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TYPICAL SELECTIONS

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P R E F A C E.

THE volume of Select Extracts which is now offered to the Public is designed to serve as a higher Reading Book for the use of Schools. The selection has been limited to the works of authors distinguished for excellence of style, and an endeavour has been made, in the case of each author, to give passages which exhibit his most characteristic features, and the manner or manners in which he has best succeeded, and which entitle him to be regarded as a model of style. The brief notices prefixed to each author are partly historical and partly critical. It is hoped that while the comments on style will aid the young reader's judgment and taste, the biographical outlines will help him to recognise the relative position of each author to the others and to the general history of English Literature. With this view the Series has been chronologically arranged. It may be proper to add that the selections have been made, and the notices accompanying them written, by many different persons, for whose invaluable assistance the best thanks of the Editor are due.

OXFORD,
Sept. 15, 1869.



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I.

HUGH LATIMER.

CIRCA 1470—1555.

HUGH LATIMER was the chief preacher of the English Reformation; and if any single book be taken as giving a picture of the manners, thoughts, and events of that period, it would be his Sermons. He was a man of the humbler class, and never was what would be called a gentleman. The harshness and, at times, coarseness of his style, combined with the force of his illustrations, must have made him a very effective preacher, whether to king or people. Although in name a Bishop, he never exercised any episcopal functions after his resignation of his see in 1539, but remained as a kind of watchdog of the Reformation, attached partly to the Court of Edward VI, partly to the Palace of his friend, Archbishop Cranmer.

His theology was too practical to allow him to mix deeply in the special controversies of the time; and he was a man rather of blunt and courageous honesty than of deep thought or tender feeling. He was burnt with Ridley, at Oxford, in 1555.

1. *A Yeoman's Estate.*

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my

mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor.

2. *Sermon of the Plough.*

AND now I would ask a strange question: who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocess; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough: no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there

away with books, and up with candles; away with bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, psalms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones: up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour: Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as *Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*: 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return:' which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin: God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

3. *Contemplation and Action.*

WE read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, insomuch as none at that time did the like, to whom came a voice from heaven, saying, 'Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria.' Anthony hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, 'Come and tell

me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time.' 'Sir,' said the cobbler, 'as for me; good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have: after, I set *mæ* at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life.'

II.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1618.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in 1552. His father, Walter Raleigh, was descended from an old Devonshire family, and held an estate, called Fardel, in the parish of Cornwood in that county. After a brief residence at Oriel College, Oxford, and after seeing some service on the Continent and in Ireland, he attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, under whose sanction he, in 1584, discovered and took possession of Virginia. In the following year he was knighted, and became a Member of Parliament; and during the rest of Elizabeth's reign, was one of the most prominent characters at her Court and in Parliament. He served against the Armada, and was at the taking of Cadiz in 1596.

Shortly after the accession of James, he was convicted upon a charge of treason, and suffered sixteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, during which he composed his *History of the World*. On regaining liberty he attempted, unsuccessfully, the conquest of Guiana from the Spaniards, to please whom he was, in 1618, brought to the scaffold.

Though his career was thus active, he was a diligent student and a voluminous writer, especially upon history, politics, geography, and military and naval tactics. In describing events in which he had taken part, or in the discussion of moral questions, his style is rich and eloquent; it is often, and naturally, dry and cold in his great compilation, *The History of the World*.

1. *Action at the taking of Cadiz.*

HAVING, as aforesaid, taken the leading, I was first saluted by the fort called Philip, afterward by the ordnance on the curtain, and lastly by all the galleys in good order. To show scorn to all which, I only answered first the fort, and afterward the galleys, to each piece a blur with a trumpet; disdainng to shoot one piece at any one or all of those esteemed dreadful monsters. The ships that followed beat upon the galleys so thick as they soon betook them to their oars, and got up to join with the galleons in the strait, as aforesaid; and then, as they were driven to come near me, and enforced to range their sides towards me, I bestowed a benediction amongst them.

But St. Philip, the great and famous admiral of Spain, was the mark I shot at; esteeming those galleys but as wasps in respect of the powerfulness of the other; and being resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with mine own life, I came to anchor by the galleons; of which the Philip and Andrew were two that boarded the *Revenge*. I was formerly commanded not to board, but was promised fly-boats, in which, after I had battered a while, I resolved to join unto them.

My lord Thomas came to anchor by me, on the one hand, with the *Lion*; the *Mary Rose*, on the other, with the *Dreadnought*; the marshal toward the side of *Puntall*; and towards ten of the clock my lord general *Essex*, being impatient to abide far off, hearing so great thunder of ordnance, thrust up through the fleet, and headed all those on the left hand, coming to anchor next unto me on that side; and afterward came in the *Swiftsure*, as near as she could. Always I must, without glory, say for myself, that I held single in the head of all.

Now after we had beaten, as two butts, one upon another almost three hours, (assuring your honour that the volleys of cannon and culverin came as thick as if it had been a skirmish of musketeers,) and finding myself in danger to be sunk in the place, I went to my lord general in my skiff, to desire him that he would enforce the promised fly-boats to come up, that I might board; for as I rid, I could not endure so great a battery any long time. My lord general was then coming up himself; to whom I declared that if the fly-boats came not, I would board with the queen's ship; for it was the same loss to burn or sink, for I must endure the one. The earl finding that it was not in his power to command fear, told me that whatsoever I did, he would second me in person upon his honour. My lord admiral, having also a disposition to come up at first, but the river was so choked as he could not pass with the Ark, came up in person into the Nonparilla, with my lord Thomas.

While I was thus speaking with the earl, the marshal, who thought it some touch to his great esteemed valour, to ride behind me so many hours, got up ahead my ship; which my lord Thomas perceiving, headed him again, myself being but a quarter of an hour absent. At my return, finding myself from being the first to be but the third, I presently let slip anchor, and thrust in between my lord Thomas and the marshal, and went up further ahead than all them before, and thrust myself athwart the channel, so as I was sure none should outstart me again for that day. My lord general Essex, thinking his ship's sides stronger than the rest, thrust the Dreadnought aside, and came next the Warspite on the left hand, ahead all that rank but my lord Thomas. The marshal, while we had no leisure to look behind us, secretly fastened a rope on my ship's side towards him, to draw himself up equally with me; but some of my company

advertising me thereof, I caused it to be cut off, and so he fell back into his place; whom I guarded, all but his very prow, from the sight of the enemy.

Now if it please you to remember, that having no hope of my fly-boats to board, and that the earl and my lord Thomas both promised to second me, I laid out a warp by the side of the Philip to shake hands with her: (for with the wind we could not get aboard:) which when she and the rest perceived, finding also that the Repulse (seeing mine) began to do the like, and the rear-admiral my lord Thomas, they all let slip, and came aground, tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, so thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud. The Philip and the St. Thomas burnt themselves: the St. Matthew and the St. Andrew were recovered by our boats ere they could get out to fire them. The spectacle was very lamentable on their side; for many drowned themselves; many, half-burnt, leaped into the water; very many hanging by the ropes' ends by the ships' sides, under the water even to the lips; many swimming with grievous wounds, stricken under water, and put out of their pain; and withal so huge a fire, and such tearing of the ordnance in the great Philip, and the rest, when the fire came to them, as, if any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured. Ourselves spared the lives of all after the victory; but the Flemings, who did little or nothing in the fight, used merciless slaughter, till they were by myself, and afterward by my lord admiral, beaten off.

2. *Of the last refuges of the Devil to maintain his kingdom.*

Now the Devil, because he cannot play upon the open stage of this world, (as in those days,) and being still as industrious as ever, finds it more for his advantage to creep

into the minds of men; and inhabiting in the temples of their hearts, works them to a more effectual adoration of himself than ever. For whereas he first taught them to sacrifice to monsters, to dead stones cut into faces of beasts, birds, and other mixed natures; he now sets before them the high and shining idol of glory, the all-commanding image of bright gold. He tells them that truth is the goddess of dangers and oppressions; that chastity is the enemy of nature; and lastly, that as all virtue, in general, is without taste, so pleasure satisfieth and delighteth every sense: for true wisdom, saith he, is exercised in nothing else than in the obtaining of power to oppress, and of riches to maintain plentifully our worldly delights. And if this arch-politician find in his pupils any remorse, any fear or feeling of God's future judgment, he persuades them that God hath so great need of men's souls, that he will accept them at any time and upon any conditions; interrupting by his vigilant endeavours all offer of timeful return towards God, by laying those great blocks of rugged poverty and despised contempt in the narrow passage leading to his divine presence. But as the mind of man hath two ports, the one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities, the other desolate and overgrown with grass, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations; so hath that of death a double and twofold opening; worldly misery passing by the one, worldly prosperity by the other: at the entrance of the one we find our sufferings and patience to attend us; (all which have gone before us to prepare our joys;) at the other our cruelties, covetousness, licentiousness, injustice, and oppressions, (the harbingers of most fearful and terrible sorrow,) staying for us. And as the Devil, our most industrious enemy, was ever most diligent, so is he now more laborious than ever; the long day of mankind

drawing fast towards an evening, and the world's tragedy and time near at an end.

3. *Death.*

FOR the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred: *I have considered*, saith Solomon, *all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit*; but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass

before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

III.

RICHARD HOOKER.

CIRCA 1553—1600.

RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavitree, near Exeter, about 1553. The promise of his boyhood induced an uncle to send him to a University. Under the protection of Jewel, he was sent to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was admitted in 1567. In 1577, he became Fellow of the College. We hear of an intimacy with Edwin Sandys, George Cranmer, and Henry Savile, all men of mark and influence in their day. In 1581 he first preached in London at St. Paul's. Soon after he married, and took the living of Drayton Beauchamp, in Bucks. The marriage was probably a hasty one; at any rate, it brought little felicity. From his appointment as Master of the Temple, 1584, Hooker's reputation as a divine may be said to date. He now commenced his long controversy with the Calvinist theologians, and after some years of keen strife he exchanged the Temple for Boscombe, in Wiltshire. In 1595, he was presented by the Crown to Bishopsborne, in Kent, where, in 1600, he died.

Hooker undertook the defence of the ritual and polity of the Church of England against the attacks of the Puritans, and dedicated to this object his great work on the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. His style is grave, close, and full, and in general possesses little ornament or finish, consulting the practical purposes of a controversialist and the efficient statement of argument and fact, rather than the ear or delicate taste of the reader. Particular passages, however, are highly elaborated, and wrought up not only to great majesty and grandeur of diction, but even to a

musical sweetness and rhythm. Solidity and compactness, however, are always preserved, and his most exalted eloquence is still grave and severe, weighted with balance of clauses and intricacies of construction. With the inspiration which springs up from deep feeling and the sense of great truths, he combines occasionally an acute and powerful sarcasm, which he introduces dexterously and with ease into the fitting place; thus exhibiting all the resources and the full armour of a theologian and controversialist.

I. *Creation.*

THIS world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will: He 'made a law for the rain;' He gave his 'decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether though it were but for a while the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant

doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

2. *Faith, Hope, and Charity.*

CONCERNING Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal Verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ; concerning Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting Goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead; concerning Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible Beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ the Son of the living God: concerning these virtues, the first of which beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God in the world to come; the second beginning here with a trembling expectation of things far removed and as yet but only heard of, endeth with real and actual fruition of that which no tongue can express; the third beginning here with a weak inclination of heart towards him unto whom we are not able to approach, endeth with endless union, the mystery whereof is higher than the reach of the thoughts of men; concerning that Faith, Hope, and Charity, without which there can be no

salvation, was there ever any mention made saving only in that law which God himself hath from heaven revealed? There is not in the world a syllable muttered with certain truth concerning any of these three, more than hath been supernaturally received from the mouth of the eternal God.

Laws therefore concerning these things are supernatural, both in respect of the manner of delivering them, which is divine; and also in regard of the things delivered, which are such as have not in nature any cause from which they flow, but were by the voluntary appointment of God ordained besides the course of nature, to rectify nature's obliquity withal.

3. *Music.*

TOUCHING musical harmony whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and bescemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not

more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some, more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy and for the time in a manner severing it from the body. So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections.

Past and Present.

THERE is crept into the minds of men at this day a secret pernicious and pestilent conceit that the greatest perfection of a Christian man doth consist in discovery of

other men's faults, and in wit to discourse of our own profession. When the world most abounded with just, righteous, and perfect men, their chiefest study was the exercise of piety, wherein for their safest direction they reverently hearkened to the readings of the law of God, they kept in mind the oracles and aphorisms of wisdom which tended unto virtuous life, if any scruple of conscience did trouble them for matter of actions which they took in hand, nothing was attempted before counsel and advice were had, for fear lest rashly they might offend. We are now more confident, not that our knowledge and judgment is riper, but because our desires are another way. Their scope was obedience, ours is skill; their endeavour was reformation of life, our virtue nothing but to hear gladly the reproof of vice; they in the practice of their religion wearied chiefly their knees and hands, we especially our ears and tongues.

IV.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554—1586.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent, of a noble family. His father was Sir Henry Sidney, Queen Elizabeth's Lord-Deputy in Ireland. His mother was Mary Dudley, the sister of the Earl of Leicester. His sister was the Countess of Pembroke: his wife was the daughter of Walsingham. He studied at both Universities, and afterwards travelled for three years on the Continent. In August, 1572, he was at Paris, and narrowly escaped death in the St. Bartholomew Massacre. After his return to the English Court, he discharged several diplomatic commissions with eminent ability. In 1585, he obtained the Governorship of Flushing; and in the October of the following year met with his death-wound on the field of Zutphen.

His Sonnets appeared in 1591, his *Arcadia* in 1593, and the *Defence of Poesy* in 1595. Of these, that which enlisted the largest share of favour in the age succeeding his death was the *Arcadia*, an eloquent romance of Castilian and Elizabethan chivalry thrown back into the time of the struggle of Sparta with her Helots. This work abounds in vivid descriptive and narrative passages, and though occasionally tainted with the pedantic euphuism of the sixteenth century, it is a storehouse of poetic prose inferior to none which had preceded it in our literature. Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* has had a longer, though a more restricted, popularity. It is the great source from which later advocates of imaginative composition in England have drawn their arguments.

1. *After a Wreck.*

A LITTLE way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along, like a widow having lost her mate of whom she held her honour: but upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about eighteen years of age, who sate (as on horseback) having nothing on him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silk and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea; on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of Greece used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet: himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity.

2. *Arcadia.*

THE third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose bare estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing

flowers; thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

Y 3. *Pamela and Philoclea.*

THE elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds; Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making it one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

4. *The uses of Poetry.*

THE ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that serve most to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over the rest: wherein if we can shew

it rightly the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: among whom principally to challenge it step forth the moral philosophers; whom methinks I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with a man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. The historian scarce gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, loaden with old mouse-eaten records; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age; a wonder to young folks and a tyrant in table-talk—denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions is comparable to him. The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. . . . On the other hand, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be but to what is—to the particular truth of things and not the general reason of things—that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both: for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he presupposeth it was done; so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath

in us : let us but hear old Anchises speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewailing his absence from barren Ithaca ! Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness ; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus ; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the schoolmen its genus and difference.

V.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

1560—1626.

FRANCIS BACON was born Jan. 1560-1. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He matriculated Fellow Commoner at Trinity, Cambridge, at the early age of 12. In 1576 his father, having in view for him a public career, sent him to Paris in the employment of the Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulett. But on the death of his father, finding himself left with only a slender fortune, he was compelled to enter the profession of the law, and was admitted barrister in 1582. Two years afterwards he entered the House of Commons as Member for Melcombe Regis.

For many years to come he was compelled to toil in a profession in which his heart was not. He writes to Burleigh, 'that he had contemplative ends as vast as his civil ends were moderate, for he had taken all knowledge to be his province;' and to the Queen, 'my mind turns upon other wheels than those of profit.' Promotion was slow in reaching him, and he did not rise to be Attorney-General till 1613; but it was rapid, and in March 1616-7 he received the Great Seal. He was created successively Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Alban.

He was disgraced on a charge of judicial corruption, but the extent of his culpability has been greatly exaggerated by party malice. A cold, caught in the process of an experiment to test the preserving qualities of snow, carried him off in April, 1626.

Bacon had wasted, in the pursuit of professional preferment, powers which were worthy to have been better employed. Yet

he has left behind him a name which is hardly second to any in the annals of philosophy, as the inaugurator or restorer of the Inductive Method in Science.

He wrote many works both in Latin and English; of the latter, the principal are, *Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Essays Civil and Moral, History of the Reign of King Henry the Seventh, and The New Atlantis.*

1. *Of the use of Reason in Religion.*

THE use of human reason in religion is of two sorts: the former, in the conception and apprehension of the mysteries of God to us revealed; the other, in the inferring and deriving of doctrine and direction thereupon. The former extendeth to the mysteries themselves; but how? by way of illustration, and not by way of argument. The latter consisteth indeed of probation and argument. In the former we see God vouchsafeth to descend to our capacity, in the expressing of his mysteries in sort as may be sensible unto us; and doth grift his revelations and holy doctrine upon the notions of our reason, and applieth his inspirations to open our understanding, as the form of the key to the ward of the lock. For the latter, there is allowed us an use of reason and argument, secondary and respective, although not original and absolute. For after the articles and principles of religion are placed and exempted from examination of reason, it is then permitted unto us to make derivations and inferences from and according to the analogy of them, for our better direction. In nature this holdeth not; for both the principles are examinable by induction, though not by a medium or syllogism; and besides, those principles or first positions have no discordance with that reason which draweth down and deduceth the inferior positions. But yet

it holdeth not in religion alone, but in many knowledges, both of greater and smaller nature, namely, wherein there are not only *posita* but *placita*; for in such there can be no use of absolute reason. We see it familiarly in games of wit, as chess, or the like. The draughts and first laws of the game are positive, but how? merely *ad placitum*, and not examinable by reason; but then how to direct our play thereupon with best advantage to win the game, is artificial and rational. So in human laws there be many grounds and maxims which are *placita juris*, positive upon authority, and not upon reason, and therefore not to be disputed: but what is most just, not absolutely but relatively, and according to those maxims, that affordeth a long field of disputation. Such therefore is that secondary reason, which hath place in divinity, which is grounded upon the *placets* of God.

2. *Of Poesy.*

POESY is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things; *Pictoribus atque poetis, &c.* It is taken in two senses in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the latter it is (as hath been said) one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.

The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points

wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man; poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical. Because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence. Because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.

The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety thereof (besides those divisions which are common unto it with history, as feigned chronicles, feigned lives, and the appendices of history, as feigned epistles, feigned orations, and the rest) is into poesy narrative, representative, and allusive. The narrative is a mere imitation of history, with the excesses before remembered; choosing for subject commonly wars and love, rarely state, and sometimes

pleasure or mirth. Representative is as a visible history; and is an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, (that is) past. Allusive or parabolical is a narration applied only to express some special purpose or conceit. Which latter kind of parabolical wisdom was much more in use in the ancient times, as by the fables of Æsop, and the brief sentences of the Seven, and the use of hieroglyphics may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more sharp or subtile than the vulgar in that manner, because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtilty of conceit. And as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments: and nevertheless now and at all times they do retain much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor examples so fit.

3. *Of Studies.*

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not

their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets witty ; the mathematics subtle ; natural philosophy deep ; moral grave ; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores* ; nay, there is no stound or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *Cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases ; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

4. *King Henry the Seventh.*

No doubt, in him as in all men (and most of all in kings) his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation; but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous, than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles. His wisdom, by often evading from perils, was turned rather into a dexterity to deliver himself from dangers, when they pressed him, than into a providence to prevent and remove them afar off. And even in nature, the sight of his mind was like some sights of eyes; rather strong at hand, than to carry afar off. For his wit increased upon the occasion; and so much the more, if the occasion were sharpened by danger. Again, whether it were the shortness of his foresight, or the strength of his will, or the dazzling of his suspicions, or what it was; certain it is, that the perpetual troubles of his fortunes (there being no more matter out of which they grew) could not have been without some great defects, and many errors in his nature, customs, and proceedings, which he had enough to do to save and help, with a thousand little industries and watches. But those do best appear in the story itself.

He was a comely personage, a little above just stature, well and straight limbed, but slender. His countenance was reverend, and a little like a churchman: and as it was not strange or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well disposed. But it was to the disadvantage of the painter; for it was best when he spake.

His worth may bear a tale or two, that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine.

One day when King Henry the Sixth (whose innocence gave him holiness) was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said, 'This is the lad, that shall possess quietly that, that we now strive for.' But that that was truly divine in him, was that he had the fortune of a true Christian, as well as of a great King, in living exercised, and dying repentant. So as he had an happy warfare in both conflicts, both of sin, and the cross.

He was born at Pembroke Castle, and lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel, and for the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond, or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like, in this monument of his fame.

VI.

JOHN DONNE.

1573—1631.

JOHN DONNE, of Welsh extraction, was born in London in 1573. When only eleven years old he entered Hart Hall, Oxford, from which in three years he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. At seventeen he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, but coming into a small fortune by the death of his father, he betook himself to the study of theology, in which direction his taste had always lain.

He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but he was led as the result of his studies to attach himself to the Anglican Church, as established under Elizabeth.

In the year 1596, he accompanied the Earl of Essex on his Spanish expedition, and remained some time abroad, principally in Italy and Spain. The interesting story of his marriage, and of the narrow circumstances to which he was reduced, having expended his patrimony in storing his mind, should be read in the delightful narrative of Izaak Walton. He entered holy orders at the age of forty, yielding to the repeated exhortations of Morton, Bishop of Durham, and the wish of King James the First. Beside other preferment, he was appointed in 1621 to the Deanery of St. Paul's, and died March 31st, 1631.

