SPENSER.

St. George's welcomed her to Doncaster as a bride. Enough too has been related concerning the Doctor in his single state, to show that he was not unworthy of such a wife. There is, however, more to be told; for any one who may suppose that a physician at Doncaster must have been pretty much the same sort of person in the year 1761 as at present, can have reflected little upon the changes for better and worse which have been going on during the intervening time. The fashions in dress and furniture have not altered more than the style of intellectual upholstery.

Our Doctor flourished in the Golden Age of Magazines, when their pages were filled with voluntary contributions from men who never aimed at dazzling the public, but came each with his scrap of information, or his humble question, or his hard problem, or his attempt in verse.

In those days A was an Antiquary, and wrote articles upon Altars and Abbeys and Architecture. B made a blunder, which C corrected. D demonstrated that E was in error, and that F was wrong in Philology, and neither Philosopher nor Physician, though he affected to be both. G was a Genealogist: H was an Herald, who helped him. I was an inquisitive inquirer, who found reason for suspecting J to be a Jesuit. M was a mathematician. N noted the weather. O observed the stars. P was a poet, who piddled in pastorals, and prayed Mr. Urban to print them. Q came in the corner of the page with his query. R arrogated to himself the right of reprehending every one who differed from him. S sighed and sued in song. T told an old tale, and when he was wrong U used to set him right. V was a virtuoso. W warred against Warburton. X excelled in algebra. Y yearned for immortality in rhyme; and Z in his zeal was always in a puzzle.

Those were happy times when each little star was satisfied with twinkling in his own sphere. No one thought of bouncing about like a cracker, singing and burning in the mere wantonness of mischief, and then going out with a noise and a stink.

But now

— when all this world is woxen daily worse,*

see what a change has taken place through the whole Chriscross Row! As for A, there is Alaric Watts with his Souvenir, and Ackerman with his Forget-me-not, and all the rest of the Annual Albumers. B is a blackguard, and blusters in a popular Magazine. C is a coxcomb who concocts fashionable novels for Colburn; and D is a dunce who admires him. E, being empty and envious, thinks himself eminently qualified for Editor of a Literary Gazette. F figures as a fop in Knight's Quarterly. G is a general reformer, and dealer in Greek scrip. H is Humbug and Hume; and for my I, it may always be found with Mr. Irving and Mrs. Elizabeth Martin. J jeers at the Clergy in Mr. Jeffery's journal. K kicks against the pricks with his friend L, who is Leigh Hunt, the Liberal. M manufactures mischief for the Morning Chronicle. N is nobody knows who, that manufactures jokes for John Bull, and fathers them upon Rogers. O is an obstreperous orator. P was Peter Pindar, and is now Paul Pry. Q is the Quarterly Review, and R S Robert Southey, who writes in it. T tells lies in the Old Times. U is a Unitarian who hopes to be Professor of Theology at the London University. V is Vivian Grey. W is Sir Walter Scott. X the Ex-Sheriff Parkins. Y was the Young Roscius; and Z,—Zounds, who can Z be, but Zachary Macaulay?

Oh,—

— *se oggidì vivesse in terra
Democrito, (perchè di lagrimare
Io non son vago, e però taccio il nome
D' Eracito dolente;) or, se viresse
Fra' mortali Democrito, per certo
Ei si smascelerebbe della risa,
Guardando le sciocchezze de' mortali. †*

CHAPTER CXII.

HUNTING IN AN EASY CHAIR. THE DOCTOR'S BOOKS.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill placed statues.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

A CERTAIN Ludovicus Bosch, instead of having his coat of arms, or his cypher engraved to put in his books, had a little print of himself in his library. The room has a venerable collegiate character; there is a crucifix on the table, and a goodly proportion of folios on the shelves. Bosch, in a clerical dress, is seated in an easy chair, cogitabund, with a manuscript open before him, a long pen in his hand, and on his head a wig which, with all proper respect for the dignity and vocation of the wearer, I cannot but honestly denominate a caxon. The caxon quizzifies the figure, and thereby mars the effect of what would otherwise have been a pleasing as well as appropriate design. Underneath in the scrolled framing is this verse,

In tali nunquam lassat venatio sylvâ.

Dr. Charles Balguy, of Peterborough, had for the same purpose a design which, though equally appropriate, was not so well conceived. His escutcheon, with the words

Jucunda oblivia vitæ

above, and his name and place of abode below, is suspended against an architectural pile of books. It was printed in green. I found it in one of our own Doctor's out-of-the-way volumes, a thin foolscap quarto, printed at Turin, 1589, being a treatise *della natura de' cibi et del bere*, by Baldasare Pisanelli, a physician of Bologna.

Dr. Balguy's motto would not have suited our Doctor. For though books were among the comforts and enjoyments of his life from boyhood to old age, they never made him

oblivious of its business. Like Ludovicus Bosch, — but remember, I beseech you, Ladies! his wig was not a caxon; and, moreover, that when he gave an early hour to his books, it was before the wig was put on, and that when he had a leisure evening for them, off went the wig, and a velvet or silken cap, according to the season, supplied its place; — like Bosch, I say, when he was seated in his library, — but in no such conventual or collegiate apartment, and with no such assemblage of folios, quartos, and all inferior sizes, substantially bound, in venerable condition, and “in seemly order ranged;” nor with that atmospheric odour of antiquity, and books, which is more grateful to the olfactories of a student than the fumes of any pastille; but in a little room, with a ragged regiment upon his shelves, and an odour of the shop from below, in which rhubarb predominated, though it was sometimes overpowered by valerian, dear to cats, or assafetida which sprung up, say the Turks, in Paradise, upon the spot where the Devil first set his foot: — like Bosch, I say, once more and without farther parenthesis, —

(*πιστάσθαι πάντας εἰς τὴν μέσσην λόγον.**)

like Bosch, the Doctor never was weary with pursuing the game that might be started in a library. And though there was no forest at hand, there were some small preserves in the neighbourhood, over which he was at liberty to range.

Perhaps the reader's memory may serve him, where mine is just now at fault, and he may do for himself, what some future editor will do for me, that is supply the name of a man of letters who, in his second childhood, devised a new mode of book-hunting: he used to remove one of the books in his library from its proper place, and when he had forgotten, as he soon did, where it had been put, he hunted the shelves till he found it. There will be some who see nothing more in this affecting anecdote than an exemplification of the vanity of human pursuits; but it is not refining too much, if

* EURIPIDES.

we perceive in it a consolatory mark of a cheerful and philosophical mind, retaining its character even when far in decay. For no one who had not acquired a habit of happy philosophy would have extracted amusement from his infirmities, and made the failure of his memory serve to beguile some of those hours which could then no longer be profitably employed.

Circulating libraries, which serve for the most part to promote useless reading, were not known when Daniel Dove set up his rest at Doncaster. It was about that time that a dissenting minister, Samuel Fancourt by name, opened the first in London, of course upon a very contracted scale. Book clubs are of much later institution. There was no bookseller in Doncaster till several years afterwards: sometimes an itinerant dealer in such wares opened a stall there on a market day, as Johnson's father used to do at Birmingham; and one or two of the trade regularly kept the fair. A little of the live stock of the London publishers found its way thither at such times, and more of their dead stock, with a regular supply of certain works popular enough to be printed in a cheap form for this kind of sale. And when, at the breaking up of a household, such books as the deceased or removing owner happened to possess were sold off with the furniture, those which found no better purchaser on the spot usually came into the hands of one of these dealers, and made the tour of the neighbouring markets. It was from such stragglers that the Doctor's ragged regiment had been chiefly raised. Indeed he was so frequent a customer, that the stall-keepers generally offered to his notice any English book which they thought likely to take his fancy, and any one in a foreign language which had not the appearance of a school-book. And when in one book he found such references to another as made him desirous of possessing, or at least consulting it, he employed a person at York to make inquiry for it there.

CHAPTER CXIII.

THOMAS GENT AND ALICE GUY, A TRUE TALE, SHOWING THAT A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY WILL NOT ALWAYS HOLD OUT LONGER THAN TROY TOWN, AND YET THE WOMAN MAY NOT BE THE PARTY WHO IS MOST IN FAULT.

*Io dico, non dimando
Quel che tu vuoi udir, perch' io l' ho visto
Ove s' appunta ogni ubi, e ogni quando.*

DANTE.

THE person whom the Doctor employed in collecting certain books for him, and whom Peter Hopkins had employed in the same way, was that Thomas Gent of whom it was incidentally said in the 47th Chapter that he published the old poem of Flodden Field, from a transcript made by Daniel's kind-hearted schoolmaster, Richard Guy, whose daughter he married. Since that chapter was written an account of Gent's life, written by himself in 1746, when he was in his 53d year, and in his own handwriting, was discovered by Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller, among a collection of books from Ireland, and published by him, with a portrait of the author, copied from a fine mezzotinto engraving by Valentine Green, which is well known to collectors. Gent was a very old man when that portrait was taken; and his fine loose-flowing silver hair gave great effect to a singularly animated and cheerful face. His autobiography is as characteristic as John Dunton's, and like it contains much information relating to the state of the press in his days, and the trade of literature. A few curious notices occur in it of the manners and transactions of those times. But the portion pertinent to the business of these volumes is that which in its consequences led him to become the Doctor's purveyor of old books in the ancient city of York.

Gent, though descended, he says, from the Gents of Staffordshire, was born in Dublin: his parents were good people in humble life, who trained him up in the way he should go, gave him the best education their means could afford, and apprenticed him to a printer, from whom, after three

years' service, he ran away, because of the brutal usage which he received. He got on board ship with little more than a shilling in his pocket, and was landed at Parkgate to seek his fortune. But having made good use of the time which he had served with his tyrannical master, he obtained employment in London, and made himself useful to his employers. After having been four years there, he accepted an offer from Mr. White, who, as a reward for printing the Prince of Orange's Declaration when all the printers in London refused to undertake so dangerous a piece of work, was made King's printer for York and five other counties. Mr. White had plenty of business, there being few printers in England, except in London, at that time; "None," says Gent, "I am sure, at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal, and Leeds. The offer was eighteen pounds a year, with board, washing, and lodging, and a guinea to bear his charges on the road. Twenty shillings of this I offered," he says, "to Crofts the carrier, a very surly young fellow as ever I conversed with, but he would have five or six shillings more; finding him so stiff with me, I resolved to venture on foot. He set out with his horses on Monday, and the next morning, being the 20th of April, 1714, I set forward, and had not, I think, walked three miles, when a gentleman's servant with a horse ready saddled and himself riding another, overtook me, and for a shilling, with a glass or so on the road, allowed me to ride with him as far as Caxton, which was the period of his journey."

Having reached York about twelve o'clock on the Sunday following, and found the way to Mr. White's house, the door was opened by the head-maiden. "She ushered me," says Gent, "into the chamber where Mrs. White lay something ill in bed; but the old gentleman was at his dinner, by the fire-side, sitting in a noble arm-chair, with a good large pie before him, and made me partake heartily with him. I had a guinea in my shoe lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot; at which the old gentleman

smiled, and pleasantly said, it was more than he had ever seen a journeyman save before. I could not but smile too, because my trunk, with my clothes and eight guineas, was sent, about a month before to Ireland, where I was resolved to go and see my friends had his place not offered to me as it did."

Gent was as happy as he could wish here, and as he earned money bought clothes to serve him till he should rejoin his trunk in Dublin, which at the year's end he determined to do, refusing to renew his engagement till he had visited his parents. "Yet," says he, "what made my departure somewhat uneasy, I scarce then well knew how, was through respect of Mrs. Alice Guy, the young woman who I said first opened the door to me, upper maiden to Mrs. White, who, I was persuaded to believe, had the like mutual fondness for me—she was the daughter of Mr. Richard Guy, schoolmaster at Ingleton, near Lancashire; had very good natural parts, quick understanding, was of a fine complexion, and very amiable in her features. Indeed I was not very forward in love, or desire of matrimony, till I knew the world better, and consequently should be more able to provide such a handsome maintenance as I confess I had ambition enough to desire; but yet my heart could not absolutely slight so lovely a young creature as to pretend I had no esteem for her charms, which had captivated others, and particularly my master's grandson, Mr. Charles Bourne, who was more deserving than any. However I told her (because my irresolution should not anticipate her advancement,) that I should respect her as one of the dearest of friends; and receiving a little dog from her as a companion on the road, I had the honour to be accompanied as far as Bramham Moor by my rival."

He was received by his parents like the Prodigal son, and had engaged himself as journeyman in Dublin, when his old master Powell employed officers to seize him for leaving his apprenticeship. It was in vain that his father and a friendly brother-in-law offered a fair sum for his release, while he concealed himself; more was demanded than

would have been proper for them to give; there was no other remedy than to leave Ireland once more, and as about that time he had received a letter from his dearest at York, saying that he was expected there, thither, purely again to enjoy her company, he resolved to direct his course. His friends were much concerned at their parting, "but my unlucky whelp," says he, "that a little before, while taking a glass with Mr. Hume (the printer with whom I had engaged), had torn my new hat in pieces, seemed nowise affected by my taking boat; so I let the rascal stay with my dear parents who were fond of him for my sake, as he was of them for his own; nor was he less pleasant by his tricks to the neighbourhood, who called him Yorkshire, from the country whence I brought him."

There is a chasm in this part of the manuscript: it appears, however, that he remained some months at York, and then went to London, where he was as careful as possible in saving what he had earned, "but yet," says he, "could not perceive a prospect of settlement whereby to maintain a spouse like her as I judged she deserved, and I could not bear the thoughts to bring her from a good settlement, without I could certainly make us both happy in a better." He went on, however, industriously and prosperously, had "the great happiness" in the year 1717 of being made freeman of the company of Stationers, and in the same year commenced citizen of London, his share of the treat that day with other expenses coming to about five pounds. Now that he was beyond his reach, his old tyrant in Dublin was glad to accept of five pounds for his discharge; this money he remitted, and thus became absolutely free both in England and Ireland, for which he gave sincere thanks to the Almighty.

"And now," says he, "I thought myself happy, when the thoughts of my dearest often occurred to my mind: God knows it is but too common, and that with the best and most considerate persons, that something or other gives them disquietude or makes them seek after it." A partnership at Norwich was offered him, and he accepted it; but a few

hours afterwards there came a mournful letter from his parents, saying that they were very infirm, and extremely desirous to see him once more before they died. It is to Gent's honour that he immediately gave up his engagement at Norwich, though the stage coach had been ordered to receive him. The person whom he recommended in his stead was Mr. Robert Raikes, who when Gent wrote these memoirs was settled as a master in Gloucester; he became the father of a singularly prosperous family, and one of his sons, his successor in the printing office, is well known as the person who first established Sunday schools.

Yet though Gent acted under an impulse of natural duty on this occasion, he confesses that he was not without some cause for self-reproach: "I wrote," said he, "a lamenting letter to my dear in York, bewailing that I could not find a proper place as yet to settle in, told her that I was leaving the kingdom, and reminded her by what had passed that she could not be ignorant where to direct if she thought proper so to do; that I was far from slighting her, and resigned her to none but the protection of Heaven. But sure never was poor creature afflicted with such melancholy as I was upon my journey, my soul did seem to utter within me, 'wretch that I am, what am I doing, and whither going?' My parents, it's true, as they were constantly most affectionate, so indeed they are, especially in far advanced years, peculiar objects of my care and esteem; but am I not only leaving England, the Paradise of the world, to which as any loyal subject I have now an indubitable right, but am I not also departing, for aught I know for ever, from the dearest creature upon earth? from her that loved me when I knew not well how to respect myself; who was wont to give me sweet counsel in order for my future happiness, equally partook of those deep sorrows which our tender love had occasioned, was willing to undergo all hazards with me in this troublesome life, whose kind letters had so often proved like healing balm to my languishing condition, and whose constancy, had I been as equally faithful and

not so timorous of being espoused through too many perplexing doubts, would never have been shaken, and without question would have promoted the greatest happiness for which I was created."

These self-reproaches, which were not undeserved, made him ill on the road. He reached Dublin, however, and though the employment which he got there was not nearly so profitable as what he had had in London, love for his parents made him contented, "and took," he says, "all thoughts of further advantages away, till Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotchman in the same printing office with me, getting me in liquor, obtained a promise that I should accompany him to England, where there was a greater likelihood of prosperity. Accordingly he so pressed me, and gave such reasons to my dear parents that it was not worth while to stay there for such small business as we enjoyed, that they consented we should go together: but alas! their melting tears made mine to flow, and bedewed my pillow every night after that I lodged with them. 'What, Tommy,' my mother would sometimes say, 'this English damsel of yours, I suppose, is the chiefest reason why you slight us and your native country!' 'Well,' added she, 'the ways of Providence I know are unsearchable; and whether I live to see you again or no, I shall pray God to be your defender and preserver!'—I thought it not fit to accumulate sorrows to us all, by returning any afflictive answers; but taking an opportunity whilst she was abroad on her business, I embarked with my friend once more for England."

Tommy, however, made the heart of his English damsel sick with hope long deferred. He was provident overmuch; and this he acknowledges even when endeavouring to excuse himself:—"all that I had undergone I must confess," he says, "I thought were but my just deserts for being so long absent from my dear," (it had now been an absence of some years), "and yet I could not well help it. I had a little money it is very true, but no certain home wherein to invite her. I knew she was well fixed; and

it pierced me to the very heart to think, if through any miscarriage or misfortune I should alter her condition for the worse instead of the better. Upon this account my letters to her at this time were not so amorously obliging as they ought to have been from a sincere lover; by which she had reason, however she might have been mistaken, to think that I had failed in my part of those tender engagements which had passed between us."

Gent had sometimes the honour of being the Bellman's poet, and used to get heartily treated for the Christmas verses which he composed in that capacity. One lucky day he happened to meet his friend Mr. Evan Ellis, who was the Bellman's printer in ordinary: "Tommy," said his friend, "I am persuaded that some time or other you'll set up a press in the country, where, I believe, you have a pretty northern lass at heart; and as I believe you save money and can spare it, I can help you to a good pennyworth preparatory to your design." Accordingly upon this recommendation he purchased at a cheap price a considerable quantity of old types, which Mr. Mist, the proprietor of a journal well known at that time by his name, had designed for the furnace. To this he added a font almost new, resolving to venture in the world with his dearest, who at first, he says, gave him encouragement. He does not say that she ever discouraged him, and his own resolution appears to have been but half-hearted. His purse being much exhausted by these purchases, he still worked on for further supplies; by and by he bought a new font, and so went on increasing his stock, working for his old first master and for himself also, and occasionally employing servants himself, though the fatigue was exceedingly great and almost more than he could go through. Alas the while for Alice Guy, who was now in the tenth year of her engagement to lukewarm Thomas!

Lukewarm Thomas imagined "things would so fall out that after some little time he should have occasion to invite his dear to London." But let him tell his own

story. "One Sunday morning, as my shoes were jappning by a little boy at the end of the lane, there came Mr. John Hoyle, who had been a long time in a messenger's custody on suspicion for reprinting *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, under direction of Mrs. Powell, with whom he wrought as journeyman; 'Mr. Gent,' said he, 'I have been at York to see my parents, and am but just as it were returned to London. I am heartily glad to see you, but sorry to tell you that you have lost your old sweetheart; for I assure you that she is really married to your rival Mr. Bourne!' I was so thunderstruck that I could scarcely return an answer, — all former thoughts crowding into my mind, the consideration of spending my substance on a business I would not have engaged in as a master but for her sake, my own remissness that had occasioned it, and withal that she could not in such a case be much blamed for mending her fortune, — all these threw me under a very deep concern."

He consoled himself as Petrarch had done: and opening his old vein of poetry and bell-metal, gave some vent to his passion by writing a copy of verses to the tune of "Such charms has Phillis!" then much in request, and proper for the flute. He entitled it "The Forsaken Lover's Letter to his former Sweetheart." "When I had done," says he, "as I did not care that Mr. Midwinter (his master) should know of my great disappointment, I gave the copy to Mr. Dodd, who printing the same sold thousands of them, for which he offered me a price; but as it was on my own proper concern, I scorned to accept of anything except a glass of comfort or so." If the Forsaken Lover's Lamentation had been sung about the streets of York, Mrs. Bourne might have listened to it without suspecting that she was the treacherous maid, who for the sake of this world's splendour had betrayed her only sweet jewel, left him to languish alone, and broken his heart,

Proving that none could be falser than she.

Conscience would never have whispered to her that it was lukewarm Thomas who

closed his complaint with the desperate determination expressed in the ensuing stanza.

Now to the woods and groves I'll be ranging,
 Free from all women I'll vent forth my grief:
 While birds are singing and sweet notes exchanging,
 This pleasing concert will yield me relief.
 Thus like the swan before its departing
 Sings forth its elegy in melting strains,
 My dying words shall move all the kind powers above
 To pity my fate, the most wretched of swains.

He neither went to the woods, nor died; but entered into an engagement with Mr. Dodd's widow to manage her printing business, being the more willing to enter into the service of this gentlewoman since he was disappointed of his first love. The widow was a most agreeable person, daughter to a sea captain, and had been educated at the boarding-school at Hackney: Dodd was her second husband, and she had been left with a child by each. "I thought her," says Gent, "worthy of the best of spouses; for sure there never could be a finer economist or sweeter mother to her dear children, whom she kept exceedingly decent. I have dined with her; but then as in reason I allowed what was fitting for my meals, and her conversation, agreeably to her fine education, almost wounded me with love, and at the same time commanded a becoming reverence. What made her excellent carriage the more endearing was, that I now must never expect to behold my first love at York: though I heard by travellers that not only she, but her husband used to inquire after me. Indeed I was sensible that Mr. Bourne, though a likely young man, was not one of the most healthful persons; but far from imagining otherwise than that he might have outlived me who then was worn to a shadow. But, see the wonderful effects of Divine Providence in all things!

"It was one Sunday morning that Mr. Philip Wood, a quondam partner at Mr. Midwinter's, entering my chambers where I sometimes used to employ him too when slack of business in other places — 'Tommy,' said he, 'all these fine materials of yours, must be moved to York!' At which won-

dering, 'what mean you?' said I. 'Ay,' said he, 'and you must go too, without it's your own fault; for your first sweetheart is now at liberty, and left in good circumstances by her dear spouse, who deceased but of late.' 'I pray heaven,' answered I, 'that his precious soul may be happy: and for aught I know it may be as you say, for, indeed, I think I may not trifle with a widow as I have formerly done with a maid.' I made an excuse to my mistress that I had business in Ireland, but that I hoped to be at my own lodgings in about a month's time; if not, as I had placed everything in order, she might easily by any other person carry on the business. But she said she would not have any beside me in that station I enjoyed, and therefore should expect my return to her again: but respectfully taking leave, I never beheld her after, though I heard she was after very indifferently married. I had taken care that my goods should be privately packed up, and hired a little warehouse and put them in ready to be sent, by sea or land, to where I should order: and I pitched upon Mr. Campbell, my fellow-traveller, as my confidant in this affair, desiring my cousins to assist him; all of whom I took leave of at the Black Swan in Holborn, where I had paid my passage in the stage coach, which brought me to York in four days' time. Here I found my dearest once more, though much altered from what she was about ten years before that I had not seen her. There was no need for new courtship; but decency suspended the ceremony of marriage for some time: till my dearest at length, considering the ill-consequence of delay in her business, as well as the former ties of love that passed innocently between us by word and writing, gave full consent to have the nuptials celebrated,—and performed accordingly they were, "in the stately cathedral," the very day of Archbishop Blackburne's installation.

CHAPTER CXIV.

THE AUTHOR HINTS AT CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS GENT ON WHICH HE DOES NOT THINK IT NECESSARY TO DWELL.

Round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

BUTLER.

If I were given to prolixity, and allowed myself to be led away from the subject before me, I might here be tempted to relate certain particulars concerning Thomas Gent; how under his first London master, Mr. Midwinter, whose house was a ballad-house, "he worked many times from five in the morning till twelve at night, and frequently without food from breakfast till five or six in the evening, through their hurry with hawkers." And how in that same service he wrote, which is to say in modern language *reported*. Dr. Sacheverel's sermon after his suspension, for which his master gave him a crown-piece, and a pair of breeches,—not before they were wanted;—and by which the said master gained nearly thirty pounds in the course of the week. And how he once engaged with Mr. Francis Clifton, who having had a liberal education at Oxford proved a Papist, set up a press, printed a newspaper, and getting in debt moved his goods into the liberty of the Fleet, and there became entered as a prisoner; and how Gent sometimes in extreme weather worked for him under a mean shed adjoining to the prison walls, when snow and rain fell alternately on the cases, yet, he says, the number of wide-mouthed stentorian hawkers, brisk trade, and very often a glass of good ale, revived the drooping spirits of him and his fellow workmen; and he often admired the success of this Mr. Clifton in his station, for whether through pity of mankind, or the immediate hand of Divine Providence to his family, advantageous jobs so often flowed upon him as gave him cause to be merry under his heavy misfortunes.

And how while in this employ a piece of work came in which he composed and helped to work off, but was not permitted to know who was the author. It was a vindication of an honest clergyman who had been committed to the King's Bench upon an action of *scandalum magnatum*: however, says he, "when finished, the papers were packed up, and delivered to my care; and the same night, my master hiring a coach, we were driven to Westminster, where we entered into a large sort of monastic building. Soon were we ushered into a spacious hall, where we sate near a large table covered with an ancient carpet of curious work, and whereon was soon laid a bottle of wine for our entertainment. In a little time we were visited by a grave gentleman in a black lay habit, who entertained us with one pleasant discourse or other. He bid us be secret; for, said he, the imprisoned divine does not know who is his defender; and if he did, I know his temper; in a sort of transport he would reveal it, and so I should be blamed for my good office: and whether his intention was designed to show his gratitude, yet if a man is hurt by a friend, the damage is the same as if done by an enemy: to prevent which is the reason I desire this concealment. 'You need not fear me, Sir,' said my master; 'and I, good Sir,' added I, 'you may be less afraid of; for I protest I do not know where I am, much less your person, nor heard where I should be driven, or if I shall not be driven to Jerusalem before I get home again. Nay, I shall forget I ever did the job by to-morrow, and consequently shall never answer any questions about it, if demanded. Yet, Sir, I shall secretly remember your generosity, and drink to your health with this brimfull glass.' Thereupon this set them both a-laughing, and truly I was got merrily tipsy, so merry that I hardly knew how I was driven homewards. For my part I was ever inclined to secrecy and fidelity; and therefore I was nowise inquisitive concerning our hospitable entertainer.—But happening afterwards to behold a state prisoner in a coach, guarded from Westminster to

the Tower, God bless me, thought I, it was no less than the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury, by whom my master and I had been treated!"

Were I to ramble from my immediate purpose I might relate how Gent saw Mr. John Mathews, a young printer, drawn on a sledge to the place of execution, where he suffered for high treason; and how Mathews's clothes were exceeding neat, the lining of his coat a rich Persian silk, and every other thing as befitted a gentleman; and how he talked of death like a philosopher to some young ladies who came to take their farewell. This poor youth was but in his nineteenth year, and not out of his apprenticeship to his mother and brother. He had been under misfortunes before, and through the favour of the government at that time was discharged, at which time his brother had given public orders to the people in his employ that if ever they found John either doing or speaking anything against the government, they would inform him that he might take a proper method to prevent it. Nevertheless, for ten guineas, he, with the assistance of another apprentice and a journeyman, printed a treasonable paper intitled *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, containing direct incitement to rebellion. I might relate also how this journeyman Lawrence Vezey, who went by the name of *old gentleman* in the printing-office, and who had not the character of an honest man about his printing; and who, moreover, had gone to the criminal's mother and offered to go out of the way if she would give him money, and accordingly had gone to St. Albans, and staid there nine days, but no money coming, he could not stay out of the way longer, but seems rather to have been suspected of putting himself in the way,—I might, I say, relate how this Vezey did not long survive the ill-fated youth; and how at his burial, in an obscure part of Islington churchyard, many of the printers' boys, called devils, made a noise like such, with their ball stocks carried thither for that purpose, and how the minister was much interrupted thereby in the Burial

service, and shameful indignities were committed at the grave: and how the printers, who had been at Islington that day, had their names sent off to the Courts of Westminster, where it cost their pockets pretty well before their persons were discharged from trouble. But Gent, who desired to be out of harm's way, had shunned what he called the crew of demons with their incendiaries to a mischief.

I might also relate how he once carried skull caps made of printing balls stuffed with wool to his brother printers, who were to exhibit their faces in that wooden frame called the pillory; in which frame, nevertheless, he seems to think they were properly set; and the mob were of the same opinion, for these skull caps proved but weak helmets against the missiles wherewith they were assailed. Moreover, further to exemplify the perils which in those days environed the men who meddled with printer's types, I might proceed to say how, after a strange dream, poor Gent was in the dead of the night alarmed by a strange thundering noise at the door, and his door broken open, and himself seized in his bed by two king's messengers upon a false information that he had been engaged in printing some lines concerning the imprisoned Bishop of Rochester, which had given offence; and how he was carried to a public-house near St. Sepulchre's Church, whither his two employers Mr. Midwinter and Mr. Clifton were also brought prisoners, and how they were taken to Westminster and there imprisoned in a very fine house in Manchester Court which had nevertheless within the fusty smell of a prison; and how from the high window of his humble back apartment he could behold the Thames, and hear the dashing of the flowing waters against the walls that kept it within due bounds: and how in the next room to him was confined that unhappy young Irish clergyman Mr. Neynoe—(not Naypoe as the name in these memoirs is erroneously given). "I used," says Gent, "to hear him talk to himself when his raving fits came on; and now and then would he sing psalms with such a melodious

voice as produced both admiration and pity from me, who was an object of commiseration myself, in being awhile debarred from friends to see me, or the use of pen, ink, and paper to write to them." And how after five days he was honourably discharged, and took boat from Palace-Yard stairs, in which, he says, "my head seemed to be affected with a strange giddiness; and when I safely arrived at home, some of my kinder neighbours appeared very joyful at my return. And my poor linnet, whose death I very much feared would come to pass, saluted me with her long, pleasant, chirping notes; and, indeed, the poor creature had occasion to be the most joyful, for her necessary stock was almost exhausted, and I was come just in the critical time to yield her a fresh supply." It was some compensation for his fright on this occasion that he printed the Bishop of Rochester's Effigy "with some inoffensive verses that pleased all parties," which sold very well; and that he formed some observations upon the few dying words of Counsellor Layer, in nature of a large speech, which for about three days had such a run of sale that the unruly hawkers were ready to pull his press in pieces for the goods.

Farther I might say of Gent, that in January, 1739, when the Ouse at York was frozen, he set up a press on the ice, and printed names there, to the great satisfaction of young gentlemen, ladies, and others, who were very liberal on the occasion. And how having been unjustly as he thought ejected from a house in Stonegate, which was held under a prebendal lease and which fell to Mr. Laurence Sterne, (to whom, however, it was in vain to apply for redress, it not being in his power to relieve him,) he bought a house in Petergate and built a tower upon it; "by which addition," said he, "my house seems the highest in the city and affords an agreeable prospect round the country: we have a wholesome air whenever we please to ascend, especially the mornings and evenings, with great conveniency for my business when overcrowded in the narrow rooms below; and several

gentlemen have occasionally taken a serious pipe there, to talk of affairs in printing, as well as neighbours to satisfy their curiosity in viewing the flowers that grow almost round about upon the walls."

This, and much more than this, might be said of Thomas Gent, and would have been deemed not uninteresting by the collectors of English topography, and typographic curiosities, Gent being well known to them for his "famous history of the City of York, its magnificent Cathedral, St. Mary's Abbey, &c.;" his "History of the Loyal Town of Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Beverley, Wakefield, &c.;" and his "History of the Royal and Beautiful Town of Kingston-upon-Hull." He entered upon a different province when he wrote his Treatise, entitled "Divine Justice and Mercy displayed in the Life of Judas Iscariot." But though it was because of his turn for books and antiquities that the Doctor employed him to hunt the stalls at York, as Browne Willis did to collect for him epitaphs and tradesmen's halfpence, what I had to say of him arises out of his connexion with Richard Guy, and must therefore be confined to his dilatory courtship and late marriage.

CHAPTER CXV.

THE READER IS REMINDED OF PRINCE
ABINO JASSIMA AND THE FOX-LADY. GENT
NOT LIKE JOB, NOR MRS. GENT LIKE JOB'S
WIFE.

*A me parrebbe a la storia far torto,
S' io non aggiungo qualche codicillo;
Acciò che ognun chi legge, benedica
L' ultimo effetto de la mia fatica.*

PULCI.

I CANNOT think so meanly of my gentle readers as to suppose that any of them can have forgotten the story of the Japanese Prince Abino Jassima, and the gradual but lamentable metamorphosis of his beautiful wife. But perhaps it may not have occurred to them that many a poor man, and without anything miraculous in the case, finds

himself in the same predicament,—except that when he discovers his wife to be a vixen he is not so easily rid of her.

Let me not be suspected of insinuating that Alice Gent, formerly Bourne, formerly Guy, proved to be a wife of this description, for which, I know not wherefore, an appellation has been borrowed from the she-fox. Her husband, who found that ten years had wrought a great change in her appearance, complained indeed of other changes. "I found," he says, "her temper much altered from that sweet natural softness and most tender affection that rendered her so amiable to me while I was more juvenile and she a maiden. Not less sincere I must own; but with that presumptive air and conceited opinion (like Mrs. Day in the play of the Committee) which made me imagine an epidemical distemper prevailed among the good women to ruin themselves and families, or, if not prevented by Divine Providence, to prove the sad cause of great contention and of disquietude. However as I knew I was but then a novice in the intricate laws of matrimony, and that nothing but a thorough annihilation can disentangle or break that chain which often produces a strange concatenation for future disorders, I endeavoured to comply with a sort of stoical resolution to some very harsh rules that otherwise would have grated my human understanding. For as by this change I had given a voluntary wound to my wonted liberty, now attacked in the maintenance partly of pretended friends, spunging parasites, and flatterers who imposed on good nature to our great damage; so in this conjugal captivity, as I may term it, I was fully resolved, likewise in a Christian sense, to make my yoke as easy as possible, thereby to give no offence to custom or law of any kind. The tender affection that a good husband naturally has to the wife of his bosom is such, as to make him often pass by the greatest insults that can be offered to human nature; such I mean as the senseless provoking arguments used by one who will not be awakened from delusion till poverty appears, shows the ingratitude of false friends

in prosperity, and brings her to sad repentance in adversity: she will then wish she had been foreseeing as her husband, when it is too late; condemn her foolish credulity, and abhor those who have caused her to differ from her truest friend, whose days she has embittered with the most undutiful aggravations, to render everything uncomfortable to him!"

I suspect that Thomas Gent was wrong in thinking thus of his wife; I am sure he was wrong in thus writing of her, and that I should be doing wrong in repeating what he has written, if it were not with the intention of showing that though he represents himself in this passage as another Job, Socrates, or Jerry Sneak, it must not be concluded that his wife resembled the termagant daughter of Sir Jacob Jollup, Xantippe, Rahamat the daughter of Ephraim, her cousin Makher the daughter of Manasseh, or Queen Saba, whichever of these three latter were the wife of Job.

And here let me observe that although I follow the common usage in writing the last venerable name, I prefer the orthography of Junius and Tremellius, who write *Hiob*, because it better represents the sound of the original Hebrew, and is moreover more euphonous than *Job*, or *Jobab*, if those commentators err not who identify that King of Edom with the Man of Uz. Indeed it is always meet and right to follow the established usage, unless there be some valid reason for departing from it; and moreover there is this to be said in favour of retaining the usual form and pronunciation of this well-known name, that if it were disnaturalised and put out of use, an etymology in our language would be lost sight of. For a *job* in the working or operative sense of the word, is evidently something which it requires patience to perform; in the physical and moral sense, as when, for example, in the language of the vulgar, a personal hurt or misfortune is called a bad *job*, it is something which it requires patience to support; and in the political sense it is something which it requires patience in the public to endure: and in all these senses the origin

of the word must be traced to Job, who is the proverbial exemplar of this virtue. This derivation has escaped Johnson; nor has that lexicographer noticed the substantives *jobing* and *jobation*, and the verb to *jobe*, all from the same root, and familiar in the mouths of the people.

For these reasons therefore, and especially the etymological one, I prefer the common, though peradventure, and indeed perlikelihood, erroneous manner of writing the name, to *Iob*, *Hiob*, *Ajob*, *Ajoub*, or *Jjob*, all which have been proposed. And I do not think it worth while (that is my while or the reader's) to inquire into the derivation of the name, and whether it may with most probability be expounded to mean sorrowful, jubilant, persecuted, beloved, zealous, or wise, in the sense of sage, seer, or magician. Nor whether Job was also called *Jasub*, *Jaschub*, *Jocab*, *Jocam*, *Jobal*, *Jubab*, *Hobab*, or *Uz* of that ilk, for this also has been contended. Nor to investigate the position of a territory the name of which has been rendered so famous by its connexion with him, and of which nothing but the name is known. This indeed has occasioned much discussion among biblical chorographers. And not many years have elapsed since, at a late hour of the night, or perhaps an early one of the morning, the watchman in Great Russell Street found it necessary in the discharge of his duty to interpose between two learned and elderly gentlemen, who returning together from a literary comotation, had entered upon this discussion on the way, and forgetting the example of the Man of Uz, quarrelled about the situation of his country. The scene of this dispute,—the only one upon that subject that ever required the interference of the watch in the streets of London at midnight,—was near the Museum Gate, and the Author of the *Indian Antiquities* was one of the disputants.

Returning, however, to the matter which these last parenthetical paragraphs interrupted, I say that before lukewarm Thomas represented himself as another Job for matrimonial endurance, he ought to have asked

himself whether the motives for which he married the widow Bourne, were the same as those for which he wooed the fair maiden Alice Guy; and whether, if Mrs. Gent suspected that as she had been obliged to her first husband for her money, she was obliged to the money for her second, it was not very natural for her to resent any remonstrances on his part, when she entertained or assisted those whom she believed to be her friends, and who peradventure had claims upon her hospitality or her bounty for her late husband's sake.

A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert; believe it, Sir.
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't
'Twas first in him, if she were ever good.*

If there be any reader so inconsiderate as to exclaim, "what have we to do with the temper and character of a low-lived woman who was dead and buried long before we were born, whom nobody ever heard of before, and for whom nobody cares a straw now! What can have induced this most unaccountable of authors to waste his time and thoughts upon such people and such matter!"—Should there, I say, be persons, as in all likelihood there may, so impatient and so unreasonable as to complain in this manner, I might content myself with observing to them in the words of that thoughtful and happy-minded man Mr. Danby of Swinton, that if Common Sense had not a vehicle to carry it abroad, it must always stay at home.

But I am of the school of Job, and will reply with Uzzite patience to these objectors, as soon as I shall have related in a few words the little more that remains to be said of Thomas Gent, printer of York, and Alice his wife. They had only one child, it died an infant of six months, and the father speaks with great feeling of its illness and death. "I buried its pretty corpse," he says, "in the Church of St. Michael le Belfrey, where it was laid on the breast of Mr. Charles Bourne, my predecessor, in the chancel on the south side of the altar." This was in

1726; there he was buried himself more than half a century afterwards, in the 87th year of his age; and Alice, who opened the door to him when he first arrived in York, was no doubt deposited in the same vault with both her husbands.

CHAPTER CXVI.

DR. SOUTHEY. JOHN BUNYAN. BARTHOLOMÆUS SCHERÆUS. TERTULLIAN. DOMENICO BERNINO. PETRARCH. JEREMY TAYLOR. HARTLEY COLERIDGE. DIEGO DE SAN PEDRO, AND ADAM LITTLETON.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in!
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky!
Liard, Robin, you must bob in!
Round, around, around, about, about!
All good come running in, all ill keep out.

MIDDLETON.

NINE years after the convention of Cintra a representation was made to the Laureate in favour of some artillery horses employed in Sir Arthur Wellesley's army. They were cast-off Irish cavalry, and their efficiency had been called in question; indeed it had been affirmed that they were good for nothing; attestations to disprove this were produced, and the Laureate was requested to set this matter right in his History of the Peninsular War.† The good-natured historian has given accordingly a note to the subject, saying that he thought himself bound to notice the representation were it only for the singularity of the case. If Dr. Southey thought it became him for that reason and for truth's sake, to speak a good word of some poor horses who had long ago been worked to death and left to the dogs and wolves by the way-side, much more may I feel myself bound for the sake of Dr. Dove to vindicate the daughter of his old schoolmaster from a splenetic accusation brought against her by her husband. The reader who knows what the Doctor's feelings were

* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

† See vol. i. p. 551. 4to ed.

with regard to Mr. Guy, and what mine are for the Doctor, would I am sure excuse me even if on such an occasion I had travelled out of the record.

Gent, when he penned that peevish page, seems to have thought with Tom Otter, that a wife is a very scurvy clogdogdo! And with John Bunyan that "Women, whenever they would perk it and lord it over their husbands, ought to remember that both by creation and transgression they are made to be in subjection to them." "Such a thing," says the Arch-tinker, "may happen, as that the woman, not the man, may be in the right, (I mean when both are godly), but ordinarily it is otherwise."

Authors of a higher class than the York printer and topographer have complained of their wives. We read in Burton that Bartholomæus Scheræus, Professor of Hebrew at Wittenberg, whom he calls "that famous Poet Laureate," said in the introduction to a work of his upon the Psalms, he should have finished it long before, but amongst many miseries which almost broke his back (his words were *inter alia dura et tristia, quæ misero mihi pene tergum frugerunt.*) he was yoked to a worse than Xantippe. A like lamentation is made more oddly, and with less excuse, by Domenico Bernino, the author of a large history of All Heresies, which he dedicated to Clement XI. Tertullian, he says, being ill advised in his youth, and deceived by that shadow of repose which the conjugal state offers to the travellers in this miserable world, threw himself into the troubled sea of matrimony. And no sooner had he taken a wife, than being made wise by his own misfortunes, he composed his laborious treatise *de molestiis nuptiarum*, concerning the troubles of marriage, finding in this employment the only relief from those continual miseries, to which, he adds, we who now write may bear our present and too faithful testimony,—*delle quali Noi ancora che queste cose scriviamo, siamo per lui testimonio pur troppo vero e presente.*

The Historian of Heresy and the Hebrew Professor might have learned a lesson from Petrarch's Dialogue *de importunâ Uxore*, in

that work of his *de Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ*. When DOLOR complains of having a bad wife, RATIO reminds him that he might blame his ill-fortune for any other calamity, but this he had brought upon himself and the only remedy was patience.

*Est mala cruz, conjux mala; cruz tamen illa ferenda est
Quâ nemo nisi Mors te relevare potest.*

"It is the unhappy chance of many," says Jeremy Taylor, "that finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way." To complain of the consequences, which are indeed the proper punishment, is to commit a second folly by proclaiming the first, and the second deserves the ridicule it is sure to meet with. Hartley Coleridge has well said, that there must always be something defective in the moral feelings or very unfortunate in the circumstances of a man who makes the public his confidant!

If Thomas Gent had read Lord Berners' Castle of Love, which might easily, rare as it has now become, have fallen in his way a hundred years ago, he would there have seen fifteen reasons why men do wrong when they speak ill of women, and twenty reasons why they ought to speak well of them. All lovers of our old literature know how greatly we are beholden to John Bouchier, Knight, Lord Berners, who, when Deputy General of the King's Town of Calais and Marches of the same, employed his leisure in translating books out of French into English. But he must have been one of those persons, who, with a great appetite for books, have no discriminating taste, or he would not have translated Arthur of Little Britain, when Gyron le Courtois and Meliadus were not extant in his own language; nor would he, even at the instance of Lady Elizabeth Carew, if he had known a good book from a bad one, have englished

from its French version the *Carcel de Amor*, which Diego de San Pedro composed at the request of the Alcayde de los Donzellas, D. Diego Hernandez, and of other Knights and Courtiers.

The reader will please to observe that though all worthless books are bad, all bad books are not necessarily worthless. A work, however bad, if written, as the *Carcel de Amor* was, early in the sixteenth century, and translated into Italian, French, and English, must be worth reading to any person who thinks the history of literature (and what that history includes) a worthy object of pursuit. If I had not been one of those who like Ludovicus Bosch — (my friend in the caxon) — are never weary of hunting in those woods, I could not, gentle reader, have set before you, as I shall incontinently proceed to do, the fifteen above-mentioned and here following reasons, why you will commit a sin if you ever speak in disparagement of womankind.

First then, Leriano, the unhappy hero of Diego de San Pedro's tragic story, says that all things which God has made are necessarily good; women therefore being his creatures, to calumniate them is to blaspheme one of his works.

Secondly, there is no sin more hateful than ingratitude; and it is being ungrateful to the Virgin Mary if we do not honour all women for her sake.

Thirdly, it is an act of cowardice for man who is strong, to offend woman who is weak.

Fourthly, the man who speaks ill of woman brings dishonour upon himself, inasmuch as every man is of woman born.

Fifthly, such evil speaking is, for the last-mentioned reason, a breach of the fifth commandment.

Sixthly, it is an obligation upon every noble man to employ himself virtuously both in word and deed; and he who speaks evil incurs the danger of infamy.

Seventhly, because all knights are bound by their order to show respect and honour to all womankind.

Eighthly, such manner of speech brings the honour of others in question.

Ninthly, and principally, it endangers the soul of the evil speaker.

Tenthly, it occasions enmities and the fatal consequences resulting therefrom.

Eleventhly, husbands by such speeches may be led to suspect their wives, to use them ill, to desert them, and peradventure to make away with them.

Twelfthly, a man thereby obtains the character of being a slanderer.

Thirteenthly, he brings himself in jeopardy with those who may think themselves bound to vindicate a lady's reputation or revenge the wrong which has been done to it.

Fourteenthly, to speak ill of women is a sin because of the beauty which distinguishes their sex, which beauty is so admirable that there is more to praise in one woman than there can be to condemn in all.

Fifteenthly, it is a sin because all the benefactors of mankind have been born of women, and therefore we are obliged to women for all the good that has ever been done in the world.

Such are the fifteen reasons which Diego de San Pedro excogitated to show that it is wrong for men to speak ill of women; and the twenty reasons which he has superinduced to prove that they are bound to speak well of them are equally cogent and not less curious. I have a reason of my own for reserving these till another opportunity. Not, however, to disappoint my fair readers altogether of that due praise which they have so properly expected, I will conclude the present chapter with a few flowers taken from the pulpit of my old acquaintance Adam Littleton. There is no impropriety in calling him so, though he died before my grandfathers and grandmothers were born; and when I meet him in the next world I hope to improve this one-sided acquaintance by introducing myself and thanking him for his Dictionary and his Sermons.

The passage occurs in a sermon preached at the obsequies of the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Cheyne. The text was "Favour is deceitful, and Beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised:" in which proposition, says

the Preacher, we have, First the subject *Woman*, with her qualification *that fears the Lord*: Secondly the predicate, *she shall be praised*.

“WOMAN, in the primitive design of Nature, God’s master-piece, being the last work of creation, and made with a great deal of deliberation and solemnity.

“For to look upon her as a supernumerary creature, and one brought into the world by the bye, besides the Creator’s first intention, upon second thoughts, — is to lay a foul imputation upon Divine Wisdom, as if it had been at a stand, and were to seek.

“Wherefore, as we used to argue that all things were made for the use and service of man, because he was made last of all; I do not see, if that argument be good, why the same consequences should not be of like force here too, that Man himself was made for the affectionate care of Woman, who was framed not only *after* him, but *out of* him too, the more to engage his tenderest and dearest respects.

“Certainly this manner of production doth plainly evince the equality of the Woman’s merits and rights with Man; she being a noble cyon transplanted from his stock, and by the mystery of marriage implanted into him again, and made one with him.

“She is then equally at least partaker with him of all the *advantages* which appertain to human nature, and alike capable of those *improvements* which by the efforts of reason, and the methods of education and the instincts of the Blessed Spirit, are to be made upon it.—

“Hence it was that all Arts and Sciences, all Virtues and Graces, both divine and moral, are represented in the shape and habit of Women. Nor is there any reason for fancying Angels themselves more of our sex than of the other, since amongst them there is no such distinction, but they may as well be imagined female as male.

“Above all for Piety and Devotion, which is the top-perfection of our nature, and makes it most like angelical; as the capacity of Women is as large, so their inclinations

are generally more vigorous, the natural bias and tendency of their spirits. lying that way, and their softer temper more kindly receiving the supernatural impression of God’s Spirit.

“This is *that*, if any thing, which gives their sex the pre-eminence above us men and gains them just advantages of praise; that whereas those who have only a handsome shape and good features to commend them, are adored and idolised by persons of slight apprehensions and ungoverned passions, pious and virtuous women command the veneration of the most judicious, and are deservedly admired by holy men and Angels.”

Thus saith that Adam of whom even Adam Clarke might have been proud as a namesake; and whose portrait the Gentlemen of the name of Adam who meet and dine together at a tavern in London, once a year, ought to have in their club-room.

CHAPTER CXVII.

CONCERNING JOB’S WIFE.

This insertion is somewhat long, and utterly impertinent to the principal matter, and makes a great gap in the tale; nevertheless is no disgrace, but rather a beauty and to very good purpose.

PUTTENHAM.

It has been a custom in popish countries, when there were no censors of the press civil or ecclesiastical to render it unnecessary, for an author to insert at the beginning of his work a protestation declaring, that if the book contained anything contrary to the established faith, he thereby revoked any such involuntary error of opinion. Something similar has sometimes been done in free countries, and not then as a mere form, nor for prudential considerations, but in the sincerity of an upright intention, and a humble mind.—“Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults!”

To be sure what I am about to say is upon

a matter of less import, and may seem neither to require nor deserve so grave a prelude. But it is no part of my philosophy to turn away from serious thoughts when they lie before me.

Φράσω γὰρ δὴ ὅσον μοι
Ψυχῆ περιστάλις ἴσστιν ἕπειν.*

I had no intention of quoting scripture when I began, but the words came to mind and I gave them utterance, and thou wilt not be displeased, good reader, at seeing them thus introduced.—Good reader, I have said:—if thou art not good, I would gladly persuade thee to become so;—and if thou art good, would fain assist thee in making thyself better. *Si de tout ce que je vous ai dit, un mot peut vous être utile, je n'aurai nul regret à ma peine.*†

Well then benevolent and patient reader, it is here my duty to confess that there is a passage in the last chapter which I am bound to retract. For since that chapter was written I have found cause to apprehend that in vindicating Guy's daughter I have wronged Job's wife, by accrediting a received calumny founded upon a mistranslation. I did not then know, what I have now learned, that a judicious and learned writer, modest enough to conceal his name and designate himself only as a private gentleman, had many years ago, in a Review of the History of Job, stated his reasons for regarding her as a much injured woman.

Every one knows that the wife of Job in our Bible says to her husband, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" Now this writer asserts that the Hebrew verb which our translators render in this place to *curse*, means also to *bless*, to *salute*, or *give the knee*, and that there are but four more places in all the Bible where it can be supposed to have an opposite meaning, and that even in those places it may admit of the better signification. It is not surprising that many verbal difficulties should occur in a book, which, if of later date than the books of Moses, is next to

them in antiquity. Such difficulties might be expected whether we have it in its original language, or whether it were written, as many have opined, by Job himself in Syriae, Arabiae, or Idumeae, and translated into Hebrew; much more if the opinion of Dr. Wall could be admitted, that it was written at first in hieroglyphics, against which the length of the book is a conclusive objection. "I should imagine," says the anonymous defender, "she had so high an opinion of her husband's innocence that she might mean to advise him, seeing notwithstanding his uprightness he was thus amazingly afflicted, to go and kneel or bow down before God, and plead or as it were expostulate with him concerning the reason of these dreadful calamities,—even though he should die. If this sense of her expressions be allowed, it will justify Job's wise rebuke for her inconsiderateness, while, as he still possessed his soul in submissive patience, crying out—'Thou speakest as a rash, thoughtless, or foolish woman: what, shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?'—Indeed it should seem that God himself did not behold her as an impious or blasphemous woman, inasmuch as we find she was made a great instrument in Job's future and remarkable prosperity, becoming after their great calamity the mother of seven sons and three most beautiful daughters. I say she was their mother, because we have no intimation that Job had any other wife."

Now upon consulting such authorities as happen to be within my reach, I find that this interpretation is supported by the Vulgate, — *benedic Deo, et morere*; and also by the version of Junius and Tremellius—*adhuc tu retines integritatem tuam, benedicendo Deum atque moriendo*. Piscator too renders the word in its better sense, as I learn from the elder Wesley's elaborate collation of this most ancient book, from which I collect also that the Chaldee version gives the good meaning, the Arabian and Syriac the bad one; and that the words of the Septuagint ἀλλὰ εἰπὼν τι βῆμα εἰς κύριον καὶ τελευτᾶ, are interpreted by the Scholiast *κατάρσασον τὸν θεόν*.

* EURIPIDES.

† MAD. DE MAINTENON.

Moreover, a passage of some length which is in no other translation except that of St. Ambrose, is found in three manuscripts of the Septuagint, one* of them being that from which the text of the Oxford edition of 1817 is taken. It is as follows: "But after much time had elapsed, his wife said unto him, how long wilt thou endure thus, saying, 'I will expect yet a little while, awaiting the hope of my salvation?' Behold thy memory hath passed away from the earth, the sons and daughters of my womb, whom I have with pain and sorrow brought forth in vain. Thou thyself sittest among filthy worms, passing the night under the open sky; and I am a wanderer and a servant, from place to place and from house to house, looking for the sun to go down that I may rest from the grief and labour that oppress me. Speak then a word against the Lord, and die!"

If the text were to be considered singly, without reference to anything which may assist in determining its meaning, it would perhaps be impossible now to ascertain among these contrariant interpretations which is the true one. But the generous Englishman who in this country first in our language undertook the vindication of this Patriarch and by whom I have been led to make the present pertinent inquiry, has judiciously (as has been seen) observed in confirmation of his opinion, that the circumstance of her having been made a partaker in her husband's subsequent prosperity is proof that she also had been found righteous under all their trials. This is a valid argument deduced from the book itself.

It would be invalidated were there any truth in what certain Talmudists say, that Job came into the world only to receive his good things in it; that when Satan was permitted to afflict him he began to blaspheme and to revile his Maker, and that therefore the Lord doubled his measure of prosperity in this life, that he might be rejected from the world to come. But when we remember that he is called "a perfect and an upright

man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil," we may say with the great-Cistercian Rabbinomastix, *Hæc est magna blasphemia et convicium in Job.* Other Rabbis represent him as a fatalist, put into his mouth the common argument of that false and impious philosophy, and affirm that there is no hope of his salvation: what they say concerning him may safely be rejected. Others of the same school assert that there never was any such person as Job, in the teeth of the Prophet Ezekiel,—and that his whole history is only a parable: if their opinion were right it would be useless to inquire into the character of his wife; *sed isti redarguantur*, says Bartolucci, *ex nomine ipsius et nomine civitatis ejusdem.* Just as, whatever inconsiderate readers may suppose who take these my reminiscences of the Doctor for a work of fiction, Daniel Dove was Daniel Dove nevertheless, and Doncaster is Doncaster.

There is nothing then among the Jewish traditions, so far as my guides lead me, that can throw any light upon the subject of this inquiry. But there is among the Arabian, where it was more likely to be found; and though the Arabic translation supports the evil meaning of the equivocal text, the tradition on the contrary is in favour of Job's wife. It is indeed a legend, a mere figment, plainly fabulous; but it is founded upon the traditional character of Job's wife in Job's own country. There are two versions of the legend. The one Sale has given as a comment upon the text of the Koran,—*"Remember Job when he cried unto his Lord, saying, Verily evil hath afflicted me; but Thou art the most merciful of those who show mercy!"*

When Job, says this legend, was in so loathsome a condition that as he lay on a dunghill none could bear to come near him, his wife alone attended him dutifully with great patience, and supported him with what she earned by her labour. One day the Devil appeared to her, reminded her of their former prosperity, and promised to restore all they had lost if she would worship him. He had overcome Eve by a less temptation;

* *I.e.* the Vatican MS.

the Matriarch did not yield like the Mother of Mankind, but neither did she withstand it; she took a middle course, and going to her husband repeated to him the proposal, and asked his consent: whereat he was so indignant that he swore if he recovered to give her an hundred stripes; and then it was that he uttered the ejaculation recorded in the Koran. Immediately the Lord sent Gabriel, who took him by the hand and raised him up; a fountain sprung up at his feet, he drank of it, and the worms fell from his wounds, and he washed in it, and his health and beauty were restored. What his wife had done was not imputed to her for sin, doubtless in consideration of the motive, and the sense of duty and obedience to her lord and master which she had manifested. She also became young and beautiful again; and that Job might keep his oath and neither hurt her nor his own conscience, he was directed to give her one blow with a palm branch having an hundred leaves.

The legend, as related in D'Herbelot, is more favourable to her and exempts her from all blame. According to Khondemir, whom he follows, what Job's wife, here called Rasima, provided for her miserable husband, Satan stole from her, till he deprived her at last of all means of supporting him, and thus rendered him utterly destitute. As soon as the tempter had effected this, he appeared to Rasima in the form of a bald old woman, and offered if she would give him the two locks which hung down upon her neck, to supply her every day with whatever she wanted for her husband. Rasima joyfully accepted the proposal, cut off her locks and gave them to the false old woman. No sooner was Satan possessed of them than he went to Job, told him that his wife had been detected in dishonouring herself and him, and that she had been ignominiously shorn in consequence, in proof of which he produced the locks. Job when he saw that his wife had indeed been shorn of her tresses, believed the story, and not doubting that she had allowed the Devil to prevail over her, swore if ever he recovered his health to punish her severely. Upon this Satan ex-

ulting that he had provoked Job to anger, assumed the form of an Angel of Light, and appearing to the people of the land, said he was sent by the Lord to tell them that Job had drawn upon himself the displeasure of the Most High, wherefore he had lost the rank of Prophet which theretofore he had held, and they must not suffer him to remain among them, otherwise the wrath of the Lord would be extended to them also. Job then breathed the prayer which is in the Koran, and the legend proceeds as in the other version, except that nothing is said concerning the manner in which he was discharged of his vow, the vow itself being annulled when Rasima's innocence was made known.

The Koran, where it touches upon this legend, says, it was said to Job, "take a handful of rods in thy hand, and strike thy wife therewith, and break not thine oath." Sale observes upon this that as the text does not express what this handful of rods was to be, some commentators have supposed it to be dry grass, and others rushes, and others (as in the legend) a palm branch. But the elder Wesley takes the words in their direct and rigorous meaning, and says that as the Devil had no small part in the Koran, this passage indubitably bears his stamp, for who but the Devil would instigate any one to beat his wife? This erudite commentator (he deserves to be so called) vindicates the Matriarch in one of his Dissertations, and says that in the speech for which Job reproved her she only advised him to pray for death: in the mouth of a Greek or Roman matron it might have been understood as an exhortation to suicide; — *Hæc ore Græcæ aut Romanæ mulieris prolata ut heroica quedam exhortatio esset suspecta.*

His favourable opinion is entitled to more weight, because it was formed when he made the book of Job his particular study, whereas in an earlier work, the History of the Bible in verse, he had followed the common error, and made Satan as the last and worst of Job's torments play his wife against him, saying that the fiercest shock which the

Patriarch sustained was from the tempest raised by her tongue.

The expositors who comment upon this text of the Koran without reference to the legend, have differed in opinion as to the offence which Job's wife had committed thus to provoke her husband, some asserting that he swore to punish her with stripes because she had stayed too long on an errand,—an opinion by no means consistent with his patience.

Returning to the main argument I conclude, that if upon the meaning of the doubtful word in the Hebrew text authorities are so equivoiced as to leave it doubtful, these traditions being of Arabian growth have sufficient weight to turn the scale; even if it were not a maxim that in cases of this kind the most charitable opinion ought to be preferred. And as Dr. Southey has classed this injured Matriarch in a triad with Xantippe and Mrs. Wesley, I cannot but hope that the candid and learned Laureate, who, as I before observed, has condescended to clear the character of some Irish cast-off cavalry horses, will, when he has perused this chapter, render the same justice to Job's wife; and in the next edition of his *Life of Wesley*, substitute Hooker's in her place.

CHAPTER CXVIII.

POINTS OF SIMILITUDE AND DISSIMILITUDE BETWEEN SIR THOMAS BROWN AND DOCTOR DOVE.

But in these serious works designed
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgraced
With all the nicer sons of taste,
If once the shadow to pursue
We let the substance out of view.
Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And every passage aptly join
To bring about the one design.

CHURCHILL.

DR. JOHNSON says that, "perhaps there is no human being, however hid in the crowd from the observation of his fellow mortals,

who if he has leisure and disposition to recollect his own thoughts and actions, will not conclude his life in some sort a miracle, and imagine himself distinguished from all the rest of his species by many discriminations of nature or of fortune." This remark he makes in relation to what Sir Thomas Brown asserts of the course of his own life, that it was "a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable." Now it is not known that any thing extraordinary ever befell him. "The wonders," says Johnson, "probably were transacted in his own mind: self-love, co-operating with an imagination vigorous and fertile as that of Brown, will find or make objects of astonishment in every man's life."

What the Philosopher of Norwich considered as miraculous was probably this, that he had escaped from "Pyrrho's maze," and had never been contaminated in Epicurus' sty; that he had neither striven for place among the "wrangling crew" nor sought to make his way with the sordid herd; that he had not sold himself to the service of Mammon; but in mature years and with deliberate judgment had chosen a calling in which he might continually increase his knowledge and enlarge his views, and entertain a reasonable hope that while he endeavoured to relieve the sufferings of his fellow creatures and discipline his own mind, the labours wherein his life was passed would neither be useless to others nor to himself. He might well consider it a miracle of divine mercy that grace had been given him to fulfil the promise made for him at his baptism, and that he had verily and indeed renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He might indeed take comfort in his "authentic reflections how far he had performed the great intention of his Maker;—whether he had made good the principles of his nature and what he was made to be; what characteristic and special mark he had left to be observable in his generation; whether he had lived to purpose or in vain; and what he had added,

acted, or performed, that might considerably speak him a man."

There were more resemblances between Sir Thomas Brown and the Doctor than Fluellen discovered between Henry of Monmouth and Alexander the Great. Both graduated in the same profession at the same university; and each settled as a practitioner in a provincial town. (Doncaster indeed was an inconsiderable place compared with Norwich; and Brown merely procured his degree at Leyden, which was not in his time, as it was in Daniel Dove's, the best school of physic in Europe.) Both too were Philosophers as well as Physicians, and both were alike speculative in their philosophy and devout. Both were learned men. Sir Thomas Brown might have said of himself with Herbert,

I know the ways of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy: what the Stars conspire;
What willing Nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new found seas:
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys.

The Doctor could not have said this; he would rather have said,

I am but one who do the world despise
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
A wisdom-lover, willing to be wise.*

Yet he was as justly entitled to the appellation of a learned man by his multifarious knowledge, as he was far from pretending to it. There were many things of which he was ignorant, and contented to be ignorant, because the acquirement would not have been worth the cost. Brown would have taken with just confidence a seat at the Banquet of the Philosophers, whereas Dove would have thought himself hardly worthy to gather up the crumbs that fell from their table.

A certain melancholy predominated as much in the constitution of Sir Thomas's mind, as in that of Charles the First, to whom his portrait bears so remarkable a

resemblance; and a certain mirth entered as largely into the composition of the Doctor's, as it did into Charles the Second's, to whom in all moral respects no one could be more utterly unlike. The elements have seldom been so happily mixed as they were in the Philosopher of Norwich; he could not have been perfectly homogeneous if a particle of the quintelement had been super-added;—such an ingredient would have marred the harmony of his character: whereas the Philosopher of Doncaster would have been marred without a large portion of it.

It was a greater dissimilarity, and altogether to be regretted, that my Doctor left no "characteristic and special mark to be observable in his generation;" but upon this I shall make some observations hereafter. What led me to compare these persons, incomparable each in his own way, was that my Doctor, though he did not look upon his own history as miraculous, considered that the course of his life had been directed by a singular and special Providence. How else could it have been that being an only son,—an only child, the sole representative in his generation of an immemorial line,—his father, instead of keeping him attached to the soil, as all his forefathers had been, should have parted with him for the sake of his moral and intellectual improvement, not with a view to wealth or worldly advancement, but that he might seek wisdom and ensue it?—that with no other friend than the poor schoolmaster of a provincial townlet, and no better recommendation, he should have been placed with a master by whose care the defects of his earlier education were supplied, and by whose bounty, after he had learned the practical routine of his profession, he was sent to study it as a science in a foreign university, which a little before had been raised by Boerhaave to its highest reputation;—that not only had his daily bread been given him without any of that wearing anxiety which usually attends upon an unsettled and precarious way of life, but in the very house which when sent thither in

* LORD STIRLING.

boyhood he had entered as a stranger, he found himself permanently fixed, as successively the pupil, the assistant, the friend, and finally the successor and heir of his benefactor;—above all, that he had not been led into temptation, and that he had been delivered from evil.