Donne left poems which were published after his death, but his reputation as an author rests upon his *Sermons* and *Devotions*. He writes with a mind and imagination charged with matter, which strives, as it were, to press itself into each sentence. Full as his periods are, we feel that the store has been

but sparingly dealt out, and that much more remains, if he would have said it. Having shone as a wit, in an age of wit, and an age when wit was not confined to ludicrous associations, but extended to a higher skill of point and antithesis, his language, though not strictly speaking obscure, requires close and unbroken attention to follow its meaning. The latest Editor of Donne's Sermons, Dean Alford, says there are passages in them which 'in depth and grandeur even surpass the strings of beautiful expressions to be found in Jeremy Taylor, and are the recreations of a loftier mind, and while Taylor's similes are exquisite in their melody of sound and happy in external description, Donne enters into the inner soul of art and gives his readers more satisfactory and permanent delight.'

I. *Heavenly Mansions.*

AND then a third beam of this consolation is, that in this house of his Father's, thus by him made ours, there are mansions; in which word, the consolation is not placed, (I do not say, that there is not truth in it) but the consolation is not placed in this, that some of these mansions are below, some above stairs, some better seated, better lighted, better vaulted, better fretted, better furnished than others; but only in this, that they are mansions; which word, in the original, and Latin, and our language, signifies a remaining, and denotes the perpetuity, the everlastingness of that state. A state but of one day, because no night shall overtake, or determine it, but such a day, as is not of a thousand years, which is the longest measure in the Scriptures, but of a thousand millions of millions of generations: *Qui nec praeceditur hesterno, nec excluditur crastino*, A day that hath no *pridie*, nor *postridie*, yesterday doth not usher it in, nor to-morrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth, to this day, and all the four

monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful kings, and all the beautiful queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning, in respect of this day. In all the two thousand years of nature, before the law given by Moses, and the two thousand years of law, before the Gospel given by Christ, and the two thousand of grace, which are running now, (of which last hour we have heard three quarters strike, more than fifteen hundred of this last two thousand spent) in all this six thousand, and in all those, which God may be pleased to add, *in domo patris*, in this house of his Father's, there was never heard quarter clock to strike, never seen minute glass to turn. No time less than itself would serve to express this time, which is intended in this word mansions; which is also exalted with another beam, that they are *Multa*, *In my Father's house there are many mansions*.

2. *Religion.*

FOR religion in general, is natural to us; the natural-man hath naturally some sense of God, and some inclination to worship that power, whom he conceives to be God, and this worship is religion. But then the first thing that this general pious affection produces in us, is zeal, which is an exaltation of religion. *Primus actus voluntatis est amor*; Philosophers and divines agree in that, that the will of man cannot be idle, and the first act that the will of man produces, is love; for till it love something, prefer and choose something, till it would have something, it is not a will; neither can it turn upon any object, before God. So that this first, and general, and natural love of God, is not begotten in my soul, nor produced by my soul, but created and infused with my soul, and as my soul; there is no soul that knows she is a soul, without such

a general sense of the love of God. But to love God above all, to love him with all my faculties, this exaltation of this religious love of God, is the first-born of religion, and this is zeal. Religion, which is the worship of that power which I call God, does but make me a man; the natural man hath that religion; but that which makes me a father, and gives me an offspring, a first-born, that is zeal: by religion I am an Adam, but by zeal I am an Abel produced out of that Adam. Now if we consider times not long since past, there was scarce one house, scarce one of us, in whom this first-born, this zeal was not dead. Discretion is the ballast of our ship, that carries us steady; but zeal is the very freight, the cargason, the merchandise itself, which enriches us in the land of the living; and this was our case, we were all come to esteem our ballast more than our freight, our discretion more than our zeal; we had more care to please great men than God; more consideration of an imaginary change of times, than of unchangeable eternity itself. And as in storms it falls out often that men cast their wares and their freights overboard, but never their ballast, so soon as we thought we saw a storm, in point of religion, we cast off our zeal, our freight, and stuck to our ballast, our discretion, and thought it sufficient to sail on smoothly, and steadily, and calmly, and discreetly in the world, and with the time, though not so directly to the right haven. So our first-born in this house, in ourselves, our zeal, was dead. It was; there is the comfortable word of our text. But now, now that God hath taken his fan into his hand, and sifted his church, now that God hath put us into a straight and crooked limbeck, passed us through narrow and difficult trials, and set us upon a hot fire, and drawn us to a more precious substance and nature than before; now that God hath given our zeal a new concoction, a new refining, a new inanimation by this fire of

tribulation, let us embrace and nurse up this new resurrection of this zeal, which his own Spirit hath begot and produced in us, and return to God with a whole and entire soul, without dividing or scattering our affections upon other objects; and in the sincerity of the true religion, without inclinations in ourselves, to induce, and without inclinableness, from others, upon whom we may depend, to admit, any drams of the dregs of a superstitious religion; for it is a miserable extremity, when we must take a little poison for physic. And so having made the right use of God's corrections, we shall enjoy the comfort of this phrase, in this house, ourselves, our first-born, our zeal was dead; it was, but it is not.

3. *So speak ye.*

THE soul of man is incorporate in his word; as he speaks, we think he thinks. As we believe that to be a free house, where there is an easy entrance; so we doubt the less of a good heart, if we find charitable and courteous language. But yet there is an excess in this too, in this self-effusion, this pouring of a man's self out, in fair, and promising language. Inaccessibleness is the fault, which the apostle aims at here: and truly the most inaccessible man that is, is the over-liberal, and profuse promiser: he is therefore the most inaccessible, because he is absent, when I am come to him, and when I do speak with him. To a retired, to a reserved man, we do not easily get; but when we are there, he is there too: to an open and liberal promiser we get easily; but when we are with him, he is away, because his heart, his purpose is not there.

4. *For, where your heart is, there is your treasure also.*

LITERALLY, primarily, radically, *thesaurus*, treasure, is no more but *Depositum in crastinum*, Provision for to-morrow;

to show how little a proportion, a regulated mind, and a contented heart may make a treasure. But we have enlarged the signification of these words, provision, and, to-morrow: for, provision must signify all that can any way be compassed; and to-morrow must signify as long as there shall be a to-morrow, till time shall be no more: but waiving these infinite extensions, and perpetuities, is there any thing of that nature, as, (taking the word treasure in the narrowest signification, to be but provision for to-morrow) we are sure shall last till to-morrow? Sits any man here in an assurance, that he will be the same to-morrow, that he is now? You have your honours, your offices, your possessions, perchance under seal; a seal of wax; wax that hath a tenacity, an adhering, a cleaving nature, to show the royal constancy of his heart, that gives them, and would have them continue with you, and stick to you. But then, wax, if it be heat, hath a melting, a fluid, a running nature too: so have these honours, and offices, and possessions, to them that grow too hot, too confident in them, or too imperious by them. For these honours, and offices, and possessions, you have a seal, a fair and just evidence of assurance; but have they any seal upon you, any assurance of you till to-morrow? Did our blessed Saviour give day, or any hope of a to-morrow, to that man, to whom he said, *Fool, this night they fetch away thy soul?* Or is there any of us that can say, Christ sayed not that to him?

VII.

JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

1574—1656.

JOSEPH HALL was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, July 1st, 1574. He was educated at the Grammar School of Ashby, and became Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1598 he published his *Satires*, and established his fame as a genuine humourist. After holding some small pieces of preferment, he was made Dean of Worcester. He was a deputy at the Synod of Dort, in 1618. In 1627 he was made Bishop of Exeter. In 1641 he was translated to the see of Norwich. Hall was a man of singular moderation, and great sweetness of character. In an age of fierce and truculent controversy, he set a noble example of charity in polemics. The Long Parliament deprived him of the revenue of his bishopric, and he died on the 8th of September, 1656, at Heigham, near Norwich. Bishop Hall did not escape altogether from the literary vice of his age. His pages are studded with conceits and sententious passages, which are too common, and repel many readers. At times, however, he rises to the very highest eloquence, and all his writings attest the sincerity and piety of his nature. The *Contemplations* are, perhaps, his most popular work, and display the powers of his thought and style in great perfection.

It is observable that the later writings of Hall are in a simpler and more easy vein. The same progress, which has been noted in Clarendon's later efforts, may be traced in Hall's. During the long struggle of those eventful years, many colloquial expressions, formerly deemed inadmissible, seem to have crept by degrees into ordinary use, and to have found their place in literature. As a controversialist, Bishop Hall won a high place, and his

modest yet manly defence of his own Church, is acknowledged to have had considerable influence with some of his nonconformist adversaries. In times when the pulpit was too often degraded by the sallies and impertinencies of preachers, it is no slight praise to say, as may be said of Hall, that there is hardly a passage in his sermons, which the most fastidious critic would desire to expunge.

1. *The Deceit of Appearances.*

SHOULD' appearance be the rule, woe were God's children, happy were his enemies. Who that had seen Cain standing masterly over the bleeding carcass of Abel, Joseph in his bonds, his mistress in her dress, Moses in the flags, Pharaoh in the palace, David sculking in the wilderness, Saul commanding in the court, Elijah fainting under his juniper tree, Jezebel painting in her closet, Micaiah in the prison, Zidkijah in the presence, Jeremiah in the dungeon, Zedekiah in the throne, Daniel trembling among the lions, the Median princes feasting in their bowers, John's head bleeding in the platter, Herod smiling at the revels, Christ at the bar, Pilate on the bench, the disciples scourged, the scribes and elders insulting; would not have said, O happy Cain, Potiphar's wife, Pharaoh, Saul, Jezebel, Zidkijah, Zedekiah, Median princes, Pilate, Herod, elders; miserable Abel, Joseph, Moses, David, Elijah, Micaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, John, Christ, the disciples? Yet we know Cain's victory was as woful as Abel's martyrdom glorious; Joseph's irons were more precious than the golden tire of his mistress; Moses' reeds were more sure than Pharaoh's cedars; David's cave in the desert more safe than the towers of Saul; Elijah's raven a more comfortable purveyor than all the officers of Jezebel; Micaiah's prison was the guard-

chamber of angels, when Ahab's presence was the council-chamber of evil spirits; Jeremiah's dungeon had more true light of comfort than the shining state of Zedekiah; Daniel was better guarded with the lions than Darius and the Median princes with their janisaries; John's head was more rich with the crown of his martyrdom than Herod's with the diadem of his tetrarchate; Christ at the bar gave life and being to Pilate on the bench, gave motion to those hands than struck him, to that tongue that condemned him, and, in the mean while, gave sentence on his judge: the disciples were better pleased with their stripes and weals than the Jewish elders with their proud phylacteries. After this, who that had seen the primitive Christians; some broiled on gridirons, others boiled in lead; some roasted, others frozen to death; some flayed, others torn with horses; some crashed in pieces by the teeth of lions, others cast down from the rocks to the stakes; some smiling on the wheel, others in the flame; all wearying their tormentors, and shaming their tyrants, with their patience: would not have said, 'Of all things I would not be a Christian?' Yet even this while, were these poor torturing-stocks higher, as Marcus Arethusius bragged, than their persecutors: dying victors; yea, victors of death: never so glorious as when they began not to be: in gasping, crowned; in yielding the ghost, more than conquerors: *Judge not therefore according to appearance.*

2. *The Busybody.*

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs; yet ever, in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows

to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him, ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose him of tidings: and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unwearable as his tongue. If he sees but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders: and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward, to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins tabletalk of his neighbour at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can

no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, delatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick; but most of all to imperfections, which as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbours another man's servant; and, amidst his entertainment, asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests: and when he hath by curious inquiries extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new. He hates constancy, as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place as every place is weary of him: for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look, how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible that any should not hate him but who know him not. So then he labours without thanks; talks without credit; lives without love; dies without tears, without pity; save that some say, 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

3. *Common Prayer.*

THE liturgy of the church of England hath been hitherto esteemed sacred, reverently used by holy martyrs, daily frequented by devout protestants, as that which more than once hath been allowed and confirmed by the edicts of religious princes, and by your own parliamentary acts, and but lately being translated into other languages, hath been entertained abroad with the great applause of foreign divines and churches; yet now begins to complain of scorn at home.

The matter is quarrelled by some; the form by others; the use of it by both.

That which was never before heard of in the church of God, whether Jewish or Christian, the very prescription of the most holy devotion offendeth. Surely our blessed Saviour and his gracious forerunner were so far from this new divinity, as that they plainly taught that which these men gainsay, a direct form of prayer; and such, as that part of the frame prescribed by our Saviour was composed of those forms of devotion then formerly usual. And God's people, ever since Moses's days, constantly practised it, and put it over unto the times of the gospel: under which, while it is said that Peter and John went up to the temple at the ninth hour of prayer, we know the prayer wherewith they joined was not of an extemporary and sudden conception, but of a regular prescription; the forms whereof are yet extant, and ready to be produced. And the evangelical church ever since thought it could never better improve her peace and happiness, than in composing those religious models of invocation and thanksgiving which they have traduced unto us.

And can ye then with patience think that any ingenuous Christian should be so far mistransported as to condemn a good prayer because, as it is in his heart, so it is in his book too?

Far be it from me to dishearten any good Christian from the use of conceived prayer in his private devotions, and upon occasion also in the public. I would hate to be guilty of pouring so much water upon the Spirit, to which I shall gladly add oil rather. No, let the full soul freely pour out itself in gracious expressions of its holy thoughts into the bosom of the Almighty. Let both the sudden flashes of our quick ejaculations and the constant flames of our more fixed conceptions mount up from the altar of a zealous heart unto the throne of grace; and if there be some stops or solecisms

in the fervent utterance of our private wants, these are so far from being offensive, that they are the most pleasing music to the ears of that God unto whom our prayers come. Let them be broken off with sobs and sighs and incongruities of our delivery, our good God is no otherwise affected to this imperfect elocution than an indulgent parent is to the clipped and broken language of his dear child, which is more delightful to him than any other's smooth oratory. This is not to be opposed in another, by any man that hath found the true operation of this grace in himself.

VIII.

EDWARD HERBERT, LORD CHERBURY.

1581—1648.

EDWARD HERBERT was fourth in descent from Sir Richard, whose brother William was created Earl of Pembroke by Edward IV.

When twelve years old, Edward entered University College, Oxford, with some knowledge of Greek, Latin, and logic, and during the next six years pursued his studies there. He was barely twenty when he removed thence with his wife to London, where, though favourably noticed at Court by the Queen, he devoted his time to serious studies, 'the more he learned adding still a desire to know more.'

On the accession of James he was made Knight of the Bath, and a few years later visited France, and there lived much with the Constable de Montmorenci and with Casaubon.

During the campaigns of 1610 and of 1614, he served with distinction under the Prince of Orange, and he then travelled through Germany to Italy.

From 1619 he acted with dignity and spirit as English Ambassador at Paris, where in 1624 his first work, *De Veritate*, etc., was published, and attracted much attention.

The following year he was created a Peer of Ireland, and in 1631 of England, by the title of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury.

Lord Herbert sought at first to defend King Charles, but when the real struggle commenced he sided with the Parliament, and suffered much from the vengeance of the Royalists.

He died in 1648, knowing, as he says in the epitaph which he wrote for himself,

'That his immortal soul should find above
With his Creator peace, joy, truth and love.'

He was in his day no mean master of English, a truth-loving though somewhat sceptical philosopher, and a noble man; brave as a knight-errant, never taking gift or reward, and even 'from childhood,' as he says, 'never choosing to stain his mind with telling a lie.'

His autobiography (first printed in 1764), and his *Life and Reign of King Henry the Eighth* (published in 1649), both deserve to be better known than they are.

His Latin treatises on *Natural Religion*, etc., prove him, says Leland, 'the most eminent of Deistical writers.' His *Occasional Poems*, published in 1665, show that he (like his brother George, of Bemerton) had in him something of a poet's feeling.

'The well accorded birds did sing,
 Their hymns unto the pleasant time,
 And in a sweet concerted chime,
 Did welcome in the cheerful Spring.
 To which soft whispers of the wind,
 And warbling murmur of a brook,
 And varied notes of leaves that shook,
 A harmony of parts did bind.'

1. *Evidences of a better life to come.*

I BELIEVE since my coming into this world my soul hath formed or produced certain faculties, which are almost as useless for this life, as the above-named senses (eyes, ears, &c.) were for the mother's womb; and these faculties are Hope, Faith, Love, and Joy, since they never rest or fix upon any transitory or perishing object in this world, as extending themselves to something further than can be here given, and indeed acquiesce only in the perfect, eternal, and infinite: I confess they are of some use here, yet I appeal to everybody whether any worldly felicity did so satisfy their hope here, that they did not wish and hope for something more excel-

lent; or whether they had ever that faith in their own wisdom, or in the help of man, that they were not constrained to have recourse to some diviner and superior power, than they could find on earth, to relieve them in their danger or necessity; whether ever they could place their love on any earthly beauty, that it did not fade and wither, if not frustrate or deceive them; or whether ever their joy was so consummate in anything they delighted in, that they did not want much more than it, or indeed this world can afford, to make them happy. The proper object of these faculties therefore, though framed, or at least appearing in this world, is God only, upon whom Faith, Hope, and Love were never placed in vain, or remain long unrequited.

2. *Wolsey.*

WHEREUPON he (Wolsey) began to tell the King, that he should sometimes follow his Studies in School-Divinity, and sometimes take his pleasure, and leave the care of publick affairs to him: promising that what was amiss in his kingdom should be rectified. Likewise, he omitted not to infuse fears and jealousies of all those whom he conceived the King might affect. Whereby he became so perfect a Courtier, that he had soon attained the height of favour. For as Princes have arts to govern Kingdoms, Courtiers have those by which they govern their Princes, when through any indisposition they grow unapt for affairs. These arts being hopes and fears, which as doors and passages to the heart, are so guarded by their vigilancy, that they can both let themselves in, and keep all others out: and therefore may be termed not only the two ends of that thred upon which government depends, but through their dextrous handling may be tyed upon what knot they will.

3. *Learning must be met by Learning.*

THE Reasons represented to the Pope, were I suppose of this nature: That his Holiness could not be ignorant what diverse effects this New Invention of Printing had produced. For as it had brought in and restored Books and Learning, so together it hath been the Occasion of those Sects and Schisms which daily appeared in the World, but chiefly in *Germany*: where men begun now to call in question the present Faith and Tenets of the Church, and to examine how far Religion is departed from its primitive institution. And, that which particularly was most to be lamented, they had exhorted Lay and Ordinary men to read the Scriptures, and to pray in their Vulgar Tongue. That, if this were suffered, besides all other dangers, the Common People at last might come to believe that there was not so much Use of the Clergy. For if men were persuaded once they could make their own way to God, and that Prayers in their native and ordinary Language might pierce Heaven, as well as *Latin*: how much would the Authority of the Mass fall? how prejudicial might this prove unto all our Ecclesiastical orders.

4. *Indulgences.*

PUNISHMENTS might have been left to God, but that they serve to deter others. But who would be afraid now, when he knows at what rate he may put away his crimes? Of what use would our threatenings for sins be, if they grow so contemptible as that a little sum of Money would discharge them? Is not this to make Heaven venal? Doth not this reflect so much on Christian faith that it makes a new price for sin? Believe me, my Lords, to make our faults cheap, is to multiply them, and to take away not only that reverence is due to Virtue, but to dissolve those bonds which knit and hold together both Civil and Religious Worship.

5. *Queen Katharine's timely submission.*

THE Queen herself did this year run no little danger: for as she began about this time to give ear unto those who declaimed against the abuses of the *Roman* Church, she thought herself so well instructed in Religion, that she would debate with the King thereof: which yet the King did but impatiently hear; both as the anguish of a sore leg he had at this time made him very froward, and as he loved not to be contradicted in his opinions, especially, as he said, in his old age, and by his Wife.

. Insomuch, that her Enemies expected only a Warrant for carrying her by night to the Tower. Which the Queen accidentally having notice of, fell into that passion and bitter bewailing her misfortune, that the King hearing the perplexity she was in, sent his Physicians, and after came himself to her Chamber, where compassionating her estate, he used such kind words as did help to recover her. Insomuch that the next night being attended by the Lady *Anne* her Sister, wife to Sir *William Herbert*, after Earl of *Pembroke*, she went unto the King's Bed-chamber, where he courteously welcomed her, and began to talk of Religion.

But she wittily excusing herself by the weakness of her Sex and Judgement, said, she would refer herself in this and all other causes, to his Majesties wisdom. Not so (by *Saint Mary*) quoth the King, you are become a Doctor *Kate*, to instruct us (as we take it) and not to be instructed or directed by us. But the Queen replying, that what she said was rather to pass away the time and pain of his infirmity, than to hold argument; and that she hoped by hearing his Majesties learned discourse, to receive some profit thereby. The King answered, And is it even so, Sweet-heart? then are we perfect friends again: [which also he confirmed by divers testimonies.]

6. *A Knight of the Bath.*

PASSING two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the Duchess of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself with divers French gentlemen attended her and some gentlewomen that were with her; this young lady wearing a knot of ribband on her head, a French chevalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hatband; the young lady offended herewith demands her ribband, but he refusing to restore it, the young lady addressing herself to me, said Monsieur, I pray get my ribband from that gentleman: hereupon going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour that I may deliver the lady her ribband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, do you think I will give it you, when I have refused it to her? I replied, nay then Sir I will make you restore it by force, whereupon also putting on my hat and reaching at his, he to save himself ran away, and after a long course in the meadow finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short, and running to the young lady was about to put the ribband on her hand, when I seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, it was I that gave it. Pardon me, quoth she, it is he that gives it me: I said then, Madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him. The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribband, or

fight with me ; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof acquainted him therewith, who sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness, in taking the ribband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house ; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentlemen, with whom I proceeded in that manner because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion.

IX.

THOMAS HOBBS.

1588—1679.

THOMAS HOBBS was born at Malmesbury in Wiltshire, in 1588. He received a careful early education at home and in the Grammar School of his native town. At fourteen he went to Oxford and entered at Magdalen Hall, where he spent five years, chiefly in the pursuit of philosophical studies. He is said to have assisted Lord Bacon in the translation into Latin of some of his English works. He became (1608) tutor in the Devonshire family, and travelled with his pupils at intervals during many years in France and Italy, forming the acquaintance of Galileo, Descartes, Gassendi, and other eminent men of the day. He returned to England in 1637, and resided at Chatsworth for some time, but the apprehension of civil war between King and Parliament made him think it safer to retire to Paris in 1641. He remained abroad for twelve years, and returned, in 1653, to England, where Cromwell permitted him to live undisturbed. He died in 1679 at the advanced age of ninety-one, having continued his literary activity to the last.

Hobbes was one of the most powerful and acute of English political writers. The circumstances of his time, by directing his attention to the philosophy of politics and its foundation in morals and the nature of man, probably determined the subject of his principal writings. His career as an author did not commence till he had passed middle life. His two great works, the *Treatise on Government*, and *Leviathan*, appeared, the one when he was fifty-two, and the other when he was sixty-three years of age. Of his minor works the two most characteristic, *Behemoth* an

account of the Civil Wars, and The Dialogue of the Laws of England, were not published till after his death.

Hobbes has a right to be considered as the father of modern English philosophy. He was the precursor of the school of thought which may be traced in one direction through Locke and Bolingbroke, and in another through Berkeley and Hume. In morals and law he was the progenitor of Bentham. Upon these great subjects he was the most powerful thinker of his age, and his theories, if sometimes imperfect, are full of profound and shrewd observation. His style is vigorous and terse, enlivened by flashes of grotesque humour.

1. *The Origin of Law.*

WITHOUT law, every thing is in such sort every man's, as he may take, possess, and enjoy, without wrong to any man; every thing, lands, beasts, fruits, and even the bodies of other men, if his reason tell him he cannot otherwise live securely. For the dictates of reason are little worth, if they tended not to the preservation and improvement of men's lives. Seeing then without human law all things would be common, and this community a cause of encroachment, envy, slaughter, and continual war of one upon another, the same law of reason dictates to mankind, for their own preservation, a distribution of lands and goods, that each man may know what is proper to him, so as none other might pretend a right thereunto, or disturb him in the use of the same. This distribution is justice, and this properly is the same which we say is one's own; by which you may see the great necessity there was of statute laws, for preservation of all mankind. It is also a dictate of the law of reason, that statute laws are a necessary means of the safety and well-being of man in the present world, and are to be obeyed by all subjects, as the law of

reason ought to be obeyed, both by King and subjects, because it is the law of God.

2. *Of Custom.*

Now as to the authority you ascribe to custom, I deny that any custom of its own nature can amount to the authority of a law. For if the custom be unreasonable, you must, with all other lawyers, confess that it is no law, but ought to be abolished; and if the custom be reasonable, it is not the custom, but the equity that makes it law. For what need is there to make reason law by any custom how long soever, when the law of reason is eternal? Besides, you cannot find it in any statute, though *lex et consuetudo* be often mentioned as things to be followed by the judges in their judgments, that *consuetudines*, that is to say, customs or usages, did imply any long continuance of former time; but that it signified such use and custom of proceeding, as was then immediately in being before the making of such statute. Nor shall you find in any statute the word common-law, which may not be there well interpreted for any of the laws of England temporal; for it is not the singularity of process used in any court that can distinguish it, so as to make it a different law from the law of the whole nation.

3. *Of the interpretation of Law.*

It cannot be that a written law should be against reason; for nothing is more reasonable than that every man should obey the law which he hath himself assented to. But that is not always the law, which is signified by *grammatical* construction of the letter, but that which the legislature thereby intended should be in force; which intention, I confess, is a

very hard matter many times to pick out of the words of the statute, and requires great ability of understanding, and greater meditations and consideration of such conjuncture of occasions and incommodities, as needed a new law for a remedy. For there is scarce anything so clearly written, that when the cause thereof is forgotten, may not be wrested by an ignorant grammarian, or a cavilling logician, to the injury, oppression, or perhaps destruction of an honest man. And for this reason the Judges deserve that honour and profit they enjoy.

4. *Why suits are multiplied.*

FOR my part, I believe that men at this day have better learned the art of cavilling against the words of a statute, than heretofore they had, and thereby encourage themselves and others to undertake suits upon little reason. Also the variety and repugnancy of judgments of common-law, do oftentimes put men to hope for victory in causes whereof in reason they had no ground at all: also the ignorance of what is equity in their own causes, which equity not one man in a thousand ever studied. And the lawyers themselves seek not for their judgments in their own breasts, but in the precedents of former judges: as the ancient judges sought the same, not in their own reason, but in the laws of the empire. Another, and perhaps the greatest cause of multitude of suits, is this, that for want of registering of conveyances of land, which might easily be done in the townships where the lands lay, a purchase cannot easily be had which will not be litigious.

5. *Ethics of Subjects and Sovereigns.*

B. It seems you make a difference between the ethics of subjects, and the ethics of sovereigns.

A. So I do. The virtue of a subject is comprehended wholly in obedience to the laws of the commonwealth. To obey the laws, is justice and equity, which is the law of nature, and, consequently, is civil law in all nations of the world; and nothing is injustice or iniquity, otherwise, than it is against the law. Likewise, to obey the laws, is the prudence of a subject; for without such obedience the commonwealth (which is every subject's safety and protection) cannot subsist. And though it be prudence also in private men, justly and moderately to enrich themselves, yet craftily to withhold from the public or defraud it of such part of their wealth, as is by law required, is no sign of prudence, but of want of knowledge of what is necessary for their own defence.

The virtues of sovereigns are such as tend to the maintenance of peace at home, and to the resistance of foreign enemies. Fortitude is a royal virtue; and though it be necessary in such private men as shall be soldiers, yet, for other men, the less they dare, the better it is both for the commonwealth and for themselves. Frugality (though perhaps you will think it strange) is also a royal virtue: for it increases the public stock, which cannot be too great for the public use, nor any man too sparing of what he has in trust for the good of others. Liberality also is a royal virtue: for the commonwealth cannot be well served without extraordinary diligence and service of ministers, and great fidelity to their Sovereign; who ought therefore to be encouraged, and especially those that do him service in the wars. In sum, all actions and habits are to be esteemed good or evil by their causes and usefulness in reference to the commonwealth, and not by their mediocrity, nor by their being commended. For several men praise several customs, and that which is virtue with one, is blamed by others; and, contrarily,

what one calls vice, another calls virtue, as their present affections lead them.

B. Methinks you should have placed among the virtues that, which, in my opinion, is the greatest of all virtues, religion.

A. So I have, though, it seems, you did not observe it.

6. *History of the House of Commons.*

B. WHEN began first the House of Commons to be part of the King's great council?

A. I do not doubt but that before the Conquest some discreet men, and known to be so by the King, were called by special writ to be of the same council, though they were not lords; but that is nothing to the House of Commons. The knights of shires and burgesses were never called to Parliament, for aught that I know, till the beginning of the reign of Edward I, or the latter end of the reign of Henry III, immediately after the misbehaviour of the barons; and for aught any man knows, were called on purpose to weaken that power of the lords, which they had so freshly abused. Before the time of Henry III, the lords were descended, most of them, from such as in the invasions and conquests of the Germans were peers and fellow-kings, till one was made king of them all; and their tenants were their subjects, as it is at this day with the lords of France. But after the time of Henry III, the kings began to make lords in the place of them whose issue failed, titulary only, without the lands belonging to their title; and by that means, their tenants being no longer bound to serve them in the wars, they grew every day less and less able to make a party against the King, though they continued still to be his great council. And as their power decreased, so the power of the House of

Commons increased; but I do not find they were part of the King's council at all, nor judges over other men; though it cannot be denied, but a King may ask their advice, as well as the advice of any other. But I do not find that the end of their summoning was to give advice, but only, in case they had any petitions for redress of grievances, to be ready there with them whilst the King had his great council about him. But neither they nor the lords could present to the King, as a grievance, that the King took upon him to make the laws; to choose his own privy-counsellors; to raise money and soldiers; to defend the peace and honour of the kingdom; to make captains in his army; to make governors of his castles, whom he pleased. For this had been to tell the King, that it was one of their grievances that he was King.

7. *Vain Philosophy.*

AND whereas men divide a body in their thought, by numbering parts of it, and, in numbering those parts, number also the parts of the place it filled; it cannot be, but in making many parts, we also make many places of those parts; whereby there cannot be conceived in the mind of any man, more, or fewer parts, than there are places for: yet they will have us believe, that by the Almighty power of God, one body may be at one and the same time in many places; and many bodies at one and the same time in one place: as if it were an acknowledgment of the Divine Power to say, that which is, is not; or that which has been, has not been. And these are but a small part of the incongruities they are forced to, from their disputing philosophically, instead of admiring, and adoring of the divine and incomprehensible nature; whose attributes cannot signify what he is, but ought to signify

our desire to honour him, with the best appellations we can think on. But they that venture to reason of his nature, from these attributes of honour, losing their understanding in the very first attempt, fall from one inconvenience into another, without end, and without number; in the same manner, as when a man ignorant of the ceremonies of court, coming into the presence of a greater person than he is used to speak to, and stumbling at his entrance, to save himself from falling, lets slip his cloak; to recover his cloak, lets fall his hat; and with one disorder after another, discovers his astonishment and rusticity.

- Then for *physics*, that is, the knowledge of the subordinate and secondary causes of natural events; they render none at all, but empty words. If you desire to know why some kind of bodies sink naturally downwards toward the earth, and others go naturally from it; the Schools will tell you out of Aristotle, that the bodies that sink downwards, are *heavy*; and that this heaviness is it that causes them to descend. But if you ask what they mean by *heaviness*, they will define it to be an endeavour to go to the centre of the earth. So that the cause why things sink downward, is an endeavour to be below: which is as much as to say, that bodies descend, or ascend, because they do. Or they will tell you the centre of the earth is the place of rest, and conservation for heavy things; and therefore they endeavour to be there: as if stones and metals had a desire, or could discern the place they would be at, as man does; or loved rest, as man does not; or that a piece of glass were less safe in the window, than falling into the street.

X.

IZAACK WALTON.

1593—1683.

IZAACK WALTON was born in London, 1593. He followed the trade of a seamster. He married Ann Ken, sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. In 1643 he retired from business with a small competency, and lived partly at Stafford and partly in various families of eminent clergymen, of whom, says Anthony Wood, he was much beloved.

It was during those visits that he collected the information which enabled him to write the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Bp. Sanderson. His favourite recreation, both while he lived in London and afterwards, was angling, and in 1653 he published 'The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation.' He lived to a good old age, and died in December, 1683, at Winchester, in the house of Dr. Hawkins, Prebendary of the Cathedral there.

The Complete Angler may be almost said to be an eclogue in prose. It conveys the precepts of the art and the Natural History of our river fish in the form of Dialogue, interspersed with charming pictures of rustic life and rural scenery. Its simplicity, its sweetness, its natural grace, and the fidelity with which it represents the features of English peasant life of the time, will give this book a permanent place in our literature, though the technical instruction belongs to a bye-gone age of angling. The art of angling with the rod is of great antiquity in England, having been practised by clerics before the Reformation, but Walton's Manual, though not the first treatise published, was the first complete collection of the traditions of the 'gentle craft.'

1. *The Praise of Angling.*

AND let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the *Voyages* of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch*, shall find, that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used Angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you, that in the *Scripture*, Angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient *Ecclesiastical Canons*, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to Clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned *Perkins* bestows on Angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it, our learned *Dr. Whitaker* was; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The first is *Dr. Nowel*, sometime dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced; a man that, in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, (not that of Henry VIII.) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a *Catechism* for

public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions,) like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed *Catechism* which is printed with our good old *Service-book*. I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, (those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians,) I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and, also, (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him,) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, 'That charity gave life to religion:' and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazennose College; to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and, on his other hand, are his Angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, 'that he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the

faculties of his mind weak or useless.' It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings. And I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, (a man with whom I have often fished and conversed,) a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man, was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent;' for 'Angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;' and 'that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it. Sir, this was the saying of that learned man.

2. *Richard Hooker at Oxford.*

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from his sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own College, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money or their humility made it so: But on foot they went, and took

Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table ; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends : and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money ; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him ; and at Richard's return the Bishop said to him, ' Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease ;' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, ' Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter ; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the College : and so God bless you, good Richard.'

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But alas ! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which may be believed, for as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer ; and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, ' Whether his last ejaculations or his soul did first enter heaven ?'

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear : of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron ; and of fear for his future subsistence. But Mr. Cole raised

his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him, that he should neither want food nor raiment (which was the utmost of his hopes), for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, or not much longer; for about that time the following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys (then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of York) had also been in the days of Queen Mary forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for many years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship, as time did not blot out, but lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in 1571. A little before which time the two Bishops meeting, Jewel began a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was then almost of the same age: For the Bishop said, 'I will have a tutor for my son, that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example; and my greatest care shall be of the last; and (God willing) this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin.' And the Bishop did so about twelve months after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the University; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in

all the learned languages ; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted study, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to himself, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his industry added to both, *he did not only know more of causes and effects ; but what he knew he knew better than other men.* And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils (which in time were many), but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his dear George Cranmer : of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for his learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers ; and that his behaviour there was such as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to ; giving all outward testimonies, that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God ; and for that to man, it is observable, that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires ; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the Burthen of the day with patience ; never heard to utter an uncomely word : And by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon or might

beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. ¶ Thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his Collège; and thus this good man continued till death; still increasing in learning, in patience, and in piety.

3. *A quiet Scene.*

BUT turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought as the poet hath happily expressed it:

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possess'd joys not promis'd in my birth.

B. B. R. A. S.

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XI.

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SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

1605—1682.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in St. Michael's, Cheapside, in the year 1605. He was sent to Winchester School, and studied and graduated in Arts at Oxford. Afterwards he practised medicine in the counties surrounding the University. He travelled in Ireland, France and Italy, and returning through Holland, became Doctor of Medicine at Leyden. He was later in life made Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and died at the mature age of seventy-seven.

His writings are numerous, and generally desultory. The most remarkable and the best known are *The Religion of a Physician*, *Religio Medici*, and a treatise on Vulgar or Common Errors, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*. The *Religio Medici* is noteworthy for liberality of sentiment and freedom from prejudice, and the latter work, the *Pseudodoxia*, as well for the strangeness of the errors as the quaintness of the refutations.

Sir Thomas Browne's style is flowing, rich with illustrations, and here and there poetical. It is marred by a want of uniformity. The reader is surprised by eccentric changes from polished thoughts to the most uncouth ideas.

If he combated errors he resisted innovations, not accepting the motion of the earth around the sun. Being a devout Christian, he spoke with candour of the hard things of his faith, and so was deemed by some an atheist; and since he was a firm believer, with others he passed as superstitious. He was in truth, a thoughtful and cultivated man, fearless in maintaining what he believed, desirous of attaining to truth; indifferent to blame; and in gentle charity with all men.

1. *God in nature.*

THUS there are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expans'd 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 effect 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. Nor do I so forget God, as to adore the name of nature; which I define not with the schools, the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day, is the nature of the sun, because that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent artist hath so contrived his work, that with the self same instrument without a new creation he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the Ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created: for God is like a skilful geometriçian, who when more easily and with one stroke of his compass he might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way;

according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogance of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not; and thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribè his actions unto her, is to devolve the honour of the principal agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingenuously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly, or misshapen, but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence: art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos: nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.

2. *True Affection.*

THERE are wonders in true affection, it is a body of *enigmas*, mysteries and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two; I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough; some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all; when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him: united souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other, which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces, and it is no wonder, for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue; he that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will in a competent degree affect all. Now if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found out the true object, not only of friendship but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit: I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my

profession, and call unto God for his soul; I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian, our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

3. *The faithful Physician.*

I FEEL not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacks in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions, and eclipses: I rejoice not at unwholesome springs, nor unseasonable winters; my prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper. Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me, I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities; where I do him no good methinks it is scarce honest gain, though I confess it is but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours: I am not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable, yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those three noble professions which all civil Commonwealths do honour, are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not any exempt

from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in physic, but cases indissoluble in laws, vices incorrigible in divinity; if general councils may err, I do not see why particular courts should be infallible, their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of man, and the laws of one do but condemn the rules of another; as Aristotle oft-times the opinions of his predecessors, because, though agreeable to reason, yet were not consonant to his own rules, and logic of his proper principles. Again, to speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown; I can cure the gout or stone in some sooner than divinity, pride, or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic, when they remain incurable by divinity, and shall obey my pills, when they contemn their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, we all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no Catholicon or universal remedy I know but this, which though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant portion of immortality.

For my conversation, it is like the sun's with all men, and with a friend aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst, best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein there is good: there is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnae virtutes, nec minora vitia*, it is the poesy of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst; there are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions, certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an Antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemies' vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption.

XII.

THOMAS FULLER.

1608—1661.

THOMAS FULLER was born at All Winkle in Northamptonshire in 1608. His father, rector of that parish, was probably his only teacher till at the age of twelve he sent him to Cambridge, where in 1628 he took the degree of M.A. At the age of twenty-three he became prebend of Salisbury, and vicar of Broad Windsor. Here he spent some ten quiet years working in his parish and writing his 'Holy War' and 'Pisgah-Sight of Palestine.' Tidings came to him from time to time of the struggle which was growing fiercer every day between the nation and the king. To Fuller, the son of a High-churchman, and bred in the loyal University of Cambridge, devotion to the existing sovereign was the natural expression of allegiance to the King of kings, and it was with grief and horror that he heard of his country's apostasy. At last, impatient of inaction he hastened to London. There, in many pulpits, chiefly those of the Savoy and the Inns of Court, he boldly preached submission to the Lord's Anointed. His earnestness and brilliant wit attracted crowds to listen to him, and drew upon him the observation of the Long Parliament which was then sitting. In 1643, he was required to sign a declaration that he would support the measures of Parliament. He signed, with too many reservations to satisfy the authorities, and the oath was on the point of being tendered to him again, when he quietly betook himself to the king's quarters at Oxford, saving thereby his conscience and losing his preferment. Lord Hopton made him his chaplain, and he became 'Preacher militant' to the king's soldiers. As he wandered about with the

army he gathered materials for his 'Worthies of England.' But such a life was less favourable to his 'Church History.' It is of no value as a history till it reaches his own times, and yet it charms by the wit which sparkles in every page. In the spring of 1644 he left the army and took refuge in Exeter. It was during this lull that he wrote his 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times.' On the surrender of Exeter, Fuller obtained special terms from Fairfax, under which he returned to London. He was living in a small lodging, working at his Worthies and praying for the king's return, when 'that royal martyr was murdered,' and 'the foul deed' so completely crushed him that it was long before he could take heart to work again. After 1655 the Protector allowed him freely to preach, though other Royalists were silenced. On the Restoration he was made Chaplain extraordinary to Charles II, and D.D. by the University of Cambridge at the King's request. He died on the 12th of Aug. 1661. He was twice married. His writings are full of graphic touches and deep wisdom, and though his quaint fancy often led him beyond the bounds of good taste, he was never irreverent in meaning. His piety and genial humour might well atone for greater faults. Few writers tell a story better: and none, perhaps, have equalled him in the art of conveying a truth under the guise of a familiar-sounding proverb.

1. *King David fleeth from Jerusalem.*

OVER the Southern part of Mount Olivet David fled from Absalom; for perceiving that his son by state-felony had stolen away his people's hearts he politicly resolved not to be pent in Jerusalem (where the land-flood of a popular mutiny might presently drown him) but to retire to the uttermost bounds of his Kingdom, meantime giving his subjects leisure and liberty to review what they had done, dislike what they reviewed, revoke what they disliked; that so on second debates they might seriously undo, what

on first thoughts they had furiously attempted; knowing full well that Rebellion, though running so at hand, is quickly tired, as having rotten lungs, whilst well-breathed Loyalty is best at a long course. As David was flying this way the Priests proffered their service to carry the Ark along with them: indeed how could it well stay behind, and what should the Ark and Absalom, Religion and Rebellion, do together? Was it not fit that as once it was joyfully brought into Jerusalem with David's dancing, so now it should dolefully depart hence with David's weeping? Howsoever, he accepted their goodwill, and on better reason declined their attendance. Coming a little past the top of the hill Ziba meets him with a couple of asses, laden with bread, raisins, summer fruits and wine for the refecation of David and his company. But O the bran in that Bread! rottenness in those raisins! dregs in that wine he brought! joining them with a false accusation of his Master Mephibosheth to be a Traitor, whilst, alas! all the disloyalty that good man was guilty of, was only his lame legs, his lying servant; and his over-credulous sovereign David did rashly believe this information. A little farther eastward was Bahurim, where Shimei, lord of that place, cursed David, casting stones and dust at him. What meant the mad man thus to rail, being within reach of David's armies, except he intended to vent out his venom and life together? But causeless curses rebound on their authors, and Ziba's gifts did David more harm than Shimei's curses; for those betrayed him to an act of injustice, whilst these improved his patience. Indeed his railing gave an alarm to the martial spirit of Abishai, who desired a commission to take off the head of this dead dog (blood so let out in the neck-vein is the soonest and speediest cure of such a traitorous phrenzy). But David, who desired not that

Shimei should be killed for his words but rather that his own heart should be mortified by them, by heavenly logic 'a majore ad minus' argued his own soul into humility; that seeing his own son had conspired against him, the ill words of an open enemy ought patiently to be endured. Well! let Shimei know that though he pass unpaid for the present, yet either David himself or his executors, administrators or assignees, shall one day see this debt duly discharged.