“My life,” said an unfortunate poor man who was one of the American Bishop Hobart’s occasional correspondents, “has been a chapter of blunders and disappointments.” John Wilkes said that “the chapter of accidents is the longest chapter in the book;” and he, who had his good things here, never troubled himself to consider whether the great volume were the Book of Chance, or of Necessity, the Demogorgon of those by whom no other deity is acknowledged. With a wiser and happier feeling Bishop White Kennett when he was asked “where are we?” answered the question thus,—“in a world where nothing can be depended on but a future state; in the way to it, little comfort but prayers and books.” White Kennett might have enjoyed more comfort if he had been born in less contentious times, or if he had taken less part in their contentions, or if he had been placed in a less conspicuous station. Yet he had little cause to complain of his lot, and he has left behind him good works and a good name.

There is scarcely any man who in thoughtfully contemplating the course of his own life would not find frequent reason to say,

— *in fede mia*
*Ho fatto bene a non fare a mio modo.**

The Doctor, however, was one of the very few who have never been put out of their designed course, and never been disposed to stray from it.

Spesso si perde il buono
Cercando il meglio. E a scegliere il sentiero
Chi vuol troppo esser saggio,
Del tempo abusa, e non fa mai viaggio.†

* RICCIARDETTO.

† METASTASIO.

INTERCHAPTER XV.

THE AUTHOR RECOMMENDS A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER AS A CANDIDATE FOR HONOURS, BOTH ON THE SCORE OF HIS FAMILY AND HIS DESERTS. HE NOTICES ALSO OTHER PERSONS WHO HAVE SIMILAR CLAIMS.

Thoricht, auf Brsrrung der Thoren zu harren!
Kinder der klugheit, o habet die Narren
Eben zum Narren auch, wie sich's gehort. GOETHE.

In these days when honours have been so profusely distributed by the most liberal of Administrations and the most popular of Kings, I cannot but think that Tom Fool ought to be knighted. And I assure the reader that this is not said on the score of personal feeling, because I have the honour to be one of his relations, but purely with regard to his own claims, and the fitness of things, as well as to the character of the Government.

It is disparaging him, and derogatory to his family, which in undisputed and indisputable antiquity exceeds any other in these kingdoms,—it is disparaging him, I say, to speak of him as we do of Tom Duncombe, and Tom Cribb, and Tom Campbell; or of Tom Hood and Tom Moore, and Tom Sheridan; and before them of Tom Browne and Tom D’Urfey, and Tom Killigrew. Can it be supposed if he were properly presented to his Majesty (Lord Nugent would introduce him), and knelt to kiss the royal hand, that our most gracious and good-natured King would for a moment hesitate to give him the accolade, and say to him “*Rise Sir Thomas!*”

I do not ask for the Guelphic Order; simple Knighthood would in this case be more appropriate.

It is perfectly certain that Sir Thomas More, if he were alive, would not object to have him for a brother knight and namesake. It is equally certain that Sir Thomas Lethbridge could not, and ought not.

Dryden was led into a great error by his animosity against Hunt and Shadwell when he surmised that “dullness and clumsiness

were fated to the name of Tom." "There are," says Serjeant Kite, "several sorts of Toms; Tom o' Lincoln, Tom Tit, Tom Tell-truth, Tom o' Bedlam and Tom Fool!" With neither of these is dullness or clumsiness associated. And in the Primitive World, according to the erudite philologist who with so much industry and acumen collected the fragments of its language, the word itself signified just or perfect. Therefore the first Decan of the constellation Virgo was called Tom, and from thence Court de Gebelin derives Themis: and thus it becomes evident that Themistocles belongs to the Toms. Let no Thomas then or Sir Thomas, who has made shipwreck of his fortune or his reputation or of both, consider himself as having been destined to such disgrace by his godfathers and godmothers when they gave him that name. The name is a good name. Any one who has ever known Sir Thomas Acland may like it and love it for his sake: and no wise man will think the worse of it for Tom Fool's.

No! the name Thomas is a good name, however it has been disparaged by some of those persons who are known by it at this time. Though Bovius chose to drop it and assume the name Zephiriel in its stead in honour of his tutelary Angel, the change was not for the better, being indeed only a manifestation of his own unsound state of mind. And though in the reign of King James the First, Mr. William Shepherd of Towcester christened his son by it for a reason savouring of disrespect, it is not the worse for the whimsical consideration that induced him to fix upon it. The boy was born on the never-to-be-forgotten fifth of November 1605, about the very hour when the Gunpowder Treason was to have been consummated; and the father chose to have him called Thomas, because he said this child, if he lived to grow up, would *hardly believe* that ever such wickedness could be attempted by the sons of men.

It is recorded that a parrot which was seized by a kite and carried into the air, escaped by exclaiming *Savete Thomu adjuva*

me! for upon that powerful appeal the kite relaxed his hold, and let loose the intended victim. This may be believed, though it is among the miracles of Thomas à Becket, to whom and not to the great schoolman of Aquino, nor the Apostle of the East, the invocation was addressed. Has any other human name ever wrought so remarkable a deliverance?

Has any other name made a greater noise in the world. Let Lincoln tell, and Oxford; for although, *omnis clocha clochabilis in clocherio clochando, clochans clochativo, clochare facit clochabiliter clochantes*, yet among them all, Master Janotus de Bragmardo would have assigned pre-eminence to the mighty Toms.

The name then is sufficiently vindicated, even if any vindication were needed, when the paramount merits of my claimant are considered.

Merry Andrew likewise should be presented to receive the same honour, for sundry good reasons, and especially for this, that there is already a Sir Sorry Andrew.

I should also recommend Tom Noddy, were it not for this consideration, that the honour would probably soon be merged in an official designation, and therefore lost upon him; for when a certain eminent statesman shall be called from the Lower House, as needs he must ere long, unless the party who keep moving and push him forward as their leader, should before that time relieve him of his hereditary rights, dignities, and privileges, no person can possibly be found so worthy to succeed him in office and tread in his steps, as Tom Noddy.

Nor is Jack Pudding to be forgotten, who is cousin-german to that merry man Andrew! He moreover deserves it by virtue of his Puddingship; the Puddings are of an ancient and good family: the Blacks in particular boast of their blood.

Take, reader, this epigram of that cheerful and kind-hearted schoolmaster Samuel Bishop of Merchant Taylors, written in his vocation upon the theme *Aliusque et Idem*—

Five countries from five favorite dishes name
The popular stage buffoon's professional name.

Half fish himself, the Dutchman never erring
 From native instinct, styles him *Pickle Herring*.
 The German whose strong palate *haut-gouts* fit,
 Calls him *Hans Werst*, that is *John-Sausage-Wit*.
 The Frenchman ever prone to *badinage*
 Thinks of his soup, and shrugs, *Eh! voila Jean Potage!*
 Full of ideas his sweet food supplies,
 The Italian, *Ecco Macaroni!* cries.
 While English Taste, whose board with dumplin smokes,
 Inspired by what it loves, applauds *Jack Pudding's* jokes.
 A charming bill of fare, you'll say, to suit
 One dish, and that one dish a Fool, to boot!

"A learned man will have it," says Fuller, "that Serapis is nothing more than Apis with the addition of the Hebrew *Sar*, a Prince, whence perchance our English *Sir*." Odd, that the whole beast should have obtained this title in Egypt, and a part of it in England. For we all know that Loin of Beef has been knighted, and who is not pleased to meet with him at dinner? and John Barleycorn has been knighted, and who is not willing to pledge him in all companies in a glass?

But wherefore should I adduce precedents, as if in this age any regard were paid to them in the distribution of honours, or there could be any need of them in a case which may so well stand upon its own merits.

CHAPTER CXIX.

THE DOCTOR IN HIS CURE. IRRELIGION THE REPROACH OF HIS PROFESSION.

Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue especially to be achieved.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A PRACTITIONER of medicine possesses in what may be called his cure, that knowledge of all who are under his care, which the parochial priest used to possess in former times, and will it is to be hoped regain whenever the most beneficial of all alterations shall be effected in the Church Establishment, and no Clergyman shall have a duty imposed upon him which it is impossible to fulfil,—impossible it is, if his parishioners are numbered by thousands instead of hundreds. In such cases one of two conse-

quences must inevitably ensue. Either he will confine himself to the formalities of his office, and because he cannot by any exertions do what ought to be done, rest contented with performing the perfunctory routine; or he will exert himself to the utmost till his health, and perhaps his heart also, is broken in a service which is too often found as thankless as it is hopeless.

Our Doctor was, among the poorer families in his cure, very much what Herbert's Country Parson is imagined to be in his parish. There was little pauperism there at that time; indeed none that existed in a degree reproachful to humanity; or in that obtrusive and clamorous form which at present in so many parts of this misgoverned country insults, and endangers society. The labourers were not so ill paid as to be justly discontented with their lot; and he was not in a manufacturing district. His profession led him among all classes; and his temper as well as his education qualified him to sympathise with all, and accommodate himself to each as far as such accommodation was becoming. Yet he was everywhere the same man; he spoke the King's English in one circle, and the King's Yorkshire in another; but this was the only difference in his conversation with high and low. Before the professors of his art indeed, in the exercise of their calling, the distinctions of society disappear, and poor human nature is stripped to its humanities. Rank, and power, and riches,—these—

— cannot take a passion away, Sir,
 Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter.*

The most successful stock-jobber or manufacturer that ever counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands—

— must endure as much as the poorest beggar
 That cannot change his money,— this is equality
 In our impartial essences!*

Death is not a more inexorable leveller than his precursors age, and infirmity, and sickness, and pain.

Hope, and fear, and grief, and joy act with the same equitable disregard of conventional

* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

distinctions. And though there is reason for disbelieving that the beetle which we tread upon feels as much as a human being suffers in being crushed, it is yet undoubtedly true that except in those cases where individuals have so thoroughly corrupted their feelings as to have thereby destroyed the instinctive sense of right and wrong, making evil their good, what may be termed the primitive affections exist in as much strength among the rudest as among the most refined. They may be paralysed by pauperism, they may be rotted by the licentiousness of luxury; but there is no grade of society in which they do not exhibit themselves in the highest degree. Tragic poets have been attracted by the sufferings of the great, and have laid the scene of their fables in the higher circles of life; yet tragedy represents no examples more touching or more dreadful, for our admiration or abhorrence, to thrill us with sympathy or with indignation, than are continually occurring in all classes of society.

They who call themselves men of the world and pride themselves accordingly upon their knowledge, are of all men those who know least of human nature. It was well said by a French biographer, though not well applied to the subject* of his biography, that *il avait pu, dans la solitude, se former à l'amour du vrai et du juste, et même à la connaissance de l'homme, si souvent et si mal à propos confondue avec celle des hommes; c'est-à-dire, avec la petite expérience des intrigues mouvantes d'un petit nombre d'individus plus ou moins accrédités et des habitudes étroites de leurs petites coteries. La connaissance des hommes est à celle de l'homme ce qu'est l'intrigue sociale à l'art social.*

Of those passions which are or deserve to be the subject of legal and judicial tragedy, the lawyers necessarily see most, and for this reason perhaps they think worse of human nature than any other class of men, except the Roman Catholic Clergy. Physicians, on the contrary, though they see humanity in its most humiliating state, see

it also in the exercise of its holiest and most painful duties. No other persons witness such deep emotions and such exertions of self-control. They know what virtues are developed by the evils which flesh is heir to, what self-devotion, what patience, what fortitude, what piety, what religious resignation.

Wherefore is it then that physicians have lain under the reproach of irreligion, who of all men best know how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, and who, it might be thought, would be rendered by the scenes at which they are continually called upon to assist, of all men the most religious? Sir Thomas Brown acknowledges that this was the general scandal of his profession, and his commentator Sir Kenelm Digby observes upon the passage, that "Physicians do commonly hear ill in this behalf," and that "it is a common speech (but," he parenthesises, "only amongst the unlearned sort) *ubi tres medici duo athei.*" Rabelais defines a Physician to be *animal incombustible propter religionem.*

"As some mathematicians," says an old Preacher, "deal so much in Jacob's staff that they forget Jacob's ladder, so some Physicians (God decrease the number!) are so deep naturalists that they are very shallow Christians. With us, Grace waits at the heels of Nature, and they dive so deep into the secrets of philosophy that they never look up to the mysteries of Divinity."

Old Adam Littleton, who looked at every thing in its best light, took a different view of the effect of medical studies, in his sermon upon St. Luke's day. "His character of Physician," said he, "certainly gave him no mean advantage, not only in the exercise of his ministry by an acceptable address and easy admission which men of that profession everywhere find among persons of any civility; but even to his understanding of Christian truths and to the apprehending the mysteries of faith.

"For having, as that study directed him, gone orderly over all the links of that chain by which natural causes are mutually tied to one another, till he found God the supreme

* THE ABBE SIEYES.

cause and first mover at the top; having traced the footsteps of Divine Goodness through all the most minute productions of his handmaid Nature, and yet finding human reason puzzled and at a loss in giving an account of his almighty power and infinite wisdom in the least and meanest of his works; with what pious humility must he needs entertain supernatural truths, when upon trial he had found every the plainest thing in common nature itself was mystery, and saw he had as much reason for his believing these proposals of faith, as he had for trusting the operations of sense, or the collections of reason itself.

"I know there is an unworthy reproach cast upon this excellent study that it inclines men to atheism. 'Tis true the ignorance and corruption of men that profess any of the three honourable faculties bring scandal upon the faculty itself. Again, sciolists and half-witted men are those that discredit any science they meddle with. But he that pretends to the noble skill of physic, and dares to deny that which doth continually *incurrere in sensus*, that which in all his researches and experiments he must meet with at every turn, I dare to say he is no Physician; or at least that he doth at once give his profession and his conscience too the lye."

CHAPTER CXX.

EFFECT OF MEDICAL STUDIES ON DIFFERENT DISPOSITIONS. JEW PHYSICIANS. ESTIMATION AND ODIUM IN WHICH THEY WERE HELD.

Confesso la digression; mas es facil al que no quisiere leerla, passar al capitulo siguiente, y esta advertencia sirva de disculpa.

Luis Munoz.

If the elder Daniel had thought that the moral feelings and religious principles of his son were likely to be endangered by the study of medicine, he would never have been induced to place him with a medical practitioner. But it seemed to him, good

man, that the more we study the works of the Creator, the more we must perceive and feel his wisdom, and his power, and his goodness. It was so in his own case, and, like Adam Littleton and all simple-hearted men, he judged of others by himself.

Nevertheless that the practice of Physic, and still more of surgery, should have an effect like that of war upon the persons engaged in it, is what those who are well acquainted with human nature might expect, and would be at no loss to account for. It is apparent that in all these professions coarse minds must be rendered coarser, and hard hearts still farther indurated; and that there is a large majority of such minds and hearts in every profession, trade and calling, few who have had any experience of the ways of the world can doubt. We need not look farther for the immediate cause. Add to a depraved mind and an unfeeling disposition either a subtle intellect or a daring one, and you have all the preparations for atheism that the Enemy could desire.

But other causes may be found in the history of the medical profession, which was an art, in the worst sense of the word, before it became a science, and long after it pretended to be a science, was little better than a craft. Among savages the sorcerer is always the physician; and to this day superstitious remedies are in common use among the ignorant in all countries. But wherever the practice is connected with superstition as free scope is presented to wickedness as to imagination; and there have been times in which it became obnoxious to much obloquy, which on this score was well deserved.

Nothing exposed the Jews to more odium in ages when they were held most odious, than the reputation which they possessed as physicians. There is a remarkable instance of the esteem in which they were held for their supposed superiority in this art as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. Francis I. after a long illness in which he found no benefit from his own physicians, dispatched a courier into Spain, requesting Charles V. to send him the most skilful

Jewish practitioner in his dominions. This afforded matter for merriment to the Spaniards; the Emperor, however, gave orders to make inquiry for one, and when he could hear of none who would trust himself in that character, he sent a New-Christian physician, with whom he supposed Francis would be equally satisfied. But when this person arrived in France, the King by way of familiar discourse sportively asked him if he were not yet tired of expecting the Messiah? Such a question produced from the new Convert a declaration that he was a Christian, upon which the King dismissed him immediately without consulting him, and sent forthwith to Constantinople for a Jew. The one who came found it necessary to prescribe nothing more for his royal patient than Asses' milk.

This reputation in which their physicians were held was owing in great measure to the same cause which gave them their superiority in trade. The general celebrity which they had obtained in the dark ages, and which is attested by Eastern tales as well as by European history, implies that they had stores of knowledge which were not accessible to other people. And indeed as they communicated with all parts of the known world, and with parts of it which were unknown to the Christian nations, they had means of obtaining the drugs of the East, and the knowledge of what remedies were in use there, which was not of less importance in an art, founded, as far as it was of any avail, wholly upon experience. That knowledge they reserved to themselves, perhaps as much with a view to national as to professional interests.

Nicolas Antonio sent to Bertolacci a manuscript entitled *Otzar Haanijm*, that is, "The Treasure of the Poor," written by a certain Master Julian in the Portuguese language, but in rabbinical characters. It was a collection of simple receipts for all diseases, and appears to have been written thus that it might be serviceable to those only who were acquainted with Hebrew. There was good policy in this. A king's physician in those days was hardly a less

important person than a king's confessor; with many princes indeed he would be the more influential of the two, as being the most useful, and frequently the best informed; and in those times of fearful insecurity, it might fall within his power, like Mordecai, to avert some great calamity from his nation.

Among the articles which fantastic superstition, or theories not less fantastic, had introduced into the *materia medica*, there were some which seemed more appropriate to the purposes of magic than of medicine, and some of an atrocious kind. Human fat was used as an unguent,—that of infants as a cosmetic. Romances mention baths of children's blood; and there were times and countries in which such a remedy was as likely to be prescribed, as imagined in fiction. It was believed that deadly poisons might be extracted from the human body;—and they who were wicked enough to administer the product, would not be scrupulous concerning the means whereby it was procured. One means indeed was by tormenting the living subject. To such practices no doubt Harrison alludes when, speaking, in Elizabeth's reign, of those who graduated in the professions or law or physic, he says, "one thing only I dislike in them, and that is their usual going into Italy, from whence very few without special grace do return good men, whatever they pretend of conference or practice; chiefly the physicians, who under pretence of seeking of foreign simples, do oftentimes learn the framing of such compositions as were better unknown than practised, as I have often heard alleged." The suspicion of such practices attached more to the Jewish than to any other physicians, because of the hatred with which they were supposed to regard all Christians, a feeling which the populace in every country, and very frequently the Rulers also, did everything to deserve. The general scandal of atheism lay against the profession; but to be a Jew was in common opinion to be worse than an atheist, and calumnies were raised against the Jew Physicians on the specific ground of

their religion, which, absurd and monstrous as they were, popular credulity was ready to receive. One imputation was that they made it a point of conscience to kill one patient in five, as a sacrifice of atonement for the good which they had done to the other four. Another was that the blood of a Christian infant was always administered to a Jewess in child-bed, and was esteemed so necessary an ingredient in their superstitious ceremonies or their medical practice at such times, that they exported it in a dried and pulverised form to Mahomedan countries, where it could not be obtained fresh.

They are some pages in Jackson's Treatise upon the Eternal Truth of Scripture and Christian Belief, which occurring in a work of such excellent worth, and coming from so profound and admirable a writer, must be perused by every considerate reader with as much sorrow as surprise. They show to what a degree the most judicious and charitable mind may be deluded when seeking eagerly for proofs of a favourite position or important doctrine, even though the position and the doctrine should be certainly just. Forgetful of the excuse which he has himself suggested for the unbelief of the Jews since the destruction of Jerusalem, saying, with equal truth and felicity of expression, that "their stubbornness is but a strong hope malignified, or, as we say, grown wild and out of kind," he gives credit* to the old atrocious tales of their crucifying Christian children, and finds in them an argument for confirming our faith at which the most iron-hearted supralapsarian might shudder. For one who passes much of his time with books, and with whom the dead are as it were living and conversing, it is almost as painful to meet in an author whom he reveres and loves, with anything which shocks his understanding and disturbs his moral sense, as it is to perceive the faults of a dear friend. When we discover aberrations of this kind in such men, it should teach us caution for ourselves as well as tolerance for others; and thus we may

derive some benefit even from the errors of the wise and good.

That the primitive Christian should have regarded the Jews with hostile feelings as their first persecutors, was but natural, and that that feeling should have been aggravated by a just and religious horror for the crime which has drawn upon this unhappy nation its abiding punishment. But it is indeed strange that during so many centuries this enmity should have continued to exist, and that no sense of compassion should have mitigated it. For the Jews to have inherited the curse of their fathers was in the apprehension of ordinary minds to inherit their guilt; and the cruelties which man inflicted upon them were interpreted as proofs of the continued wrath of Heaven, so that the very injuries and sufferings which in any other case would have excited commiseration, served in this to close the heart against it. Being looked upon as God's outlaws, they were everywhere placed as it were under the ban of humanity. And while these heart-hardening prepossessions subsisted against them in full force, the very advantages of which they were in possession rendered them more especial objects of envy, suspicion, and popular hatred. In times when literature had gone to decay throughout all Christendom, the Jews had not partaken of the general degradation. They had Moses and the Prophets, whose everlasting lamps were kept trimmed amongst them, and burning clearly through the dark when the light of the Gospel had grown dim in the socket, and Monks and Popery had well nigh extinguished it. They possessed a knowledge of distant countries which was confined to themselves; for being dispersed everywhere, they travelled everywhere with the advantage of a language which was spoken by the Children of Israel wherever they were found, and nowhere by any other people. As merchants therefore and as statesmen they had opportunities peculiar to themselves. In both capacities those Princes who had any sense of policy found them eminently useful. But wealth made them envied, and the way in which they increased

* *E. g.* vol. i. p. 148. &c. Ed. Folio.

it by lending money made them odious in ages when to take any interest was accounted usury.* That odium was aggravated whenever they were employed in raising taxes; and as they could not escape odium, they seem sometimes to have braved it in despite or in despair, and to have practised extortion if not in defiance of public opinion, at least as a species of retaliation for the exactions which they themselves endured, and the frauds which unprincipled debtors were always endeavouring to practise upon them.

But as has already been observed, nothing exposed them to greater obloquy than the general opinion which was entertained of their skill in medicine, and of the flagitious practices with which it was accompanied. The conduct of the Romish Church tended to strengthen that obloquy, even when it did not directly accredit the calumnies which exasperated it. Several Councils denounced excommunication against any persons who should place themselves under the care of a Jewish Physician, for it was pernicious and scandalous they said, that Christians, who ought to despise and hold in horror the enemies of their holy religion, should have recourse to them for remedies in sickness. They affirmed that medicines administered by such impious hands became hurtful instead of helpful; and, moreover, that the familiarity thus produced between a Jewish practitioner and a Christian family gave occasion to great evil and to many crimes. The decree of the Lateran Council by which physicians were enjoined, under heavy penalties, to require that their patients should confess and communicate before they administered any medicines to them, seems to have been designed as much against Jewish practitioners as heretical patients. The Jews on their part were not more charitable, when they could express their feelings with safety. It appears in their own books that a physician was forbidden by the Rabbis to attend upon either a Christian or Gentile, unless he dared not refuse;

under compulsion it was lawful, but he was required to demand payment for his services, and never to attend any such patients gratuitously.

CHAPTER CXXI.

WHEREIN IT APPEARS THAT SANCHO'S PHYSICIAN AT BARATARIA ACTED ACCORDING TO PRECEDENTS AND PRESCRIBED LAWS.

*Lettor, tu vedi ben com' io innalzo
La mia materia, e però con piu arte
Non ti maravigliar s' i' la rincalzo.*

DANTE.

BUT the practice both of medicine and of surgery, whatever might be the religion of the practitioner, was obnoxious to suspicions for which the manners of antiquity, of the dark ages, and of every corrupted society, gave but too much cause. It was a power that could be exercised for evil as well as for good.

One of the most detestable acts recorded in ancient history is that of the Syrian usurper Tryphon, who, when he thought it expedient to make away with young Antiochus, the heir to the kingdom, delivered him into a surgeon's hands to be cut for the stone, that he might in that manner be put to death. It is a disgraceful fact that the most ancient operation known to have been used in surgery, is that abominable one which to the reproach of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities is still practised in Italy.

Physicians were not supposed to be more scrupulous than surgeons. The most famous and learned Doctor Christopher Wirtzung, whose General Practice of Physic was translated from German into English at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by his countryman Jacob Mosan, Doctor in the same faculty, has this remarkable section in his work:

“Ancient Physicians were wont to have an old proverb, and to say that Venom is so proud that it dwelleth commonly in gold and silver; whereby they meant that great

* See the remarkable words of Jewel on 1 Thess. iv. 6. pp. 78—86. Ed. Folio. 1611. Archbishop Abbot's Lectures on Jonah, p. 90. Ed. 1613. 4to.

personages that eat and drink out of gold and silver, are in greater danger to be poisoned than the common people that do eat and drink out of earthen dishes." Christopher Wirtz might have quoted Juvenal here :

*Nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus. Tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato Scitinum ardebit in auro.*

"Wherefore," proceeds the German Doctor, "must such high personages that are afraid to be poisoned, diligently take heed of the meat and drink that they eat, and that are dressed of divers things. Also they must not take too much of all sweet, salt and sour drinks ; and they must not eat too eagerly, nor too hastily ; and they must at all times have great regard of the first taste of their meat and drink. But the most surest way is, that before the mealtide he take somewhat that may resist venom, as figs, rue, or nuts, each by himself, or tempered together. The citrons, rape-seed, nepe, or any of those that are described before, the weight of a drachm taken with wine, now one and then another, is very much commended. Sometimes also two figs with a little salt, then again mithridate or treacle, and such like more may be used before the mealtide."

"It is a matter of much difficulty," says Ambrose Paré, "to avoid poisons, because such as at this time temper them are so thoroughly prepared for deceit and mischief that they will deceive even the most wary and quick-sighted ; for they so qualify the ingrate taste and smell by the admixture of sweet and well-smelling things that they cannot easily be perceived even by the skilful. Therefore such as fear poisoning ought to take heed of meats cooked with much art, very sweet, salt, sour, or notably endued with any other taste. And when they are oppress with hunger or thirst, they must not eat nor drink too greedily, but have a diligent regard to the taste of such things as they eat or drink. Besides, before meat let them take such things as may weaken the strength of the poisons, such as is the fat broth of good nourishing flesh-meats.

In the morning let them arm themselves with treacle or mithridate, and conserve of roses, or the leaves of rue, a walnut and dry figs : besides let him presently drink a little draught of muscadine, or some other good wine."

How frequent the crime of poisoning had become in the dark ages appears by the old laws of almost every European people, in some of which indeed its frequency, *Proh dolor!* is alleged as a reason for enacting statutes against it. And whilst in the empire the capital sentence might be compounded for, like other cases of homicide, by a stated compensation to the representatives of the deceased, no such redemption was allowed among the Wisigoths, but the poisoner, whether freeman or slave, was to suffer the most ignominious death. In the lower ranks of life men were thought to be in most danger of being thus made away with by their wives, in the higher by their Physicians and their cooks.

There are two curious sections upon this subject in the Laws of Alphonso the Wise, the one entitled *Quáles deben ser los fisicos del Rey, et qué es lo que deben facer* ; — What the Physicians of a King ought to be, and what it is they ought to do : — the other, *Quáles deben ser los oficiales del Rey que le han de servir en su comer et en su beber* : What the officers of a King ought to be who minister to him at his eating and at his drinking.

"Physic," says the royal author, "according as the wise antients have shown, is as much as to say the knowledge of understanding things according to nature, what they are in themselves, and what effect each produces upon other things ; and therefore they who understand this well, can do much good, and remove many evils ; especially by preserving life and keeping men in health, averting from them the infirmities whereby they suffer great misery, or are brought to death. And they who do this are called Physicians, who not only must endeavour to deliver men from their maladies, but also to preserve their health in such manner that they may not become sick ; wherefore it is

necessary that those whom the King has with him should be right good. And as Aristotle said to Alexander, four things are required in them;— First that they should be knowing in their art; secondly, that they should be well approved in it; thirdly, that they should be skilled in the cases which may occur; fourthly, that they should be right loyal and true. For if they are not knowing in their art, they will not know how to distinguish diseases; and if they are not well approved in it, they will not be able to give such certain advice, which is a thing from whence great hurt arises; and if they are not skilful, they will not be able to act in cases of great danger when such may happen; and if they are not loyal, they can commit greater treasons than other men, because they can commit them covertly. And when the King shall have Physicians in whom these four aforesaid things are found, and who use them well, he ought to do them much honour and much good; and if peradventure they should act otherwise knowingly, they commit known treason, and deserve such punishment as men who treacherously kill others that have confided in them.

“ Regiment also in eating and drinking is a thing without which the body cannot be maintained, and therefore the officers who have to minister to the King or others have no less place than those of whom we have spoken above, as to the preservation of his life and his health. For albeit the Physicians should do all their endeavours to preserve him, they will not be able to do it if he who prepares his food for him should not choose to take the same care; we say the same also of those who serve him with bread, and wine, and fruit, and all other things of which he has to eat, or drink. And according as Aristotle said to Alexander, in these officers seven things are required;— First, that they be of good lineage, for if they be, they will always take heed of doing things which would be ill for them; secondly, that they be loyal, for if they be not so, great danger might come to the King from them; thirdly, that they be skilful, so that they

may know how to do those things well which appertain to their offices: fourthly, that they be of good understanding, so that they may know how to comprehend the good which the King may do them, and that they be not puffed up, nor become insolent because of their good fortune; fifthly, that they be not over covetous, for great covetousness is the root of all evil; sixthly, that they be not envious in evil envy, lest if they should be, they might haply be moved thereby to commit some wrong; seventhly, that they be not much given to anger, for it is a thing which makes a man beside himself, and this is unseemly in those who hold such offices. And also besides all those things which we have specified, it behoveth them greatly that they be debonair and clean, so that what they have to prepare for the King, whether to eat or drink, may be well prepared; and that they serve it to him cleanly, for if it be clean he will be pleased with it, and if it be well prepared he will savour it the better, and it will do him the more good. And when the King shall have such men as these in these offices, he ought to love them, and to do them good and honour; and if peradventure he should find that any one offends in not doing his office loyally, so that hurt might come thereof to the person of the King, he ought to punish him both in his body and in his goods, as a man who doth one of the greatest treasons that can be.”

The fear in which the Princes of more barbarous states lived in those ages is nowhere so fully declared as in the Palae-laws compiled by that King of Majorca who was slain at the battle of Cressy, from which laws those of his kinsman Pedro the Ceremonious of Arragon, who drove him from his kingdom, were chiefly taken. His butler, his under butler, his major domo, and his cooks were to swear fealty and homage, *quia tam propter nefandissimam infidelitatem aliquorum ministrorum, quam ipsorum negligentiam, quæ est totius boni inimica, quæ ministrante omittuntur præcaenda, audivimus pluries tam Regibus quam aliis Principibus maximè pericula evenisse, quod est plus quam summè abhorrendum.* No stranger might

approach the place where any food for the King's table was prepared or kept; and all the cooks, purveyors and sub-purveyors, and the major domo, and the chamberlain were to taste of every dish which was served up to him. The noble who ministered to him when he washed at table was to taste the water, and the barber who washed his head was to do the like; for great as the King was, being mindful that he was still but a man, he acknowledged it necessary that he should have a barber, *pro humanis necessitatibus, quibus natura hominum quantâcunq; fretum potentia nullum fecit expertem, etiam nos Barbitonsorum officio indigenus*. His tailor was to work in a place where no suspicious people could have access; and whatever linen was used for his bed, or board, or more especially for his apparel, was to be washed in a secret place, and by none but known persons. The Chief Physician was to taste all the medicines that he administered. Every morning he was to inspect the royal urinal, and if he perceived any thing amiss prescribe accordingly. He was to attend at table, caution the King against eating of anything that might prove hurtful, and if, notwithstanding all precautions, poisons should be administered, he was to have his remedies at hand.

By the Chinese laws, if either the superintending or dispensing officer, or the cook, introduces into the Emperor's kitchen any unusual drug, or article of food, he is to be punished with an hundred blows, and compelled to swallow the same.

CHAPTER CXXII.

A CHAPTER WHEREIN STUDENTS IN SURGERY MAY FIND SOME FACTS WHICH WERE NEW TO THEM IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR OWN PROFESSION.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go. HERBERT.

ANOTHER reproach to which the medical profession was exposed arose from the preparatory studies which it required. The

natural but unreflecting sentiment of horror with which anatomy is everywhere regarded by the populace, was unfortunately sanctioned by the highest authorities of the Roman Church. Absolutely necessary for the general good as that branch of science indisputably is, it was reprobated by some of the Fathers in the strongest and most unqualified terms; they called it butchering the bodies of the dead; and all persons who should disinter a corpse for this purpose were excommunicated by a decree of Boniface the VIIIth, wherein the science itself was pronounced abominable both in the eyes of God and man. In addition to this cause of obloquy, there was a notion that cruel experiments, such as are now made upon animals and too often unnecessarily, and therefore wickedly repeated, were sometimes performed upon living men.* The Egyptian Physician who is believed first to have taught that the nerves are the organs of sensation, is said to have made the discovery by dissecting criminals alive. The fact is not merely stated by Celsus, but justified by him. Deducing its justification as a consequence from the not-to-be-disputed assertion *cum in interioribus partibus et doloris, et morborum varia genera nascantur, neminem his adhibere posse remedia, quæ ipse ignoret: — necessarium ergo esse*, he proceeds to say, *incidere corpora mortuorum, eorumque viscera atque intestina scrutari. LONGEQUE OPTIME FECISSE Herophilum et Erasistratum, qui nocentes homines à regibus ex carcere acceptos, VIVOS INCIDERINT; considerarintque, ETIAM SPIRITU MANENTE, ea quæ natura antea clausisset, eorumque posituram, colorem, figuram, magnitudinem, ordinem, duritiem, mollietiam, lævorem, contactum; processus deinde singulorum et recessus; et sive quid inseritur alteri, sive quid partem alterius in se recipit*. As late as the sixteenth century surgeons were wont to beg (as it was called) condemned malefactors, whom they professed to put to death in their own way, by opium before they opened them. It might well be suspected that these disciples of Celsus were

* The curious reader should refer to *Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum*, c. ix. p. 139. Ed. 1766.

not more scrupulous than their master; and they who thus took upon themselves the business of an executioner, had no reason to complain if they shared in the reproach attached to his infamous office.

A French author* of the sixteenth century says that the Physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that on one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that, as the easiest mode of taking away his life they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and then spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood were flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless, and when after a while they uncovered his face they found him dead.

It would be weakness or folly to deny that dangerous experiments for the promotion of medical or surgical practice may, without breach of any moral law, or any compunctious feeling, be tried upon criminals whose lives are justly forfeited. The Laureate has somewhere in his farraginous notes *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, produced a story of certain Polish physicians who obtained permission to put on the head of a criminal as soon as it had been cut off, and an assurance of his pardon if they should succeed in reuniting it. There is nothing to be objected to such an experiment, except its utter unreasonableness.

When it was necessary that what was at that time a most difficult and dangerous surgical operation should be performed upon Louis XIV., inquiry was made for men afflicted with the same disease; they were

conveyed to the house of the minister Louvois, and there in the presence of the King's physician Fagon, Felix the chief surgeon operated upon them. Most of these patients died; they were interred by night, but, notwithstanding all precautions, it was observed that dead bodies were secretly carried from that house, and rumours got abroad that a conspiracy had been discovered, that suspected persons had been brought before the minister, and had either died under the question or been made away with by poison under his roof. The motive for this secrecy was that the King might be saved from that anxiety which the knowledge of what was going on must have excited in him. In consequence of these experiments, Felix invented new instruments which he tried at the Hotel des Invalides, and when he had succeeded with them the result was communicated to the King, who submitted to the operation with characteristic fortitude. The surgeon performed it firmly and successfully; but the agitation which he had long struggled against and suppressed, produced then a general tremour from which he never recovered. The next day, in bleeding one of his own friends he maimed him for life.

This was a case in which the most conscientious practitioner would have felt no misgiving; there was no intentional sacrifice of life, or infliction of unnecessary suffering. So too when inoculation for the small-pox was introduced into this country; some condemned criminals gladly consented to be inoculated instead of hanged, and saved their lives by the exchange.

It is within the memory of some old members of the profession, that a man was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, who had a wen upon his throat weighing between thirty and forty pounds. To hang him was impossible without circumstances of such revolting cruelty as would, even at that time, have provoked a general outcry of indignation. The case found its way from the lawyers to the surgeons; the latter obtained his pardon, and took off the tumour. John Hunter was the operator; the man,

* BOUCHET.

his offence not having been of a very heinous kind, though the indiscriminating laws made it at that time capital, was taken into his service, and used to show his own wen in his master's museum; it was the largest from which any person had ever been relieved. The fate of the poor Chinese who underwent a similar operation in London with a different result, is fresh in remembrance and will long be remembered. The operation was made a public exhibition for medical students, instead of being performed with all circumstances that could tend to soothe the patient; and to the consequent heat of a crowded room, and partly perhaps to the excitement which such an assemblage occasioned in the object of their curiosity, the fatal termination was, with too much probability, imputed. We may be sure that no such hazardous operation will ever again be performed in this country in the same public manner.

The remarks which were called forth on that occasion are proofs of the great improvement in general feeling upon such points, that has taken place in modern times. In the reign of Louis XI. a franc-archer of Meudon was condemned to be hanged for robbery and sacrilege; he appealed to the Court of Parliament, but that Court confirmed the sentence, and remanded him to the Provost of Paris for execution. The appeal, however, seems to have brought the man into notice, and as he happened to afford a surgical case as well as a criminal one, the surgeons and physicians of the French capital petitioned the King for leave to operate upon him. They represented that many persons were afflicted with the stone and other internal disorders; that the case of this criminal resembled that of the Sieur de Bouchage, who was then lying dangerously ill; it was much to be desired for his sake that the inside of a living man should be inspected, and no better subject could have occurred than this franc-archer who was under sentence of death. This application was made at the instance of Germaine Colot, a practitioner who had learned his art under one of the Norsini, a Milanese

family of itinerant surgeons*, celebrated during several generations for their skill in lithotomy. Whether the criminal had his option of being hanged, or opened alive, is not stated; but Monstrelet, by whom the fact is recorded, says that permission was granted, that the surgeons and physicians opened him, inspected his bowels, replaced them, and then sewed him up; that the utmost care was taken of him by the King's orders, that in the course of fifteen days he was perfectly cured, and that he was not only pardoned but had a sum of money given him. To such means were the members of this profession driven, because anatomy was virtually if not formally prohibited.

A much worse example occurred when the French King Henry II. was mortally wounded in tilting with Montgomery. It is stated by most historians, that a splinter from Montgomery's spear entered the King's visor and pierced his eye; but Vincent Carleloix, who probably was present, and if not, had certainly the best means of information, shows that this is altogether an erroneous statement. He says that when the Scot had broken his spear upon the King, instead of immediately throwing away the truncheon, as he ought to have done, he rode on holding it couched; the consequence of this inadvertence was, that it struck the King's visor, forced it up, and ran into his eye. His words are these, *ayans tous deux fort valeureusement couru et rompu d'une grande dextérité et adresse leurs lances, ce mal-habile Lorges ne jecta pas, selon l'ordinaire coutume, le trousse qui demoura en la main la lance rompue; mais le porta tousjours baissé, et en courant, rencontra la teste du Roy, du quel il donna droit dedans la visiere qui le coup haulsa, et luy creva un œil.*

The accuracy of this account happens to be of some importance, because the course which the King's surgeons pursued in consequence illustrates the state of surgery at that time, and of manners and laws also;

* The "Whitworth Doctors," as they were called, were all of one family, in our own country. Their roughness and their skill were about on a par.

for with the hope of ascertaining in what direction the broken truncheon had entered the brain, and how they might best proceed to extract the splinters, they cut off the heads of four criminals, and drove broken truncheons into them, as nearly as they could judge at the same inclination, and then opened the heads. But after these lessons, five or six of the most expert surgeons in France were as much at a loss as before.

It was well that there were criminals ready upon the occasion, otherwise perhaps, in the then temper of the French Court, the first Huguenots who came to hand might have been made to serve the turn. And it was well for the subjects that it was not thought advisable to practise upon them alive; for no scruples would have been entertained upon the score of humanity. When Philip Von Hutten, whom the Spanish writers call Felipe de Utre, made his expedition from Venezuela in search of the Omeguas, an Indian wounded him with a spear, under the right arm, through the ribs. One Diego de Montes, who was neither surgeon nor physician, undertook to treat the wound, because there was no person in the party better qualified to attempt it. A life was to be sacrificed for his instruction, and accordingly a friendly Cacique placed the oldest Indian in the village at his disposal. This poor creature was dressed in Von Hutten's coat of mail (*sayo o escaulpi*) and set on horseback; Montes then ran a spear into him through the hole in this armour, after which he opened him, and found that the integuments of the heart had not been touched, this being what he wished to ascertain. The Indian died; but Von Hutten's wound was opened and cleansed in full reliance upon the knowledge thus obtained, and he recovered.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

SOME ALLUSION TO, AND SOME USE OF THE FIGURE OF SPEECH CALLED PARENTHESIS.

J'ecrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein; c'est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le desordre même.
PASCAL.

GENTLE reader, — and if gentle, good reader, — and if good, patient reader: for if not gentle, then not good; and if not good, then not gentle; and neither good nor gentle, if not patient; — dear reader, who art happily for thyself all three, it is, I know, not less with thy good will than with my own, that I proceed with this part of my subject. *Quelle matière que je traite avec vous, c'est toujours un plaisir pour moi.** You will say to me, “amuse yourself (and me) in your own way; ride your own round-about, so you do but come to the right point at last.” † To that point you are well assured that all my round-aboutings tend; and my care must be to eschew the error of that author, engineer, statesman, or adventurer of any kind,

Which of a weak and nigardly projection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth. ‡

Lady Hester Stanhope had an English Physician with her in Syria, who, if he be living, can bear testimony that her Ladyship did not commit this fault, when she superintended the cutting out of his scarlet galligaskins. Neither will I commit it.

You indeed, dear reader, would express no displeasure if, instead of proceeding in the straight line of my purpose, I should sometimes find it expedient to retrograde; or, borrowing a word of barbarous Latin coined in the musician's mint, *cancrizare*, which may be rendered to crab-grade. For as Roger North says, when, at the commencement of his incomparable account of his brother the Lord Keeper's life, he confesses that it would be hard to lead a thread

* MADAME DE MAINTENON. † CUMBERLAND.
‡ SHAKESPEARE.

in good order of time through it — “there are many and various incidents to be remembered, which will interfere, and make it necessary to step back sometimes, and then again forwards; — and in this manner I hope to evacuate my mind of every matter and thing I know and can remember materially concerning him. And if some things are set down which many may think too trivial, let it be considered that the smallest incidents are often as useful to be known, though not so diverting, as the greater, and profit must always share with entertainment.”

I am not, however, side-ling toward my object crab-like; still less am I starting back from it, like a lobster, whose spring upon any alarm is stern-foremost: nor am I going I know not where, like the three Princes Zoile, Bariandel and Lyriamandre, when, having taken leave of Olivier King of England, to go in search of Rosicler, they took ship at London *sans dessein d'aller plutôt en un lieu qu'en un autre*. Nor like the more famous Prince Don Florisel and Don Falanges, when having gone on board a small vessel, *y mandada por ellos en lo alto de la mar meter, hazen con los marineros que no hagan otro camino mas de aquel que la nao movido por la fuerza de los ayres, quisiesse hazer, queriendo yr a buscar con la aventura lo que a ella hallar se permitia segun la poca certinidad que para la demanda podian llevar*.

I should say falsely were I to say with Petrarch,

*Vommene in guiza d'orbo senza luce,
Che non sa ove si vada, e pur si parte.*

But I may say with the Doctor's namesake Daniel de Bosola in Webster's tragedy,* “I look no higher than I can reach: they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule, of a slow pace, will both suit my disposition and business; for mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.” — Moreover

—— This I hold

A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.†

“You may run from major to minor,” says Mrs. Bray in one of her letters to Dr. Southey, “and through a thousand changes, so long as you fall into the subject at last, and bring back the ear to the right key at the close.”

Where we are at this present reading, the attentive reader cannot but know; and if the careless one has lost himself, it is his fault, not mine. We are in the parenthesis between the Doctor's courtship and his marriage. Life has been called a parenthesis between our birth and death‡; the history of the human race is but a parenthesis between two cataclams of the globe which it inhabits; time itself only a parenthesis in eternity. The interval here, as might be expected after so summary a wooing, was not long; no settlements being required, and little preparation. But it is not equally necessary for me to fix the chapter, as it was for them to fix the day.

Montaigne tells us that he liked better to forge his mind than to furnish it. I have a great liking for old Michel, Seigneur de Montaigne, which the well-read reader may have perceived; — who indeed has ever made his acquaintance without liking him? I have moreover some sympathies with him; but upon this point we differ. It is more agreeable to me to furnish than to forge, — intellectually speaking, to lay in than to lay out; — to eat than to digest. There is however (following the last similitude) an intermediate process enjoyed by the flocks and herds, but denied to Aldermen; that process affords so apt a metaphor for an operation of the mind, that the word denoting it has passed into common parlance in its metaphorical acceptation, and its original meaning is not always known to those who use it.

* DUCHESS OF MALPI.

† CHURCHILL.

‡ See *suprà*, p. 250.

It is a pleasure to see the quiet full contentment which is manifested both in the posture and look of animals when they are chewing the cud. The nearest approach which humanity makes toward a similar state of feeling, seems to be in smoking, when the smoker has any intellectual cud on which to chew. But ruminating is no wholesome habit for man, who, if he be good for anything, is born as surely to action as to trouble; it is akin to the habit of indulging in day-dreams, which is to be eschewed by every one who tenders his or her own welfare.

There is, however, a time for everything. And though neither the Doctor nor Deborah had thought of each other in the relation of husband and wife, before the proposal was made, and the silent assent given, they could not choose but ruminate upon the future as well as the past, during the parenthesis that ensued. And though both parties deliberately approved of what had been suddenly determined, the parenthesis was an uneasy time for both.

The commentators tell us that readers have found some difficulty in understanding what was Shakespeare's meaning when he made Macbeth say

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Johnson says he never found them agreeing upon it. Most persons, however, are agreed in thinking, that when anything disagreeable must be done, the sooner it is done the better. Who but a child ever holds a dose of physic in his hand, — rhubarb to wit, — or Epsom salts, — delaying as long as possible to take the nauseous draught? Who ever, when he is ready for the plunge, stands lingering upon the side of the river, or the brink of the cold bath? — Who that has entered a shower-bath and closed the door, ever hesitates for a moment to pull the string? It was upon a false notion of humanity that the House of Commons proceeded, when it prolonged the interval between the sentence of a murderer and the execution. The merciful course in all

cases would be, that execution should follow upon the sentence with the least possible delay.

"Heaven help the man," says a good-natured and comely reader who has a ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, — "Heaven help the man! Does he compare marriage to hanging, to a dose of physic, and to a plunge over head and ears in cold water?" No, madam, not he: he makes no such unseemly comparisons. He only means to say that when any great change is about to take place in our circumstances and way of life, — anything that is looked on to with anxiety and restlessness, anything that occasions a yeasty sensation about the pericardium, — every one who is in that state wishes that the stage of fermentation were past, — that the transition were over.

I have said that little preparation was needed for a marriage which gave little employment to the upholsterers, less to the dress-makers, and none to the lawyers. Yet there was something to be done. Some part of the furniture was to be furnished, some to be renewed, and some to be added. The house required papering and painting, and would not be comfortably habitable while the smell of the paint overpowered or mingled with the odour of the shop. Here then was a cause of unavoidable delay; and time which is necessarily employed, may be said to be well employed, though it may not be upon the business which we have most at heart. If there be an impatient reader, that is to say an unreasonable one, who complains that, instead of passing rapidly over this interval or parenthesis (as aforesaid), I proceed in such a manner with the relation, that many of my chapters are as parenthetical as the Euterpe of Herodotus, which whole book, as the present Bishop Butler used to say, is one long parenthesis, and the longest that ever was written; — if, I say, there be so censorious a reader, I shall neither contradict him, nor defend myself, nor yet plead guilty to the fault of which he accuses me. But I will tell him what passed on a certain occasion, between Doctor, afterwards Archbishop, Sharp, when he was

Rector of St. Giles's, and the Lord Chancellor Jefferies.

In the year 1686, Dr. Sharp preached a sermon wherein he drew some conclusions against the Church of Rome, to show the vanity of her pretensions in engrossing the name of Catholic to herself. The sermon was complained of to James II., and the Lord Chancellor Jefferies was directed to send for the preacher, and acquaint him with the King's displeasure. Dr. Sharp accordingly waited upon his Lordship with the notes of his sermon, and read it over to him. "Whether," says his son, "the Doctor did this for his own justification, and to satisfy his Lordship that he had been misrepresented, or whether my Lord ordered him to bring his sermon and repeat it before him, is not certain; but the latter seems most probable: because Dr. Sharp afterwards understood that his Lordship's design in sending for him and discoursing with him, was, that he might tell the King that he had reprimanded the Doctor, and that he was sorry for having given occasion of offence to his Majesty, hoping by this means to release Dr. Sharp from any further trouble. However it was, his Lordship took upon him, while the Doctor was reading over his sermon, to chide him for several passages which the Doctor thought gave no occasion for chiding; and he desired his Lordship when he objected to these less obnoxious passages, to be patient, for there was a great deal worse yet to come."

The sermon nevertheless was a good sermon, as temperate as it was properly timed, and the circumstance was as important in English history, as the anecdote is pertinent in this place. For that sermon gave rise to the Ecclesiastical Commission, which, in its consequences, produced, within two years, the Revolution.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

THE AUTHOR MORALISES UPON THE VANITY OF FAME; AND WISHES THAT HE HAD BOSWELLISED WHILE IT WAS IN HIS POWER TO HAVE DONE SO.

*Mucho tengo que llorar,
Mucho tengo que retr.* GONGORA.

It is a melancholy consideration that Fame is as unjust as Fortune. To Fortune, indeed, injustice ought not to be imputed; for Fortune is blind, and disposes of her favours at random. But Fame, with all her eyes and ears and tongues, overlooks more than she perceives, and sees things often in a wrong light, and hears and reports as many falsehoods as truths.

We need not regret that the warriors who lived before Agamemnon should be forgotten, for the world would have been no worse if many of those who lived after him had been forgotten in like manner. But the wise also perish, and leave no memorial. What do we know of "Ethan the Ezrabite, and Heman and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol," whom it was accounted an honour for Solomon to have excelled in wisdom? Where is now the knowledge for which Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Llechau ab Arthur, and Rhiwallawn Wallt Banadlen were leashed in a Triad as the three Physiologists or Philosophers of the Isle of Britain; because "there was nothing of which they did not know its material essence, and its properties, whether of kind, or of part, or of quality, or of compound, or of coincidence, or of tendency, or of nature, or of essence, whatever it might be?" Where is their knowledge? where their renown? They are now "merely *nuda nomina*, naked names!" "For there is no remembrance of the wise, more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten!"

— If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.*

The Seven Wise Men have left almost as little as the Sybils.

"What satisfaction," says Sir John Hawkins, "does the mind receive from the recital of the names of those who are said to have increased the chords of the primitive lyre from four to seven, Chorebus, Hyagius, and Terpander? Or when we are told that Olympus invented the enarmonic genus, as also the Harmatian mood? Or that Eumolpus and Melampus were excellent musicians, and Pronomus, Antigenides and Lamia celebrated players on the flute? In all these instances, where there are no circumstances that constitute a character, and familiarise to us the person spoken of, we naturally inquire who he is, and for want of farther information become indifferent as to what is recorded of him." The same most learned and judicious historian of his favourite art, laments that most of the many excellent musicians who flourished in the ages preceding our own are all but utterly forgotten. "Of Tye," he says, "of Redford, Shephard, Douland, Weelkes, Welbye, Est, Bateson, Hilton and Brewer, we know little more than their names. These men composed volumes which are now dispersed and irretrievably lost; yet did their compositions suggest those ideas of the power and efficacy of music, and those descriptions of its manifold charms, that occur in the verses of our best poets."

Is there one of my Readers in a thousand who knows that Philistes was a Greco-Phœnician, or Phœnico-Grecian Queen of Malta and Gozo, before the Carthaginians obtained the dominion of those islands, in which their language continues living, though corrupted, to this day?—Are there ten men in Cornwall who know that Medacritus was the name of the first man who carried tin from that part of the world?

What but his name is now known of Romanianus, who in St. Augustin's opinion was the greatest genius that ever lived; and how little is his very name known now! What is now remembered "of the men of renown before the Flood?" Sir Walter Raleigh hath a chapter concerning them, wherein he

says, "of the war, peace, government and policy of these strong and mighty men, so able both in body and wit, there is no memory remaining; whose stories if they had been preserved, and what else was then performed in that newness of the world, there could nothing of more delight have been left to posterity. For the exceeding long lives of men, (who to their strength of body and natural wits had the experience added of eight hundred and nine hundred years,) how much of necessity must the same add of wisdom and understanding? * Likely it is that their works excelled all whatsoever can be told of after-times; especially in respect of this old age of the world, when we no sooner begin to know than we begin to die: according to Hippocrates, *Vita brevis, ars longa, tempus præceps*; which is, Life is short, art is long, and time is headlong. And that those people of the first age performed many things worthy of admiration, it may be gathered out of these words of Moses, *These were mighty men, which in old time were men of renown.*" What is known of them now? Their very names have perished!

Who now can explain the difference between the Agenorian, the Eratoeclean, the Epigonian, and the Damonian sects of musicians, or knows anything more than the names of their respective founders, except that one of them was Socrates's music-master?

What Roman of the age of Horace would have believed that a contemporaneous Consul's name should only live to posterity, as a record of the date of some one of the Poet's odes?

Who now remembers that memorable Mr. Clinch, "whose single voice, as he had learned to manage it, could admirably represent a number of persons at sport and in hunting, and the very dogs and other animals,"—himself a whole pack and a whole

* The passage will be found in Book I. c. v. § vii. of the History of the World. The reading in the Oxford Edition is "undertakings," but Southey, it is likely, preferred to write as in the text, and had authority for it. He had no opinion of this edition, and once told me that letters were not used which might have been, as an Appendix to the Life.

field in full cry: "but none better than a quire of choristers chanting an Anthem"—himself a whole quire.

"How subdued,"—says Mr. David Laing, who has rescued from oblivion so much that is worthy of being held in remembrance,— "how subdued is the interest that attaches to a mere name, as for instance, to that of Dunbar's contemporaries, Stobo, Quintyne, or St. John the Ross, whose works have perished!"

Who was that famous singer nick-named Bonny Boots, who, because of his excellent voice, or as Sir John Hawkins says, "for some other reason, had permission to call Queen Elizabeth his Lady:" and of whom it is said in the canzonet,

Our Bonny Boots could toot it,
Yea and foot it,
Say, lusty lads, who now shall Bonny-Boot it?

Sir John thinks it might "possibly be one Mr. Hale." But what is Fame when it ends in a poor possibility that Bonny Boots who called the Queen his Lady, and that Queen, not Bergami's popular Queen, but Queen Elizabeth, the nation's glorious Queen Elizabeth, the people's good Queen Bess,— what, I repeat, is Fame, when it ends in a mere conjecture that the Bonny Boots who was permitted to call such a Queen his Lady, might be "one Hale or Hales in whose voice she took some pleasure." Well might Southey say

Fame's loudest blast upon the ear of Time
Leaves but a dying echo!

And what would posterity have heard of my Dove, my Daniel, my Doctor,—my Doctor Daniel Dove,—had it not been for these my patient and humble labours;—patient, but all too slow; humble, if compared with what the subject deserves, and yet ambitious, in contemplation of that desert, that inadequate as they are, they will however make the subject known; so that my Dove, my Daniel, my Doctor, shall be everybody's Dove, everybody's Daniel, every-body's Doctor,—yea the World's Doctor, the World's Doctor Daniel Dove!

O his desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,

When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.*

Alas that there should have been in that generation but one Boswell. Why did Nature break his mould? Why did she not make two? for I would not have had Johnson deprived of what may almost be called his better part;—but why were there not two Boswells, as there are two Dromios in the Comedy of Errors, and two Mr. Bulwers at this day, and three Hunchbacks in the Arabian Tale. Why was there not a duplicate Boswell, a fac-simile of the Laird of Auchinleck, an undistinguishable twin-brother, to have lived at Doncaster, and have followed my Doctor, like his dog, or his shadow, or St. Anthony's pig, and have gathered up the fragments of his wit and his wisdom, so that nothing should have been lost? Sinner that I am, that I should have had so little forethought in the golden days of youth and opportunity! As Brantôme says when speaking of Montluc, *Jetois fort souvent avec luy, et n'aymoit fort, et prenoit grand plaisir quand je le mettois en propos et on train et luy faisois quelques demandes,— car je ne suis jamais esté si jeune, que je n'aye tousjours esté fort curieux d'apprendre; et luy, me voyant en cette volonté, il me respondoit de bon cœur, et en beaux termes; car il avoit une fort belle eloquence.* Truly therefore may I say of thee, O my friend and Master!

— S' alcun bel frutto
Nasce di me, da voi vien prima il seme.
Io per me son quasi un terrenò asciutto
Colto da voi, e 'l pregio è vostro in tutto.†

Sinner that I was! not to have treasured up all his words when I enjoyed and delighted in his presence; improvident wretch! that I did not faithfully record them every night before I went to bed, while they were yet fresh in memory! How many things would I fain recall, which are now irrecoverably lost! How much is there, that if it were possible to call back the days that are past, I would eagerly ask and learn! But the hand of Time is on me. *Non solebat*

* MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

† PETRARCH.

*mihī tam velox tempus videri; nunc incredibilis cursus apparet: sive quia admoventi lineas sentio, sive quia attendere capi et computare damnum meum.** I linger over these precious pages while I write, pausing and pondering in the hope that more recollections may be awakened from their long sleep; that one may jog and stir up another. By thus rummaging in the stores of memory many things which had long been buried there have been brought to light;—but O reader! how little is this all to what it might have been! It is but as a poor armful of gleanings compared to a waggon well piled with full sheaves, carrying the harvest home.

Here too I may apply with the alteration of only one word what that good man Gotthilf Franck says in his Preface to the History of the Danish Mission in India, as translated into Latin from Niecamp's German Work. *Quamquam vero huic æquo desiderio gratificandi animum tanto promptiorem gessimus, quanto plus ad illustrationem nominis dilecti ex tali compendio redundaturum esse perspeximus, multa tamen impedimenta in dies subnata sunt, quo minus res in effectum dari potuerit. Siquidem ad ejusmodi epitomen accurate conscribendum et res præcipuas breviter complectendas non solum multum temporis, patientiæ et laboris, sed singularis etiam epitomatoris ikavórης et dexteritas requiritur.*

The Doctor himself was careless of Fame. As he did nothing to be seen of men, so he took no thought for anything through which he might be remembered by them. It was enough for him if his jests, and whims, and fancies, and speculations, whether sportive or serious, pleased himself, brought a smile to his wife's lips and a dimple to her cheek, or a good-humoured frown, which was hardly less agreeable, to her brow;—it was enough for him if they amused or astonished those to whom they were addressed. Something he had for every one within the sphere of his little rounds; a quip for this person and a crank for that; “nods and becks and wreathed smiles” for those who were in the

May-day of youth, or the hey-day of hilarity and welfare; a moral saying in its place and a grave word in season; wise counsel kindly given for those who needed it, and kind words for all,—with which kind actions always kept pace, instead of limping slowly and ungraciously behind. But of the world beyond that circle, he thought as little as that world thought of him; nor had he the slightest wish for its applause. The passion which has been called “the last infirmity of noble minds” had no place in his;—for he was a man in *quo*, as Erasmus says of his Tutor Hegius, *unum illud vel Momus ipse calumniari fortasse potuisset, quod fama plus æquo negligens, nullam posteritatis haberet rationem.*

CHAPTER CXXV.

FAME IN THE BOROUGH ROAD. THE AUTHOR DANIELISES.

*Duc, Fama,—
Duc me insolenti tramite; devius
Tentabo inaccessos profanis
Invidiæ pedibus recessus.*

VINCENT BOURNE.

GUESS, Reader, where I once saw a full-sized figure of Fame, erect, tip-toe, in the act of springing to take flight and soar aloft, her neck extended, her head raised, the trumpet at her lips, and her cheeks inflated, as if about to send forth a blast which the whole city of London was to hear? Perhaps thou mayest have seen this very figure thyself, and surely if thou hast, thou wilt not have forgotten it. It was in the Borough Road, placed above a shop-board which announced that Mr. Somebody fitted up Water-Closets upon a new and improved principle.

But it would be well for mankind if Fame were never employed in trumpeting anything worse. There is a certain stage of depravity, in which men derive an unnatural satisfaction from the notoriety of their wickedness, and seek for celebrity *ob magnitudinem infamiae, cujus apud prodigos novis-*

* SENECA.

sima voluptas est.—Ils veulent faire parler d'eux, says Bayle, et leur vanité ne seroit pas satisfaite s'il n'y avoit quelque chose de superlatif et d'éminent dans leur mauvaise réputation. Le plus haut degré de l'infamie est le but de leurs souhaits, et il y a des choses qu'ils ne feroient pas si elles n'étoient extraordinairement odieuses.*

Plutarch has preserved the name of Chærephanes, who was notorious among the ancients for having painted such subjects as Julio Romano has the everlasting infamy of having designed for the flagitious Aretine. He has also transmitted to posterity the name of Parmeno, famous for grunting like a pig, and of Theodorus, not less famous for the more difficult accomplishment of mimicking the sound of a creaking cart-wheel. Who would wish to have his name preserved for his beggarliness, like Pauson the painter, and Codrus the poet? Or for his rascality and wickedness like Phrynon-das? Or like Callianax the physician for callous brutality? Our Doctor used to instance these examples when he talked of "the bubble reputation," which is sometimes to be had so cheaply, and yet for which so dear a price has often been paid in vain. It amused him to think by what odd or pitiful accidents that bubble might be raised. "Whether the regular practitioner may sneer at Mr. Ching," says the Historian of Cornwall, "I know not; but the Patent Worm-Lozenges have gained our Launceston Apothecary a large fortune, and secured to him perpetual fame."

Would not John Dory's name have died with him, and so been long ago dead as a door-nail, if a grotesque likeness for him had not been discovered in the Fish, which being called after him has immortalised him and his ugliness? But if John Dory could have anticipated this sort of immortality when he saw his own face in the glass, he might very well have "blushed to find it fame." There would have been no other memorial of Richard Jaquett at this day, than the letters of his name in an old dead

and obsolete hand, now well nigh rendered illegible by time, if he had not in the reign of Edward VI. been Lord of the Manor of Tyburn with its appurtenances, wherein the gallows was included, wherefore, from the said Jaquett it is presumed by antiquaries that the hangman hath been ever since corruptly called Jack Ketch. A certain William Dowsing, who during the Great Rebellion was one of the Parliamentary Visitors for demolishing superstitious pictures and ornaments of Churches, is supposed by a learned critic to have given rise to an expression in common use among school-boys and blackguards. For this worshipful Commissioner broke so many "mighty great Angels" in glass, knocked so many Apostles and Cherubims to pieces, demolished so many pictures and stone-crosses, and boasted with such puritanical rancour of what he had done, that it is conjectured the threat of giving any one *a dowsing* preserves his rascally name. So too while Bracton and Fleta rest on the shelves of some public Library, Nokes and Stiles are living names in the Courts of Law: and for John Doe and Richard Roe, were there ever two litigious fellows so universally known as these eternal antagonists?

Johnson tells a story of a man who was standing in an inn kitchen with his back to the fire, and thus accosted a traveller who stood next to him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir," replied the traveller—"I have not that advantage." "Sir," said the man, "I am the great Twalmley who invented the new Flood-gate Iron."—Who but for Johnson would have heard of the great Twalmley now? Reader, I will answer the question which thou hast already asked, and tell thee that his invention consisted in applying a sliding door, like a flood-gate, to an ironing-box, flat-irons having till then been used, or box-irons with a door and bolt.