2. *Hooker and Travers.*

HOOKEE was born in Devonshire, bred in Oxford, Fellow of Corpus Christi College; one of a solid judgment and great reading. Yea, such the depth of his learning, that his pen was a better bucket than his tongue to draw it out: a great defender both by preaching and writing of the discipline of the Church of England. Yet never got, (nor cared to get) any eminent dignity therein; conscience not covetousness engaging him in the controversy. Spotless was his conversation; and though some dirt was cast, none could stick on his reputation. Mr. Travers was brought up in Trinity College in Cambridge. For seven years together he became Lecturer at the Temple, till Mr. Hooker became the Master thereof.

Mr. Hooker's voice was low, stature little, gesture none at all, standing stone-still in the pulpit, as if the posture of his body were the emblem of his mind, unmoveable in his opinions. Where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, it was found fixed at the end of his sermon. In a word, the doctrine he delivered had nothing but itself to garnish it. His style was long and pithy, driving on a whole flock of several clauses before he came to the close of

a sentence. So that when the copiousness of his style met not with proportionate capacity in his auditors, it was unjustly censured for perplexed, tedious, and obscure. His sermons followed the inclination of his studies, and were for the most part on controversies, and deep points of school-divinity.

Mr. Travers's utterance was graceful, gesture plausible, matter profitable, method plain, and his style carried in it *indolem pietatis*, 'a genius of grace' flowing from his sanctified heart. Some say, that the congregation in the Temple ebbed in the forenoon, and flowed in the afternoon; and that the auditory of Mr. Travers was far the most numerous,—the first occasion of emulation betwixt them. But such as knew Mr. Hooker, knew him to be too wise to take exception at such trifles, the rather because the most judicious is always the least part in all auditories.

Here might one on Sundays have seen almost as many writers as hearers. Not only young students, but even the gravest benchers, (such as Sir Edward Coke and Sir James Altham then were) were not more exact in taking instructions from their clients, than in writing notes from the mouths of their ministers. The worst was, these two preachers, though joined in affinity, (their nearest kindred being married together,) acted with different principles, and clashed one against another. So that what Mr. Hooker delivered in the forenoon, Mr. Travers confuted in the afternoon. At the building of Solomon's temple 'neither hammer, nor axe, nor tool of iron was heard therein,' 1 Kings vi. 7; whereas alas! in this temple not only much knocking was heard, but (which was the worst) the nails and pins which one master-builder drove in, were driven out by the other. Thus, much disturbance was caused, to the disquieting of people's consciences, the

disgrace of the ordinance, the advantage of the common enemy, and the dishonour of God himself.

3. *Travers is silenced by the Archbishop.*

As for Travers's silencing, many which were well pleased with the deed done, were offended at the manner of doing it. For all the congregation on a Sabbath in the afternoon were assembled together, their attention prepared, the cloth (as I may say) and napkins were laid, yea, the guests set, and their knives drawn for their spiritual repast, when suddenly, as Mr. Travers was going up into the pulpit, a sorry fellow served him with a letter, prohibiting him to preach any more. *In obedience to authority, (the mild and constant submission whereunto won him respect with his adversaries,) Mr. Travers calmly signified the same to the congregation and requested them quietly to depart to their chambers. Thus was our good Zacharias struck dumb in the Temple, but not for infidelity; impartial people accounting his fault at most but indiscretion. Meantime his auditory (pained that their pregnant expectation to hear him preach should so publicly prove abortive, and sent sermonless home) manifested in their variety of passion, some grieving, some frowning, some murmuring, and the wisest sort, who held their tongues, shook their heads, as disliking the managing of the matter.

4. *Robert Thorn.*

ROBERT THORN was born in this city [Bristol]. I see it matters not what the name be, so the nature be good. I confess Thorns came in by 'man's curse' and our Saviour saith, 'Do men gather grapes of thorns?' But this our

Thorn (God send us many coppices of them) was a blessing to our nation, and wine and oil may be said freely to flow from him. Being bred a merchant-tailor in London he gave more than four thousand four hundred and forty-five pounds to pious uses; a sum sufficient therewith to build and endow a college, the time being well considered, being towards the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

I have observed some at the church door cast in sixpence with such ostentation that it rebounded from the bottom, and rung against both the sides of the basin (so that the same piece of silver was the alms and the giver's trumpet); whilst others have dropped down silent five shillings without any noise. Our Thorn was of this second sort, doing his charity effectually, but with a possible privacy. Nor was this good Christian abroad worse (in the apostle-phrase) than an infidel at home in not providing for his family, who gave to his poor kindred (besides debts forgiven unto them) the sum of five thousand one hundred and forty-two pounds.

5. *The Schoolmaster.*

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books. And ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to their general rules.

.1. *Those that are ingenious and industrious.* The conjunction of two such planets in a youth, presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death, yea when their master whips them

once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. *Those that are ingenious and idle.* These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails,—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows, they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. *Those that are dull and diligent.* Wines, the stronger they be the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures in youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. *Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also.* Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he assigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

6. *Of Recreation.*

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day!) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head which hath lain fallow all night with some serious work.

7. *God's weapons last while they are wanted.*

God's children are immortal while their Father hath anything for them to do on earth, and death, that beast, cannot overcome or kill them till first they have finished their testimony, which done, like silkworms they willingly die when their web is ended, and are comfortably entombed in their own endeavours.

8. *A Votary at a doubtful Shrine.*

A foreign Ambassador some two hundred years since coming to Durham addressed himself first to the high and sumptuous shrine of St. Cuthbert. 'If thou beest a Saint, pray for me!' Then coming to the plain, low, and little tomb of Bede, 'Because,' said he, 'thou art a Saint, good Bede pray for me!'

XIII.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.

1608—1674.

EDWARD HYDE was born 1608, at Dinton in Wiltshire. He began his studies at Oxford in his thirteenth year, but resided only one year, his father having determined to bring him up to the law. He pursued this profession with considerable success, till his increasing interest in public business led him to retire from the practice of it. He was returned to the Long Parliament for the borough of Saltash. He took a prominent part in the suppression of the Earl Marshall's Court and was chairman of the committee on the case of ship-money; he also supported the proceedings against Strafford. Clarendon seceded from the popular party on the passing of a Bill to prevent the dissolution of Parliament except with its own consent, and he ever afterwards adhered to the Royal cause, and for a time was one of the King's principal advisers.

He accompanied Prince Charles to Jersey, where he passed two years in study and in the production of political papers for the King. He afterwards represented the cause of the Stuarts at various foreign Courts until the Restoration, when his ability and integrity were of essential service in re-establishing order, while by his moderation he restrained the excessive zeal of the Royalists.

He was created a peer in 1660, and also elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. His conduct in the sale of Dunkirk and other public questions was opposed to popular feeling, and in some cases also to the wishes of the King, and in 1667 he fell into disgrace, was required to resign the Great Seal and all other

public offices of trust, and after an unsuccessful impeachment for high treason by the Commons he received the Royal command to withdraw from the kingdom. From Calais he wrote a letter, given below, resigning the Chancellorship of the University.

He never returned to England, and died at Rouen in 1674. Clarendon's most important works are his History of the Rebellion, and his own Life. His style is sometimes deficient both in clearness and elegance, and betrays a want of care and accuracy; but his sentiments are always noble and dignified, and he shows peculiar skill and delicacy in the delineation of character. Of this, striking examples are found in the sketches of eminent men which abound in his History.

1. *Character of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

THIS great man was a person of a noble nature, and generous disposition, and of such other endowments, as made him very capable of being a great favourite to a great king. He understood the arts of a court, and all the learning that is professed there, exactly well. By long practice in business, under a master that discoursed excellently, and surely knew all things wonderfully, and took much delight in indoctrinating his young unexperienced favourite, who, he knew, would be always looked upon as the workmanship of his own hands, he had obtained a quick conception, and apprehension of business, and had the habit of speaking very gracefully and pertinently. He was of a most flowing courtesy and affability to all men who made any address to him; and so desirous to oblige them, that he did not enough consider the value of the obligation, or the merit of the person he chose to oblige; from which much of his misfortune resulted. He

was of a courage not to be daunted, which was manifested in all his actions. . . .

His kindness and affection to his friends was so vehement, that they were as so many marriages for better and worse, and so many leagues offensive and defensive; as if he thought himself obliged to love all his friends, and to make war upon all they were angry with, let the cause be what it would. And it cannot be denied that he was an enemy in the same excess, and prosecuted those he looked upon as his enemies with the utmost rigour and animosity, and was not easily induced to reconciliation. And yet there were some examples of his receding in that particular. And when he was in the highest passion, he was so far from stooping to any dissimulation, whereby his displeasure might be concealed and covered till he had attained his revenge, (the low method of courts,) that he never endeavoured to do any man an ill office, before he first told him what he was to expect from him, and reproached him with the injuries he had done, with so much generosity, that the person found it in his power to receive further satisfaction, in the way he would choose for himself. . . .

His single misfortune was, (which indeed was productive of many greater,) that he never made a noble and worthy friendship with a man so near his equal, that he would frankly advise him for his honour and true interest, against the current, or rather the torrent, of his impetuous passion; which was partly the vice of the time, when the court was not replenished with great choice of excellent men; and partly the vice of the persons who were most worthy to be applied to, and looked upon his youth, and his obscurity before his rise, as obligations upon him to gain their friendships by extraordinary application. Then his ascent was

so quick, that it seemed rather a flight than a growth; and he was such a darling of fortune, that he was at the top before he was well seen at the bottom; and, as if he had been born a favourite, he was supreme the first month he came to court; and it was want of confidence, not of credit, that he had not all at first which he obtained afterwards; never meeting with the least obstruction from his setting out, till he was as great as he could be: so that he wanted dependants before he thought he could want coadjutors. Nor was he very fortunate in the election of those dependants, very few of his servants having been ever qualified enough to assist or advise him; and they were intent only upon growing rich under him, not upon their master's growing good as well as great: insomuch as he was throughout his fortune a much wiser man than any servant or friend he had.

Let the fault or misfortune be what or whence it will, it may reasonably be believed, that, if he had been blessed with one faithful friend, who had been qualified with wisdom and integrity, that great person would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man who shined in such a sphere in that age in Europe. For he was of an excellent disposition, and of a mind very capable of advice and counsel. He was in his nature just and candid, liberal, generous, and bountiful; nor was it ever known, that the temptation of money swayed him to do an unjust or unkind thing. . . .

If he had an immoderate ambition, with which he was charged, and is a weed (if it be a weed) apt to grow in the best soils; it doth not appear that it was in his nature, or that he brought it with him to the court, but rather found it there, and was a garment necessary for that air. Nor was it more in his power to be without promotion, and titles,

and wealth, than for a healthy man to sit in the sun in the brightest dog-days, and remain without any warmth. He needed no ambition, who was so seated in the hearts of two such masters.

2. *Character of Blake.*

HE wanted no pomp of funeral when he was dead, Cromwell causing him to be brought up by land to London in all the state that could be; and to encourage his officers to venture their lives, that they might be pompously buried, he was, with all the solemnity possible, and at the charge of the public, interred in Harry the Seventh's chapel, among the monuments of the kings. He was a man of a private extraction; yet had enough left him by his father to give him a good education; which his own inclination disposed him to receive in the university of Oxford; where he took the degree of a master of arts; and was enough versed in books for a man who intended not to be of any profession, having sufficient of his own to maintain him in the plenty he affected, and having then no appearance of ambition to be a greater man than he was. He was of a melancholic and a sullen nature, and spent his time most with good-fellows, who liked his moroseness, and a freedom he used in inveighing against the licence of the time, and the power of the court. They who knew him inwardly, discovered that he had an anti-monarchical spirit, when few men thought the government in any danger. When the troubles begun, he quickly declared himself against the king; and having some command in Bristol, when it was first taken by prince Rupert and the marquis of Hertford, being trusted with the command of a little fort upon the line, he refused to give it up, after the governor had signed the articles of surrender,

and kept it some hours after the prince was in the town, and killed some of the soldiers; for which the prince resolved to hang him, if some friends had not interposed for him, upon his want of experience in war; and prevailed with him to quit the place by very great importunity, and with much difficulty. After this, having done eminent service to the parliament, especially at Taunton, at land, he then betook himself wholly to the sea; and quickly made himself signal there. He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be obtained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger; which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection; as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience, what mighty things they could do, if they were resolved; and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water: and though he had been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements.

3. *Lord Falkland's Home.*

As soon as he had finished all those transactions, which the death of his father had made necessary to be done, he retired again to his country life, and to his severe course

of study, which was very delightful to him, as soon as he was engaged in it: but he was wont to say, that he never found reluctancy in any thing he resolved to do, but in his quitting London, and departing from the conversation of those he enjoyed there; which was in some degree preserved and continued by frequent letters, and often visits, which were made by his friends from thence, whilst he continued wedded to the country; and which were so grateful to him, that during their stay with him, he looked upon no book, except their very conversation made an appeal to some book; and truly his whole conversation was one continued *convivium philosophicum*, or *convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good humour, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable. His house where he usually resided, (Tew, or Burford, in Oxfordshire,) being within ten or twelve miles of the university, looked like the university itself, by the company that was always found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there, as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner, or supper, where all still met; otherwise, there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together, whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.

4. *Clarendon's Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.*

For Mr. Vicechancellor of Oxford.

Good Mr. Vicechancellor,

HAVING found it necessary to transport my selfe out of England, and not knowing when it will please God that I shall returne againe; it becomes me to take care that the University may not be without the service of a person better able to be of use to them, then I am like to be; and I doe therefore hereby surrender the office of Chancellor into the hands of the said University, to the end that they make choyce of some other person better qualified to assist and protect them then I am, I am sure he can never be more affectionate to it. I desire you, as the last suite I am like to make to you, to believe that I doe not fly my Country for guilt, and how passionately soever I am pursued, that I have not done any thing to make the University ashamed of me, or to repent the good opinion they had once of me, and though I must have noe farther mention in your publike devotions (which I have alwayes exceedingly valued) I hope I shall be alwayes remembered in your private prayers as

Good Mr. Vicechancellor,

Your affectionate servant,

CLARENDON.

Calice, this 17th Dec. 1667.

XIV

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

JOHN MILTON, *magnum et venerabile nomen*, was born in Bread Street, London, on the 9th December, 1608. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. On leaving the University, in 1632, he spent five years under his father's roof at Horton, Bucks, in regular and severe study, not only ranging over the widest field of classical and modern literature, but including theology, and more than one Oriental language, in addition to Hebrew.

After a tour on the Continent, which occupied nearly two years, he settled in London, and very early engaged in the controversies of the time, publishing, in 1641, the *Tractate of Reformation*. His life was strictly retired, almost ascetic, passed in his studies or among his pupils. He had just commenced a *History of England*, when, without any solicitation, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Foreign Secretary. Diplomatic correspondence was then carried on in Latin, and Milton was the first Latinist of his age and country.

In 1652, the blindness which had threatened him for some time became complete. In 1658, *Paradise Lost* was commenced, and occupied him about five years. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were published together in 1671. He died at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Milton's prose writings are chiefly polemical and political. His prose, like that of many of our early writers, is of very unequal quality. Mr. Hallam says that his intermixture of

familiar with learned phraseology is displeasing, and the structure of his sentences elaborate; that he seldom reaches any harmony, and that his wit is poor and without ease. If the justness of Mr. Hallam's strictures must be admitted, we may also accept his praise that these writings glow with an intense love of liberty and truth, and contain frequent passages of the highest imaginative power, in which the majestic soul of Milton breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before.

1. *Education.*

AND seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so displeasing and so unsuccessful: first we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment and the final work of a head filled by long

reading and observing, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit: besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste, whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein. And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of Universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the sense, they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics: so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tost and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful

yéars call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and Court shifts and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors and these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the

food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at Grammar and Sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

2. *Of Unlicensed Printing.*

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise

against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

3. *The Kingdom of Christ.*

O HOW much more glorious will those former deliverances appear, when we shall know them not only to have saved us from greatest miseries past, but to have reserved us for greatest happiness to come. Hitherto thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of thy foes, now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to thyself, tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogative of thy eternal throne

Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild

monarchy through heaven and earth. Where they undoubtedly that by their labours, counsels, and prayers have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity shall clasp inseparable hands with joy, and bliss in over measure for ever.



XV.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

1613—1667.

JEREMY TAYLOR was the son of a barber at Cambridge. He was born there August 15, 1613. From the recently founded Grammar School he passed to Caius College as a sizar. At twenty-one he was ordained. Soon after this he was favourably noticed by Laud, who was always remarkable for his encouragement of men of learning and ability. Laud's exertions obtained for Taylor a Fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1637, Bishop Juxon appointed him to the living of Uppingham. He followed the fortunes of Charles I during his struggle with Parliament, and, like many other royalists, suffered hardship and poverty during the Commonwealth. In 1655, on account of some expressions in a preface to a well-known book of devotion, he was imprisoned. At the Restoration, he was made Bishop of Down and Connor. Here he laboured incessantly for the advance of his Church, but with small effect. He died at Lisburne, in 1667.

Jeremy Taylor stands high in the catalogue of English divines. His practical writings preserve their popularity, and, in their own peculiar way, possess a remarkable charm. In his sermons we have, upon the whole, the most favourable specimens of his genius. The learning is abundant, sometimes oppressive. Few writers in any age have used quotation so freely. The rhetorical power of Taylor is certainly, as Mr. Hallam has called it, too Asiatic; but the distinct personality of the writer is so preserved, that the reader is attracted in spite of himself. There are passages in his sermons which will charm so long as imagination and

fancy exert their sway. In *The Liberty of Propheſying*, he pleaded for toleration and freedom of opinion. The *Ductor Dubitantium* exhibits him as a maſter of caſuiſtic morality. His ſolution of grave difficulties is often far from ſatisfactory, and the ſtudent of Taylor's writings will turn with pleaſure to the hortatory and devotional paſſages which abound in his purely theological writings.

The great preachers of the Gallican Church are the only divines who have equalled Jeremy Taylor in funeral oration. His diſcourſe on the death of Lady Carbery, the wife of a nobleman who had ſhown him great kindneſs, is unique in Engliſh literature.

v 1. *Care of our Time.*

HE that is choiſe of his time will alſo be choiſe of his company, and choiſe of his actions; leſt the firſt engage him in vanity and loſs, and the latter, by being criminal, be a throwing his time and himſelf away, and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a ſhort time here upon earth, and yet upon this ſhort time eternity depends: but ſo, that for every hour of our life (after we are perſons capable of laws, and know good from evil), we muſt give account to the great judge of men and angels. And this is it which our bleſſed Saviour told us, that we muſt account for *every idle word*: not meaning that every word which is not deſigned to edification, or is leſs prudent, ſhall be reckoned for a ſin; but that the time which we ſpend in our idle talking and unprofitable diſcourſings, that time which might and ought to have been employed to ſpiritual and uſeful purpoſes, that is to be accounted for.

For we muſt remember that we have a great work to do, many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much

danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to serve, and much good to do, many children to provide for, or many friends to support, or many poor to relieve, or many diseases to cure, besides the needs of nature and of relation, our private and our public cares, and duties of the world, which necessity and the providence of God hath adopted into the family of religion.

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us, or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered (and indeed must), that it may be a perpetual serving of God: the greatest trouble, and most busy trade, and worldly incumbrances, when they are necessary, or charitable, or profitable, in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being a doing of God's work. For God provides the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature, by the labours of the ploughman, the skill and pains of the artizan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant: these men are in their callings the ministers of the Divine Providence, and the stewards of the creation, and servants of a great family of God.

God hath given every man work enough to do, that there shall be no room for idleness; and yet hath so ordered the world, that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world, is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath the most affairs, may so order them, that they shall be a service of God; whilst at certain periods they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed by a holy intention. . . . Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world: it throws away that which is unvaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature.

2. *On the Death of Lady Carbery.*

THIS descending to the grave is the lot of all men, 'neither doth God respect the person of any man;' the rich is not protected for favour, nor the poor for pity, the old man is not revered for his age, nor the infant regarded for his tenderness; youth and beauty, learning and prudence, wit and strength, lie down equally in the dishonours of the grave. All men, and all natures, and all persons resist the addresses and solemnities of death, and strive to preserve a miserable and unpleasant life; and yet they all sink down and die. For so have I seen the pillars of a building assisted with artificial props bending under the pressure of a roof, and pertinaciously resisting the infallible and prepared ruin,

Donec longa dies omni compage soluta
Ipsam cum rebus subruat auxilium,

till the determined day comes, and then the burden sunk upon the pillars, and disordered the aids and auxiliary rafters into a common ruin and a ruder grave: so are the desires and weak arts of man; with little aids and assistances of care and physic we strive to support our decaying bodies, and to put off the evil day; but quickly that day will come, and then neither angels nor men can rescue us from our grave; but the roof sinks down upon the walls, and the walls descend to the foundation; and the beauty of the face, and the dishonours of the belly, the discerning head and the servile feet, the thinking heart and the working hand, the eyes and the guts together shall be crushed into the confusion of a heap, and dwell with creatures of an equivocal production, with worms and serpents, the sons and daughters of our own bones, in a house of dirt and darkness.