Who was Tom Long the Carrier? when did he flourish? what road did he travel? did he drive carts, or waggons, or was it in the age of pack-horses? Who was Jack Robinson? not the once well-known Jack

* TACITUS.

Robinson of the Treasury, (for his celebrity is now like a tale that is told,) but the one whose name is in every body's mouth, because it is so easily and so soon said. Who was Magg? and what was his diversion? was it brutal, or merely boorish? the boisterous exuberance of rude and unruly mirth or the gratification of a tyrannical temper and a cruel disposition? Who was Crop the Conjuror, famous in trivial speech, as Merlin in romantic lore, or Doctor Faustus in the school of German extravagance? What is remembered now of Bully Dawson? all I have read of him is, that he lived three weeks on the credit of a brass shilling because nobody would take it of him. "There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth," says Ray, "that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the Author that it contained them all, 'Nay,' replied she, 'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton!' which proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his collection." "Who this Bolton was," Ray says, "I know not, neither is it worth inquiring." Nevertheless I ask who was Bolton? and when Echo answers "*who?*" say in my heart *Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia Vanitas*. And having said this, conscience smites me with the recollection of what Pascal has said, *Ceux qui écrivent contre la gloire, veulent avoir la gloire d'avoir bien écrit; et ceux qui le lisent, veulent avoir la gloire de l'avoir lu; et moi qui écris ceci, j'ai peut-être cette envie, et peut-être que ceux qui le liront, l'auront aussi.*

Who was old Ross of Pottern, who lived till all the world was weary of him? All the world has forgotten him now. Who was Jack Raker, once so well known that he was named proverbially as a scapegrace by Skelton, and in the Ralph Roister Doister of Nicholas Udall,—that Udall, who on poor Tom Tusser's account, ought always to be called the bloody schoolmaster? Who was William Dickens, whose wooden dishes were sold so badly, that when any one lost by the sale of his wares, the said Dickens and his dishes were brought up in scornful comparison? Out-roaring Dick was a strolling singer of such repute that he got twenty

shillings a day by singing at Braintree Fair: but who was that Desperate Dick that was such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoured more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his frays and deep acting of his flashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers' draymen? It is at this day doubtful whether it was Jack Drum or Tom Drum, whose mode of entertainment no one wishes to receive;—for it was to haul a man in by the head and thrust him out by the neck and shoulders. Who was that other Dick who wore so queer a hat-band that it has ever since served as a standing comparison for all queer things? By what name besides Richard was he known? Where did he live and when? His birth, parentage, education, life, character and behaviour, who can tell? "Nothing," said the Doctor, "is remembered of him now, except that he was familiarly called Dick, and that his queer hat-band went nine times round and would not tie."

O vain World's glory, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!*

Who was Betty Martin, and wherefore should she so often be mentioned in connexion with my precious eye or your's? Who was Ludlam, whose dog was so lazy that he leant his head against a wall to bark? And who was Old Cole whose dog was so proud that he took the wall of a dung-cart and got squeezed to death by the wheel? Was he the same person of whom the song says,

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he?

And was his dog proud because his master was called King? Here are questions to be proposed in the Examination papers of some Australian Cambridge, two thousand years hence, when the people of that part of the world shall be as reasonably inquisitive concerning our affairs, as we are now concerning those of the Greeks. But the Burneys, the Parrs and the Porsons, the Elmsleys, Monks and Blomfields of that

age, will puzzle over them in vain, for we cannot answer them now.*

"Who was the Vicar of Bray? I have had a long chase after him," said Mr. Brome to Mr. Rawlins, in 1735. "Simon Aleyn, or Allen, was his name; he was Vicar of Bray about 1540, and died in 1588; so he held the living near fifty years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take. And if the pursuit after such game seems mean, one Mr. Vernon followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him." Reader, do not refuse your belief of this fact, when I can state to you on my own recollection that the late Dr. Shaw, the celebrated Naturalist, a librarian of the British Museum and known by the name of the learned Shavius, from the facility and abundance of his Latin compositions, pointed out to my notice there many years ago two volumes written by a Dutchman upon the wings of a butterfly. "The dissertation is rather voluminous, Sir, perhaps you will think," said the Doctor, with somewhat of that apogetic air, which modest science is wont occasionally to assume in her communications with ignorance, "but it is immensely important."† Good-natured, excellent enthusiast! fully didst thou appreciate the Book, the Dutchman, and above all the Butterfly.

"I have known a great man," says Taylor the Water-Poet, "very expert on the Jews'-harp; a rich heir excellent at Noddy; a Justice of the Peace skilful at Quoytes; a Merchant's Wife a quick gamester at Irish, especially when she came to bearing of men, that she would seldom miss entering." Injurious John Taylor! thus to defraud thy friends of their fame, and leave in irremediable oblivion the proper name of that expert Jews'-Harper, that person excellent at Noddy, that great Quoytes-man, and that

Mistress who played so masterly a game at Irish!—But I thank thee for this, good John the Water-Poet; thou hast told us that Monsieur La Ferr, a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable game of Double-hand, Hot Cockles, &c., and that Gregory Dawson, an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of Blind-man's-buff. But who can tell me what the game of Carps was, the *Ludus Carparum*, which Hearne says was used in Oxford much, and being joined with cards, and reckoned as a kind of *alea*, is prohibited in some statutes? When Thomas Hearne, who learned whatever Time forgot, was uncertain what game or play it really was, and could only conjecture that perhaps it might be a sort of Back-gammon, what antiquary can hope to ascertain it?

"Elizabeth Canning, Mary Squires the Gipsey, and Miss Blandy," says one who remembered their days of celebrity, "were such universal topics in 1752, that you would have supposed it the business of mankind to talk only of them; yet now, in 1790, ask a young man of twenty-five or thirty a question relative to these extraordinary personages, and he will be puzzled to answer."

Who now knows the steps of that dance, or has heard the name of its author, of which in our fathers' days it was said in verse, that

— Isaac's rigadoun shall live as long
As Rafacal's painting, or as Virgil's song.

Nay, who reads the poem wherein those lines are found, though the author predicted for them in self-applauding pleasantry, that

Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fresh with aged partners join'd,
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear,
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive muse.

Even of the most useful of those lines, the "uses are gone by." Ladies before they leave the ball-room are now no longer fortified against the sudden change of temperature by a cup of generous white wine mulled with ginger; nor is it necessary now to caution them at such times against a

* On Elmsley's putting forth his edition of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, some one asked him how it came about that he left so much unexplained? "How should it be otherwise," said he, "when we are unable to explain our own Shakespeare?"

† This anecdote was inserted by the late Grosvenor Bedford, Southey's old and tried friend.

draught of cold small beer, because, as the Poet in his own experience assured them,

Destruction lurks within the poisonous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.*

CHAPTER CXXVI.

MR. BAXTER'S OFFICES. MILLER'S CHARACTER OF MASON; WITH A FEW REMARKS IN VINDICATION OF GRAY'S FRIEND AND THE DOCTOR'S ACQUAINTANCE.

— *Te sonare quis mihi
Genique vim dabit tui?
Stylo quis æquor hocce arare chartæum,
En arva per papyrina
Satu loquace seminare literas?*

JANUS DOUSA.

THAT dwelling house which the reader may find represented in Miller's History of Doncaster, as it was in his time, and in the Doctor's, and in mine,—that house in which the paper-hangers and painters were employed during the parenthesis, or to use a more historical term, the Interim of this part of our history,—that house which when, after an interval of many years, I saw it last, had the name R. Dennison on the door, is now, the Sheffield Mercury tells me, occupied as Mr. Baxter's Offices. I mean no disrespect to Mr. R. Dennison. I mean no disrespect to Mr. Baxter. I know nothing of these gentlemen, except that in 1830 the one had his dwelling there, and in 1836 the other his offices. But for the house itself, which can now be ascertained only by its site, totally altered as it is in structure and appearance, without and within,—when I think of it I cannot but exclaim, in what Wordsworth would call “that inward voice” with which we speak to ourselves in solitude, “If thou be’st it,” with reference to that alteration,—and with reference to its change of tenants and present appropriation, I cannot but carry on the verse, and say—“but oh how fallen, how changed!”

In that house Peter Hopkins had entertained his old friend Guy; and the elder

Daniel once, upon an often pressed and special invitation, had taken the longest journey he ever performed in his life, to pass a week there. For many years Mr. Allison and Mr. Bacon made it their house of call whenever they went to Doncaster. In that house Miller introduced Herschel to Dr. Dove; and Mason, when he was Mr. Copley's guest, never failed to call there, and inquire of the Doctor what books he had added to his stores,—for to have an opportunity of conversing with him was one of the pleasures which Mason looked for in his visits at Netherhall.

Miller disliked Mason: described him as sullen, reserved, capricious and unamiable; and this which he declared to be “the real character of this celebrated poet,” he inserted, he said, “as a lesson to mankind, to show them what little judgment can be formed of the heart of an author, either by the sublimity of his conceptions, the beauty of his descriptions, or the purity of his sentiments.”

Often as Miller was in company with Mason, there are conclusive proofs that the knowledge which he attained of Mason's character was as superficial as the poet's knowledge of music, for which, as has heretofore been intimated, the Organist regarded him with some contempt.

He says that the reason which Mason assigned for making an offer to the lady whom he married, was, that he had been a whole evening in her company with others, and observed, that during all that time she never spoke a single word. Mason is very likely to have said this; but the person who could suppose that he said it in strict and serious sincerity, meaning that it should be believed to the letter, must have been quite incapable of appreciating the character of the speaker.

Mason whom Gray described, a little before this offer, as repining at his four-and-twenty weeks' residence at York, and longing for the flesh-pots and coffee-houses of Cambridge, was notwithstanding in his friend and fellow-poet's phrase, a long while *mariturient*, “and praying to heaven to give him a good and gentle governess.” “No man,”

* SOAME JENYNS.

says Gray, "wants such a thing more in all senses; but his greatest wants do not make him move a foot faster, nor has he, properly speaking, anything one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge." Elsewhere he speaks of Mason's "insatiable repining mouth." Yet there was no malice in these expressions. Gray loved him, taking him for all in all, and to have been the friend of Gray will always be considered as evidence of no ordinary worth; for it is not on intellect alone that the friendship of so good and wise a man as Gray could be founded.

When Gray first became acquainted with Mason he wrote concerning him thus. "He has much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. I take him for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves everybody he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it." In another letter "Mason grows apace in my good graces; he is very ingenious, with great good-nature and simplicity; a little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion. So sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all."

This surely is the character of an amiable and very likeable man. Mason said when he printed it, "my friends, I am sure, will be much amused at this; my enemies (if they please) may sneer at it, and say (which they will very truly) that twenty-five years have made a very considerable abatement in my general philanthropy. Men of the world will not blame me for writing from so prudent a motive, as that of making my fortune by it; and yet the truth, I believe, at the time was, that I was perfectly well satisfied if my publications furnished me with a few guineas to see a Play, or an Opera."

During the short time that his wife lived after his marriage, Miller observed that he appeared more animated and agreeable in his conversation, that is to say, he was cheerful because he was happy. After her death (and who has ever perused her epitaph without emotion?) he relapsed into a discontented habit of mind, as might be expected from one who had remained unmarried too long, and who, although he might be said in the worldly sense of the word to have been a fortunate man, was never, except during the short duration of his marriage, a happy one. He had no near relations, none to whom he was in any degree attached; and in Gray he lost the most intimate of his friends, probably the only one towards whom he ever felt anything approaching to a warmth of friendship. This produced a most uncomfortable effect upon him in the decline of life; for knowing that he was looked upon as one who had wealth to leave for which there were no near or natural claimants, he suspected that any marks of attention which were shown him, whether from kindness or from respect, proceeded from selfish views. That in many cases such suspicions may be well-founded, any one who knows what the world is will readily believe; and if they made him capricious, and rendered him liable to be accused of injustice and want of feeling, the effect is not so extraordinary as it is pitiable. It is one of the evils attendant upon the possession of riches where there is no certain heir; it is part of the punishment which those persons bring upon themselves who accumulate unnecessary wealth, without any just or definite object.*

But Mason is chargeable with no such sin. When a young man he made a resolution that if he came into possession of an estate which was entailed upon him, he would accept of no additional preferment; and he adhered to that resolution, though many offers were made to him which might have induced

* How applicable is this to the history of the late Dr. Bell! Pity 'tis he did not apply his riches, as he told Southey he would, to the increase of poor livings. What came from the church might well have been returned.

a worldly man to depart from it. The first thing he did after the inheritance fell to him was to resign his King's Chaplainship: "a priest in that situation," he said, "could not help looking forward to a bishoprick, a species of ambition incompatible with the simplicity and purity of the Christian character, for, the moment a man aspires to the purple, that moment virtue goes out of him." Mr. Greville, who, after a visit to Mason, related this in a letter to his friend Polwhele, was informed that his income was about £1500 a-year, and that of this one-third was appropriated to patronage and charity.

He had made another resolution, which was not kept, because it was not reasonable. When the Earl of Holderness offered him the Rectory of Aston, he was not in orders, and he called upon Warburton to ask his advice. "I found him," says Warburton, "yet unresolved whether he should take the Living. I said, was the question about a mere secular employment, I should blame him without reserve if he refused the offer. But as I regarded going into orders in another light, I frankly owned to him he ought not to go, unless he had a *call*: by which I meant, I told him, nothing fanatical or superstitious; but an inclination, and, on that, a resolution, to dedicate all his studies to the service of religion, and totally to abandon his poetry. This sacrifice, I said, I thought was required at any time, but more indispensably so in this, when we are fighting with infidelity *pro aris et focis*. This was what I said; and I will do him the justice to say, that he entirely agreed with me in thinking that decency, reputation, and religion, all required this sacrifice of him; and, that if he went into orders, he intended to give it." "How much shall I honour him," says Warburton in another letter, "if he performs his promise to me of putting away those idle baggages after his sacred espousals!" This unwise promise explains Mason's long silence as a poet, and may partly account for his uncomfortable state of mind as long as he considered himself bound by it.

There were other circumstances about

him which were unfavourable to happiness; he seems never to have been of a cheerful, because never of a hopeful temper, otherwise Gray would not have spoken of his "insatiable repining mouth,"—the lively expression of one who clearly perceived his constitutional faults, and yet loved him as he deserved to be loved, in spite of them. The degree of malice also, which Gray noticed as the strongest passion in his nature, is to be reckoned among those circumstances. By far the most popular of his compositions were those well-known satires which he never owned, and which professional critics, with their usual lack of acumen, pronounced not to be his because of their sarcastic humour and the strength of their language. He had a great deal of that sarcastic humour, and this it was which Gray called malice; in truth it partakes of maliciousness, and a man is the worse for indulging it, if he ever allows himself to give it a personal direction, except in cases where strong provocation may warrant and strict justice require it. That these satires were written by Mason will appear upon the most indisputable proof whenever his letters shall be published; and it is earnestly hoped those letters may not be allowed to perish, for in them and in them only will the character of the writer appear in its natural lights and shades.

Mason would not (especially after their signal success) have refrained from acknowledging these satires, which are the most vigorous of his compositions, unless he had been conscious that the turn of mind they indicated was not that which ought to be found in a member of his profession. And it can only have been the same feeling which induced the Editor to withhold them from the only collective edition of his works. That edition was delayed till fourteen years after his death, and then appeared without any memoir of the author, or any the slightest prefatory mark of respect: it seems, therefore, that he had left none by whom his memory was cherished. But though this may have been in some degree his fault, it was probably in a far greater degree his misfortune.

Mason had obtained preferment for his literary deserts, and in such just measure as to satisfy himself, and those also who would wish that ecclesiastical preferment were always so properly bestowed. But he was not satisfied with his literary fame. Others passed him upon the stream of popularity with all their sails set, full speed before the wind, while he lay quietly upon his oars in a pleasant creek; and he did not sufficiently bear in mind that he was safe at his ease, when some of those who so triumphantly left him behind were upset and went to the bottom. He had done enough to secure for himself a respectable place among the poets of his country, and a distinguished one among those of his age. But more through indolence than from any deficiency or decay of power, he had fallen short of the promise of his youth, and of his own early aspirations. Discontent, especially when mingled with self-reproach, is an uneasy feeling, and like many others he appears to have sought relief by projecting it, and transferring as much of it as he could upon the world. He became an acrimonious whig, and took an active part in the factious measures by which Yorkshire was agitated about the close of the American war. Gray, if he had been then living, might perhaps have been able to have rendered him more temperate and more reasonable in his political views; certainly he would have prevailed upon him not to write, or having written not to publish or preserve, the last book of his *English Garden*, which is in every respect miserably bad; bad in taste as recommending sham castles and modern ruins; bad in morals, as endeavouring to serve a political cause and excite indignation against the measures of Government by a fictitious story, (which if it had been true could have had no bearing whatever upon the justice or injustice of the American war;) and bad in poetry, because the story is in itself absurd. Not the least absurd part of this puerile tale is the sudden death of the heroine, at the unexpected sight of her betrothed husband, whom she was neither glad nor sorry to see; and the description of the

facies Hippocratica is applied to this person, thus dying in health, youth, and beauty! Dr. Dove used to instance this as a remarkable example of knowledge ignorantly misapplied.

Yet though the Doctor did not rank him higher as a physiologist than Miller did as a musician, or than Sir Joshua must have done as a painter, he found more pleasure than the organist could do in his conversation; partly because there was an air of patronage in Mason's intercourse with Miller at first, and afterwards an air of estrangement, (a sufficient reason); and partly because Mason was more capable of enjoying the richness of the Doctor's mind, and such of its eccentricities as were allowed to appear in company where he was not wholly without reserve, than he was of appreciating the simplicity of Miller's. That vein of humour which he indulged in his correspondence opened when he was conversing with one, like the Doctor, upon whom nothing was lost; at such times the heavy saturnine character of Mason's countenance, which might almost be called morose, seemed to be cast off; and pleasantry and good-nature animated its intellectual strength. But according to Polwhele's friend, there was a "sedate benignity in his countenance, which taught me," says Mr. Greville, "instantaneously to rely on him as a man the leading traits of whose disposition were feeling and reflection. This immediate impression of his character I found afterwards to be strictly just. I never yet met with a human being whose head and heart appear to act and react so reciprocally, so concordantly upon each other as his.—In his style of conversation, you can trace nothing of the *vis viva* of the poet. Here his inventive powers apparently lie dormant. Those flashes of genius, those intellectual emanations which we are taught to believe great men cannot help darting forward in order to lighten up the gloom of colloquial communication, he seems to consider as affected; he therefore rejects them whenever they occur, and appears to pride himself on the preference which he gives to

simplicity and perspicuity. Conversation, (if you will excuse a pedantic allusion,) with him resembles the style of painting mentioned in the earlier part of the Athenian History, which consisted in representing the artist's ideas in a simple unaffected point of view, through the medium of one colour only; whereas his writings are like the pictures of Polygnotus. They glow with all the warmth of an invigorated imagination, an animated diction, and a rich luxuriant phraseology.

"His manners, too, are equally as chaste and unaffected as his conversation. The stream that winds its easy way through woods and verdant meads, is not less artificial or more insinuating than he is in doing the honours of the table, or promoting the graces of the drawing-room. That peculiar happiness which some few I have met with possess, of reconciling you implicitly to their superiority, he enjoys in an eminent degree, by the amiability of his sentiments, the benignity of his attention, and particularly by an indescribable way with him, of making you appear to advantage, even when he convinces you of the erroneousness of your opinions, or the inconclusiveness of your reasoning.

"In regard to his morals, I believe from what I have collected, that few can look back upon a period of sixty years' existence, spent so uniformly pure and correct. In the course of our chit-chat, he informed me, in an unostentatious unaffected manner, that he never was intoxicated but once."

There was another point of resemblance, besides their vein of humour, between Mason and the Doctor, in their latter days; they were nearly of the same age, and time had brought with it to both the same sober, contemplative, deep feeling of the realities of religion.

The French Revolution cured Mason of his whiggery, and he had the manliness to sing his palinode. The fearful prevalence of a false and impious philosophy made him more and more sensible of the inestimable importance of his faith. On his three last birth-days he composed three sonnets, which

for their sentiment and their beauty ought to be inserted in every volume of select poems for popular use. And he left for posthumous publication a poem called RELIGIO CLERICI; as a whole it is very inferior to that spirited satire of Smedley's which bears the same title, and which is the best satire of its age; but its concluding paragraph will leave the reader with a just and very favourable impression of the poet and the man.

FATHER, REDEEMER, COMFORTER DIVINE !
 This humble offering to thy equal shrine
 Here thy unworthy servant grateful pays,
 Of undivided thanks, united praise,
 For all those mercies which at birth began,
 And ceaseless flow'd thro' life's long-lengthened span,
 Prout my frail frame thro' all the varied scene,
 With health enough for many a day serene ;
 Enough of science clearly to discern
 How few important truths the wisest learn ;
 Enough of arts ingenuous to employ
 The vacant hours, when graver studies cloy ;
 Enough of wealth to serve each honest end,
 The poor to succour, or assist a friend ;
 Enough of faith in Scripture to desery,
 That the sure hope of immortality,
 Which only can the fear of death remove,
 Flows from the fountain of REDEEMING LOVE.

One who visited York a few years after the death of the Poet, says, "the Verger who showed us the Minster upon my inquiring of him concerning Mason, began an encomium upon him in an humble way indeed, but more honourable than all the factitious praises of learned ostentation; his countenance brightened up when I asked him the question; his very looks told me that Mason's charities did not evaporate in effusions of sensibility; I learned that he was humble, mild, and generous; the father of his family; the delight of all that came within the sphere of his notice. Then he was so good in his parish. My soul contemplates, with fond exultation, the picture of a man, endowed with genius, wit and every talent to please the great, but *suâ se virtute involentem*, resigning himself with complacency to the humble duties of a country pastor, — turning select Psalms into Verse to be sung in his Church; simplifying and arranging, and directing to the purposes of devotion his church music; and performing his duties as a minister with meekness, perseverance, and brotherly love."

Enough has now been adduced to vindicate Mason's character from Miller's aspersion. They who desire to see his merits as a poet appreciated with great ability and equal justice should peruse his life in Hartley Coleridge's Boreal Biography,—what a boisterous title for a book in which there is not one blustering sentence, and so many sweet strains of feeling and of thought!

CHAPTER CXXVII.

THE DOCTOR'S THEORY OF PROGRESSIVE EXISTENCE.

Quam multe pecudes humano in corpore vivunt!
PALINGENIUS.

LIKE MASON, Dr. Dove looked to the future in that sure and certain hope without which the present would be intolerable to a thinking mind and feeling heart. But in his speculations he looked to the past also.

Watson Bishop of Llandaff amused himself with asking from whom his mind descended? where it existed before he was born? and who he should have been if he had not been Richard Watson? "The Bishop was a philosopher," says Dr. Jarrold, "and ought not to have asked such idle questions."

My Doctor would not have agreed with Dr. Jarrold in this opinion. Who the Bishop might have been if he had not been the discontented hero of his own autobiography, he could not indeed have pretended to divine; but what he was before he was Richard Watson, where his mind had existed before he was born, and from whom, or rather from what, it had been transmitted, were questions which, according to his notions, might admit of a probable solution.

It will not surprise the judicious reader to be told that the Doctor was a professed physiognomist, though Lavater had not in those days made it fashionable to talk of physiognomy as a science. Baptista Porta led him to consider the subject; and the coarse wood-cuts of a bungling Italian elucidated

the system as effectually as has since been done by Mr. Holloway's graver. But Dr. Dove carried it farther than the Swiss enthusiast after, or the Neapolitan physician before him. Conceiving in a deeper sense than Lebrun, *que chacun avait sa bête dans la figure*, he insisted that the strong animal likenesses which are often so distinctly to be traced in men, and the correspondent propensities wherewith they are frequently accompanied, are evidence of our having pre-existed in an inferior state of being. And he deduced from it a theory, or notion as he modestly called it, which he would have firmly believed to be a part of the patriarchal faith, if he had known how much it resembled the doctrine of the Druids.

His notion was that the Archeus, or living principle, acquires that perfect wisdom with which it acts, by passing through a long progression in the lower world, before it becomes capable of being united to a rational and immortal soul in the human body. He even persuaded himself that he could discover in particular individuals indications of the line by which their Archeus had travelled through the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

There was a little pragmatistical exciseman, with a hungry face, sharp nose, red eyes, and thin, coarse, straggling hair of a yellow cast, (what was formerly called Judas-colour,) whom he pronounced to have been a ferret in his last stage. "Depend upon it," he said, "no rat will come under the roof where he resides!" And he was particularly careful when they met in the open air always to take the wind of him.

One lawyer, a man of ability and fair character, but ready to avail himself of every advantage which his profession afforded, he traced from a bramble into a wasp, thence into a butcher-bird, and lastly into a fox, the vulpine character being manifestly retained in his countenance. There was another, who, from sweeping his master's office and blacking his shoes, had risen to be the most noted pettifogger in those parts. This fellow was his peculiar abhorrence; his living principle, he affirmed, could never

have existed in any other form than that of a nuisance; and accordingly he made out his genealogy thus:—a stinker (which is the trivial name of the *phallus impudicus*,) a London bug, an ear-wig, a pole-cat,—and, still worsening as he went on, a knavish attorney.

He convicted an old Major in the West York Militia of having been a turkey cock; and all who knew the Major were satisfied of the likeness, whatever they might be of the theory.

One of the neighbouring justices was a large, square-built, heavy person, with a huge head, a wide mouth, little eyes, and a slender proportion of intellect. Him he set down for a hippopotamus.

A brother magistrate of the Major's had been a goose, beyond all dispute. There was even proof of the fact; for it was perfectly well remembered that he had been born web-fingered.

All those persons who habitually sit up till night is far spent, and as regularly pass the best hours of the morning in bed, he supposed to have been bats, night-birds, night-prowling beasts, and insects whose portion of active life has been assigned to them during the hours of darkness. One indication of this was, that candle-light could not have such attractions for them unless they had been moths.

The dog was frequently detected in all its varieties, from the lap-dog, who had passed into the whipper-snapper *petit-maitre*, and the turn-spit, who was now the bandy-legged baker's boy,—to the Squire's eldest son, who had been a lurcher,—the Butcher, who had been a bull-dog, and so continued still in the same line of life;—Lord A——'s domestic chaplain, harmless, good-natured, sleek, obsequious, and as fond of ease, indulgence and the fire-side, as when he had been a parlour spaniel; Sir William B——'s huntsman, who exercised now the whip which he had felt when last upon four legs, and who was still an ugly hound, though staunch; and the Doctor's own man, Barnaby, whom, for steadiness, fidelity, and courage, he pronounced to have been a true

old English mastiff, and one of the best of his kind.

Chloris had been a lily. You saw it in the sickly delicacy of her complexion. Moreover she toiled not, neither did she spin.

A young lady, in whose family he was perfectly familiar, had the singular habit of sitting always upon one or other foot, which as she sat down she conveyed so dexterously into the seat of her chair, that no one who was not previously acquainted with her ways, could possibly perceive the movement. Upon her mother's observing one day that this was a most unaccountable peculiarity, the Doctor replied, "No, madam! I can account for it to my own entire satisfaction. Your daughter was a bird of some gentle and beautiful species, in her last stage of existence; in that state she used always to draw up one leg when at rest. The habits that we acquire in our pre-existent state, continue with us through many stages of our progress; your daughter will be an Angel in her next promotion, and then, if Angels close their eyes in slumber, she will sleep with her head under her wing."

The landlady of the White Lion had been a cabbage, a blue-bottle fly, a tame duck, and a bacon-pig.

Who could doubt that Vauban had been an earthworm, a mole, and a rabbit? that Euclid acquired the practical knowledge of geometry when he was a spider; and that the first builder of a pyramid imitated unconsciously the proportionately far greater edifices which he had been employed in raising when he was one of a nation of white ants?

Mrs. Dove had been a cowslip, a humble bee, and, lastly, a cushat.

He himself had been a Dove and a Serpent—for "Dan was a Serpent by the way;" and moreover, he flattered himself that he had the wisdom of the one, and the simplicity of the other. Of his other stages he was not so certain,—except that he had probably once been an inhabitant of the waters, in the shape of some queer fish.

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

ELUCIDATIONS OF THE COLUMBIAN THEORY.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MANY facts in illustration or exemplification of the Doctor's theory concerning progressive existence must have occurred to every one within the circle of his own observations. One of the scientific persons who abridged the Philosophical Transactions says, he "was acquainted with a medical practitioner of considerable eminence who could not refrain from eating toasted cheese, though he was subject to an alarming pulmonary complaint which was uniformly aggravated by it, and which terminated fatally at an age by no means advanced." This practitioner, the Doctor would have said, had been either a mouse or a rat, and in that pre-existent form had nibbled at such a bait,—perhaps once too often. This would account for the propensity, even if he were not a Welshman to boot.

The same author says "there is now living a physician of my acquaintance who at an autumnal dessert never ceases eating all the filberts he can lay his hands upon, although he very candidly acknowledges that they are extremely indigestible and hurtful things." Upon the Doctor's theory, who can doubt that he had been a squirrel?

"I remember," says a certain Mr. George Garden, in a letter written from Aberdeen in 1676, "when Mrs. Scougall and I were with you last summer, we had occasion to speak of a man in this country very remarkable for something peculiar in his temper, that inclines him to imitate unawares all the gestures and motions of those with whom he converses. We then had never seen him ourselves. Since our return we were together at Strathbogie where he dwells, and notwithstanding all we had heard of him before, were somewhat surprised with the oddness of this dotterel quality. This per-

son named Donald Munro, being a little old and very plain man, of a thin slender body, has been subject to this infirmity, as he told us, from his very infancy. He is very loath to have it observed, and therefore casts down his eyes when he walks in the streets, and turns them aside when he is in company. We had made several trials before he perceived our design, and afterwards had much ado to make him stay. We caressed him as much as we could, and had then the opportunity to observe that he imitated not only the scratching of the head, but also the wringing of the hands, wiping of the nose, stretching forth of the arms, &c., and we needed not strain compliments to persuade him to be covered, for he still put off and on as he saw us do, and all this with so much exactness, and yet with such a natural and unaffected air, that we could not so much as suspect that he did it on design. When we held both his hands and caused another to make such motions, he pressed to get free; but when we would have known more particularly how he found himself affected, he could only give us this simple answer, that it vexed his heart and his brain."

The writer of this letter had hit upon the solution of the idiosyncrasy which he describes, but had not perceived it. The man had been a dotterel.

"Have we not heard," said the Doctor, "of persons who have ruminated? Do we not read well-authenticated cases of some whose skins were tuberculated? Is it not recorded of Dioscorides, not the botanist, but the Alexandrian physician of Cleopatra's time, that he was called Phacas because his body was covered with warts? And where was this so likely to have happened as in Egypt? He had been a crocodile. The cases are more frequent of people who in the scalliness of their skins have borne testimony of their piscine origin.

Was not Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen of Llan Gadauin in Montgomeryshire shown in London, because a crooked horn four inches long grew out of the middle of her forehead? "A miraculous and mon-

strous, but yet most true and certain account" of her, with her rude portrait affixed, was imprinted at London by Thomas Owen, in the year of the Spanish Armada, and sold by Edward White, at the little north door of St. Paul's Church, at the Sign of the Gun. And in the British Museum there is not only the picture of another horned woman, Davies by name, who was born at Shotwick in Cheshire, but one of the horns also which she shed.

There was a Mistress Bomby, (not the Mother Bombie of the old play, but a person of our own times,) who having been a schoolmistress till the age of fifty, married at that age, and on the day of her marriage became deranged. She never recovered her reason, but she lived to be fourscore; and in the latter year of her life a crooked horn sprouted from the side of her forehead, and grew to the length of nearly six inches. Another made its appearance, but its growth was stopped. It is to be regretted that the person who recorded this did not say whether the second horn made its appearance on the other side of the forehead, so as to correspond with the former and form a pair.

Blumenbach had three human horns in his collection, all the growth of one woman. She had broken her head by a fall, and the first of them grew from the wound; it continued growing for thirty years, till it was about ten inches long, then it dropped off; a second grew from its place, this was short, thick, and nearly straight, and she shed it in less time; the third was growing when she died, and the Professor had it cut from the corpse. The first was completely twisted like a ram's horn, was round and rough, of a brownish colour, and full half an inch in diameter at the roots. All three appeared to be hollow, and were blunt, and rounded at the termination. It has been said that all the cases of this kind which have been observed have been in women; the remark, whether it were made by Blumenbach, or by the intelligent traveller who describes this part of his collection, would, if it were true, be unimportant, because of the paucity of cases that have been recorded: but there

is a case of a male subject, and it is remarkable for the circumstances attending it.

Marshal Laverdin in the year 1599 was hunting in the province of Maine, when his attendants came in sight of a peasant who, instead of waiting to pay his obeisance to their master, fled from them. They pursued and overtook him; and as he did not uncover to salute the Marshal, they plucked off his cap, and discovered that he had a horn growing on his head. François Trouillu was this poor man's name, and he was then aged thirty-four years: the horn began to sprout when he was about seven years old; it was shaped almost like that of a ram, only the flutings were straight instead of spiral, and the end bowed inwards toward the cranium. The fore part of his head was bald, and his beard red and tufted, such as painters bestow upon Satyrs. He had retired to the woods hoping to escape exposure there, and there he wrought in the coal-pits. Marshal Laverdin took possession of him as he would of a wild beast, and sent him as a present to Henry IV.; and that King, with even more inhumanity than the Marshal, bestowed him upon somebody who carried him about as a show. Mezeray, who relates this without any comment upon the abominable tyranny of the Marshal and the King, concludes the story by saying, "the poor man took it so much to heart to be thus led about like a bear and exposed to the laughter and mockery of his fellow creatures, that he very soon died."

Blumenbach says "it has been ascertained by chemical analysis that such horns have a greater affinity in their composition with the horns of the rhinoceros than of any other animal." It may be so; but the short and straight horns were stunted in their growth; their natural tendency was to twist like a sheep's horn;—and the habit of cornification is more likely to have been formed nearer home than in the interior of Africa.

The first rope-dancer, or as Johnson would have called him "funambulist," the Doctor said, had been a monkey; the first fellow who threw a somerset, a tumbler pigeon.

The Oneirocrites, or Oneirologists, as they who pretended to lay down rules for the interpretation of dreams called themselves, say that if any one dreams he has the head of a horse on his shoulders instead of his own, it betokens poverty and servitude. The Doctor was of opinion that it presaged nothing, but that it bore a retrospective interpretation, being the confused reminiscence of a prior state.

Amateur thieves, — for there are persons who commit petty larcenies with no other motive than the pleasure of stealing, — he supposed to have been tame magpies or jackdaws. And in the vulgar appellation which is sometimes bestowed upon an odious woman, he thought that though there was not more meant than meets the ear, there was more truth conveyed than was intended.

A dramatist of Charles the First's reign, says,

'Tis thought the hairy child that's shown about
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of Saint John Baptist, in his camel's coat.

But for this and other recorded cases of the same kind the Doctor accounted more satisfactorily to himself by his own theory. For though imagination, he said, might explain these perfectly well, (which he fully admitted,) yet it could not explain the horned, nor the tubercular, nor the ruminating cases; nor the case of John Fergusson, of the parish of Killmelfoord in Argyleshire, who lived eighteen years without taking any other sustenance than water, and must therefore either have been a leech, tortoise, or some other creature capable of being so supported. Nor could anything so well as his hypothesis explain the cases in which various parts of the human body had been covered with incrustations, which were shed and reproduced in continual succession, a habit retained from some crustaceous stage of existence, and probably acquired in the form of a crab or lobster. Still more remarkable was the case of a German, communicated by Dr. Steyerthall to the Royal Society: this poor man cast his leg by an effort of nature, not by an immediate act of volition, as he would have done in his crab

or lobster state, for the power had not been retained with the habit, but after long and severe suffering; the limb, however, at last separated of itself, and the wound healed.

Neither, he said, could imagination explain the marvellous and yet well-attested story of the Danish woman who lay in, like Leda, of two eggs. The neighbours who were called in at the delivery, most improperly broke one and found that it contained a yolk and white, to all appearance as in that of a hen, which it also resembled in size. The other, instead of endeavouring to hatch it, they sent to Olaus Wormius, and it is still to be seen at Copenhagen.

How, he would ask, was the case of Samuel Chilton, near Bath, to be explained, who used to sleep for weeks and months at a time; but as an old habit of hibernation, acting at irregular times, because it was no longer under the direction of a sane instinct. And how that of the idiot at Ostend, who died at last in consequence of his appetite for iron, no fewer than eight-and-twenty pieces to the amount of nearly three pounds in weight, having been found in his stomach after death. Who but must acknowledge that he had retained this habit from an ostrich?

This poor creature was really ferrivorous. The Doctor, though he sometimes pressed into his service a case to which some exceptions might have been taken, would not have classed as a quondam ostrich the sailor who used to swallow knives for a feat of desperate bravery, and died miserably, as might be expected. Nor would he have formed any such conclusion concerning the person of whom Adam Clarke has preserved the following remarkable story, in the words of Dr. Fox, who kept a lunatic asylum near Bristol.

"In my visits among my patients, one morning, I went into a room where two, who were acquaintances of each other, were accustomed to live: immediately I entered, I noticed an unusual degree of dejection about one of them, and a feverish kind of excitement in the other. I inquired what was the matter? 'Matter!' said the excited

one, 'matter enough! he has done for himself!' — 'Why? what has he done?' — 'Oh he has only swallowed the poker!' During this short conversation the other looked increasingly mournful; and on my inquiring what was the matter with him, he replied, 'He has told you true enough; I have swallowed the poker, and do not know what I shall do with it!' 'I will tell you how it happened,' said the first. 'My friend and I were sitting by the fire talking on different things, when I offered to lay him a wager that he could not eat any of the poker: he said he could and would; took it up, twisted the end of it backward and forward between the bars of the grate, and at last broke off some inches of it, and instantly swallowed it; and he has looked melancholy ever since.' I did not believe," said Dr. Fox, "a word of this tale; and I suppose the narrator guessed as much, for he added, 'O, you can see that it is true, for there is the rest of the poker.' I went to the grate and examined the poker, which, being an old one, had been much burned; and where the action of the fire had been fiercest and had worn away the iron, a piece of between two and three inches had been wrenched off, and was missing. Still I could hardly credit that the human stomach could receive such a dose and remain 'feeling,' as the professed swallower of it said, 'nothing particular.' However the constant affirming of the first, united to the assent and rueful looks of the second, induced me to use the patient as though the account were true: I administered very strong medicines, and watched their effects constantly. The man ate, and drank, and slept as usual, and appeared to suffer nothing but from the effect of the medicines. At last, to my astonishment, the piece of the poker came away, and the man was as well as ever. The iron had undergone a regular process of digestion, and the surface of it was deeply honey-combed by the action of the juices. This was a most singular case, and proves how the God of Nature has endowed our system with powers of sustaining and redressing the effects of our own follies."

The tales of lycanthropy which are found in such different ages and remote countries strongly supported the Doctor's theory. Virgil, and Ovid in his story of Lycaon, had only adapted a popular superstition to their purposes. And like its relator he regarded as a mere fable the legend which Pliny has preserved from the lost works of Evanthes, a Greek author not to be despised. Evanthes had found it written among the Arcadians that a man from the family of a certain Antæus* in that country was chosen by lot, and taken to a certain lake; there he stripped, hung his garments upon an oak, swam across and going into the wilderness, became a wolf, and herded with wolves for nine years; and if during that time he abstained from doing any hurt to men, he returned to the lake, recrossed it, resumed his human form, with the only change of being the worse, not for the wear indeed, but for the lapse of those nine years; and moreover found his clothes where he had left them. Upon which Pliny observes, *Mirum est quo procedat Græca credulitas! Nullum tam impudens mendacium est quod teste careat.*

A worse manner of effecting the same metamorphosis Pliny relates from the Olympionics of Agriopas; that at a human sacrifice offered by the Arcadians to Jupiter Lyæus, one Demænetus Parrhasius tasted the entrails, and was transformed into a wolf; at the expiration of ten years he resumed his original form, and obtained the prize of pugilism at the Olympic games.

But the Doctor differed from Pliny's opinion that all which is related concerning lycanthropy must be rejected or all believed; — *Homines in lupos verti rursumque restitui sibi, falsum esse confidenter existimare debemus; aut credere omnia, quæ fabulosa tot seculis comperimus.* The belief, however, he admits, was so firmly fixed in the common people that their word for turncoat was derived from it; — *Unde tamen ista vulgo infixa sit fama in tantum, ut in maledictis*

* The original is *ex gente Antæi cujusdam.* Cf. Lib. viii. c. xxiii. In the original edition Antæus is written *author* by mistake, which is the occasion of this note, and must have puzzled many a reader.

versipelles habeat, indicabitur. These fables, the Doctor argued, could not invalidate the testimony of ancient physicians, that there was an actual and well-known species of madness, in which men howled like wolves, and wandered by night about in lonely places or among the tombs. It was most severe at the commencement of spring; and was sometimes epidemic in certain countries. Pieter Forest, whose character for accuracy and sagacity stands high among medical writers, affirms that he, in the sixteenth century, had seen the disease, and that it was as it had been described by the ancients. He must have been a credulous person who believed Constantinople had been so infested by these wolf-men, that the Grand Seigneur and his guards had been obliged to go out against them; killing a hundred and fifty, and putting the rest of the pack to flight. This was a traveller's tale; and the stories related in books of demonology and witchcraft, concerning wretches who had been tried and executed for having, in the shape of wolves, killed and eaten children, and who had confessed their guilt, might be explained, like other confessions of witchcraft, by the effects of fear and tortures; yet there were cases upon which the Doctor thought no doubt could be entertained.

One case upon which the Doctor insisted was that of an Italian peasant near Pavia, who in the year 1541 was seized with this madness, and fancying himself to be a wolf, attacked several persons in the fields and killed some of them. He was taken at last, but not without great difficulty; and when in the hands of his captors he declared that he was a wolf, however much they might doubt the avowal, and that the only difference between him and other wolves was, that they had their fur on the outside of the skin, but his was between the skin and the flesh. The madman asserted this so positively that some of the party, *trop inhumains et loups par effect*, as Simon Goulart says with a humanity above the standard of his age, determined to see, and made several slashes in his arms and legs. Repenting of their cruelty, when they had convinced

themselves by this experiment that the poor wretch was really insane, they put him under the care of a surgeon; and he died in the course of a few days under his hands. "Now," said the Doctor, "if this were a solitary case, it would evidently be a case of madness; but as lycanthropy is recognised by physicians of different times and countries, as a specific and well-known affection of the human mind, can it be so satisfactorily explained in any other manner, as by the theory of progressive existence,—by the resurrection of a habit belonging to the preceding stage of the individual's progress?"

The superstition was not disbelieved by Bishop Hall. In the account of what he observed in the Netherlands, he says of Spa, "the wide deserts on which it borders are haunted with three kinds of ill cattle, free-booters, wolves, and witches, though these two last are often one."

When Spenser tells us it was said of the Irish, as of the Scythians, how they were once a year turned into wolves, "though Master Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was the disease called Lycanthropia,"—he adds these remarkable words, "yet some of the Irish do use to make the wolf their gossip." Now it must be observed that gossip is not here used in its secondary meaning of a talking, tattling, or tipping companion, but in its original import, though wickedly detorted here: "Our Christian ancestors," says Verstegan, "understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents and such as undertook for the child at baptism, called each other by the name of God-sib, which is as much as to say as that they were *sib* together, that is, of kin together, through God." The Limerick schoolmaster whose words are transcribed by Camden, says, "they receive wolves as gossips, calling them *Chari-Christ*, praying for them, and wishing them happy; upon which account they are not afraid of them." There was great store of wolves in Ireland at that time; and the Doctor asked whether so strange a custom could be satisfactorily explained in any way but by a blind consciousness of physical affinity,—by suppos-

ing that those who chose wolves to be god-fathers and godmothers for their children, had in the preceding stage of their own existence been wolves themselves?

How triumphantly would he have appealed to a story which Captain Beaver relates in his African Memoranda. "In the evening," says that most enterprising, resolute, able, and right-minded man, "two or three of the grumetas came to me and said that Francisco, one of their party, was not a good man: that he wanted to eat one of them, John Basse, who had been this day taken very ill. As I could not comprehend what they meant by saying that one of them wanted to eat another, I sent for Johnson to explain. He said that the man accused of eating the other was a witch, and that he was the cause of John Basse's illness, by sucking his blood with his infernal witchcraft; and that these people had come to request that I would let them tie him to a tree and flog him, after they had finished their work. I told them that there was no such thing as a witch; that it was impossible for this man to suck the blood of another, by any art which he could possibly possess; that he could not be the cause of another man's illness by such means; and that with respect to flogging, no one punished on the island but myself. Johnson, who is as bigoted in this instance as any of them, says that he is well known to be a witch: that he has killed many people with his infernal art, and that this is the cause of his leaving his own country, where, if he should ever be caught, he would be sold as a slave; and that he with difficulty had prevented the other grumetas from throwing him overboard on their passage from Bissao hither. Johnson moreover told me that there was another witch among the grumetas, who had the power of changing himself into an alligator, and that he also had killed many people by his witchcraft, and was consequently obliged to run from his country. They therefore most earnestly entreated me to let them punish them, country fashion, and they promised not to kill either of them. Astonished at the assurance that neither of them should

be killed if they were permitted to punish them, I told Johnson that if such a thing should occur, I would immediately hang all those concerned in it, and then endeavoured to reason them out of their foolish notions respecting these two poor men. Johnson replied, that it was the custom of the country for white men never to interfere in these cases, and that at Bissao the governor never took notice of their thus punishing one another according to their own country fashion, and that they expected the same indulgence here; for that if these people were in their own country, they would either be killed or sold, as witchcraft was never forgiven, and its professors never suffered to remain in their own country, when once found out. I had now all the grumetas round me, among whom were the accused themselves, and endeavoured again to convince them of the innocence of these people, by pointing out the impossibility of their hurting others by any magic or spell, or of transforming themselves into any other shape. When many of them said this man had often avowed his turning himself into an alligator to devour people: 'How say you, Corasmo,' said I, 'did you ever say so to any of these people?' 'Yes,' was his reply. 'What do you mean? do you mean to say that you ever transformed yourself into any other shape than that which you now bear?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Now, Corasmo, you know that white man knows everything; you cannot deceive me; therefore avow to those people, that you never changed yourself into an alligator, and that these are all lies.' 'No,' was his reply, 'who can believe it? I can change myself into an alligator, and have often done it.' This was such an incorrigible witch that I immediately gave him up to the grumetas to punish him, but desired them to be merciful. — It is scarcely credible that a man can so work upon his own weak imagination as to believe, which I doubt not this man did, its own fanciful creations to be realities. — After the grumetas had left me last night I regretted having delivered up to them the two poor miserable wretches accused of

witchcraft. From ten till twelve at night their cries were most piteous and loud, and though distant a full half mile, were distinctly heard. This morning they cannot move."

There was a Mr. William Wright, of Saham Tony in Norfolk, who used to cast his skin every year, sometimes once, sometimes twice; it was an uneasy and distressing effort of nature, preceded by itching, red spots, and swellings; the fingers became stiff, hard, and painful at the ends, and about the nails the pain was exquisite. The whole process of changing was completed in from ten to twelve days, but it was about six months before the nails were perfectly renewed. From the hands the skin came off whole like a glove: and a print representing one of these gloves is given with the account of the case in the Gentleman's Magazine.

When this was related to the Doctor it perplexed him. The habit was evidently that of a snake; and it did not agree with his theory to suppose that the Archeus would pass, as it were *per saltum*, from so low a stage of existence to the human form. But upon reading the account himself he was completely satisfied as soon as he found that the subject was an Attorney.

He did not know, because it was not known till Mr. Wilkin published his excellent edition of Sir Thomas Browne's Works, that that Philosopher sent to his son Dr. Edward Browne, "the skin of the palm of a woman's hand, cast off at the end of a fever, or in the declination thereof. I called it," he says, "*exuvium palmæ muliebris*, the Latin word being *exuvia* in the plural, but I named it *exuvium*, or *exuvia* in the singular number. It is neat, and worthy to be shown when you speak of the skin. Snakes, and lizards, and divers insects cast their skins, and they are very neat ones: men also in some diseases, by pieces, but I have not met with any so neat as this: a palmister might read a lecture of it. The whole soles of the feet came off, and I have one." If the Doctor had heard of this case, and had not suspected the woman of having once belonged to a generation of vipers, or some

snekki-famili as the words are rendered in the Talkee-talkie version, he would have derived her from an eel, and expressed a charitable hope that she might not still be a slippery subject.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR SPEAKS OF A TRAGEDY FOR THE LADIES, AND INTRODUCES ONE OF WILLIAM DOVE'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

*Y donde sobre todo de su dueño
El gran tesoro y el caudal se infiere,
Es que al grande, al mediano, y al pequeño,
Todo se da de balde á quien lo quiere.*

BALBUENA.

HERE might be the place for inquiring how far the Doctor's opinions or fancies upon this mysterious subject were original. His *notion* he used to call it; but a person to whom the reader will be introduced ere long, and who regarded him with the highest admiration and the profoundest respect, always spoke of it as the Columbian Theory of Progressive Existence. Original indeed in the Doctor it was not; he said that he had learned it from his poor Uncle William; but that William Dove originated it himself there can be little doubt. From books it was impossible that he should have derived it, because he could not read; and nothing can be more unlikely than that he should have met with it as a traditional opinion. The Doctor believed that this poor Uncle, of whom he never spoke without some expression of compassionate kindness, had deduced it intuitively as an inference from his instinctive skill in physiognomy.

When subjects like these are treated of, it should be done discreetly. There should be, in the words of Bishop Andrewes, "*Οικονομία*, a dispensation, not a dissipation; a laying forth, not *διασκορπισμός*, a casting away; a wary sowing, not a heedless scattering; and a sowing *χειρῖ, οὐ θυλάκῃ*, by handfulls, not by basket-fulls, as the heathen-man well said." Bearing this in mind I have given a Chapterfull, not a

Volumefull, and that Chapter is for physiologists and philosophers; but this Opus is not intended for them alone; they constitute but a part only of that "fit audience" and not "few," which it will find.

One Andrew Henderson, a Scotchman, who kept a bookseller's shop, or stand, in Westminster Hall, at a time when lawyers' tongues and witnesses' souls were not the only commodities exposed for sale there, published a tragedy called "Arsinoe, or The Incestuous Marriage." The story was Egyptian; but the drama deserves to be called Hendersonian, after its incomparable author; for he assured the reader, in a prefatory advertisement, that there were to be found in it "the most convincing arguments against incest and self-murder, interspersed with an inestimable treasure of ancient and modern learning, and the substance of the principles of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, adapted to the meanest capacity, and very entertaining to the Ladies, containing a nice description of the passions and behaviour of the Fair Sex."

The Biographer, or Historian, or Anecdotalist, or rather the reminiscent relator of circumstances concerning the birth, parentage and education, life, character and behaviour, of Dr. Daniel Dove, prefers not so wide a claim upon the gratitude of his readers as Andrew Henderson has advanced. Yet, like the author of "Arsinoe," he trusts that his work is "adapted to the meanest capacity;" that the lamb may wade in it, though the elephant may swim, and also that it will be found "very entertaining to the Ladies." Indeed, he flatters himself that it will be found profitable for old and young, for men and for women, the married and the single, the idle and the studious, the merry and the sad; that it may sometimes inspire the thoughtless with thought, and sometimes beguile the careful of their cares. One thing alone might hitherto seem wanting to render it a catholic, which is to say, an universal book, and that is, that as there are Chapters in it for the closet, for the library, for the breakfast room, for the boudoir, (which is in modern habitations what the

oriel was in ancient ones,) for the drawing-room, and for the kitchen, if you please, — (for whatever you may think, good reader, I am of opinion, that books which at once amuse and instruct may be as useful to servant men and maids, as to their masters and mistresses) — so should there be one at least for the nursery. With such a chapter, therefore, will I brighten the countenance of many a dear child, and gladden the heart of many a happy father, and tender mother, and nepotious uncle or aunt, and fond brother or sister;

Ἡδίστων ῥά τινι
ἔβριμμεν αὐτοῖς.*

For their sakes I will relate one of William Dove's stories, with which he used to delight young Daniel, and with which the Doctor in his turn used to delight his young favourites; and which never fails of effect with that fit audience for which it is designed, if it be told with dramatic spirit, in the manner that our way of printing it may sufficiently indicate, without the aid of musical notation. *Experto crede.* Prick up your ears then,

My good little women and men †;

and ye who are neither so little, nor so good, *favete linguis*, for here follows the Story of the Three Bears.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

A tale which may content the minds
Of learned men and grave philosophers.

GASCOYNE.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge

* SOPHOCLES.

† SOUTHEY.

Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in ; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear ; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear ; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in ; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear ; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear ; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman ; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole ; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that any body would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in ; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast ; for they were good Bears, — a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her ; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her ; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that ; and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right ; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up : but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came her's, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear ; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear ; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear ; and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough ; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

**“ Somebody has been
at my porridge ! ”**

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons ; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

**“ Somebody has been at my
porridge ! ”**

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked

at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed,— and here she is!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.*

* The lamented Southey was very much pleased with the Story of the Three Bears as versified by G. N., and published specially for the amusement of "little people," lest in the volumes of "The Doctor, &c.," it should "escape their sight."

CHAPTER CXXX.

CHILDREN AND KITTENS. APHORISMS
ASCRIBED TO THE LAUREATE, DOCTOR
SOUTHEY. MORE COLUMBIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Oh ! if in after life we could but gather
The very refuse of our youthful hours !

CHARLES LLOYD.

O DEAR little children, you who are in the happiest season of human life, how will you delight in the Story of the Three Bears, when Mamma reads it to you out of this nice book, or Papa, or some fond Uncle, kind Aunt, or doting Sister ; Papa and Uncle will do the Great, Huge Bear, best ; but Sister, and Aunt, and Mamma, will excel them in the Little, Small, Wee Bear, with his little, small, wee voice. And O Papa and Uncle, if you are like such a Father and such an Uncle as are at this moment in my mind's eye, how will you delight in it, both for the sake of that small, but "fit audience," and because you will perceive how justly it may be said to be

— a well-writ story,

Where each word stands so well placed that it passes
Inquisitive detraction to correct.*

It is said to be a saying of Dr. Southey's, that "a house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment, unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks."

Observe, reader ; this is repeated upon *On-dit's* authority, which is never to be taken for more than it is worth. I do not affirm that Dr. Southey has said this, but he is likely enough to have said it ; for I know that he sometimes dates his letters from Cat's Eden. And if he did say so, I agree with him, and so did the Doctor ; he *specialiter* as regards the child, I *specialiter* as regards the kitten.

Kitten is in the animal world what the rosebud is in the garden ; the one the most beautiful of all young creatures, the other the loveliest of all opening flowers. The

rose loses only something in delicacy by its development, — enough to make it a serious emblem to a pensive mind ; but if a cat could remember kittenhood, as we remember our youth, it were enough to break a cat's heart, even if it had nine times nine heart strings.

Do not the flowers spring fresh and gay,
Pleasant and sweet, in the month of May ;
And when their time cometh they fade away.†

It is another saying of the Laureate's, according to *On-dit*, that, "live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life." They appear so while they are passing ; they seem to have been so when we look back upon them ; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

But in how strong a light has this been placed by the American teacher Jacob Abbott, whose writings have obtained so wide a circulation in England. "Life," he says, "if you understand by it the season of preparation for eternity, is more than half gone ; — life so far as it presents opportunities and facilities for penitence and pardon, — so far as it bears on the formation of character, and is to be considered as a period of probation, — is unquestionably more than half gone, to those who are between fifteen and twenty. In a vast number of cases it is more than half gone, even *in duration* : and if we consider the thousand influences which crowd around the years of childhood and youth, winning us to religion, and making a surrender of ourselves to Jehovah easy and pleasant, — and, on the other hand, look forward beyond the years of maturity, and see these influences losing all their power, and the heart becoming harder and harder under the deadening effects of continuance in sin, — we shall not doubt a moment that the years of immaturity make a far more important part of our time of probation than all those that follow."

That pious man, who, while he lived, was the Honourable Charles How, and might properly now be called the honoured, says

* DAVENPORT.

† LUSTY JUVENUS.

that "twenty years might be deducted for education, from the three-score and ten which are the allotted sum of human life; this portion," he observes, "is a time of discipline and restraint, and young people are never easy till they are got over it."

There is, indeed, during those years, much of restraint, of wearisomeness, of hope, and of impatience; all which feelings lengthen the apparent duration of time. Suffering, I have not included here; but with a large portion of the human race, in all Christian countries, (to our shame be it spoken!) it makes a large item in the account: there is no other stage of life in which so much gratuitous suffering is endured, — so much that might have been spared, — so much that is a mere wanton, wicked addition to the sum of human misery, — arising solely and directly from want of feeling in others, their obduracy, their caprice, their stupidity, their malignity, their cupidity, and their cruelty.

Algunos sabios han dicho que para lo que el hombre tiene aprender es muy corta la vida; mas yo añado que es muy larga para los que hemos de padecer. "Some wise men," writes Capmany, "have said that life is very short for what man has to learn, — but I (he says) must add, that it is very long for what we have to suffer." Too surely this is but too true; and yet a more consolatory view may be taken of human existence. The shortest life is long enough for those who are more sinned against than sinning; whose good instincts have not been corrupted, and whose evil propensities have either not been called into action, or have been successfully resisted and overcome.

The Philosopher of Doncaster found, in his theory of progressive existence, an easy solution for some of those questions on which it is more presumptuous than edifying to speculate, yet whereon that restless curiosity which man derives from the leaven of the forbidden fruit makes it difficult for a busy mind to refrain from speculating. The horrid opinion which certain Fathers entertained concerning the souls of unbaptized infants, he never characterised by any lighter epithet

than *damnable*, for he used to say, "it would be wicked to use a weaker expression:" and the more charitable notion of the Limbo he regarded as a cold fancy, neither consonant to the heart of man, nor consistent with the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He thought that when the ascent of being has been from good to better through all its stages, in moral qualities as well as in physical development, the immortal spirit might reach its human stage in such a state that it required nothing more than the vehicle of humanity, and might be spared its probation. As Enoch had been translated without passing through death, so he thought such happy spirits might be admitted into a higher sphere of existence without passing through the trials of sin and the discipline of sorrow.

CHAPTER CXXXI.

THE DOCTOR ABSTAINS FROM SPECULATING ON PERILOUS SUBJECTS. A STORY OF ST. ANSELM.

This field is so spacious, that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it; and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way.
BISHOP HALL.

THE Doctor, though he played with many of his theories as if they were rather mushrooms of the fancy than fruits of the understanding, never expressed himself sportively upon this. He thought that it rested upon something more solid than the inductions of a speculative imagination, because there is a feeling in human nature which answers to it, acknowledges, and confirms it. Often and often, in the course of his painful practice, he had seen bereaved parents seek for consolation in the same conclusion, to which faith and instinctive reason led them, though no such hypothesis as his had prepared them for it. They believed it simply and sincerely; and it is a belief, according to his philosophy, which nature has implanted in the heart for consolation, under one of the griefs that affect it most.

He had not the same confidence in another

view of the same branch of his hypothesis, relating to the early death of less hopeful subjects. Their term, he supposed, might be cut short in mercy, if the predisposing qualities which they had contracted on their ascent were such as would have rendered their tendency toward evil fatally predominant. But this, as he clearly saw, led to the brink of a bottomless question; and when he was asked after what manner he could explain why so many in whom this tendency predominates are, to their own destruction, permitted to live out their term, he confessed himself at fault. It was among the things, he said, which are inexplicable by our limited powers of mind. When we attain a higher sphere of existence, all things will be made clear. Meantime, believing in the infinite goodness of God, it is enough for us to confide in His infinite mercy, and in that confidence to rest.

When St. Anselm, at the age of seventy-six, lay down in his last illness, and one of the Priests who stood around his bed said to him, it being then Palm Sunday, "Lord Father, it appears to us, that, leaving this world, you are about to keep the Passover in the Palace of your Lord!" the ambitious old theologue made answer,—*et quidem, si voluntas ejus in hoc est, voluntati ejus non contradico. Verum si mallet me adhuc inter vos saltem tamdiu manere, donec questionem quam de animæ origine mente revolve, absolvere possem, gratus acciperem, eo quod nescio, utrum aliquis eam, me defuncto, sit absoluturus.*—"If indeed this be his will, I gainsay it not. But if He should chuse rather that I should yet remain among you at least long enough to settle the question which I am revolving in my mind concerning the origin of the Soul, I should take it gratefully; because I do not know whether any one will be able to determine it, after I am dead." He added, *Ego quippe, si comedere possem, spero convalescere; nam nihil doloris in aliqua parte sentio, nisi quod lascescente stomacho, ob cibum quem capere nequit, totus deficio.**—"If I could but eat, I might

hope to recover, for I feel no pain in any part, except that as my stomach sinks for lack of food, which it is unable to take, I am failing all over."

The Saint must have been in a most satisfactory state of self-sufficiency when he thus reckoned upon his own ability for disposing of a question which he thought it doubtful whether any one who came after him would be able to solve. All other appetite had forsaken him; but that for unprofitable speculation and impossible knowledge clung to him to the last; so strong a relish had he retained of the forbidden fruit:

Letting down buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up! †

So had the Saint lived beyond the allotted term of three-score years and ten, and his hand was still upon the windlass when the hand of death was upon him. One of our old Dramatists ‡ represented a seven years' apprenticeship to such a craft as sufficient for bringing a man to a just estimate of it:

I was a scholar; seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
DELIGHT, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baused † leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antick Donate; still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima?*
Then an it were mortal? O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together: still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether' had free will
Or no, hot Philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed and pryed,
Stuff noting-books; and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawn'd; and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

In a more serious mood than that of this scholar, and in a humbler and holier state of mind than belonged to the Saint, our philosopher used to say, "little indeed does

† COWPER.

‡ MARSTON.

§ *Bausser*, Fr., and in vulgar English "Buss," which is the same as *Bause*.

* EADMER.

it concern us, in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come, — but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither is it going!"

CHAPTER CXXXII.

DOCTOR CADOGAN. A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEREDITARY LONGEVITY. REMARKS ON THE ORDINARY TERM OF HUMAN LIFE.

Live well, and then how soon so e'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity. RANDOLPH.

DR. CADOGAN used to say that the life of man is properly ninety years instead of three-score and ten; thirty to go up, thirty to stand still, and thirty to go down.

Who told him so? said Dr. Dove; and who made him better informed upon that point than the Psalmist?

Any one who far exceeded the ordinary term, beyond which "our strength is but labour and sorrow," was supposed by our philosopher, to have contracted an obstinate habit of longevity in some previous stage of existence. Centenaries he thought must have been ravens and tortoises; and Henry Jenkins, like Old Parr, could have been nothing in his preceding state, but a toad in a block of stone or in the heart of a tree.

Cardinal D'Armagnac, when on a visitation in the Cevennes, noticed a fine old man sitting upon the threshold of his own door and weeping; and as, like the Poet, he had

— not often seen
A healthy man, a man full-grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone,

he went up to him, and asked wherefore he was weeping? The old man replied he wept because his father had just beaten him. The Cardinal, who was amazed to hear that so old a man had a father still living, was curious enough to inquire what he had beaten him for: "because," said the old man, "I passed by my grandfather without paying my respects to him." The Cardinal then entered the house that he might see this extraordinary family, and there indeed

he saw both father and grandfather, the former still a hale though a *very* aged man; the latter unable to move because of his extreme age, but regarded by all about him with the greatest reverence.

That the habit in this instance, as in most others of the kind, should have been hereditary, was what the Doctor would have expected: good constitutions and ill habits of body are both so;—two things which seldom co-exist, but this obstinate longevity, as he called it, was proof both of the one and the other. A remarkable instance of hereditary longevity is noticed in the Statistical Account of Arklow. A woman who died at the age of an hundred and ten, speaking of her children, said that her youngest boy was eighty; and that old boy was living several years afterwards, when the account was drawn up. The habit, however, he thought, was likely in such cases to correct itself and become weaker in every generation. An ill habit he deemed it, because no circumstances can render extreme old age desirable: it cannot be so in a good man, for his own sake; nor in a bad one for the sake of everybody connected with him. On all accounts the appointed term is best, and the wise and pious Mr. How has given us one cogent reason why it is so.