Let not us think to be excepted or deferred: if beauty, or

wit, or youth, or nobleness, or wealth, or virtue could have been a defence, and an excuse from the grave, we had not met here to-day to mourn upon the hearse of an excellent lady: and God only knows for which of us next the mourners shall 'go about the streets' or weep in houses.

We have lived so many years; and every day and every minute we make an escape from those thousands of dangers and deaths that encompass us round about, and such escapings we must reckon to be an extraordinary fortune, and therefore that it cannot last long. Vain are the thoughts of man, who when he is young or healthful thinks he hath a long thread of life to run over, and that it is violent and strange for young persons to die, and natural and proper only for the aged. It is as natural for a man to die by drowning as by a fever: and what greater violence or more tinnatural thing is it that the horse threw his rider into the river, than that a drunken meeting cast him into a fever? And the strengths of youth are as soon broken by the strong sicknesses of youth, and the stronger intemperance, as the weakness of old age by a cough, or an asthma, or a continual rheum. Nay, it is more natural for young men and women to die than for old; because that is more natural which hath more natural causes, and that is more natural which is most common: but to die with age is an extreme rare thing; and there are more persons carried forth to burial before the five and thirtieth year of their age than after it. And therefore let no vain confidence make you hope for long life: if you have lived but little, and are still in youth, remember that now you are in your biggest throng of dangers both of body and soul; and the proper sins of youth, to which they rush infinitely and without consideration, are also the proper and immediate instruments of death. But if you be old you have escaped long and wonderfully, and the time

of your escaping is out: you must not for ever think to live upon wonders, or that God will work miracles to satisfy your longing follies, and unreasonable desires of living longer to sin and to the world. Go home and think to die, and what you would choose to be doing when you die, that do daily: for you will all come to that pass to rejoice that you did so, or wish that you had: that will be the condition of every one of us; for 'God regardeth no man's person.'

3. *Prayer.*

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection; the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and

motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

4. *Forbearance in Little Things.*

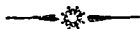
LET man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a

trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then when they can be troubled with a trifling accident, and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontents proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernible disease which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

5. *Toleration.*

I END with a story which I find in the Jews' books. 'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers; he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven: the old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man

was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was; he replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee:" God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me, and couldst not thou endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this' saith the story 'Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.' Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.



XVI.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

1628—1699.

THE family of Temple has contributed many famous names to the political history of England, but Sir William Temple is the only son of his race whose name survives in literature. He was born in London, in 1628, and was the eldest son of his father, who was Master of the Rolls in Ireland. At seventeen he went into residence at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he studied under Cudworth, whose influence may be traced in the Essays of his pupil. His career at the University was that of most young men of his time, and, after two years of residence, he went abroad, a professed Royalist. In 1654 he married a lady of the highest accomplishments, who had been faithful to her engagement during several years. It is said that she preferred Temple to Henry Cromwell, the younger son of the Protector. For some time Sir William Temple sat in the Irish Parliament, and in 1665 he was sent on a mission of great importance abroad. This was the beginning of a distinguished series of diplomatic services. To his energy the Triple Alliance was mainly due. He continued, until recalled in 1671, to carry out his policy at the Hague, and became especially disliked by the French Government. In his retirement at Sheen he amused himself with gardening, and wrote several of his best known treatises. He was recalled to active service, and established his independence as a statesman by refusing to sign the treaty proposed after the peace of Nimeguen. The rest of his life was passed in retirement, from which William III in vain attempted to attract him. He died in 1699.

Sir William Temple is master of a style which is seen to most advantage in memoirs and essays of the lighter kind. Indeed, he may almost be said to have originated it. He seldom fails to

gratify his reader, and there are occasional passages of great splendour and dignity. His works consist of Letters, Essays, and Memoirs.

Sir James Mackintosh says of Temple, 'in an age of extremes he was attached to liberty, and yet averse from endangering the public quiet.' It is not altogether fanciful to say that the political and domestic character of Temple is reflected in his Essays and Memoirs. In an evil hour for his reputation he lavished praise on the so-called Letters of Phalaris, and provoked a controversy for ever memorable in literary annals. He was the patron of Swift, who has hardly done justice to his memory.

Temple has a place of his own among English writers, and will be read for his manner, when greater thinkers, whose style is uncouth, are neglected.

1. *Giants in Wit and Genius exceptional productions of Nature.*

I HAVE long thought, that the different abilities of men, which we call wisdom or prudence, for the conduct of public affairs or private life, grow directly out of that little grain of intellect or good sense which they bring with them into the world; and that the defect of it in men comes from some want in their conception or birth.

Dixitque semel nascentibus auctor,
Quicquid scire licet.

And though this may be improved or impaired in some degree, by accidents of education, of study, and of conversation and business, yet it cannot go beyond the reach of its native force, no more than life can beyond the period to which it was destined by the strength or weakness of the seminal virtue.

If these speculations should be true, then I know not what advantages we can pretend to modern knowledge by any we receive from the ancients; nay it is possible, men may

lose rather than gain by them; may lessen the force and growth of their own genius by constraining and forming it upon that of others; may have less knowledge of their own, for contenting themselves with that of those before them. So a man that only translates, shall never be a poet, nor a painter that only copies, nor a swimmer that swims always with bladders. So people that trust wholly to other's charity, and without industry of their own, will be always poor. Besides who can tell, whether learning may not even weaken invention in a man that has great advantages from nature and birth; whether the weight and number of so many other men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own, or hinder the motion and agitation of them, from which all invention arises; as heaping on wood, or too many sticks, extinguishes a little spark that would otherwise have grown up to a noble flame. The strength of mind, as well as of body, grows more from the warmth of exercise than of clothes; nay, too much of this foreign heat rather makes men faint, and their constitutions tender or weaker than they would be without them. Let it come about how it will, if we are dwarfs, we are still so though we stand upon a giant's shoulders; and even so placed, yet we see less than he, if we are naturally shorter sighted, or if we do not look as much about us, or if we are dazzled with the height, which often happens from weakness either of heart or brain.

In the growth and stature of souls, as well as bodies, the common productions are of indifferent sizes, that occasion no gazing, nor no wonder: but though there are or have been sometimes dwarfs and sometimes giants in the world, yet it does not follow, that there must be such in every age, nor in every country; this we can no more conclude, than that there never have been any, because there are none now, at least in the compass of our present knowledge or enquiry. As I believe there may have been giants at some time, and

some place or other in the world, or such a stature, as may not have been equalled perhaps again in several thousands of years, or in any other parts, so there may be giants in wit and knowledge, of so over-grown a size, as not to be equalled again in many successions of ages, or any compass of place or country. Such, I am sure, Lucretius esteems and describes Epicurus to have been, and to have risen, like a prodigy of invention and knowledge, such as had not been before, nor was like to be again; and I know not why others of the ancients may not be allowed to have been as great in their kinds, and to have built as high, though upon different schemes or foundations. Because there is a stag's head at Amboyse of a most prodigious size, and a large table at Memorancy cut out of the thickness of a vine stock, is it necessary that there must be, every age, such a stag in every great forest, or such a vine in every large vineyard; or that the productions of nature, in any kind, must be still alike, or something near it, because nature is still the same? May there not many circumstances concur to one production that do not to any other, in one or many ages? In the growth of a tree, there is the native strength of the seed, both from the kind, and from the perfections of its ripening, and from the health and vigour of the plant that bore it: there is the degree of strength and excellence in that vein of earth where it first took root; there is a propriety of soil, suited to the kind of tree that grows in it; there is a great favour or disfavour to its growth from accidents of water and of shelter, from the kindness or unkindness of seasons, till it be past the need or the danger of them. All these, and perhaps many others, joined with the propitiousness of climate to that sort of tree, and the length of age it shall stand and grow, may produce an oak, a fig, or a plane-tree, that shall deserve to be renowned in story, and shall not perhaps be paralleled in other countries or times.

May not the same have happened in the production, growth, and size of wit and genius in the world, or in some parts or ages of it, and from many more circumstances that contributed towards it, than what may concur to the stupendous growth of a tree or animal?

2. *Of Gardening.*

I MAY perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it; so as the choice is only, whether one will eat good or ill; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy, than it is of health: for the first I will only say, that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill: and for the other, I think nothing is more evident, than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where it is greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits; for this I make the measure of their being good: and let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit, must do it out of a garden of his own; for besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought, has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees, whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

XVII.

ISAAC BARRÓW.

1630—1677.

ISAAC BARRÓW was born in London in 1630. His education, which commenced at Charterhouse, was continued at Felstead, and in 1643 he was admitted a Pensioner at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, of which his uncle was then a Fellow. His uncle's ejection for writing against the Covenant, and his father's losses through adherence to the royal cause, brought him into pecuniary difficulty, through which he was helped by the liberality of Dr. Hammond. By his good conduct he preserved the goodwill and esteem of his superiors in spite of the obnoxiousness of the party to which he belonged, and in 1649 he was elected Fellow.

Perceiving that the times were unfavourable to persons of his opinions, he resolved to devote himself to medicine, and began the studies preliminary to that profession; but he soon returned to divinity, to which with mathematics and astronomy he devoted himself for the rest of his life. He travelled for some years in France, Italy and Turkey.

In 1662 he was chosen Gresham Professor of Geometry, which office he held till 1667, when he was succeeded in it by Isaac Newton. He was nominated Master of Trinity by the King in 1672, and died in his forty-seventh year in 1677.

Isaac Barrow was equally celebrated as a mathematician and divine. As a divine, he is principally known as the author of the *Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy*, a standard work, which occupies one of the foremost places in our controversial theology. As a moral and practical writer, he is discriminating, as well as earnest, vigorous, and copious; he exhibits great resources of language,

and brings out the whole contents of a subject with clearness, freedom, and vivacity. His style, tending to looseness and diffuseness, is still always animated and rich. The portions of his writings in which this department of his mind comes out are his *Sermons*, in which he handles moral as well as doctrinal subjects, and enters with heartiness into questions of life and practice.

1. *Pray without ceasing.*

WE cannot ever be framing or venting long prayers with our lips, but almost ever our mind can throw pious glances, our heart may dart good wishes upwards; so that hardly any moment (any considerable space of time) shall pass without some lightsome flashes of devotion. As bodily respiration, without intermission or impediment, doth concur with all our actions; so may that breathing of soul, which preserveth our spiritual life, and ventilateth that holy flame within us, well conspire with all other occupations.

For devotion is of a nature so spiritual, so subtle, and penetrant, that no matter can exclude or obstruct it. Our minds are so exceedingly nimble and active, that no business can hold pace with them, or exhaust their attention and activity. We can never be so fully possessed by any employment, but that divers vacuities of time do intercur, wherein our thoughts and affections will be diverted to other matters. As a covetous man, whatever beside he is doing, will be carking about his bags and treasures; an ambitious man will be devising on his plots and projects; a voluptuous man will have his mind in his dishes; a lascivious man will be doting on his amours; a studious man will be musing on his notions,—every man according

to his particular inclination, will lard his business and besprinkle all his actions with cares and wishes tending to the enjoyment of what he most esteemeth and affecteth; so may a good Christian, through all his undertakings, wind in devout reflections and pious motions of soul toward the chief object of his mind and affection. Most businesses have wide gaps, all have some chinks, at which devotion may slip in. Be we never so urgently set or closely intent upon any work, (be we feeding, be we travelling, be we trading, be we studying,) nothing yet can forbid, but that we may together wedge in a thought concerning God's goodness.

2. *A Peaceable Temper.*

It much conduceth to the preservation of peace, and upholding amicable correspondence in our dealings and transactions with men, liable to doubt and debate, not to insist upon nice and rigorous points of right, not to take all advantage offered us, not to deal hard measure, not to use extremities, to the damage or hinderance of others, especially when no comparable benefit will thence accrue to ourselves. For such proceedings, as they discover in us little kindness to, or tenderness of, our neighbour's good, so they exceedingly exasperate them, and persuade them we are their enemies, and render them ours, and so utterly destroy peace between us. Whereas abating something from the height and strictness of our pretences, and a favourable recession in such cases, will greatly engage men to have an honourable opinion, and a peaceable affection towards us.

If we would attain to this peaceable estate of life, we must use toward all men such demonstrations of respect and courtesy, which according to their degree and station

custom doth entitle them to, or which upon the common score of humanity they may be reasonably deemed to expect from us; respective gestures, civil salutations, free access, affable demeanour, cheerful looks, and courteous discourse. These, as they betoken good-will in them that use them, so they beget, cherish, and increase it in those whom they refer to: and the necessary fruit of mutual good-will is peace.

But the contrary carriages, contemptuous or disregardful behaviour, difficulty of admission to converse, a tetical or sullen aspect, rough and fastidious language, as they discover a mind averse from friendly commerce, so they beget a more potent disdain in others: men generally (especially those of generous and hearty temper) valuing their due respect beyond all other interests, and more contentedly brooking injury than neglect.

He that would effectually observe the apostolic rule, must be disposed to overlook such lesser faults committed against him, as make no great breach upon his interest or credit, yea, to forget or forgive the greatest and most grievous injuries: to excuse the mistakes, and connive at the neglects, and bear patiently the hasty passions of his neighbour, and to embrace readily any seasonable overture, and accept any tolerable conditions of reconciliation. For even in common life that observation of our Saviour most exactly holds, *It is impossible that offences should not come*; the air may sooner become wholly fixed, and the sea continue in a perfect rest, without waves or undulations, than human conversation be altogether free from occasions of distaste, which he that cannot either prudently dissemble, or patiently digest, must renounce all hopes of living peaceably here. He that like tinder is inflammable by the least spark, and is enraged by every angry word, and resents deeply every petty affront,

and cannot endure the memory of a past unkindness should upon any terms be defaced, resolves surely to live in eternal tumult and combustion, to multiply daily upon himself fresh quarrels, and to perpetuate all enmity already begun. Whereas by total passing by those little causes of disgust the present contention is altogether avoided, or instantly appeased, our neighbour's passion suddenly evaporates and consumes itself; no remarkable footsteps of dissension remain; our neighbour, reflecting upon what is past, sees himself obliged by our discreet forbearance.

If we desire to live peaceably, we must restrain our pragmatistical curiosity within the bounds of our proper business and concernment, not (being *curiosi in aliena republica*) invading other men's provinces, and without leave or commission intermeddling with their affairs; not rushing into their closets, prying into their concealed designs, or dictating counsel to them without due invitation thereto.

If we would live peaceably with all men, it behoves us not to engage ourselves so deeply in any singular friendship, or in devotion to any one party of men, as to be entirely partial to their interests, and prejudiced in their behalf, without distinct consideration of the truth and equity of their pretences in the particular matters of difference; not to approve, favour, or applaud that which is bad in some; to dislike, discountenance, or disparage that which is good in others: not, out of excessive kindness to some, to give just cause of distaste to others: not, for the sake of a fortuitous agreement in disposition, opinion, interest, or relation, to violate the duties of justice or humanity. For he that upon such terms is a friend to any one man, or party of men, as to be resolved, with an implicit faith or blind obedience, to maintain whatever he or they shall do to be good, doth in a manner undertake enmity against all men beside, and as it

may happen, doth oblige himself to contradict plain truth, to deviate from the rules of virtue, and to offend Almighty God himself. This unlimited partiality we owe only to truth and goodness, and to God (the fountain of them), in no case to swerve from their dictates and prescriptions. He that followed Tiberius Gracchus in his seditious practices, upon the bare account of friendship, and alleged in his excuse, that, if his friend had required it of him, he should as readily have put fire to the Capitol, was much more abominable for his disloyalty to his country, and horrible impiety against God, than commendable for his constant fidelity to his friend.



XVIII.

JOHN TILLOTSON.

1630—1694.

JOHN TILLOTSON was the son of a clothier at Sowerby in Yorkshire. He was born in October, 1630, and educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. At the Restoration he became Chaplain to Charles II, and in 1672 Dean of Canterbury. After the Revolution of 1688 he was admitted to a high degree of confidence in the counsels of William III.

The circumstances of his education, and his marriage with a niece of Cromwell's, had connected him first with the Presbyterians, and then with the Latitudinarian party, and when he succeeded Sancroft as Archbishop of Canterbury, he became the object of the attacks of the nonjurors. But the discretion of his conduct, and his exemplary life, gained him general esteem and confidence. His indifference to money was such that, on his death in 1694, his debts could not have been paid by his widow, had not the King forgiven his first-fruits.

His reputation as a preacher was very high among his contemporaries. He left three folio volumes of sermons, but his general style, though highly commended both by Dryden and Addison, seems to us in the present day frigid, and familiar, in comparison with the luxuriant style of the preachers of the preceding generation, or even with South and Barrow. He was, if not the first, the best example of the perspicuous and popular preaching which came in after the Restoration, in contradistinction to the style of learned allusion which stamps the Caroline divines.

1. *The Uncertainty of Earthly Happiness.*

BUT, setting aside these, and the like melancholy considerations, when we are in the health and vigour of our age, when our blood is warm, and our spirits quick, and the humours of our body not yet turned and soured by great disappointments, and grievous losses of our estates, or nearest friends and relations, by a long course of afflictions, by many cross events and calamitous accidents; yet we are continually liable to all these, and the perpetual fear and danger of them is no small trouble and uneasiness to our minds, and does, in a great measure, rob us of the comfort, and eat out the pleasure and sweetness of all our enjoyments; and, by degrees, the evils we fear overtake us; and as one affliction and trouble goes off, another succeeds in the place of it, like Job's messengers, whose bad tidings and reports of calamitous accidents came so thick upon him, that they overtook one another.

If we have a plentiful fortune, we are apt to abuse it to intemperance and luxury, and this naturally breeds bodily pains and diseases, which take away all the comfort and enjoyment of a great estate. If we have health, it may be we are afflicted with losses or deprived of friends, or crossed in our interests and designs, and one thing or other happens to impede or interrupt the contentment and happiness of our lives. Sometimes an unexpected storm, or some other sudden calamity, sweepeth away, in an instant, all that which with so much industry and care we have been gathering many years. Or if an estate stand firm, our children are taken away, to whose comfort and advantage all the pains and endeavours of our lives were devoted. Or if none of these happen (as it is very rare to escape

most, or some of them), yet for a demonstration to us that God intended this world to be uneasy, to convince us that a perfect state of happiness is not to be had here below, we often see in experience that those who seem to be in a condition as happy as this world can put them into, by the greatest accommodations towards it, are yet as far or farther from happiness as those who are destitute of most of those things wherein the greatest felicity of this world is thought to consist. Many times it so happens, that they who have all the furniture and requisites, all the materials and ingredients of a worldly felicity at their command, and in their power, yet have not the skill and ability out of all these to frame a happy condition of life to themselves. They have health, and friends, and reputation, and estate in abundance, and all outward accommodations that heart can wish; and yet, in the midst of all these circumstances of outward felicity, they are uneasy in their minds, and, as the wise man expresseth it, in their sufficiency they are in straits, and are, as it were, surfeited even with happiness itself, and do so fantastically and unaccountably nauseate the good condition they are in, that though they want nothing to make them happy, yet they cannot think themselves so; though they have nothing in the world to molest and disgust them, yet they can make a shift to create as much trouble to themselves out of nothing, as they who have the real and substantial causes of discontent.

2. *The Dignity of Man.*

CONSIDER him in himself, as compounded of soul and body. Consider man in his outward and worse part, and you shall find that to be admirable, even to astonishment;

in respect of which the Psalmist cries out (Psal. cxxxix. 14), 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.' The frame of our bodies is so curiously wrought, and every part of it so full of miracle, that Galen (who was otherwise backward enough to the belief of a God), when he had anatomized man's body, and carefully surveyed the frame of it, viewed the fitness and usefulness of every part of it, and the many several intentions of every little vein, and bone, and muscle, and the beauty of the whole; he fell into a pang of devotion, and wrote a hymn to his Creator. And those excellent books of his, *De Usu Partium*, 'of the usefulness and convenient contrivance of every part of the body,' are a most exact demonstration of the Divine wisdom, which appears in the make of our body; of which books, Gassendus saith, the whole work is writ with a kind of enthusiasm. The wisdom of God, in the frame of our bodies, very much appears by a curious consideration of the several parts of it; but that requiring a very accurate skill in anatomy, I choose rather wholly to forbear it, than by my unskilfulness to be injurious to the Divine wisdom.

But this *domicilium corporis*, 'the house of our body,' though it be indeed a curious piece, yet it is nothing to the noble inhabitant that dwells in it. The cabinet, though it be exquisitely wrought, and very rich; yet it comes infinitely short in value of the jewel, that is hid and laid up in it. How does the glorious faculty of reason and understanding exalt us above the rest of the creatures! Nature hath not made that particular provision for man, which it hath made for other creatures, because it hath provided for him in general, in giving him a mind and reason. Man is not born clothed, nor armed with any

considerable weapon for defence; but he hath reason and understanding to provide these things for himself; and this alone excels all the advantages of other creatures: he can keep himself warmer and safer; he can foresee dangers, and provide against them; he can provide weapons that are better than horns, and teeth, and paws, and, by the advantage of his reason, is too hard for all other creatures, and can defend himself against their violence.

If we consider the mind of man yet nearer, how many arguments of divinity are there in it! That there should be at once in our understandings distinct comprehensions of such variety of objects; that it should pass in its thoughts from heaven to earth in a moment, and retain the memory of things past, and take a prospect of the future, and look forward as far as eternity! Because we are familiar to ourselves, we cannot be strange and wonderful to ourselves; but the great miracle of the world is the mind of man, and the contrivance of it an eminent instance of God's wisdom.

Consider man with relation to the universe, and you shall find the wisdom of God doth appear, in that all things are made so useful for man, who was designed to be the chief inhabitant of this visible world, the guest whom God designed principally to entertain in this house which he built. Not that we are to think, that God hath so made all things for man, that he hath not made them at all for himself, and possibly for many other uses than we can imagine; for we much overvalue ourselves, if we think them to be only for us; and we diminish the wisdom of God, in restraining it to one end: but the chief and principal end of many things is the use and service of man; and in reference to this end, you shall find that God hath made abundant and wise provision.

More particularly we will consider man, in his natural capacity as a part of the world. How many things are there in the world for the service and pleasure, for the use and delight of man, which, if man were not in the world, would be of little use? Man is by nature a contemplative creature, and God has furnished him with many objects to exercise his understanding upon, which would be so far useless and lost, if man were not. Who should observe the motions of the stars, and the courses of those heavenly bodies, and all the wonders of nature? Who should pry into the secret virtues of plants, and other natural things, if there were not in the world a creature endowed with reason and understanding? Would the beasts of the field study astronomy, or turn chymists, and try experiments in nature?

What variety of beautiful plants and flowers is there! which can be imagined to be of little other use but for the pleasure of man. And if man had not been, they would have lost their grace, and been trod down by the beasts of the field, without pity or observation; they would not have made them into garlands^m and nosegays. How many sorts of fruits are there which grow upon high trees, out of the reach of beasts! and, indeed, they take no pleasure in them. What would all the vast bodies of trees have served for, if man had not been to build with them, and make dwellings of them? Of what use would all the mines of metal have been, and of coal, and the quarries of stone? would the mole have admired the fine gold? would the beasts of the forest have built themselves palaces, or would they have made fires in their dens?

XIX.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1700.

JOHN DRYDEN, born in 1631, was the most popular and (putting aside Milton, who belongs to an earlier period) most eminent poet of the latter half of the seventeenth century. His works consist of plays, satires, translations, and occasional poems. Of these, the plays are much the most voluminous, and in their time were doubtless considered the most important; but later generations have bestowed very little attention on them. They, however, gave occasion to several of those compositions which have made him distinguished as a prose writer, critical prefaces, explaining the nature of the works they introduce, and vindications, rebutting the attacks of literary rivals or political opponents. These prose pieces have had very warm admirers, including Gray and Charles James Fox; and are characterised by Johnson in words that may be worth quoting: 'Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons: but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little is gay; what is great is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently: but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Everything is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed,

they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.' Perhaps the 'only abatementments that need be made from this elaborate eulogy are contained in the admissions that in his prose writings, as in his poems, he is sometimes coarse and vulgar, that 'the play of images' of which Johnson speaks, arises not so much from a fervid imagination as from a well-stored mind familiar with its own resources, and that now, at the distance of a second century, the absence of uncouth or obsolete expressions cannot be affirmed quite so unhesitatingly as when Johnson wrote.

Dryden attached himself to the Court party in the reigns of Charles II and James II, in the latter of which he left the Church of England for the Church of Rome. At the Revolution he was dismissed from the place of Poet Laureate, which he had held since 1668, and lived in comparative obscurity, though he was still patronized by several of the nobility. He died in 1700.

1. *Great Men as Poets and Patrons.*

DIONYSIUS and Nero had the same longing, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for it was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind; so, every man, in his own defence, set as good a face upon the business as he could. It was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureats; but when the show was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled; with a firm resolution

never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a making it.* In the meantime the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded, if they confessed themselves bad writers, and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death, for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions. No man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. Mecaenas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too: but finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace; that at least he might be a poet at the second hand: and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons, are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mecaenas, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; for such is every man, who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree. Some of their little zanies yet go farther; for they are persecutors, even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare

answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company, than he was with Crispinus, their forefather, in the Holy Way; and would no more have allowed them a place amongst the critics, than he would Demetrius the mimic, and Tigellius the buffoon;

——Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down upon such miserable translators, who make doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry:

——Saxum antiquum, ingens,—
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are required, to raise the weight of such an author; and when they would toss him against their enemies,

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.
Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus,
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

√ 2. *Horace and Juvenal.*

THIS last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to

be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home; his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far: it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is, that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits.

3. *Private Greatness, and Ambition.*

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shews the native with great advantage at the first; but, if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But, to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my

lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common tract of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes, (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But, while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness, they said, was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome: a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them, I believe, said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease. They saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: they would have more, and laid in, to make their solitude luxurious:—a wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden. They loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession: they would first be old, and make as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferred continuance in power; like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came.

X.X.

JOHN LOCKE.

1632—1704.

JOHN LOCKE was born in Somersetshire in 1632. He was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was greatly distinguished by his diligence. The writings of Descartes appear early to have excited his interest in the study of philosophy. Having taken the degree of M.A. in 1658 he applied himself to the study of Medicine, but his health prevented his pursuing that profession. In 1666 he formed the acquaintance of Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, to whose fortunes he was attached for many years, sharing his prosperity and his disgrace, and for a time acting as tutor to his son, the future author of the *Characteristics*. Locke commenced his famous *Essay concerning Human Understanding* in 1670, but it was not till 1687 that he was able to complete it. It met with great and immediate success, and was followed in the next few years by the *Letters on Toleration* and the *Treatises on Government* and *Thoughts on Education*, as well as by several minor treatises in vindication of opinions advanced in his larger works. He suffered severely from asthma, and lived in the retirement of a friend's house for the last years of his life, and died in 1704 in the seventy-third year of his age.

Locke is one of the most prominent figures in English philosophy and politics; there is probably no writer on philosophy who has produced such a broad and solid effect on the mind of the English people. Few have turned their attention to metaphysical enquiries without reading his *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, which has lent to such enquiries whatever popularity they possess. The style of Locke is a very fine model of the English language, though wanting in philosophical precision and sometimes too idiomatic and colloquial and too indefinite and figurative for the abstruse subjects with which he has to deal.

1. *The Opening of the 'Essay of Human Understanding.'*

SINCE it is the understanding, that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them; it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to inquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. But, whatever be the difficulties that lie in the way of this inquiry; whatever it be, that keeps us so much in the dark to ourselves; sure I am, that all the light we can let in upon our own minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our own understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage in directing our thoughts in search of other things.

This, therefore, being my purpose; to inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion and assent—I shall not at present meddle with the physical consideration of the mind, or trouble myself to examine, wherein its essence consists, or by what motions of our spirits, or alterations of our bodies, we come to have any sensation by our organs, or any ideas in our understandings; and whether those ideas do, in their formation, any, or all of them, depend on matter or no. These are speculations, which, however curious and entertaining, I shall decline, as lying out of my way in the design I am now upon. It shall suffice to my present purpose, to consider the discerning faculties of a man, as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with: and I shall imagine I have not

wholly misemployed myself in the thoughts I shall have on this occasion, if, in this historical, plain method, I can give any account of the ways whereby our understandings come to attain those notions of things we have, and can set down any measures of the certainty of our knowledge, or the grounds of those persuasions, which are to be found amongst men, so various, different, and wholly contradictory; and yet asserted, somewhere or other, with such assurance and confidence, that he that shall take a view of the opinions of mankind, observe their opposition, and at the same time consider the fondness and devotion wherewith they are embraced, the resolution and eagerness wherewith they are maintained—may perhaps have reason to suspect, that either there is no such thing as truth at all, or that mankind hath no sufficient means to attain a certain knowledge of it.

If, by this inquiry into the nature of the understanding, I can discover the powers thereof, how far they reach, to what things they are in any degree proportionate, and where they fail us; I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man, to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension; to stop when it is at the utmost extent of its tether; and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of those things which, upon examination, are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then perhaps be so forward, out of an affectation of an universal knowledge, to raise questions, and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all. If we can find out how far the understanding can extend its view, how far it has faculties to attain certainty, and in what cases it can only judge and

guess, we may learn to content ourselves with what is attainable by us in this state.

For, though the comprehension of our understandings comes exceeding short of the vast extent of things; yet we shall have cause enough to magnify the bountiful Author of our being, for that proportion and degree of knowledge he has bestowed on us, so far above all the rest of the inhabitants of our mansion. Men have reason to be well satisfied with what God hath thought fit for them, since he hath given them (as St. Peter says) *πάντα πρὸς ζωὴν καὶ εὐσέβειαν*, whatsoever is necessary for the conveniences of life and information of virtue; and has put within the reach of their discovery the comfortable provision for this life, and the way that leads to a better. How short soever their knowledge may come of an universal or perfect comprehension of whatsoever is, it yet secures their great concerns, that they have light enough to lead them to the knowledge of their Maker, and the sight of their own duties. Men may find matter sufficient to busy their heads, and employ their hands with variety, delight, and satisfaction, if they will not boldly quarrel with their own constitution, and throw away the blessings their hands are filled with, because they are not big enough to grasp everything. We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us; for of that they are very capable: and it will be an unpardonable, as well as childish peevishness, if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, because there are some things that are set out of the reach of it. It will be no excuse to an idle and untoward servant, who would not attend his business by candle-light, to plead that he had not broad sunshine. The candle that is set up in us, shines

bright enough for all our purposes. The discoveries we can make with this, ought to satisfy us: and we shall then use our understandings right, when we entertain all objects in that way and proportion that they are suited to our faculties, and upon those grounds they are capable of being proposed to us; and not peremptorily or intemperately require demonstration, and demand certainty, where probability only is to be had, and which is sufficient to govern all our concernments. If we will disbelieve everything, because we cannot certainly know all things, we shall do much what as wisely as he, who would not use his legs, but sit still and perish, because he had no wings to fly.

When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing anything; or, on the other side, question everything, and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. It is of great use to the sailor, to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean. It is well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals that may ruin him. Our business here is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures, whereby a rational creature, put in that state in which man is in this world, may, and ought to govern his opinions, and actions depending thereon, we need not to be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge.

2. *Opposition to Government sometimes desirable.*

THE end of government is the good of mankind: and which is best for mankind, that the people should be always exposed to the boundless will of tyranny; or that the rulers should be sometimes liable to be opposed, when they grow exorbitant in the use of their power, and employ it for the destruction, and not the preservation of the properties of their people?

Nor let any one say, that mischief can arise from hence, as often as it shall please a busy head, or turbulent spirit, to desire the alteration of the government. It is true, such men may stir, whenever they please; but it will be only to their own just ruin and perdition: for till the mischief be grown general, and the ill designs of the rulers become visible, or their attempts sensible to the greater part, the people, who are more disposed to suffer than right themselves by resistance, are not apt to stir. The examples of particular injustice or oppression, of here and there an unfortunate man, moves them not. But if they universally have a persuasion, grounded upon manifest evidence, that designs are carrying on against their liberties, and the general course and tendency of things cannot but give them strong suspicions of the evil intention of their governors, who is to be blamed for it? Who can help it, if they, who might avoid it, bring themselves into this suspicion? Are the people to be blamed, if they have the sense of rational creatures, and can think of things no otherwise than as they find and feel them? And is it not rather their fault, who put things into such a posture, that they would not have them thought to be as they are? I grant, that the pride, ambition, and turbulency of private men, have sometimes caused great disorders in

commonwealths, and factions have been fatal to states and kingdoms. But whether the mischief hath oftener begun in the people's wantonness, and a desire to cast off the lawful authority of their rulers, or in the rulers' insolence, and endeavours to get and exercise an arbitrary power over their people; whether oppression, or disobedience, gave the first rise to the disorder; I leave it to impartial history to determine. This I am sure, whoever, either ruler or subject, by force goes about to invade the rights of either prince or people, and lays the foundation for overturning the constitution and frame of any just government; is highly guilty of the greatest crime, I think, a man is capable of; being to answer for all those mischiefs of blood, rapine, and desolation, which the breaking to pieces of governments brings on a country. And he who does it, is justly to be esteemed the common enemy and pest of mankind, and is to be treated accordingly.

3. *Of Recreation.*

RECREATION is as necessary as labour or food: but because there can be no recreation without delight, which depends not always on reason, but oftener on fancy, it must be permitted children not only to divert themselves, but to do it after their own fashion, provided it be innocently, and without prejudice to their health; and therefore in this case they should not be denied, if they proposed any particular kind of recreation; though I think, in a well-ordered education, they will seldom be brought to the necessity of asking any such liberty. Care should be taken, that what is of advantage to them, they should always do with delight; and, before they are wearied with one, they should be timely diverted to some other useful employment. But if they are not yet brought to that degree of perfection, that one way of

improvement can be made a recreation to them, they must be let loose to the childish play they fancy; which they should be weaned from, by being made surfeited of it: but from things of use, that they are employed in, they should always be sent away with an appetite; at least be dismissed before they are tired, and grow quite sick of it; that so they may return to it again, as to a pleasure that diverts them. For you must never think them set right, till they can find delight in the practice of laudable things; and the useful exercises of the body and mind, taking their turns, make their lives and improvement pleasant in a continued train of recreations, wherein the wearied part is constantly relieved and refreshed. Whether this can be done in every temper, or whether tutors and parents will be at the pains, and have the discretion and patience to bring them to this, I know not; but that it may be done in most children, if a right course be taken to raise in them the desire of credit, esteem, and reputation, I do not at all doubt. And when they have so much true life put into them, they may freely be talked with, about what most delights them, and be directed, or let loose to it, so that they may perceive that they are beloved and cherished, and that those under whose tuition they are, are not enemies to their satisfaction. Such a management will make them in love with the hand that directs them, and the virtue they are directed to.

XXI.

ROBERT SOUTH.

1633—1716.

ROBERT SOUTH, the son of a London merchant, was born in 1633. He was educated at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, and elected Student at Christ Church, Oxford, together with John Locke. He took Holy Orders in 1658, and, as Public Orator of the University, attracted the notice of the Chancellor, Clarendon, whose Domestic Chaplain he became.

He was a Prebend of Westminster, and in 1670 he was made a Canon of Christ Church, and was afterwards presented with the living of Islip by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

Subsequently, he declined the Bishopric of Rochester and the Deanery of Westminster, saying that such a chair would be too uneasy for an old infirm man to sit in. He died in 1716, and was buried near his old master, Dr. Busby, in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Hallam says of South's Sermons—'They were much celebrated at the time, and retain a portion of their renown. This is by no means surprising. South had great qualifications for that popularity which attends the pulpit, and his manner was at that time original. Not diffuse, nor learned, nor formal in argument, like Barrow; with a more natural structure of sentences, a more pointed, though by no means a more fair and satisfactory turn of reasoning; with a style clear and English, free from all pedantry, but abounding with those colloquial novelties of idiom, which, though now become vulgar and offensive, the age of Charles II affected; sparing no personal or temporary sarcasm, but if he seems for a moment to tread on the verge of buffoonery, recovering himself by some stroke of vigorous sense and lan-

guage : such was the worthy Dr. South, whom the courtiers delighted to hear. His sermons want all that is called unction, and sometimes even earnestness ; but there is a masculine spirit about them, which, combined with their peculiar characteristics, would naturally fill the churches where he might be heard.' To this it may be added, that in his finer passages, such as the following extracts, South shows himself one of the greatest and subtlest masters of the English tongue.

THE CREATION OF MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

I. *The Understanding.*

AND first for its noblest faculty, the understanding : it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty ; all the passions wore the colours of reason ; it did not so much persuade, as command ; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition ; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding ; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility ; it knew no rest, but in motion ; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend, as irradiate the object ; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination ; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vege, quick, and lively ; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth ; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things ; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Briefly, there is as much difference

between the clear representations of the understanding then, and the obscure discoveries that it makes now, as there is between the prospect of a casement and of a key-hole.

Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless ; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention : his faculties were quick and expedite ; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence ; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendors of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which

are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and' decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish, of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

2. *The Will.*

DOUBTLESS the will of man in the state of innocence had an entire freedom, a perfect equipendency and indifference to either part of the contradiction, to stand, or not to stand; to accept, or not accept the temptation. I will grant the will of man now to be as much a slave as any one will have it, and be only free to sin; that is, instead of a liberty, to have only a licentiousness; yet certainly this is not nature, but chance. We were not born crooked; we learnt these windings and turnings of the serpent: and therefore it cannot but be a blasphemous piece of ingratitude to ascribe them to God, and to make the plague of our nature the condition of our creation.

The will was then ductile, and pliant to all the motions of right reason; it met the dictates of a clarified understanding half way. And the active informations of the intellect, filling the passive reception of the will, like form closing with matter, grew actuate into a third, and distinct perfection of practice: the understanding and will never disagreed; for the proposals of the one never thwarted the inclinations of the other. Yet neither did the will servilely attend upon the understanding, but as a favourite does upon his prince, where the service is privilege and preferment; or as Solomon's servants waited upon him, it admired its wisdom, and heard its prudent dictates and counsels, both the direction and the reward of its obedience. It is indeed the nature of this faculty to follow a superior guide, to be drawn by the

intellect; but then it was drawn as a triumphant chariot, which at the same time both follows and triumphs; while it obeyed this, it commanded the other faculties. It was subordinate, not enslaved to the understanding: not as a servant to a master, but as a queen to her king, who both acknowledges a subjection, and yet retains a majesty.

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3. *The Body.*

HAVING thus surveyed the image of God in the soul of man, we are not to omit now those characters of majesty that God imprinted upon the body. He drew some traces of his image upon this also; as much as a spiritual substance could be pictured upon a corporeal. As for the sect of the Anthropomorphites, who from hence ascribe to God the figure of a man, eyes, hands, feet, and the like, they are too ridiculous to deserve a confutation. They would seem to draw this impiety from the letter of the scripture sometimes speaking of God in this manner. Absurdly; as if the mercy of scripture expressions ought to warrant the blasphemy of our opinions. And not rather show us, that God condescends to us, only to draw us to himself; and clothes himself in our likeness, only to win us to his own. The practice of the papists is much of the same nature, in their absurd and impious picturing of God Almighty: but the wonder in them is the less, since the image of a deity may be a proper object for that, which is but the image of a religion. But to the purpose: Adam was then no less glorious in his externals: he had a beautiful body, as well as an immortal soul. The whole compound was like a well-built temple, stately without, and sacred within. The elements were at perfect union and agreement in his body;

and their contrary qualities served not for the dissolution of the compound, but the variety of the composure. Galen, who had no more divinity than what his physic taught him, barely upon the consideration of this so exact frame of the body, challenges any one upon an hundred years study, to find how any the least fibre, or most minute particle, might be more commodiously placed, either for the advantage of use or comeliness ; his stature erect, and tending upwards to his centre ; his countenance majestic and comely, with the lustre of a native beauty, that scorned the poor assistance of art, or the attempts of imitation ; his body of so much quickness and agility, that it did not only contain, but also represent the soul : for we might well suppose, that where God did deposit so rich a jewel, he would suitably adorn the case. It was a fit workhouse for sprightly vivid faculties to exercise and exert themselves in. A fit tabernacle for an immortal soul, not only to dwell in, but to contemplate upon : where it might see the world without travel ; it being a lesser scheme of the creation, nature contracted, a little cosmography, or map of the universe. Neither was the body then subject to distempers, to die by piecemeal, and languish under coughs, catarrhs, or consumptions. Adam knew no disease, so long as temperance from the forbidden fruit secured him. Nature was his physician ; and innocence and abstinence would have kept him healthful to immortality.

XXII.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

1662-3—1731-2.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY holds a conspicuous place in the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of England. He was born at Middleton in Buckinghamshire, in 1662-3. He was admitted a King's Scholar at Westminster under Dr. Busby in 1676, and thence elected in 1680 a Student at Christ Church, Oxford, under Dr. Fell.

His application to study was intense, and he is known to have excelled in literature and even in mathematics. He remained at Oxford filling various offices at Christ Church and in the University, but an academic life was unsuited to his active and aspiring nature, and in 1691 he left the University and was ordained. He soon became distinguished as a preacher, and the controversies to which some of his sermons gave rise contributed to spread his reputation: from 1699, and for ten years after, his efforts were directed to the vindication and restoration of the rights of Convocation and to the establishment of the independent action of the Lower House, in which for a time he succeeded. He became Dean of Christ Church in 1711, and Bishop of Rochester with the Deanery of Westminster *in commendam* in 1713. At the Rebellion of 1715, after the accession of George the First, the tide of Atterbury's fortune began to turn. His refusal to sign the Declaration against Rebellion, and his persistent opposition to the Court and violent protests against its measures, made him the object of both fear and hatred to the Whigs. In 1722 he was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason—a bill for his deposition and banishment passed the

Commons, and, after he had eloquently but unsuccessfully defended himself in the Lords, the bill was passed, and Atterbury was put on board a man of war and landed in France. At Paris he threw himself into the cause of the Pretender, but met with such disgusts and ill treatment that he withdrew to Montpellier. He returned to Paris in 1730, and died there in his 70th year, in 1731-2. His body was brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Atterbury was an eloquent preacher, an ingenious and acute controversialist, and his ability and energy were admitted even by his opponents, Burnet and Hoadly. His style has great rhetorical vigour, it is always clear and intelligible, and in his letters especially distinguished by elegance.