"The viciousness of mankind," that excellent person says, "occasioned the flood; and very probably God thought fit to drown the world for these two reasons; first to punish the then living offenders; and next to prevent men's plunging into those prodigious depths of impiety, for all future ages. For if in the short term of life, which is now allotted to mankind, men are capable of being puffed up to such an insolent degree of pride and folly, as to forget God and their own mortality, his power and their own weakness; if a prosperity bounded by three-score and ten years, (and what mortal's prosperity, since the deluge, ever lasted so long?) can swell the mind of so frail a creature to such a prodigious size of vanity, what boundaries could be set to his arrogance, if his life and prosperity, like that

of the Patriarchs, were likely to continue eight or nine hundred years together? If under the existing circumstances of life, men's passions can rise so high; if the present short and uncertain enjoyments of the world are able to occasion such an extravagant pride, such unmeasurable ambition, such sordid avarice, such barbarous rapine and injustice, such malice and envy, and so many other detestable things, which compose the numerous train of vice,—how then would the passions have flamed, and to what a monstrous stature would every vice have grown, if those enjoyments which provoked and increased them were of eight or nine hundred years' duration? If eternal happiness and eternal punishment are able to make no stronger impressions upon men's minds, so near at hand, it may well be imagined that at so great a distance, they would have made no impression at all; that eternal happiness would have been entirely divested of its allurements, and eternal misery of its terrors; and the Great Creator would have been deprived of that obedience and adoration, which are so justly due to him from his creatures. Thus, the inundation of vice has in some measure, by the goodness of God, been prevented by an inundation of water. That which was the punishment of one generation may be said to have been the preservation of all those which have succeeded. For if life had not been thus clipped, one Tiberius, one Caligula, one Nero, one Louis XIV. had been sufficient to have destroyed the whole race of mankind; each of whose lives had they been ten times as long, and the mischiefs they occasioned multiplied by that number, it might easily be computed how great a plague one such long-lived monster would have been to the world."

Reflect, reader, upon this extract. The reasoning is neither fantastic, nor far-fetched; but it will probably be as new to you as it was to me, when I met with it in Mr. How's Devout Meditations. The republication of that book is one of those good works for which this country is beholden to the late excellent Bishop Jebb. Mr. Hether-

ington in his very original and able treatise upon the Fullness of Time, has seen this subject in the same point of view. He says "Even our three-score and ten years, broken and uncertain as that little span is, can delude us into the folly of putting death and its dread reckoning far from us, as if we were never to die, and might therefore neglect any preparation for the after judgment. But if we were to see before us the prospect of a life of one thousand years, we should doubtless regard death as a bugbear indeed, and throw off all the salutary restraint which the fear of it now exercises. Suppose our tendencies to every kind of sinful indulgence as strong as at present, with the prospect of such lengthened enjoyment and immunity from danger, and we may easily imagine with what hundred-fold eagerness we should plunge into all kinds of enormity, and revel in the wildest licentiousness. But this is the very consummation to which the race of Adam had reached, when 'God looked on the earth, and behold it was corrupt and filled with violence;' and God determined to destroy the earth with its inhabitants."

A remark of Brantome's may be quoted as the curious confirmation of a pious man's opinion by a thoroughly corrupt one. It occurs in his Discourse upon the Emperor Charles the Fifth. *Il faut certes confesser, he says, comme j'ouy dire une fois à un vieux Capitaine Espagnol, que si ce grand Empereur eust été immortel, ou seulement de cent ans bien sain et dispos, il auroit esté par guerre le vray Fleau du Monde, tant il estoit frappé d'ambition, si jamais Empereur le fut.*

CHAPTER CXXXIII.

MORE THOUGHTS CONCERNING LIFE, DEATH,
AND IMMORTALITY.

*Clericus es? legito hæc. Laicus? legito ista libenter,
Crede mihi, invenies hic quod uterque voles.*

D. DU-TR. MED.

If we look to the better part of the human race as well as the worse, with regard to

them also the ordinary term of human life will be found the best that could have been appointed both for themselves and for the purposes of society, the wisdom and the goodness of the ways of Providence becoming evident in this, as in all other things upon which our limited faculties are capable of forming a comprehensive judgment.

The term is long enough for all we have to learn. Madame de Sevigné said sportively, that she should be a very wise person if she could but live about two hundred years: *je tâche tous les jours à profiter de mes reflexions; et si je pouvois vivre seulement deux cents ans, il me semble que je serois une personne bien admirable.* This the Doctor thought might hold good in the case of Madame de Sevigné herself, and of all other persons who regarded the acquirement of information as an amusement, or at most an accomplishment; "One small head might carry all they knew," though their lives should be prolonged to the length of antediluvian old age. But in his opinion it would be otherwise with those who devoted themselves to the pursuit of knowledge, for the purpose of storing their own minds, and enabling themselves to instruct their fellow creatures. For although the mind would retain its faculties unimpaired for a length of time in proportion to the greater length of life, it by no means follows that its capacity would be enlarged. Horace Walpole lived forty years after he had said "my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have." It is indeed highly probable that the most industrious students for some time before they reach the confines of senility forget as much as they learn. A short life is long enough for making us wise to salvation, if we will but give our hearts to the wisdom which is from above: and this is the one thing needful.

There are some, however, who in their eulogistic and extravagant lamentations seem to have thought no lease long enough for the objects of their admiration. A certain John Fellows published an elegy on the death of the Reverend John Gill, D.D.

This learned Doctor in Dissent died at a good old age; nevertheless the passionate mourner in rhyme considered his death as a special mark of the Almighty's displeasure, and exclaimed,

How are the mighty fallen! Lord when will
Thine anger cease? The great, the learned Gill
Now pale and breathless lies!

Upon which a reviewer not improperly remarked that without dwelling upon the *presumption* of the writer, he could not but notice the *folly* of thus lamenting, as though it were an untimely stroke, the natural departure of a venerable old man of near eighty. "Was this," said he, "sufficient cause for raising such an outcry in Zion, and calling on her sons and daughters to weep and wail as if the Day of Judgment were come?"

Nothing, however, in former times excited so great a sensation in the small world of Noncons as the death of one of their Divines. Their favourite poet Dr. Watts wished when the Reverend Mr. Gouge died that he could make the stones hear and the rocks weep,

And teach the Seas and teach the Skies
Wallings and sobs and sympathies,
Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath.
He came commissioned for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates:
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought GREAT GOUGE to dust.
GREAT GOUGE to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound! —
Sion grows weak and England poor;
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

This was pretty well for a threnodial flight. But Dr. Watts went farther. When Mr. How should die, (and How was then seventy years of age,) he thought it would be time that the world should be at an end, — and prayed that it might be so.

Eternal God! command his stay!
Stretch the dear months of his delay; —
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come
And shining guards to attend thy Prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size;
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies!

What would the Dissenters have said if a clerical poet had written in such a strain upon the decease of a Bishop or Archbishop?

We pray in the Litany to be delivered from sudden death. Any death is to be deprecated which should find us unprepared: but as a temporal calamity with more reason might we pray to be spared from the misery of an infirm old age. It was once my fortune to see a frightful instance of extreme longevity, — a woman who was nearly in her hundredth year. Her sight was greatly decayed, though not lost; it was very difficult to make her hear, and not easy then to make her understand what was said, though when her torpid intellect was awakened she was, legally, of sane mind. She was unable to walk, or to assist herself in any way. Her neck hung in such wrinkles that it might almost be likened to a turkey's; and the skin of her face and of her arms was cleft like the bark of an oak, as rough, and almost of as dark a colour. In this condition, without any apparent suffering, she passed her time in a state between sleeping and waking, fortunate that she could thus beguile the wearisomeness of such an existence.

Instances of this kind are much rarer in Europe than in tropical climates. Negresses in the West Indies sometimes attain an age which is seldom ascertained because it is far beyond living memory. They outlive all voluntary power, and their descendants of the third or fourth generation carry them out of their cabins into the open air, and lay them, like logs, as the season may require, in the sunshine, or in the shade. Methinks if Mecenias had seen such an object, he would have composed a palinode to those verses in which he has perpetuated his most pitiable love for life. A woman in New Hampshire, North America, had reached the miserable age of 102, when one day as some people were visiting her, the bell tolled for a funeral; she burst into tears and said, "Oh when will the bell toll for me! It seems as if it never would toll for me! I am afraid that I shall never die!" This reminds me that I have either read, or

heard, an affecting story of a poor old woman in England, — very old, and very poor, — who retained her senses long after the body had become a weary burden; she too when she heard the bell toll for a funeral used to weep, and say she was afraid God had forgotten her! Poor creature, ignorantly as she spake, she had not forgotten Him; and such impatience will not be accounted to her for a sin.

These are extreme cases, as rare as they are mournful. Life indeed is long enough for what we have to suffer, as well as what we have to learn; but it was wisely said by an old Scottish Minister (I wish I knew his name, for this saying ought to have immortalised it,) "Time is short; and if your cross is heavy you have not far to carry it."

*Chi ha travaglio, in pace il porti:
Dolce è Dio, se il mondo è amaro.
Sappia l'uom, che al Cielo è caro;
Abbia fede, è aura conforti.**

Were the term shorter it would not suffice for the development of those moral qualities which belong peculiarly to the latter stage of life; nor could the wholesome influence which age exercises over the young in every country where manners are not so thoroughly corrupted as to threaten the dissolution of society, be in any other manner supplied.

*Il me semble que le mal physique attendrit
autant que le mal moral endurecit le cœur,* said Lord Chesterfield, when he was growing old, and suffering under the infirmities of a broken constitution. Affliction in its lightest form, with the aid of time, had brought his heart into this wholesome state.

*O figliuol' d' Adam, grida Natura,
Onde i tormenti? Io vi farò tranquilli,
Se voi non rebellate alla mia legge.†*

There is indeed a tranquillity which Nature brings with it as duly toward the close of life, as it induces sleep at the close of day. We may resist the salutary influence in both cases, and too often it is resisted, at the cost of health in the one, and at a still dearer

* MAGGI.

† CHIABRERA.

cost in the other : but if we do this, we do it wilfully, the resistance is our own act and deed, — it is our own error, our own fault, our sin, and we must abide the consequences.

The greatest happiness to which we can attain in this world is the peace of God. Ask those who have attained the height of their ambition, whether in the pursuit of wealth, or power, or fame, if it be not so ? Ask them in their sane mind and serious hours, and they will confess that all else is vanity.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found ! *

This His own peace, which is his last and crowning gift, our Heavenly Father reserves for us in declining life, when we have earned our discharge from its business and its cares ; and He prepares us for it by the course of nature which he has appointed.

O all the good we hope, and all we see,
That Thee we know and love, comes from Thy love and Thee.*

Hear, reader, the eloquent language of Adam Littleton when speaking of one who has received this gift : — it occurs in a funeral sermon, and the preacher's heart went with his words. After describing the state of a justified Christian, he rises into the following strain : " And now what has this happy person to do in this world any longer, having his debts paid and his sins pardoned, his God reconciled, his conscience quieted and assured, his accusers silenced, his enemies vanquished, the law satisfied, and himself justified, and his Saviour glorified, and a crown of Immortality, and a robe of righteousness prepared for him ? What has he to do here more, than to get him up to the top of Pisgah and take a view of his heavenly Canaan ; to stand upon the Confines of Eternity, and in the contemplation of those joys and glories, despise and slight the vanities and troubles of this sinful and miserable world ; and to breathe after his better life, and be preparing himself for his change ; when he shall be called off to weigh

* PHINEAS FLETCHER.

anchor, and hoist sail for another world, where he is to make discoveries of unutterable felicities, and inconceivable pleasures ?

" Oh what a happy and blest condition is it to live, or to die in the midst of such gracious deliverances and glorious assurances ; with this fastening consideration to boot, that ' neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any creature is able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ his Lord ! ' "

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

A TRANSITION, AN ANECDOTE, AN APOSTROPHE, AND A PUN, PUNNET, OR PUN-DIGRION.

*Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, nec se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures ;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sepe jocos.* HORACE.

THE Reader is now so far acquainted with the Doctor and his bride elect, — (for we are still in the Interim,) — he knows so much of the birth, parentage, and education of both, so much of their respective characters, his way of thinking and her way of life, that we may pass to another of those questions propounded in the second post-initial chapter.

The minister of a very heterodox congregation in a certain large city, accosted one of his friends one day in the street with these words, which were so characteristic and remarkable that it was impossible not to remember and repeat them, — " I am considering whether I shall marry or keep a horse." — He was an eccentric person, as this anecdote may show ; and his inspired sermons (I must not call them inspired) were thought in their style of eloquence and sublimity to resemble Klopstock's Odes.

No such dubitation could ever have entered the Doctor's head. Happy man, he had already one of the best horses in the world : — (Forgive me, O Shade of Nobs in thine Elysian pastures, that I have so long delayed thy eulogy !) — and in Deborah

he was about to have one of the best of wives.

If he had hesitated between a horse and a wife, he would have deserved to meet with a Grey Mare.

CHAPTER CXXXV.

REGINALD HEBER. A MISTAKE OBIVIATED,
WHICH MIGHT OTHERWISE EASILY BE MADE.

Perhaps some Gull, as witty as a Goose,
Says with a coy skew look, "it's pretty, pretty!
But yet that so much wit he should dispose
For so small purpose, faith," saith he, "'tis pity!"
DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

Who was Nobs?

Nobs, I may venture to affirm, is not mentioned by Reginald Heber. I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining the fact by a careful examination of his volumes, but the inquiries which it has been in my power to make have led to this conclusion. Judicious readers will, I hope, acknowledge, that in consequence of the scrupulous care with which I guard against even the appearance of speaking positively upon subjects whereon there may be any reasonable doubt, I am, comparatively with most authors, superlatively correct.

Now as Reginald Heber must have seen Nobs, and having seen could not but have remarked him, and having remarked must also have perceived how remarkable he was for all the outward and visible signs of a good horse, this omission is to be lamented. A culpable omission it must not be called, because it was not required that he should mention him; but it could not have been considered as *hors d'œuvre* to have noticed his surpassing merits, merits which Reginald Heber could have appreciated, and which no one perhaps could have described so well; for of Nobs it may veritably be said that he was a horse

Perhaps some captious reader may suppose that he has here detected a notable error in my chronology. Nobs, he may say, was made dog's-meat before Reginald Heber was born, or at least before he had exchanged his petticoats for the garb-masculine, denominated galligaskins in philippic verse.

Pardon me, reader; the mistake is on your part; and you have committed two in this your supposition. Mistakes indeed, like misfortunes, seldom come single.

First, it is a mistake, and what, if it were not altogether inconsiderate, would be a calumnious one, — to suppose that Nobs ever was made dog's-meat. The Doctor had far too much regard for his good horse, to let his remains be treated with such indignity. He had too much sense of obligation and humanity to part with an old dumb servant when his strength began to fail, and consign him to the hard usage which is the common lot of these poor creatures, in this, in this respect, hard-hearted and wicked nation. Nobs, when his labour was past, had for the remainder of his days the run of the fields at Thaxted Grange. And when, in due course of nature, he died of old age, instead of being sent to the tanners and the dogs, he became, like "brave Percy" food for — worms. — A grave was dug, wherein he was decently deposited, with his shoes on, and Barnaby and his master planted a horse-chesnut on the spot. Matthew Montagu and Montagu Matthew ought to have visited it in joint pilgrimage.

Hadst thou been a bay horse, Nobs, it would have been a bay-tree instead. But though the tree which was thy monument was deciduous, and has perhaps been doomed to fall by some irreverent or ignorant hand, thy honours are perennial.

Secondly, the captious reader is mistaken in supposing me to have spoken of Bishop Heber, — that Heber, who if he had been a Romish Bishop would already have been Saint Reginald by the courtesy of Rome, as in due time he must have been by right of canonisation. Sir Edward Lloyd would smile at such a mistake. So would a York-

— *tanto buono e bello*
Che chi volesse dir le lodi sue,
Bisognarebbe haver un gran cervello,
*Bisognarebbe un capo come un buc.**

shire or a Shropshire Genealogist. I am not enough of one to know in what degree the two Reginalds were related; but that they were of the same family is apparent, and the elder, who is of the equestrian order of Authors and ought to have taken the name of Philip, was contemporary with the Doctor. He published yearly lists of horse matches run from 1753 to 1758,—I know not how much longer. If such registers as his had been preserved of the Olympic Games, precious would they be to historians and commentators, examining Masters, and aspirant Under-Graduates.

CHAPTER CXXXVI.

THE PEDIGREE AND BIRTH OF NOBS, GIVEN IN REPLY TO THE FIRST QUERY IN THE SECOND CHAPTER P. I.

Theo. Look to my Horse, I pray you, well.

Diego. He shall, Sir.

Inc. Oh! how beneath his rank and call was that now!
Your Horse shall be entreated as becomes
A Horse of fashion, and his inches.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Who was Nobs?

A troop of British cavalry which had served on the continent was disbanded in the City of York, and the horses were sold. Their commander Sir Robert Clayton was a wealthy man, and happening to be a noble-minded man also, he could not bear to think that his old fellow campaigners, who had borne brave men to battle, should be ridden to death as butchers' hacks, or worked in dung-carts till they became dog's meat. So he purchased a piece of ground upon Knavesmire heath, and turned out the old horses to have their run there for life. There may be persons living who remember to have heard of this honourable act, and the curious circumstance which has preserved it from being forgotten. For once these horses were grazing promiscuously while a summer storm gathered, and when the first lightnings flashed from the cloud, and the distant thunder began to roll; but presently, as if they supposed these fires and sounds to be the signal of approaching

battle, they were seen to get together and form in line, almost in as perfect order as if they had had their old masters upon their backs.

One of these old soldiers was what the Spaniards with the gravity peculiar to their language call a *Caballo Padre*; or what some of our own writers, with a decorum not less becoming, appellate an Entire horse;—or what a French interpreter accompanying an Englishman to obtain a passport wherein the horse as well as the rider was to be described, denominated *un cheval de pierre* to the astonishment of the clerks in the office, whose difficulty was not at all removed by the subsequent definition of the English applicant, which the said interpreter faithfully rendered thus, *un cheval de pierre est un cheval qui couvre les officiers municipaux*. He had found his way in a Cossack regiment from the Steppes of Tartary to the plains of Prussia; had run loose from a field of battle in which his master was killed, and passing from hand to hand had finally been sold by a Jew into the service of his Majesty King George II. In the course of this eventful life he had lost his Slavonic name, and when he entered the British regiment was naturalised by that of Moses in honour of his late possessor.

It so happened that a filly by name Miss Jenny had been turned out to recover from a sprain in a field sufficiently near Knavesmire heath for a Houyhnhnm voice to be within hearing of Houyhnhnm ears. In this field did Miss Jenny one day beguile the solitude by exclaiming "heigh-ho for a husband!" an exclamation which exists in the Equine as well as in the English language. It is also found in the Feline tongue, but Grimalkin has set it to very unpleasant music. Moses heard the strain and listened to the voice of love. The breezes did for him what many a lover has in vain requested them to do in sonnet, and in elegy, and in song;—they wafted back his sympathetic wishes, and the wooing was carried on at a quarter of a mile distance: after which the Innamorato made no more

of hedge and ditch than Jupiter was wont to do of a brazen Tower. Goonhilly in Cornwall was indebted for its once famous breed of horses to a Barb, which was turned loose (like Moses) by one of the Erisey family,—the Erisey estate joining the down.

A few days afterwards, Miss Jenny, having perfectly recovered of her sprain, was purchased by Dr. Dove. The alteration which took place in her shape was so little that it excited no suspicion in any person:—a circumstance which will not appear extraordinary to those who remember that the great Mr. Taplin himself having once booked his expectations of a colt, kept the mare eleven lunar months and a fortnight by the Almanack, and then parted with her, after taking the opinion of almost every farmer and breeder in the country, upon an universal decision that she had no foal in her;—ten days afterwards the mare showed cause why the decision of the judges should be reversed. Those persons, I say, who know the supereminent accuracy of Mr. Taplin, and that in matters of this kind everything passed under his own eye, (for he tells you that it was a trust which he never delegated to another), will not be so much surprised as the Doctor was at what happened on the present occasion. The Doctor and Nicholas were returning from Adwick-in-the-Street where they had been performing an operation. It was on the eleventh of June; the day had been unusually hot; they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and took shelter in a barn. The Doctor had no sooner alighted than Miss Jenny appeared greatly distressed; and to the utter astonishment both of Dr. Dove and Nicholas, who could scarcely believe their own eyes, there was—almost as soon as they could take off the saddle—what I once saw called in the letter of a waiting gentlewoman—*dishion* to the family. To express the same event in loftier language,

Ἦλθεν δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγγων ὑπ' ὤ-
δινος τ' ἰεραῦς ΝΟΨ
Ἐς φάος αὐτίκα.*

* In the original Ἰαμῶς takes the place of Nobs. Cf. Olymp. vi. 72.

It is for the gratification of the learned Thebans who will peruse this history that I quote Pindar here.

INTERCHAPTER XVI.

THE AUTHOR RELATES SOME ANECDOTES, REFERS TO AN OPINION EXPRESSED BY A CRITIC ON THE PRESENT OPUS, AND DESCANTS THEREON.

Every man can say B to a battledore, and write in praise of virtue and the seven liberal sciences; thrash corn out of full sheaves, and fetch water out of the Thames. But out of dry stubble to make an after-harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, and wring juice out of a flint, that is Pierce a God's name, and the right trick of a workman. NASH.

THERE is an anecdote related of the Speaker in one of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, who when the Queen, during a session in which small progress had been made in the public business, asked him what the House had got through, made answer, "May it please your Majesty, eight weeks." In like manner, if it be asked what I have got through in the prosecution of this my Opus, I reply, "May it please your Readership, four volumes."

This brings to my recollection another anecdote, which, though not matter of history like the former, is matter of fact, and occurred in the good town of Truro. A lady in that town hired a servant, who at the time of hiring thought herself bound to let the lady know that she had once "had a misfortune." When she had been some time in service, she spoke of something to her Mistress, inadvertently, as having happened just after the birth of her first child. "Your first!" said the Lady; "why how many have you had then?"—"Oh, Ma'am," said she, "I've had four." "Four!" exclaimed the Mistress; "why you told me you had had but one. However I hope you mean to have no more." "Ma'am," replied the woman, "that must be as it may please God."

"We are," says Lord Camelford, "as it pleases God,—and sometimes as it displeases him."

The reflection is for every one; but the anecdote is recommended to the special notice of a Critic on the Athenæum establishment, who in delivering his opinion upon the third volume of this Opus, pronounced it to be "clear to him," that the Author had "expended" on the two former "a large portion of his intellectual resources, no less than of his lengthy common-place book."

The aforesaid Critic has also pronounced that the Opus entitled *The Doctor* might have been and ought to have been a Novel.

Might have been is one consideration, *ought* to have been is another, and whether it would have been better that it *should* have been, is a third; but without discussing either of these propositions, because as Calderon says,

*Sobre impossibles y falsas
proposiciones, no hay
argumento;*

without, I say, inquiring into what might, would, could, or should have been, neither of which imports of the preterperfect tense, optative, potential or subjunctive, are suitable to the present case, the Author of this Opus replies to the aforesaid Critic's assertion that the Opus might have been a Novel, —That, Sir, *must* have been as it pleased ME.

When Corporal Trim in one of his many attempts to begin the immortal story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, called that King unfortunate, and Uncle Toby compassionately asked "was he unfortunate then?" the Corporal replied, the King of Bohemia, an' please your honour was *unfortunate*, as thus, —that taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sort of sea affairs, and there happening throughout the whole Kingdom of Bohemia to be no sea-port town whatever, —"How the Deuce should there, Trim? cried my Uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise." —"It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God." —"I believe not, replied my Uncle Toby, after some pause — for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the East; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the North; Franconia to the West, and Bavaria

to the South, Bohemia could not have been propelled to the sea, without ceasing to be Bohemia, — nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it, which would bespeak, added my Uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in Him who is the Father of it, — that, I think, Trim — the thing could have happened no way."

Were I to say of a Homo on any establishment whatsoever, political, commercial or literary, public or private, legal or ecclesiastical, orthodox or heterodox, military or naval, — I include them all that no individual in any may fancy the observation was intended for himself and so take it in snuff — (a phrase of which I would explain* the origin if I could), — and moreover that no one may apply to himself the illustration which is about to be made, I use the most generic term that could be applied, — Were I to say of any Homo (and how many are there of whom it might be said!) that he might have been whelped or foaled, instead of having been born, no judicious reader would understand me as predicating this to be possible, but as denoting an opinion that such an animal might as well have been a quadruped as what he is; and that for any use which he makes of his intellect, it might have been better for society if he had gone on four legs and carried panniers.

"There stands the Honourable Baronet, hesitating between two bundles of opinions" — said a certain noble Lord of a certain County Member in the course of an animated debate in the House of Commons on a subject now long since forgotten. I will not say of any Homo on any establishment that his fault is that of hesitating too long or hazarding too little; but I will say of any such hypothetical Homo as might better

* The explanation is probably to be drawn from the idea expressed in the words of Horace: *Nato suspendis atheno. Nasibus uti Formido.* Cf. I Sat. vi. 5; 1 Epist. xix. 45. Doering quotes the German phrase "*über einen die Nase rümpfen.*" For examples see Nare's Gloss. in v.

have been foaled, that I wish his panniers had supplied him with better bundles to choose of.

"How," says Warburton, "happened it in the definitions of Man, that *reason* is always made essential to him? Nobody ever thought of making *goodness* so. And yet it is certain that there are as few reasonable men as there are good. To tell you my mind, I think Man might as properly be defined, *an animal to whom a sword is essential*, as one to *whom reason is essential*. For there are as few that *can*, and yet fewer that *dare*, use the one as the other."—And yet, he might have added, too many that misuse both.

The aforesaid Critic on the Athenæum establishment spoke with as little consideration as Trim, when he said that the Opus might have been a novel, implying the while—if it had so pleased the Author; and I make answer advisedly like my Uncle Toby in saying that it could not have pleased me.

The moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts.*

Wherefore should I write a novel? There is no lack of novels nor of novel-writers in these days, good, bad, and indifferent. Is there not Mr. James, who since the demise of Sir Walter, is by common consent justly deemed King of the historical Novelists? And is there not Mrs. Bray, who is as properly the Queen? Would the Earl of Mulgrave be less worthily employed in writing fashionable tales upon his own views of morality, than he is in governing Ireland as he governs it? Is there any season in which some sprigs of nobility and fashion do not bring forth hothouse flowers of this kind? And if some of them are rank or sickly, there are others (tell us, Anne Grey! are there not?) that are of delicate penciling, rich colours, and sweet scent. What are the Annuals but schools for Novelists, male and female? and if any lady in high life has conceived a fashionable tale, and when the critical time arrives wishes for a temporary

concealment, is not Lady Charlotte Bury kindly ready to officiate as *Sage Femme*?

The Critic was not so wide of the mark in saying that this Opus ought to have been a novel—to have pleased him, being understood.

Oh, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me than thou understandest.†

And indeed, as Chapman says in his Commentary on the Iliad, "where a man is understood there is ever a proportion between the writer's wit and the writees,—that I may speak with authority, according to my old lesson in philosophy, *intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit*."

Le rôle d'un auteur est un rôle assez vain, says Diderot, *c'est celui d'un homme qui se croit en état de donner des leçons au public. Et le rôle du critique? Il est plus vain encore; c'est celui d'un homme qui se croit en état de donner des leçons à celui qui se croit en état d'en donner au public. L'auteur dit, Messieurs, écoutez-moi, car je suis votre maître. Et le critique, C'est moi, Messieurs, qu'il faut écouter, car je suis le maître de vos maîtres.*

The Athenæum Critic plays the Master with me,—and tops his part. "It is clear," he says, "from every page of this book that the Author does not, in vulgar parlance, think Small Beer of himself." Right, my Master? certainly I do not. I do not think that the contents of this book would be truly compared to small beer, which is either weak and frisky, or weak and flat; that they would turn sour upon a sound, that is to say, an orthodox stomach, or generate flatulence except in an empty one. I am more inclined, as my Master insinuates, to think Strong Beer of myself, Cwrv, Burton, Audit Ale, Old October,—what in his parlance used to be called Stingo; or Porter, such as Thrale's Entire, and old Whitbread's, in days when the ingredients came from the malster and the hop merchant, not from the Brewer's druggist. Or Cider, whether of Herefordshire, Somersetshire, or Devonshire growth, no matter; Stire, Cokaghee, or Fox-

* WORDSWORTH.

† TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

whelp, a beverage as much better than Champagne, as it is honest, wholesome, and cheaper. Or Perry, the Teignton-Squash. These are right old English liquors, and I like them all. Nay, I am willing if my Master pleases, to think Metheglin of myself also, though it be a Welsh liquor, for there is Welsh blood in my veins, and Metheglin has helped to make it, and it is not the worse for the ingredient. Moreover with especial reference to the present Opus, there is this reason why I should think Metheglin of myself,—that Metheglin is made of honey, and honey is collected from all the flowers of the fields and gardens: and how should I have been able to render this tribute to the Philosopher of Doncaster, my true Master, if I had not been busy as a bee in the fields and gardens of literature, yea in the woods and wilds also? And in the orchards,—for have I not been plying early and late amongst

— the orchard trees

Last left and earliest found by birds and bees? *

Of Bees, however, let me be likened to a Dumbledore, which Dr. Southey says is the most goodnatured of God's Insects; because great must be the provocation that can excite me to use my sting.

My Master's mention of Small Beer, in vulgar parlance Swipes, reminds me of Old Tom of Oxford's Affectionate Condolence with the Ultras, some years ago, whereby it appears that he thought Small Beer at that time of some very great Patriots and Queenites.

I see your noble rage too closely pent;
I hear you Whigs and Radicals ferment,
Like close-cork'd bottles filled with fizzing barm.

Now, Gentlemen, whose stopper is the strongest?
Whose eloquence will bottle-in the longest?
Who'll first explode, I wonder, or who last?
As weak small Beer is sure to fly the first,
Lo! poor Grey Bennet hath already burst,
And daub'd with froth the Speaker as he past.

Who next? Is't Lambton, weak and pert and brisk,
And spitting in one's face, like Ginger-frisk?
Lord John, keep in *thy* cork, for Heaven's sake do!
The strength and spirit of Champagne is thine,
Powers that will mellow down to generous wine;
Thy premature explosion I should rue.

The Oxford Satirist thought Champagne of Lord John in the reign of Queen Caroline. I think Champagne of him still, which the Satirist assuredly does not, but we differ in opinion upon this point only because we differ concerning the merits of the wine so called. I request him to accept the assurance of my high consideration and good will; I shake hands with him mentally and cordially, and entreat him to write more songs, such as gladden the hearts of true Englishmen.

Dr. Clarke says in a note to his Travels, that Champagne is an artificial compound: that "the common champagne wine drunk in this country is made with green grapes and sugar; and that the imitation of it, with green gooseberries and sugar, is full as salutary, and frequently as palatable." A Frenchman who translated these Travels remarks upon this passage thus, *C'est sans doute par un sentiment de patriotisme, et pour dégouter ses compatriotes du vin de Champagne, que le Docteur Clarke se permet de hasarder de pareilles assertions. Croit-il que le vin de Champagne se fasse avec du sucre et des raisins verts, ou des groseilles, et qu'un semblable mélange puisse passer, même en Angleterre, pour un analogue des vins d'Alsace et d'Epernai?* Dr. Clarke, as it became him to do, inserted this remark in his next edition, and said in reply to it, "It so happens that the author's information does not at all depend upon any conjectures he may have formed; it is the result of inquiries which he made upon the spot, and of positive information relative to the chemical constituents '*des vins d'Alsace et d'Epernai*,' from Messrs. Moett and Company, the principal persons concerned in their fabrication. It was in the town of Epernai, whither the author repaired for information upon this subject, that in answer to some written questions proposed to Mons. Moett, the following statement was given by that gentleman touching the admission of sugar into the composition of their wine:

Peut-être regarderoit-on en Champagne comme un indiscretion, la réponse a cette question, puisque la révélation de ce qu'on appelle

* EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

LE SECRET DU PROPRIÉTAIRE *pourroit nuire à la réputation des vins de Champagne : mais les hommes instruits et éclairés doivent connoître les faits et les causes, parcequ'ils savent apprécier et en tirer les justes conséquences.*

Il est tres vrai que dans les années froides ou pluvieuses, le raisin n'ayant pas acquis assez de maturité, ou ayant été privé de la chaleur du soleil, les vins n'ont plus cette liqueur douce et aimable qui les caractérise : dans ce cas quelques propriétaires y ont supplée par l'introduction dans leur vins d'une liqueur tres claire, dont la base est nécessairement du sucre ; sa fabrication est un secret ; cette liqueur meslée en très petites quantités aux vins verts, corrige le vice de l'année, et leur donne absolument la même douceur que celle que procure le soleil dans les années chaudes. Il s'est élevé en Champagne même des frequentes querelles entre des connoisseurs qui pretendoient pouvoir distinguer au goût la liqueur artificielle de celle qui est naturelle ; mais c'est une chimère. Le sucre produit dans le raisin, comme dans toute espèce de fruit par le travail de la nature, est toujours du sucre, comme celui que l'art pourroit y introduire, lorsque l'indélicatesse des saisons les en a privé. Nous nous sommes plus très souvent à mettre en défaut l'expérience de ces prétendus connoisseurs ; et il est si rare de les voir rencontrer juste, que l'on peut croire que c'est le hazard plus que leur goût qui les a guidé.