✓ I. *King Charles the First.*

MANY kings there have been, as happy as all worldly felicity could make them; and some of these have distinguished themselves as much by their virtues, as their happiness. But the possessors of those virtues, being seated on a throne, displayed them from thence with all manner of advantage; their good actions appeared in the best light, by reason of the high orb, in which they moved, while performing them: whereas, the royal virtues, which we this day celebrate, shone brightest in affliction, and when all external marks of royal state and dignity were wanting to recommend them. Others, perhaps, may have been as just, as beneficent, as merciful, in the exercise of their royal power, as this good king was: but none surely did ever maintain such a majestic evenness and serenity of mind, when despoiled of that power; when stript of everything but a good cause, and a good conscience; when

destitute of all hopes of succour from his friends, or of mercy from his enemies: then, even then, did he possess his soul in peace, and patiently expect the event, without the least outward sign of dejection or discomposure. He remembered himself to be a king, when all the world beside seemed to have forgotten it; when his inferiors treated him with insolence, and his equals with indifference; when he was brought before that infamous tribunal, where his own subjects sat as his judges; and even when he came to die by their sentence. In all these sad circumstances, on all these trying occasions, he spake, he did nothing, which misbecame the high character he bore, and will always bear, of a great king, and one of the best of Christians. And this mixture of unaffected greatness and goodness, in the extrēmy of misery, was, I say, his peculiar and distinguishing excellence: other royal qualities, that adorn prosperity, he shared in common with others of his rank: but in the decent and kingly exercise of these passive graces, he had, among the list of princes, no superior, no equal, no rival.

Indeed, the last scene of his sufferings was very dismal; and such, from which mere human nature, unsupported by extraordinary degrees of grace, must needs have shrunk back a little affrighted, and seemed desirous of declining. But those succours were not wanting to him; for he went even through this last trial, unshaken; and submitted his royal head to the stroke of the executioner, with as much tranquillity and meekness, as he had borne lesser barbarities. The passage through this Red Sea was bloody, but short; a divine hand strengthened him in it, and conducted him through it; and he soon reached the shore of bliss and immortality.

2. *From the Speech before the House of Lords.*

LET me speak, my Lords, (always, I hope, with that modesty which becomes an accused person, but yet) with the freedom of an Englishman. Had nothing been opened to you concerning this man's character and secret transactions, could you possibly have believed the romantic tales he has told? Could this pretender to secrets have had, or shall he still have, any weight with you? who threw away his life, rather than venture to stand to the truth of what he had said? Shall this man do more mischief by his death, than he could have done, if living? For then he would have been confronted, puzzled, confounded. Shame and consciousness might have made him unsay what he had said: but a dead man can retract nothing. What he has written, he has written: the accusation must stand just as it is; and we are deprived of the advantages of those confessions, which truth and remorse had once extorted, and would again have extorted from him. However, I could have been glad to have had *all* that even *this* witness said; and would have hoped, that, by a comparison of the several parts of the story he at several times told, some light might have been gained that now is wanting.

But he is gone to his place, and has answered for what he said at another Tribunal. I desire not to blemish his character, any farther than is absolutely necessary to my own just defence.

3. *Letter to Pope.*

I RETURN your Preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it must please every one who reads it; and since there is nothing

that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give because you ask it: and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often and patiently to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but I am sure without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years' standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you; or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion.

XXIII.

DANIEL DEFOE.

CIRCA 1663—1731.

DANIEL DEFOE was born in London about 1663. His father, James Foe, was a citizen and butcher of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Little is known of his early life except that his family were Protestant Dissenters, and that he was educated at a dissenting academy at Newington. He became an author before he was twenty-one, and is said to have devoted to literature and politics time which was necessary for the conduct of his business, which was that of a hosier. In 1692 he became a bankrupt, and was obliged to abscond from his creditors. A composition was entered into, and by unwearied diligence he succeeded in making the payments with punctuality.

In 1683 he took arms as a follower of the Duke of Monmouth, and in 1688 he zealously favoured the Revolution. He was more than once the object of prosecution for his political writings, and in 1703 was sentenced to the pillory and to be fined and imprisoned, but he did not lose heart, and his time in Newgate was fruitful of literary projects. After the accession of the House of Hanover he seems to have abandoned politics and to have devoted his time entirely to literature. It was in 1719 that *Robinson Crusoe* first appeared, and was followed by several other less successful works of fiction. He died in the parish in which he was born in 1731.

Defoe was a man of simple, straightforward, earnest character, and his character is reflected in his language, which, though often careless and hasty, is always that of a clear thinker, and of one who writes only because he has something to say. He is an

excellent example of a plain style. The bulk of his voluminous works is political. It was at the age of fifty-eight that he commenced a new career of authorship as a writer of fiction, and among other works of that class produced the *History of the Plague*, from which the following extract is taken. His narrative style has the same merits, after its kind, as his political style.

The Plague of London.

INDEED, the poor people were to be pitied in one particular thing, in which they had little or no relief, and which I desire to mention with a serious awe and reflection, which, perhaps, every one that reads this may not relish; namely, that whereas Death now began not, as we may say, to hover over every one's head only, but to look into their houses, and chambers, and stare in their faces; though there might be some stupidity, and dulness of the mind, and there was so, a great deal; yet, there was a great deal of just alarm, sounded in the very inmost soul, if I may so say, of others. Many consciences were awakened; many hard hearts melted into tears; and many a penitent confession was made of crimes long concealed. It would have wounded the soul of any Christian to have heard the dying groans of many a despairing creature; and none durst come near to comfort them. Many a robbery, many a murder, was then confessed aloud, and nobody surviving to record the accounts of it. People might be heard, even in the streets as we passed along, calling upon God for mercy, and saying, 'I have been a thief,—I have been an adulterer,—I have been a murderer,'—and the like; and none durst stop to make the least inquiry into such things, or to 'administer' comfort to the poor creatures, that in the

anguish both of soul and body thus cried out. Some of the ministers did visit the sick at first, and for a little while, but it was not to be done; it would have been present death to have gone into some houses. The very buryers of the dead, who were the most hardened creatures in town, were sometimes beaten back, and so terrified, that they durst not go into the houses where whole families were swept away together, and where the circumstances were more particularly horrible, as some were; but this was, indeed, at the first heat of the distemper.

Time inured them to it all; and they ventured everywhere afterwards, without hesitation, as I shall have occasion to mention at large hereafter.

I am supposing now the Plague to be begun, as I have said, and that the magistrates began to take the condition of the people into their serious consideration. What they did as to the regulation of inhabitants, and of infected families, I shall speak to by itself; but as to the affair of health, it is proper to mention it here, that having seen the foolish humour of the people in running after quacks, and mountebanks, wizards, and fortune-tellers, (which they did as above, even to madness,) the Lord Mayor, a very sober and religious gentleman, appointed physicians and surgeons for relief of the poor; I mean, the diseased poor; and, in particular, ordered the College of Physicians to publish directions for cheap remedies for the poor, in all circumstances of the distemper. This, indeed, was one of the most charitable and judicious things that could be done at that time; for this drove the people from haunting the doors of every disperser of bills, and from taking down blindly, and without consideration, poison for physic, and death instead of life.

This direction of the physicians was done by a con-

sultation of the whole College; and, as it was particularly calculated for the use of the poor, and for cheap medicines, it was made public, so that everybody might see it; and copies were given gratis to all that desired it. But as it is public, and to be seen on all occasions, I need not give the reader of this the trouble of it.

I shall not be supposed to lessen the authority or capacity of the physicians when I say that the violence of the distemper, when it came to its extremity, was like the Fire the next year. The Fire which consumed what the Plague could not touch; defied all the application of remedies; the fire-engines were broken, the buckets thrown away, and the power of man was baffled and brought to an end: so the Plague defied all medicines; the very physicians were seized with it, with their preservatives in their mouths; and men went about prescribing to others, and telling them what to do, till the tokens were upon them, and they dropped down dead; destroyed by that very enemy they directed others to oppose. This was the case of several physicians, even some of them the most eminent, and of several of the most skilful surgeons. Abundance of quacks too died, who had the folly to trust to their own medicines, which they must needs be conscious to themselves, were good for nothing; and who rather ought, like other sorts of thieves, to have ran away, sensible of their guilt, from the justice that they could not but expect should punish them, as they knew they had deserved.

Not that it is any derogation from the labour, or application of the physicians, to say they fell in the common calamity: nor is it so intended by me; it rather is to their praise, that they ventured their lives so far as even to lose them in the service of mankind. They endeavoured to do good, and to save the lives of others; but we were not to

expect that the physicians could stop God's judgments, or prevent a distemper evidently armed from Heaven, from executing the errand it was sent about.

Doubtless, the physicians assisted many by their skill, and by their prudence and applications, to the saving of their lives, and restoring their health; but it is not lessening their character, or their skill, to say, they could not cure those that had the tokens upon them, or those who were mortally infected before the physicians were sent for, as was frequently the case.



XXIV.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667—1745.

JONATHAN SWIFT, born in 1667, and the son of an English gentleman settled in Ireland, began life as secretary to Sir William Temple (1689–1699). After that statesman's death, he obtained some small preferment in Ireland; but in 1710 came back to England, and for some years supported Harley and Bolingbroke, the heads of the Tory party, by a series of political pamphlets. With the accession of George I, the Tory Ministry was irretrievably ruined, and Swift was compelled to return to Ireland, to his Deanery of St. Patrick, the only reward he had received for his services. The rest of his life was spent in what he regarded as banishment, and was further embittered by his unfortunate relations with two ladies, Esther Johnson (Stella) and Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), to the former of whom he was at last privately married. Later in life, disease of the brain came on, and he died mad in 1745.

There is no greater master of satire than Swift. He thought clearly, wrote a singularly pure English, and could make every sentence an epigram, without impairing the continuous flow of his argument. Two of his best-known works have an allegorical character. The *Tale of a Tub* is directed against religious sects, and was written with such licence of illustration, that Queen Anne would never permit the author to obtain the preferment he coveted in England. In *Gulliver's Travels*, the satire is rather against abuses of Government, and the pleasant vices of society. In the latter part of this, as in several of his minor pieces, he is at times very coarse. This fault grew upon him in later life, perhaps partly in connection with a diseased brain, and

has caused his writings to be regarded with suspicion. Yet, judged by the standard of his better works, Swift is a moralist of high stamp. He attacked the sceptics of his day with scathing irony. He was the first man who had the heart to feel for the oppressed Irish peasantry, and the courage to denounce the injustices of English mis-rule. His *Drapier's Letters* form an epoch in constitutional history; and the peaceful struggle for Irish independence dates from them. The *Journal to Stella* has passages of infinite tenderness. There have been more faultless and purer-minded men than Swift; but few have seen more clearly where wrong lay, or have attacked it more fearlessly.

1. *The Lawyers.*

I SAID, there was a society of men among us bred up from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour hath a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law, that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now in this case I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages; first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element, when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I

have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee; who will then betray his client by insinuating, that he hath justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dextrous lawyers who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

2. *Wood's Half-pence.*

BUT it is needless to argue any longer. The matter is come to an issue. His majesty pursuant to the law hath left the field open between Wood and the kingdom of Ireland. Wood hath liberty to offer his coin, and we have law, reason, liberty, and necessity to refuse it. A knavish jockey may ride an old foundered jade about the market, but none are obliged to buy it. I hope the words *voluntary*, and *willing to receive it*, will be understood and applied in their true natural meaning, as commonly understood by Protestants. For if a fierce captain comes to my shop to buy six yards of scarlet cloth, followed by a porter laden with a sack of Wood's coin upon his shoulders; if we are agreed about the price, and my

scarlet lies ready cut upon the counter; if he then gives me the word of command to receive my money in Wood's coin, and calls me a disaffected, Jacobite dog, for refusing it (although I am as loyal a subject as himself, and without hire), and thereupon seizes my cloth, leaving me the price in this odious copper, and bids me take my remedy: in this case I shall hardly be brought to think, that I am left to my own will. I shall therefore on such occasions first order the porter aforesaid to go off with his pack; and then see the money in silver and gold in my possession, before I cut or measure my cloth. But if a common soldier drinks his pot first, and then offers payment in Wood's half-pence, the landlady may be under some difficulty; for if she complains to his captain or ensign, they are likewise officers included in this general order for encouraging these half-pence to pass as current money. If she goes to a justice of peace, he is also an officer, to whom this general order is directed. I do therefore advise her to follow my practice, which I have already begun, and be paid for her goods before she parts with them. However, I should have been content, for some reasons, that the military gentlemen had been excepted by name; because I have heard it said that their discipline is best confined within their own district.

3. *English notions of Ireland.*

THERE is a vein of industry and parsimony, that runs through the whole people of England, which, added to the easiness of their rents, makes them rich and sturdy. As to Ireland, they know little more of it than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the king of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish

papists, who are kept in awe by mercenary troops sent from thence : and their opinion is, that it were better for England if this whole island were sunk into the sea : for they have a tradition, that every forty years there must be a rebellion in Ireland. I have seen the grossest suppositions pass upon them : that the wild Irish were taken in toils ; but that in some time they would grow so tame as to eat out of your hands : I have been asked by hundreds, and particularly by my neighbours your tenants at Pepperhara, whether I had come from Ireland by sea : and, upon the arrival of an Irish man to a country town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves.

A gentleman now in Dublin affirms, that, passing some months ago through Northampton, and finding the whole town in a flurry, with bells, bonfires, and illumination ; upon asking the cause, he was told, it was for joy that the Irish had submitted to receive Wood's half-pence. This, I think, plainly shews what sentiments that large town hath of us, and how little they made it their own case ; although they lie directly in our way to London, and therefore cannot but be frequently convinced that we have human shapes.

4. *Ill-bred Hospitality.*

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering

into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations.

This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff (says the lady), you must eat a wing, to oblige me;' and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as

often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October.

Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night: and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said I never eat anything at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;' the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow and Your humble servant, pretty miss. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo* as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I

desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.



XXV.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

1671—1713.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the author of the *Characteristics*, was the grandson of the great statesman, Dryden's Achitophel, who was the first Earl of Shaftesbury. He had the best means of becoming versed in classical literature and in philosophy. He was taught Greek and Latin orally by a Mrs. Birch, who is said to have been able to talk fluently in them, and to have taught her pupil to do so by the time he was eleven years old. In his grandfather's household he had constant opportunity of intercourse with Locke, and had already at the age of eighteen begun a regular correspondence with him on philosophical questions.

He lived a studious and retired life, spending much of his time abroad, either in Italy, where he studied the fine arts elaborately, or in Holland, where he conversed with Bayle, and other free spirits, who found a refuge there. He took little part in English politics. He sat in the Commons during one Parliament (1694-1698), but broke down as a speaker. Afterwards, as a Peer, he was active in the election of William's last Parliament (1701), and is said to have had a hand in the composition of the celebrated speech in which the King called on this Parliament for support in the new war with France. He was a friend of Somers, to whom he addressed the letter on *Enthusiasm*, and a faithful Whig.

He died at Naples in 1713. His treatises were all written (at least in their complete form) during the last five years of

his life. The letter on *Enthusiasm* (1708) was occasioned by the excitement about the 'French Prophets,' and was followed by the *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*. Both deal with the legitimacy of the application of ridicule to religious pretensions. The *Advice to an Author*, which exhibits true self-knowledge as the basis of literary art, was published in 1710. Then came his two distinctly philosophical treatises, the *Inquiry concerning Virtue*, and the *Moralists, a Rhapsody*. The above, with *Miscellaneous Reflections*, and an essay on Art, purporting to be a 'notion' of a possible 'Tablature of the Judgment of Hercules,' form the *Characteristics*, which were first published complete after his death.

He had a real love for classical literature, and believed himself, as he was believed by his contemporaries, to write a specially classical style. To later readers he has seemed to have lost vernacular vigour without acquiring classical ease. Questions of religion and philosophy he approached too much in the attitude of a well-bred connoisseur to get to the bottom of them. He vigorously maintained, however, as against Hobbes, the 'disinterestedness' of virtue, and introduced the doctrine of a 'moral sense,' i. e. of a specific feeling of pleasure in good actions, as the source of moral judgments. He was a great student of Epictetus and Antoninus, and had a genuine stoical belief in one divine mind, expressed in nature and communicated to man.

1. *The Masque of Society.*

IF a native of Ethiopia were on a sudden transported into Europe, and placed either at Paris or Venice at a time of carnival, when the general face of mankind was disguised, and almost every creature wore a mask; it is probable he would for some time be at a stand, before he discovered the cheat: not imagining that a whole people could be so fantastical, as upon agreement, at an appointed

time, to transform themselves by a variety of habits, and make it a solemn practice to impose on one another, by this universal confusion of characters and persons. Though he might at first perhaps have looked on this with a serious eye, it would be hardly possible for him to hold his countenance, when he had perceived what was carrying on. The Europeans, on their side, might laugh perhaps at this simplicity. But our Ethiopian would certainly laugh with better reason. It is easy to see which of the two would be ridiculous. For he who laughs, and is himself ridiculous, bears a double share of ridicule. However, should it so happen, that in the transport of ridicule, our Ethiopian, having his head still running upon masks, and knowing nothing of the fair complexion and common dress of the Europeans, should upon the sight of a natural face and habit, laugh just as heartily as before; would not he in his turn become ridiculous, by carrying the jest too far; when by a silly presumption he took nature for mere art, and mistook perhaps a man of sobriety and sense for one of those ridiculous mummers?

There was a time when men were accountable only for their actions and behaviour. Their opinions were left to themselves. They had liberty to differ in these, as in their faces. Every one took the air and look which was natural to him. But in process of time, it was thought decent to mend men's countenances, and render their intellectual complexions uniform and of a sort. Thus the magistrate became a dresser, and in his turn was dressed too, as he deserved; when he had given up his power to a new order of firemen. But though in this extraordinary conjuncture it was agreed that there was only one certain and true dress, one single peculiar air, to which it was necessary all people should conform; yet the misery was, that neither the magis-

trate nor the tire-men themselves, could resolve, which of the various modes was the exact true one. Imagine now, what the effect of this must needs be; when men became persecuted thus on every side about their air and feature, and were put to their shifts how to adjust and compose their mien, according to the right mode; when a thousand models, a thousand patterns of dress were current, and altered every now and then, upon occasion, according to fashion and the humour of the times. Judge whether men's countenances were not like to grow constrained, and the natural visage of mankind, by this habit, distorted, convulsed, and rendered hardly knowable.

But as unnatural or artificial as the general face of things may have been rendered by this unhappy care of dress, and over-tenderness for the safety of complexions; we must not therefore imagine that all faces are alike besmeared or plaistered. All is not fucus, or mere varnish. Nor is the face of Truth less fair and beautiful, for all the counterfeit vizards which have been put upon her. We must remember the carnival, and what the occasion has been of this wild concourse and medley; who were the institutors of it; and to what purpose men were thus set a-work and amused. We may laugh sufficiently at the original cheat; and, if pity will suffer us, may make ourselves diversion enough with the folly and madness of those who are thus caught, and practised on, by these impostures. But we must remember withal our Ethiopian, and beware, lest by taking plain nature for a vizard, we become more ridiculous than the people whom we ridicule.

2. *God in the Universe.*

BUT it is in vain for us to search the bulky mass of matter; seeking to know its nature; how great 'the whole itself, or even how small its parts.

If knowing only some of the rules of motion, we seek to trace it further, it is in vain we follow it into the bodies it has reached. Our tardy apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the body itself, through which it is diffused. Wonderful being, (if we may call it so) which bodies never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of place it has its force: and bodies big with motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an energy beyond our comprehension.

In vain too we pursue that phantom Time, too small, and yet too mighty for our grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our hold, or mocks our scanty thought by swelling to eternity an object unproportioned to our capacity, as is thy being, O thou ancient Cause! older than Time, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the abyss of space, the seat of thy extensive being; of which no place is empty, no void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that principle of sense and thought, which seeming in us to depend so much on motion, yet differs so much from it, and from matter itself, as not to suffer us to conceive how thought can more result from this, than this arise from thought. But thought we own preeminent, and confess the reallest of beings; the only existence of which we are made sure of, by being conscious. All else may be only dream and shadow. All

which even sense suggests may be deceitful. The sense itself remains still; reason subsists; and thought maintains its eldership of being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and externally existent thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the assurance we have of the existence of beings above our sense, and of Thee (the great exemplar of thy works) comes from Thee, the all-true, and perfect, who hast thus communicated thyself more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our souls; Thou who art original soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting the whole!

All nature's wonders serve to excite and perfect this idea of their Author. It is here He suffers us to see, and even converse with Him, in a manner suitable to our frailty. How glorious is it to contemplate Him, in this noblest of His works apparent to us, the system of the bigger world!



XXVI.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

1671—1729.

RICHARD STEELE was born in 1671 of English parents, in Dublin, where his father was secretary to the Duke of Ormond. He lost his father when he was very young, and was sent by the Duke of Ormond to the Charterhouse, where he was the school-fellow of Addison. He was admitted a Post Master of Merton College, Oxford, in 1691, but left the University without taking a degree, and entered the army, enlisting as a private in the horse-guards. For this he was disinherited by a rich relation, but his convivial and popular qualities attracted the good-will of his officers, and he obtained a commission and rose to the rank of captain ere he quitted the service in 1703. He then obtained the appointment of Gazetteer. In 1713 he entered Parliament as Member for Stockbridge, but two years later was expelled from the House for alleged seditious libels, contained in the *Englishman*. and the *Crisis*. On the accession of George the First he obtained some minor offices, received a gratuity and was knighted. In 1715 he again entered Parliament.

Some years before his death he was struck with paralysis, and retired to his country-seat in Wales, where he died in 1729.

Steele had considerable success both as a play-writer and as a pamphleteer, but he owes his chief reputation to his efforts as an essayist. The *Tatler*, which he commenced in 1709, was the beginning of a new era in periodical writing. It was followed in 1711 by the *Spectator*, in 1713 by the *Guardian* and by a succession of other journals of similar nature, among which were the *Rambler*

and the *Idler*. To his association with the great name of Addison, even more than to his own merits, Steele owes the reputation he has obtained in English literature. He possesses considerable dramatic and descriptive power; his style is ordinarily light and graceful, well fitted to the somewhat ephemeral subjects about which he commonly writes. But in his more serious moods, he is not without a certain unaffected tenderness, which has the powerful charm of sincerity.