Having thus upon the best authority shown that Champagne in unfavourable years is doctored in the country, and leaving the reader to judge how large a portion of what is consumed in England is made from the produce of our own gardens, I repeat that I think Champagne of Lord John Russell, — not such as my friend of Oxford intended in his verses, — but Gooseberry Champagne, by no means brisk, and with a very disagreeable taste of the Cork.

If the Oxford Satirist and I should peradventure differ concerning Champagne, we are not likely to differ now concerning Lord John Russell. I am very well assured that we agree in thinking of his Lord Johnship as he is thought of in

South Devonshire. Nor shall we differ in our notions of some of Lord John's Colleagues, and their left-handed friends. If he were to work out another poem in the same vein of satire, some of the Whole-hoggerly in the House of Commons he would designate by Deady, or Wet and Heavy, some by weak tea, others by Blue-Ruin, Old Tom which rises above Blue-Ruin to the tune of threepence a glass — and yet more fiery than Old Tom, as being a fit beverage for another Old one who shall be nameless, — Gin and Brimstone.

There is a liquor peculiar to Cornwall, with which the fishermen regale, and which because of its colour they call Mahogany, being a mixture of two parts gin and one part treacle, well beaten together. Mahogany then may be the representative liqueur of Mr. Charles Buller, the representative of a Cornish borough ; and for Sir John Campbell there is Athol porridge, which Boswell says is the counterpart of Mahogany, but which Johnson thought must be a better liquor, because being a similar mixture of whiskey and honey, both its component parts are better : *qui non odit the one, amet the other.*

Mr. Sheil would put the Satirist in mind of Whiskey "unexercised by Kings," and consequently above proof. Mr. Roebuck of Bitters, Mr. Joseph Hume of Ditch Water, Mr. Lytton Bulwer of Pop, Mr. Ward of Pulque, Mr. O'Connell of *Agua Tofana*, and Lord Palmerston of *Parfait Amour*.

Observe, good Reader, it was to bottled Small Beer that the Oxford Satirist likened Grey Bennet, not to Brown Stout, which is a generous liquor having body and strength.

Hops and Turkeys, Carp and Beer,
Came into England all in one year,

and that year was in the reign of Henry VIII. The Turkeys could not have come before the discovery of America, nor the Beer before the introduction of the Hops. Bottled Beer we owe to the joint agency of Alexander Nowell, Bishop Bonner, and Mr. Francis Bowyer, afterwards Sheriff of London.

Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's,

A famous preacher in the haleyon days
Of Queen Elizabeth of endless praise,

was at the beginning of Queen Mary's cruel reign Master of Westminster School. Izaak Walton would have pronounced him a very honest man from his picture at Brazen Nose College (to which he was a great Benefactor), inasmuch as he is there represented "with his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round on one hand, and his angles of several sorts on the other." But, says Fuller, whilst Nowell was catching of Fishes, Bonner was catching of Nowell, and understanding who he was, designed him to the shambles, whither he had certainly been sent, had not Mr. Francis Bowyer, then a London merchant, conveyed him upon the seas. Nowell was fishing upon the Banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dared not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler he had taken with him provision for the day; and when in the first year of England's deliverance he returned to his own country and his own haunts, he remembered that on the day of his flight he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank; there he looked for it, and "found it no bottle, but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof; and this," says Fuller, "is believed (casualty is mother of more inventions than industry), the original of Bottled Ale in England."

Whatever my Master may think of me, whether he may class me with Grey Bennet's weak and frothy, or Dean Nowell's wholesome and strong, be the quality of the liquor what it may, he certainly mistook the capacity of the vessel, even if he allowed it to be a Magnum Bonum or Scotch Pint. Greatly was he mistaken when he supposed that a large portion of my intellectual resources was expended, and of my commonplace Book also.—The former come from a living spring,—and the latter is like the urn under a River God's arm. I might hint also at that Tun which the Pfalzgraf Johannes Kasimir built at Heidelberg in the year 1591,

*Dessglüchen zu derselben zeit
War keines in der Christenheit :*

but alas! it is now a more melancholy object than the Palace to which it appertained,—for the ruins of that Palace are so beautiful, that the first emotion with which you behold them is that of unmingled pleasure:—and the tun is empty! My Master, however, who imagines that my vat runs low, and is likely to be drawn dry, may look at one of the London Brewers' great casks.

CHAPTER CXXXVII.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN THE
DOCTOR AND NICHOLAS CONCERNING THE
HIPPOGONY OR ORIGIN OF THE FOAL
DROPPED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

— his birth day, the eleventh of June
When the Apostle Barnaby the bright
Unto our year doth give the longest light.

BEN JONSON.

"It's as fine a foal as ever was dropped," said Nicholas;—"but I should as soon thought of dropping one myself!"

"If thou hadst, Nicholas," replied the Doctor, "t'would have been a foal with longer ears, and a cross upon the shoulders. But I am heartily glad that it has happened to the Mare rather than to thee; for in the first place thou wouldst hardly have got so well through it, as, with all my experience, I should have been at a loss how to have rendered thee any assistance; and secondly, Nicholas, I should have been equally at a loss how to account for the circumstance, which certainly never could have been accounted for in so satisfactory a manner. The birth of this extraordinary foal supports a fact which the wise ancients have attested, and the moderns in their presumptuous ignorance have been pleased to disbelieve: it also agrees with a notion which I have long been disposed to entertain. But had it been thy case instead of the Mare's it would have been to no purpose except to contradict all facts and confound all notions."

"As for that matter," answered Nicholas,

all my notions are struck in a heap. You bought that Mare on the 29th of July, by this token that it was my birth-day, and I said she would prove a lucky one. One, — two, — three, — four, — five, — six, — seven, — eight, — nine, — ten, —” he continued, counting upon his fingers, — “ten Kalendar months, and to-day the eleventh of June; — in all that time I’ll be sworn she has never been nearer a horse than to pass him on the road. It must have been the Devil’s doing, and I wish he never did worse. However, Master, I hope you’ll sell him, for, in spite of his looks, I should never like to trust my precious limbs upon the back of such a misbegotten beast.”

“*Unbegotten*, Nicholas,” replied the Doctor; “*unbegotten*, — or rather begotten by the winds, — for so with every appearance of probability we may fairly suppose him to have been.”

“The Winds!” said Nicholas. — He lifted up the lids of his little eyes as far as he could strain them, and breathed out a whistle of a half minute long, beginning in C alt and running down two whole octaves!

“It was common in Spain,” pursued Dr. Dove, “and consequently may have happened in our less genial climate, but this is the first instance that has ever been clearly observed. I well remember,” he continued, “that last July was peculiarly fine. The wind never varied more than from South South East to South West; the little rain which fell descended in gentle, balmy, showers, and the atmosphere never could have been more full of the fecundating principle.”

That our friend really attached any credit to this fanciful opinion of the Ancients is what I will not affirm, nor perhaps would he himself have affirmed it. But Henry More, the Platonist, Milton’s friend, undoubtedly believed it. After quoting the well-known passage upon this subject in the *Georgics*, and a verse to the same effect from the *Punics*, he adds, that you may not suspect it “to be only the levity and credulity of Poets to report such things, I can inform you that St. Austin, and Solinus the

historian, write the same of a race of horses in Cappadocia. Nay, which is more to the purpose, Columella and Varro, men expert in rural affairs, assert this matter for a most certain and known truth.” Pliny also affirms it as an undoubted fact: the foals of the Wind, he says, were exceedingly swift, but short-lived, never outliving three years. And the Lampongs of Sumatra, according to Marsden, believe at this time that the Island Engano is inhabited entirely by females, whose progeny are all children of the Wind.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

DOUBTFUL PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE. SHAKESPEARE (N. B. NOT WILLIAM) AND OLD MARSK. A PECULIARITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW.

Lady Percy. But hear you, my Lord!

Hotspur. What say’st thou, my lady?

Lady Percy. What is it carries you away?

Hotspur. Why my Horse, my love, my Horse.
SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER having made arrangements with the owner of the barn for the accommodation of the Mare in-the-straw, the Doctor and Nicholas pursued their way to Doncaster on foot, the latter every now and then breaking out into exclamations of the “Lord bless me!” and sometimes with a laugh of astonishment annexing the Lord’s name to a verb of opposite signification governing a neuter pronoun. Then he would cry, “Who would have thought it? Who’ll believe it?” and so with interjections benedictory or maledictory, applied indiscriminately to himself and Miss Jenny and the foal, he gave vent to his wonder, frequently, however, repeating his doubts how the come-by-chance, as he called it, would turn out.

A doubt to the same purport had come across the Doctor; for it so happened that one of his theories bore very much in support of Nicholas’s unfavourable prepossession. Eclipse was at that time in his glory; and Eclipse was in the case of those children who

are said by our Law to be more than ordinarily legitimate, tho' * he was not, like one of these double legitimates, enabled at years of discretion to choose for himself between the two possible fathers. Whether Eclipse was got by Shakespeare or by Old Marsk was a point of which the Duke of Cumberland and his Stud Groom at one time confessed themselves ignorant; and though at length, as it was necessary that Eclipse should have a pedigree, they filiated him upon Old Marsk, Dr. Dove had amused himself with contending that the real cause of the superiority of that wonderful horse to all other horses was, that in reality he was the Son of both, and being thus doubly begotten had derived a double portion of vigour. It is not necessary to explain by what process of reasoning he had arrived at this conclusion; but it followed as a necessary inference that if a horse with two Sires inherited a double stock of strength, a horse who had no Sire at all must, *pari ratione*, be in a like proportion deficient. And here the Doctor must have rested had he not luckily called to mind that Canto of the Faery Queen in which

The birth of fayre Belphebe and
Of Amorett is told:

how

— wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of the Heavens fruitfull ray.

Miraculous may seem to him that reads
So strange example of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moist complexion
Doe life conceive, and quick'ned are by kynd;
So after Nilus' inundation
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.
Great Father he of Generation
Is rightly called, th' Authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Minist'reth matter fit, which tempered right
With heate and humour breeds the living wight.

So delighted was he with this recollection, and with the beautiful picture of Belphebe which it recalled, that he would instantly have named the foal Belphebe, — if it had

happened to be a filly. For a moment it occurred to him to call him Belphebus; but then again he thought that Belphebus was too like Belphegor, and he would not give any occasion for a mistake, which might lead to a suspicion that he favoured Nicholas's notion of the Devil's concern in the business.

But the naming of this horse was not so lightly to be decided. Would it have been fitting under all the circumstances of the case to have given him any such appellation as Buzzard, Trumpeter, Ploughboy, Master Jackey, Master Robert, Jerry Sneak, Trimmer, Swindler, Deceiver, Diddler, Boxer, Bruiser, Buffer, Prize-fighter, Swordsman, Snap, — would it have been fitting, I say, to have given to a Colt who was dropped almost as unexpectedly as if he had dropped from the clouds, — would it, I repeat, have been fitting to have given him any one of these names, all known in their day upon the Turf, or of the numberless others commonly and with equal impropriety bestowed upon horses.

CHAPTER CXXXIX.

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS RELATING TO ONOMATOLOGY.

Moreover there are many more things in the World than there are names for them; according to the saying of the Philosopher; *Nomina sunt finita, res autem infinite*; *ideo unum nomen plura significat*: which saying is by a certain, or rather uncertain, author approved: *Multis speciebus non sunt nomina*; *idecirco necessarium est nomina fingere, si nullum ante erit nomen impositum.*
GWILLIM.

NAMES, Reader, are serious things; and certain philosophers, as well as Mr. Shandy, have been, to use the French-English of the day, deeply penetrated with this truth

The name of the Emperor of Japan is never known to his subjects during his life. And the people of ancient Rome never knew the true and proper name of their own City, which is indeed among the things that have utterly perished. It was concealed as the most awful of all mysteries, lest if it were known to the enemies of the City, they

* It will be observed by critical readers that tho', thro', altho', are thus written in the latter portions of "The Doctor, &c.," after Swift; not in the earlier ones, or very rarely.

might by force of charms and incantations deprive it of the aid of its tutelary Gods. — As for that mystery which has occasioned among Hebrew Critics the Sect of the Adonists, I only hint thereat. —

Names, Reader, are serious things, so serious that no man since Adam has been able, except by special inspiration, to invent one which should be perfectly significant.

*Adam, antes que el bien le fuera oposito,
Fue tan grande filosofo y dialectico,
Que a todo quanto Dios le dio en d-posito,
(Aunque pecando fue de-pues frenctico,)
De nombres adorno tan a su proposito
Como quien tuvo espíritu profetico ;
Porque naturaleza en modo tacito
Las causas descubrió a su benplacito.*

*Esta virtud tan alta fue perdiendose
De los que del vinieron derivandose,
Tanto que todos van desvanecientose.
En aplicar los nombres, y engañandose,
Sino es por algun Angel descubriendose,
O por inspiracion manifestandose.**

Names, Reader, I repeat, are serious things: and much ingenuity has been exerted in inventing appropriate ones, not only for man and beast, but for inanimate things. Godfathers and Godmothers, Navigators, Shipbuilders, Florists, Botanists, Chemists, Jockeys, Feeders, Stage Coach Proprietors, Quacks, Perfumers, Novelists and Dramatists, have all displayed their taste in the selection of Names.

More whimsically consorted names will seldom be found than among the Lodges of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows — You find there Apollo and St. Peter; the Rose of Sharon, and the Rose of Cheetham; Earl Fitzwilliam, Farmer's Glory, and Poor Man's Protection; Philanthropic and Lord Byron, Lord John Russell and Good Intent; Queen Caroline (Bergami's Queen not George the Second's) and Queen Adelaide.

Reader, be pleased to walk into the Garden with me. You see that bush, — what would you call the fruit which it bears? — The Gooseberry. — But its more particular name? — Its botanical name is *ribes* — or *grossularia*, which you will, Mr. Author. — Still, Reader, we are in generals. For you

and I, and our wives and children, and all plain eaters of gooseberry-pie and gooseberry-fool, the simple name gooseberry might suffice. Not so for the scientific in gooseberries, the gooseberryologists. They could distinguish whether it were the King or the Duke of York; the Yellow Seedling or the Prince of Orange; Lord Hood or Sir Sidney Smith; Atlas or Hercules; the Green Goose, or the Green Bob, or the Green Chisel; the Colossus or the Duke of Bedford; Apollo or Tickle Toby; the Royal Oak or the Royal Sovereign; the Hero or the Jolly Smoaker; the Game Keeper or the Sceptre; the Golden Gourd, or the Golden Lion, or the Gold-finder; Worthington's Conqueror or Somach's Victory; Robinson's Stump or Davenport's Lady; Blakeley's Chisel or Read's Satisfaction; Bell's Farmer or the Creeping Ceres; the White Muslin, the White Rose, the White Bear, the White Noble, or the White Smith; the Huntsman, the Gunner, the Thrasher, the Viper, the Independent, the Glory of Eccles, or the Glory of England; Smith's Grim-Mask, Blomerly's John Bull, Hamlet's Beauty of England, Goodier's Nelson's Victory, Parkinson's Scarlet Virgin, Milling's Crown Bob, Kitt's Bank of England, Yeat's Wild-Man of the Wood, Davenport's Jolly Hatter, or Leigh's Fiddler. — For all these are Gooseberries: and yet this is none of them: it is the Old Ironmonger.

Lancashire is the County in which the Gooseberry has been most cultivated; there is a Gooseberry book annually printed at Manchester; and the Manchester Newspapers recording the death of a person, and saying that he bore a severe illness with Christian fortitude and resignation, add that he was much esteemed among the Class of Gooseberry Growers. — A harmless class they must needs be deemed, but even in growing Gooseberries emulation may be carried too far. —

The Royal Sovereign, which in 1794 was grown by George Cook of Ashton, near Preston, which weighed seventeen pennyweights, eighteen grains, was thought a Royal Gooseberry at that day. But the

* Cayrasco de Figueroa.

growth of Gooseberries keeps pace with the March of Intellect. In 1830 the largest Yellow Gooseberry on record was shown at Stockport; it weighed thirty-two pennyweights, thirteen grains, and was named the Teazer. The largest Red one was the Roaring Lion, of thirty-one pennyweights, thirteen grains, shown at Nantwich; and the largest White was the Ostrich, shown at Ormskirk; falling far short of the others, and yet weighing twenty-four pennyweights, twenty grains. They have been grown as large as Pigeon's eggs. But the fruit is not improved by the forced culture which increases its size. The Gooseberry growers, who show for the prizes which are annually offered, thin the fruit so as to leave but two or three berries on a branch; even then prizes are not gained by fair dealing: they contrive to support a small cup under each of these, so that the fruit shall for some weeks rest in water that covers about a fourth part, and this they call suckling the gooseberry.

Your Orchard, Sir! you are perhaps content with Codlins and Pippins, Non-parcils, and Russets, with a few nameless varieties. But Mr. Forsyth will tell you of the Beauty of Kent, of the Belle Grisdeline, the Boomrey, the Hampshire Nonsuch, the Dahmahoy, the Golden Mundi, the Queening, the Oak Peg, the Nine Square, the Paradise Pippin, the Violet Apple, the Corpendu, the Trevoider, the Ramborn, the Spanish Onion, the Royal George, the Pigeonette, the Norfolk Paradise, the Long-laster, the Kentish Fill baskets, the Maiden's Blush, the Lady's Finger, the Scarlet Admirable, the Hall-Door, the Green Dragon, the Fox's Whelp, the Fair Maid of Wishford, Coble-dick-longerkin — an apple in the North of Devon and Cornwall, which Mr. Polwhele supposes to have been introduced into the parish of Stratton by one Longerkin who was called Cobble-dick, because his name was Richard and he was a Cobler by trade. John Apple,

— whose withered rind, intrench'd
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age *, —

* PHILIPUS.

the King of the Pippins (of him hereafter in the Chapter of Kings) and the Seek-no-farther, — after which, no farther will we seek.

Of Pears, the *Bon Chrétien*, called by English Gardeners the Bum-Gritton, the *Teton de Venus*, and the *Cuisse Madame*, three names which equally mark the country from whence they came. The last Bishop of Alais before the French Revolution visiting a Rector once who was very rich and very avaricious, gave him some gentle admonitory hint of the character he had heard of him. "*Mais, Monseigneur,*" said the Man, "*il faut garder une Poire pour la soif.*" "*Vous avez bien raison,*" replied the Bishop: "*prenez garde seulement qu'elle soit du bon Chrétien.*" The first Lord Camelford, in one of whose letters this pun is preserved, thought it perfect. But to proceed with the nomenclature of Pears, there are the Supreme, the Bag-pipe of Anjou, the Huff Cap, the Grey Good Wife, the Goodman's Pear, the Queen's Pear, the Prince's Pear, the Marquis's Pear, the Dean's Pear, the Knave's Pear, the Pope's Pear, the Chaw Good, the Vicar, the Bishop's Thumb, the Lady's Lemon, the Lord Martin, the St. Austin, La Pastorelle and Monsieur John, the Great Onion, the Great Mouthwater, the King of Summer, the Angelic Pear, — and many others which I would rather eat than enumerate. At present the Louis Philippe holds pre-eminence.

The *Propria quæ Potatibus* will be found not less rich, — though here we perceive a lower key of invention, as adapted to a lower rank of fruit, and affording a proof of Nature's Aristocracy; — here we have Red Champions, White Champions, Late Champions and English Champions, Early Manlys, Rough Reds, Smooth Yellows, Silver Skins, Pink Eyes, Golden Tags, Golden Gullens, Common Wise, Quaker Wise, Budworth's Dusters, Poor Man's Profit, Lady Queens, Drunken Landlords, Britons, Croncs, Apples, Magpies, Lords, Invincibles, the Painted Lady and the Painted Lord, the Golden Dun, the Old Red Rough, and the Ox Noble:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.

For Roses, methinks Venus, and the Fair Maid, and Flora, and Favourite, and Diana may well keep company with our old favourite the Maiden Blush. There may be, too, though it were to be wished there were not, a Miss Bold, among these beautiful flowers. Nor would I object to Purple nor to Ruby, because they are significant, if nothing more. But for Duchess, with double blush, methinks the characteristic and the name go ill together. The Great Mogul is as bad as the Vagrant; the Parson worse than either; and for Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius, it excites an explosion of anger to hear of them.

Among the trees in Barbadoes, we read of Anchovy the Apple, the Bread and Cheese, or Sucking Bottle, the Belly Ache, and the Fat Pork Tree!

From the fields and gardens to the Dairy. In the Vaccine nomenclature we pass over the numerals and the letters of the Alphabet. Would you have more endearing appellations than Curly, Curl-pate, Pretty, Brown, Cot Lass, Lovely Lass, — (a name peradventure imposed by that person famous in the proverb, as the old Woman who kissed her Cow,) — more promising than Bee, Earnest, Early, Standfast, Fill-bouk, Fill-pan, — more romantic than Rose, Rosely, Rosebud, Roseberry, Rosamond, Rosella, Rosalina, Furba, Fibrrella, Firbrina, — more rural than Rurea.

Then for Bulls, — was there not the Bull Shakespeare, by Shakespeare off young Nell, who was sold in the year 1793 for £400 with a condition that the seller should have the privilege every year of introducing two Cows to the said Shakespeare. And was there not the Bull Comet who was sold for 1000 guineas. I say nothing of Alderman Bull, nor of John Bull, nor of the remarkable Irish Breed.

For horses I content myself with remembering the never-to-be-forgotten Pot-o-o-o-o-o-o-os, sometimes written Pot8os. Whose was the proudest feeling of exultation, his who devised this numerico-literal piece of wit, — or that of Archimedes when he exclaimed "Ευρηκα? And while touching the

Arithmographic mode of writing, let us not forget the Frenchman, who by the union of a pun and a hieroglyph described his Sovereign's style thus — Louis with ten-oysters in a row after the name.

As for the scientific names of Plants, — if Apollo had not lost all power he would have elongated the ears of Tournefort and Linnaeus, and all their followers, as deservedly as he did those of Midas.

Of the Knights or Horsemen, Greeks and Trojans, Rustics and Townsmen among — Butterflies, — and the Gods, Goddesses, Muses and Graces, Heroes, Worthies and Unworthies, who feed in their grub state upon lettuces and cabbages, sleep through their aurelian term of existence, and finally obtain a name in the naturalist's nomenclature, and perhaps a local habitation in his Cabinet with a pin through their bodies, I say nothing, farther than to state why one tribe of them is denominated Trojans. Be it known then in the words of a distinguished Entomologist, that "this tribe has been dedicated by Entomologists to the memory of the more distinguished worthies of the Trojan race, and above others to preserve the memory of those heroes whose exploits in the defence of that rich and potent station of the ancient world, the town of Troy, have been commemorated in the Iliad by the immortal Homer." Lest Homer therefore and all the works derived from him should perish from remembrance the Entomologists have very considerably devised this means for preserving the memory of Hector.

Hath not Daniel Girton, of the County of Bucks, in his Complete Pigeon-Fancier, wherein he points out to the Gentlemen of the Fancy, the foul marks and the real perfections of every valuable species of Fancy Birds and Toys which in his time were bred in England, France and Holland; — hath not Daniel Girton, I say, (tho' Boswell thought that a sentence so formed as to require an *I say* to keep it together, resembled a pair of ill-mended breeches, and candidly acknowledged the resemblance in his own, — the sentence I mean, which he was then penning, not the breeches which he wore;)

—hath not Daniel Girton, I say, particularly enumerated in his Title-Page among the varieties of such Fancy Birds, Powters, Carriers, Horsemen, Dragoons, Croppers, Powting Horsemen, Uplopers, Fantails, Chinese Pigeons, Lace-Pigeons, Tumblers, Runts, Spots, Laughers, Trumpeters, Jacobines, Capuchines, Nuns, Shakers, Helmeets, Ruffs, Finnikins, Turners, Barbs, Mahomets, Turbits, Owls, and Smiters, concluding the imperfect enumeration with an &c.

The Foul Fiends also have odd names. Witness the list which John Gee collected after the veracious Romish Priests of his time: Lusty Dick, Killoco, Hob, Corner-Cap, Puffe, Purre, Frateretto, Fliberdigibbet, Haberdicut, Cocabelto, Maho, (this Maho, who was a gentleman as Shakespeare* tells us, maintained his ground against a Priest for seven hours,) Kellicocam, Wilkin, Smolkin, Lusty Jolly Jenkin, (this must have been a Welsh Devil and of a noble race,) Porto Richo, (peradventure a Creole Devil,) Pudding of Thame — (fie on such pudding!) — Pour Dieu (Pour Diable!), Bonjour, Motubizanto, Nur, Bernon, Delicate.

The familiar of that “damnable and malicious witch Elizabeth Southerns, alias Dimdikis, was called Tibb: she dwelt in the forest of Pendle, a vast place fit for her profession, and she was a general Agent for the Devil in all those parts.”

There was one Mr. Duke, a busy fanatic, in Devonshire in Charles II.'s days, whom old Sir Edward Seymour used to call Spirit Po, that said Po being a *petit diable*, a small devil that was *presto* at every Conjuror's nod. He (the said Mr. Duke) “was a common runner up and down on factious errands; and there could not be a meeting in the country for business or mirth, but Spirit Po was there.”

Actæus Megalesius, Ormenus, Lyeus, Nicon and Mimon are five of the Chief Telchinnos or Alastores, who take the waters of Styx in their hands and sprinkle them over the earth, thereby causing all kinds of diseases and calamities.

It is known upon testimony which has received the sanction of the Holy Office, that Lucifer has three Lord Lieutenants, whose names are Aquias, Brum, and Acatu: whether the second assumed his name in prospective compliment to the Queen's Attorney-General, or whether the name itself has some appropriate and amiable signification in the infernal tongue must be left to conjecture. These Lord Lieutenants were sent with a whole army of Devils to make war against a person of the feminine gender called in her own language Anna de Santiago, but in the language of Hell, Cataruxa, which, according to the interpretation given by the Devils themselves, means the Strong Woman. The General was named Catacis, and the names of the subordinate Commanders have been faithfully recorded by a Franciscan Chronicler of unquestioned veracity, for the use of Exorcists, experience having shown that it is of signal use in their profession to know the names of the enemies with whom they are contending, the Devils perhaps having learned from the Lawyers, (who are able to teach the Devil,) to take advantage of a misnomer. This indeed is so probable that it cannot be superfluous to point out to Exorcists a received error, which must often have frustrated their laudable endeavours, if the same literal accuracy be required in their processes as in those of the Law. They no doubt have always addressed the Prince of the Devils by the name of Beelzebub, but his real name is Beelzebub; and so St. Jerome found it in all his Manuscripts, but not understanding what was then the common, and true reading, he altered Βεελζεβοὺλ into Βεελζεβοὺς, — by which he made the word significant to himself, but enabled Beelzebub to quash all actions of ejection preferred against him in this false name. The value of this information will be appreciated in Roman Catholic Countries. Gentlemen of the long robe will think it beautiful; and I have this additional motive for communicating it, to wit, that it may be a warning to all verbal Critics. I now return to my nomenclature.

* Lear, Act iii. sc. iv.

If a catalogue of plants or animals in a newly-discovered country be justly esteemed curious, how much more curious must a genuine muster-roll of Devils be esteemed, all being Devils of rank and consequence in the Satanic service. It is to Anna de Santiago herself that we are originally beholden for it, when at her Confessor's desire,

*Θεός δ' ἠνομήνεν ἀπαντας
Τοὺς ὑποτρογάριους **

"The reader (as Fuller says) will not be offended with their hard names here following, seeing his eye may run them over in perusing them, though his tongue never touch them in pronouncing them." And when he thinks how many private and non-commissioned officers go to make up a legion, he may easily believe that Owen Glendower might have held Hotspur

— at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several Devil's names
That were his lackeys.—

Barca, Maquias, Acatam, Ge, Arri, Macaquias, Ju, Mocatam, Arra, Vi, Macutu, Laca, Machehe, Abriim, Maracatu, Majacatam, Barra, Matu, the Great Dog, (this was a dumb devil), Arracatorra, Mayca, Oy, Aleu, Malacatan, Mantu, Arraba, Emay, Alacamita, Olu, Ayvatu, Arremabur, Aycotan, Lachaharratu, Oguerracatan, Jamacatia, Mayacatu, Ayciay, Ballà, Luachi, Mayay, Buzache, Berrà, Berram, Maldequita, Bemaqui, Moricastatu, Anciaquias, Zamata, Bu, Zamcapatujas, Bellacatuaxia, Go, Bajaque, and Baa, — which seems but a sheepish name for a Devil.

Can there be yet a roll of names more portentous in appearance, more formidable in sound, more dangerous in utterance? Look, reader, at the ensuing array, and judge for thyself; *look* I say, and mentally peruse it, but attempt not to enunciate the words, lest thou shouldst loosen thy teeth or fracture them in the operation.

Angheteduff, otherwise Anghutuduffe, otherwise Ballyhaise, Kealdragh, Caveneboy, Aghugrenoase, otherwise Aghagremous, Killataven, Kilnaverley, Kelvoryvybeegg, Tonnegh, Brichill, Drommody, Amragh-

duffe, Drumhermshanbeeg, Dranhill, Cornaghscargin, Corlybeeg, Cornashogagh, Dromhome, Trimmigan, Knocklyeagh, Carrigmore, Clemtegrit, Lesdamenhuffe, Correamyhy, Aghnielanagher, otherwise Agni-gamagh, Prittage, Aghaiasgim, Tobogamagh, Dromaragh, otherwise Dromavragh, Cnockamyhee, Lesnagvan, Kellarne, Gargaran, Cormodyduffe, Curraghchinrin, Annageocry, Brocklagh, Aghmailhi, Drungvin, otherwise Dungen, Dungenbeegg, Dungemore, Sheina, Dremcarplin, Shaghtany, Knocksegart, Keil-lagh, Tinelaghoole, Tinelagheryagh, Lyssy-brogan, Lyssgallagh, Langarriah, Sheanmul-lagh, Celgvane, Drombomore, Lissgarre, Toncantany, Knockadawe, Dromboobeegg, Drumpgampurne, Listiarta, Omrefada, Cor-ranyore, Corrotober, Clere, Biagbire, Lurg-riagh, Tartine, Drumburne, Aghanamaghan, Lusmakeragh, Nucaine, Cornamuck, Crosse, Coyleagh, Cnocknatratin, Toanmore, Ragasky, Longamonihity, Atteantity, Knock-fodda, Tonaghmore, Drumgrestin, Owley, Dronan, Vushinagh, Carricknascan, Lyssan-hany, otherwise Lyssseyshanan, Knockaduyne, Dromkurin, Lissmakearke, Dromgowhan, Raghege, Dromacharand, Moneyneriogh, Drinsurly, Dromillan, Agunlyly, Gnock-antry, Ellyn, Keileranny, otherwise Kul-rany, Koraneagh, and Duigary.

"Mercy on us," says the Reader, "what are these!"—Have patience, Reader, we have not done yet, there are still—Magheryhil-lagh, Drung, Clefern, Castleterra, Killana, Moybolgace, Kilfort, Templefort, Killagha-don, Laragh, Cloncaughy, Annaghgiliffe, Towninmore, Rathany, Drungoone, Tyre-latrada, Lurganboy, Ballyclanphilip, Killin-kery, Ballintampel, Kilbride, Crosserlough, Drumlawnaught, Killanaburgh, Kilsher-dan, otherwise Killersherding, Dremakellen, Aughaurain, Drumgress and Shanaraghan.

"For mercy's sake," exclaims the Reader, "enough—enough! what are they?" The latter, dear Reader, are all Poles and Ter-mons. And the whole of them were set up for sale by public cant in Dublin, pursuant to a Decree of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery in Ireland, dated the 18th of May, 1816.

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