1. *Impudence and False Modesty.*

IF we would examine into the secret springs of action in the *impudent* and the *absurd*, we shall find, though they bear a great resemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The *impudent* are pressing, though they know they are disagreeable; the *absurd* are importunate, because they think they are acceptable. *Impudence* is a vice, and *Absurdity* a folly. Sir Francis Bacon talks very agreeably on the subject of *Impudence*. He takes notice, that the orator being asked, what was the first, second, and third requisite to make a fine speaker? still answered, *Action*. This, said he, is the very outward form of speaking; and yet it is what with the generality has more force than the most consummate abilities. *Impudence* is to the rest of mankind, of the same use which *action* is to orators.

The truth is, the gross of men are governed more by appearances than realities; and the impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and merit, while the modest or diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this reason, men of front carry things before them with little opposition; and make so skilful a use of their talent, that they can grow out

of humour like men of consequence, and be sour, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same service as desert. This way of thinking has often furnished me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversations; but what men will extend themselves farthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such stations, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it that I should attempt to lessen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accomplish themselves in some degree with this quality, of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the advancement of their interests and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in conversation also. Let them do what they can with the rich and the great, as far as they are suffered; but let them not interrupt the easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servants in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty, but by laying it

down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an order whose institution is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does everything by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

2. *The Remembrance of Lost Friends.*

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that

passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *manes* of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us; and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time: but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of

order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year, which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any

mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.



XXVII.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672—1719.

✓ JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milstone in 1672. He learned his rudiments at schools in the neighbourhood of his home, and was then sent to the Charterhouse. At fifteen he was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, but he had not been there many months, when a copy of Latin Verses, which attracted the notice of Dr. Lancaster, gained him admittance at Magdalen College. As Demy and afterwards as Fellow he resided for ten years at Magdalen, and his College is still proud of his name. During his residence at the University he appears to have concentrated his attention on the study of the Latin poets, and to have had some thought of devoting himself to poetry; his position as Fellow of a College, rich in preferment, would naturally have led him to the Church as a profession, but the influence of the Lord Chancellor Somers and of Montague determined his choice otherwise. In 1699, he left Oxford and remained on the Continent for more than four years, in Paris studying French and enjoying the society of philosophers and poets, and in Italy making himself familiar with the monuments of ancient and modern art, and strengthening himself by the observation of superstition and misrule in the love which he had early conceived for truth and freedom.

On his return to England, at the end of 1703, Addison's prospects of employment were for a while clouded by the fall of the Whigs and rise of the Tories at the accession of Anne. But this cloud did not last long, and in 1705 he was made Under Secretary and employed on a foreign mission. He became afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland—an office which he

filled twice,—Secretary to the Lords Justices, and finally in 1717 Secretary of State. This completes the tale of Addison's public career. It was like his private life—unblemished and stainless in its integrity. He married in 1716 the Countess of Warwick, and died in 1719, having just completed his forty-seventh year.

As an author, Addison has left poems, among which was the *Campaign*, written to celebrate Marlborough's victory at Blenheim; plays, of which the most successful was *Cato*; his *Italian Travels*; and lastly, the immortal papers which have given enduring fame to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and one or two other short-lived periodicals.

Addison's style has always been looked upon as the model of classical English. In delicacy of wit, fertility of imagination, and grace of expression, his best essays, Lord Macaulay truly says, approach near to absolute perfection. Mr. Thackeray holds Addison to have been 'one of the most enviable of mankind. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.'

The extent and variety of his powers is such that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them in the following brief extracts.

1. *The Papal States at the close of the 17th Century.*

IN my way from Rome to Naples I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman Emperors: and notwithstanding the removal of the Imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so

plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears nowhere greater than in the Pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their Prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expense, and is neither encumbered with wife, children or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the Pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may

here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the Pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the Pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shews itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of Pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old and decrepid. The many hospitals, that are everyw^here erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they

neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious Pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of nepotism that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons; as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the Emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the Pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the Pope's treasury.

2. *Reading a Dance.*

I WAS this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentleman of the next house begged me to step thither, for

that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice ; as indeed everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study ; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left ; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner ; when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought : I whispered, that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility, and good mien, that he hoped he

had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

√ 3. *Frozen Words.*

THE present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when,

speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows:—

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, inso-much that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining with his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

———*Nec vox, nec verba sequuntur.*

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering

sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on ship-board.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again?' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and

furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done :

———*Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation.

Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, says he, finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.

4. *National Thanksgiving.*

YESTERDAY was set apart as a day of public thanksgiving for the late extraordinary successes, which have secured to us everything that can be esteemed, and delivered us from everything that can be apprehended by a Protestant and free people. I cannot but observe, upon this occasion, the natural tendency in such a national devotion, to inspire men with sentiments of religious gratitude, and to swell their hearts with inward transports of joy and exultation.

When instances of Divine favour are great in themselves, when they are fresh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and solemn assemblies; a man must be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whose heart doth not burn within him in the midst of that praise and adoration, which arises at the same hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thousands of the people.

It is impossible to read of extraordinary and national acts

of worship without being warmed with the description, and feeling some degree of that divine enthusiasm, which spreads itself among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole assembly raised and animated one another, catches a reader at the greatest distance of time, and makes him a kind of sharer in it

Henry the Fifth (who at the beginning of his reign made a public prayer in the presence of his Lords and Commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foresaw he would not prove a just and good governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifestly derived his courage from his piety, and was scrupulously careful not to ascribe the success of it to himself. When he came within sight of that prodigious army, which offered him battle at Agincourt, he ordered all his cavalry to dismount, and with the rest of his forces to implore upon their knees a blessing on their undertaking. In a noble speech, which he made to his followers immediately before the first onset, he took notice of a very remarkable circumstance, namely, that this very day of battle was the day appointed in his own kingdom to offer up public devotions for the prosperity of his arms, and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, since at the same time that they were fighting in the field, all the people of England were lifting up their hands to heaven for their success. Upon the close of that memorable day, in which the king had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth psalm to be repeated in the midst of his victorious army, and at the words, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise,' he himself, with his whole host, fell to the earth upon their faces, ascribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of so great an action.

XXVIII.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

1678—1751.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE, is best known as a Tory politician, of great fame for oratory, and as the friend of Pope, who dedicated to him the 'Essay on Man,' and to whom he in turn addressed his Philosophical Essays. He represented an ancient family, of which Oliver St. John, the great Republican lawyer, was a cadet, and was born and died in the family house at Battersea. His primary interest was not in literature, but in politics. He entered Parliament in 1700, and attached himself to the Tories from the first. From 1710 to the death of Anne he was Secretary of State, and in alliance with Harley, Earl of Oxford, whom he hated, governed England. He was the real author of the desertion by England of her allies in the war of Succession, which led to the peace of Utrecht. On the establishment of George I, having notoriously intrigued with the Pretender, he withdrew to Paris. In his absence, he was at Walpole's instance attainted for high treason, and his name erased from the Peerage. Finding that he could make nothing of the Pretender, he spent many years in retirement in France, during which he wrote his 'Reflections on Exile,' and the 'Letter to Sir W. Windham.' He came back to England in 1725, upon a pardon from the King, but never got his attainder reversed, and in consequence could not sit in the House of Lords. He continued in England, writing vehement papers against Walpole, and also 'Remarks on the History of England,' till 1735, when he again withdrew to France. There he wrote his letters on 'the Spirit of Patriotism,' 'the Idea of a Patriot King' (meant to tell

on Frederic, Prince of Wales), and 'the Study and Use of History.' On the death of his father in 1744, he returned to England, and lived at Battersea till his death. His philosophical works, consisting of *Essays and Minutes of Essays*, were not published till after his death.

His style is a model for popular writing on topics of the day. It never rises to great heights, but is always clear, vigorous, and sustained. On philosophical subjects, however, a flowing style could not conceal the poverty of his thoughts. His equipment consisted of a theory of knowledge taken simply from Locke, and a doctrine of the comparative insignificance of man's place in nature suggested by the Newtonian Physics. With this he waged war against 'Metaphysical jargon' (which included all Theology), and in particular against theories which 'made God man's image, man the final cause.' In effect, he denied the moral government of the world. His great adversaries were Cudworth, Archbishop King, Clarke, and Wollaston. An argument of the last of these for a future life, drawn from the unequal allotment of happiness and misery in this, is referred to in the last of the following extracts.

1. *Harley, Earl of Oxford.*

WHETHER this man ever had any determined view besides that of raising his family is, I believe, a problematical question in the world. My opinion is, that he never had any other. The conduct of a minister, who proposes to himself a great and noble object, and who pursues it steadily, may seem for a while a riddle to the world; especially in a government like ours, where numbers of men different in their characters and different in their interests are at all times to be managed: where public affairs are exposed to more accidents and greater hazards than in other countries; and where, by consequence, he who is at the head of business will find himself

often distracted by measures which have no relation to his purpose, and obliged to bend himself to things which are in some degree contrary to his main design. The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government: and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens, that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled, and when it is once consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same. But on the other hand, a man who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who, instead of leading parties and governing accidents, is eternally agitated backwards and forwards by both, who begins every day something new, and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose a while on the world: but a little sooner or a little later the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be couched under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended farther than living from day to day. Which of these pictures resembles Oxford most, you will determine. I am sorry to be obliged to name him so often; but how is it possible to do otherwise, while I am speaking of times wherein the whole turn of affairs depended on his motions and character?

He is naturally inclined to believe the worst, which I take to be a certain mark of a mean spirit and a wicked soul: at least I am sure that the contrary quality, when it is not due to weakness of understanding, is the fruit of a generous temper, and an honest heart. Prone to judge ill of all mankind, he will rarely be seduced by his credulity; but I never knew a

man so capable of being the bubble of his distrust and jealousy. He was so in this case, although the queen, who could not be ignorant of the truth, said enough to undeceive him. But to be undeceived, and to own himself so, was not his play. He hoped by cunning to varnish over his want of faith and of ability. He was desirous to make the world impute the extraordinary part, or to speak more properly, the no part which he acted with the staff of treasurer in his hand, to the queen's withdrawing her favour from him, and to his friends abandoning him: pretences utterly groundless, when he first made them, and which he brought to be real at last. Even the winter before the queen's death, when his credit began to wane apace, he might have regained it; he might have reconciled himself perfectly with all his ancient friends, and have acquired the confidence of the whole party. I say he might have done all this; because I am persuaded that none of those I have named were so convinced of his perfidy, so jaded with his yoke, or so much piqued personally against him as I was: and yet if he would have exerted himself in concert with us, to improve the few advantages which were left us, and to ward off the visible danger which threatened our persons and our party, I would have stifled my private animosity, and would have acted under him with as much zeal as ever. But he was incapable of taking such a turn. The sum of all his policy had been to amuse the Whigs, the Tories, and the Jacobites, as long as he could, and to keep his power as long as he amused them. When it became impossible to amuse mankind any longer, he appeared plainly at the end of his line.

2. *A faint and selfish Opposition.*

I EXPECT little from the principal actors that tread the stage at present. They are divided, not so much as it has seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures: the true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the reformation of the government. The destruction of the minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indispensable necessity to that end. But when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They divided the skin, at least in their thoughts, before they had taken the beast: and the common fear of hunting him down for others, made them all faint in the chace. It was this, and this alone, that has saved him, or has put off his evil day. Corruption, so much, and so justly complained of, could not have done it alone.

When I say that I expect little from the principal actors that tread the stage at present, I am far from applying to all of them what I take to be true of the far greatest part. There are men among them who certainly intend the good of their country, and whom I love and honour for that reason. But these men have been clogged, or misled, or over-borne by others; and, seduced by natural temper to inactivity, have taken any excuse, or yielded to any pretence that favoured it. That they should rouse, therefore, in themselves, or in any one else, the spirit they have suffered, nay, helped to die away, I do not expect. I turn my eyes from the generation that is going off, to the generation that is coming on the stage. I expect good from them.

3. *Wisdom and Cunning in a Minister.*

THERE is, however, one distinction to be made as to the capacity of ministers, on which I will insist a little: because I think it very important at all times, particularly so at this time; and because it escapes observation most commonly. The distinction I mean is that between a cunning man and a wise man: and this distinction is built on a manifest difference in nature, how imperceptible soever it may become to weak eyes, or to eyes that look at their object through the false medium of custom and habit. My Lord Bacon says, that cunning is left-handed or crooked wisdom. I would rather say, that it is a part, but the lowest part, of wisdom; employed alone by some, because they have not the other parts to employ; and by some, because it is as much as they want, within those bounds of action which they prescribe to themselves, and sufficient to the ends that they propose. The difference seems to consist in degree and application, rather than in kind. Wisdom is neither left-handed, nor crooked: but the heads of some men contain little, and the hearts of others employ it wrong. To use my Lord Bacon's own comparison, the cunning man knows how to pack the cards, the wise man how to play the game better: but it would be of no use to the first to pack the cards, if his knowledge stopped here, and he had no skill in the game; nor to the second to play the game better, if he did not know how to pack the cards, that he might unpack them by new shuffling. Inferior wisdom or cunning may get the better of folly: but superior wisdom will get the better of cunning. Wisdom and cunning have often the same objects; but a wise man will have more and greater in his view. The least will not fill his soul, nor ever become the principal there; but will be

pursued in subserviency, in subordination at least, to the other. Wisdom and cunning may employ sometimes the same means too: but the wise man stoops to these means, and the other cannot rise above them. Simulation and dissimulation, for instance, are the chief arts of cunning: the first will be esteemed always by a wise man unworthy of him, and will be therefore avoided by him, in every possible case; for, to resume my Lord Bacon's comparison, simulation is put on that we may look into the cards of another, whereas dissimulation intends nothing more than to hide our own. Simulation is a stiletto, not only an offensive, but an unlawful weapon; and the use of it may be rarely, very rarely, excused, but never justified. Dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour: and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in the administration of public affairs without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in it without secrecy. Those two arts of cunning are like the alloy mingled with pure ore. A little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed, the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests, and the support of his administration, require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a

little time, by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train, on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes, on an entire not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

4. *Immortality without terrors for the Reason.*

THE ancient and modern Epicureans provoke my indignation, when they boast, as a mighty acquisition, their pretended certainty that the body and the soul die together. If they had this certainty then, would the discovery be so very comfortable? When I consult my reason, I am ready to ask these men, as Tully asked their predecessors, where that old doating woman is who trembles at the '*acherontia templa*,' the

'*alta orci*,' and all the infernal hobgoblins, furies with their snakes and whips, devils with their cloven feet and lighted torches? Was there need of so much philosophy to keep these mighty genii from living under the same terrors? I would ask further, is the middle between atheism and superstition so hard to find? Or may not these men serve as examples to prove what Plutarch affirms, 'that superstition leads to atheism?' For me, who am no philosopher, nor presume to walk out of the high road of plain common sense, but content myself to be governed by the dictates of nature, and am, therefore, in no danger of becoming atheistical, superstitious, or sceptical, I should have no difficulty which to choose, if the option was proposed to me, to exist after death, or to die whole, as it has been called. Be there two worlds, or be there twenty, the same God is the God of all, and wherever we are, we are equally in His power. Far from fearing my Creator, that all-perfect Being whom I adore, I should fear to be no longer His creature.

5. *The Superiority and right use of Human Reason.*

I SHOULD have been convinced that the faculty of thinking is given to sensitive animals, as we call them, in a lower degree than to man. But I should not have been convinced that they have the power of exercising it in respect of present objects only. The contrary would appear to me, on some occasions, as manifest in them, or in some of them, as it appears on others, and on more, in the man who is born dumb. I should feel the superiority of my species, but I should acknowledge the community of our kind. I should rouse in my mind a grateful sense of these advantages above all others; that I am a creature capable of knowing, of adoring, and worshipping my Creator, capable of discovering

His will in the law of my nature, and capable of promoting my happiness by obeying it. I should acknowledge thankfully that I am able, by the superiority of my intellectual faculties, much better than my fellow-creatures, to avoid some evils and to soften others, which are common to us and to them. I should confess that as I proved myself more rational than they by employing my reason to this purpose, so I should prove myself less rational by repining at my state here, and by complaining that there are any unavoidable evils. I should confess that neither perfect virtue nor perfect happiness are to be found among the sons of men: and that we ought to judge of the continuance of one, as we may judge of our perseverance in the other, according to a maxim in the ethics of Confucius; not by this, that we never fall from either, since in that sense there would be no one good nor no one happy man in the world; but by this, that when we do fall we rise again, and pursue the journey of life in the same road. Let us pursue it contentedly, and learn that as the softest pillow, on which we can lay our heads, has been said by Montagne to be ignorance, we may say more properly that it is resignation. He alone is happy, and he is truly so, who can say, Welcome life, whatever it brings! welcome death, whatever it is! 'Aut transfert, aut finit.'

XXIX.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

1675—1734-5.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT, one of the most celebrated wits and physicians in the reign of Queen Anne, was the son of an episcopal clergyman of Scotland, and was born in 1675. He studied at the University of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M.D. The Revolution deprived his father of his preferment, and young Arbuthnot left Scotland to settle as physician at Doncaster. Finding, as he humourously said, that he 'could neither live nor die there,' he removed to London, where he first made himself known by an *Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge*. This brought him into notice, and introducèd him to practice. His elegant and agreeable manners, his wit and pleasantry, and the learning which he combined with these qualities, soon made him the associate of the chief literary men of the day, and the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, Parnell, and others. He was also the friend both of Harley and of Bolingbroke, and in politics was always faithful to the Tory party. He became physician to Prince George of Denmark, and also to Queen Anne.

His most important work is entitled *Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures*; it has still some authority. He wrote several successful treatises on Hygiene, but his pieces of Wit and Humour—among which is his *History of John Bull*, a political allegory of great merit—have, together with his Letters, established his place in literature. Many of Arbuthnot's pieces were written in partnership with Swift and Pope and are often ascribed to them; but Mr. Wharton calls him the author of

the *History of John Bull*, and of the best parts of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and adds that 'they abound in strokes of the most exquisite humour.' His friends were warmly attached to him, and not more for his intellectual endowments and brilliant wit, than for his manly and honourable nature. Pope says 'that he was fitter to live or die than any man he knew; that his good morals were equal to any man's; but his wit and humour superior to all mankind.' During a great part of his life his health was bad; he died in 1734.

1. *The Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.*

MATHEMATICAL knowledge adds a manly vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does two ways: first, by accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust; secondly, by giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world; which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. How great an enemy mathematics are to superstition appears from this, that in those countries where Romish priests exercise their barbarous tyranny over the minds of men, astronomers, who are fully persuaded of the motion of the earth, dare not speak out: but though the Inquisition may extort a recantation, the Pope and a general Council, too, will not find themselves able to persuade to the contrary opinion. Perhaps this may have given occasion to a calumnious suggestion, as if mathematics were an enemy to religion, which is a scandal thrown both on the one and the other; for truth can never be an

enemy to true religion, which appears always to the best advantage when it is most examined.

—————Si propius stes,
Te capiet magis.—————

On the contrary, the mathematics are friends to religion ; inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning ; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices, the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy but desirable.

2. *Letter of the Free-thinkers to Martinus Scriblerus.*

WE must not omit taking notice here, that these 'Inquiries into the Seat of the Soul' gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of Free-thinkers, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following letter :—

*To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, Martinus Scriblerus :
the society of Free-thinkers greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-house, May 7.

It is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that theological nonentity commonly called the soul : since, after all your inquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in

the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not demonstration to a person of your sense, that, since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy mechanical explication of perception or thinking.

One of their chief arguments is, that self-consciousness cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *jack* there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack), but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc., make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception, or consciousness, is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc., are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkey, etc., are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc., does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc., inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

The parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually

changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation: so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now suppose those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible that they were the same individual pair of stockings, both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual, self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a majority, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles, which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

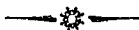
And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembody themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional canals empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is formed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some

people think so wrong and perversely, which proceed from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we must defer to another occasion.



XXX.

GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

1684—1752.

GEORGE BERKELEY, a celebrated metaphysician, born in Ireland, March 12, 1684, was the author of the 'Berkeleyian Theory' of matter, which represents it as not being an external substance, but only existing in the ideas of the human mind. His style is singularly adapted to the character of his philosophy, expressing as it does the subtlest and finest philosophical ideas with the most felicitous freedom and ease, and even elegance and grace, which he combines, however, with great precision, and with a clear order and arrangement. As an exponent of philosophical thought, he is thus distinguished from former great writers in the same department; and he may be said to have created a new metaphysical style. He combined, however, with this philosophical temper an extraordinary practical enthusiasm, energy, and benevolence. In 1728, he entered upon a scheme for the foundation of a Missionary College at Bermuda, with a view to the conversion of the American Indians, and resided three years in Rhode Island for the execution of his plan, which fell to the ground from the want of Government pecuniary support. On his return to Ireland, he devoted himself to charitable and patriotic objects, and to the improvement of the condition and character of the Irish labourer. In 1733, he was made Bishop of Cloyne. He died at Oxford, in 1752.

1. *That Man can see God.*

It seems to be a general pretence of the unthinking herd, that they cannot see God. Could we but see him, say they,

as we see a man, we should believe that he is, and believing, obey his commands. But alas, we need only open our eyes to see the Sovereign Lord of all things with a more full and clear view, than we do any of our fellow-creatures. A human spirit or person is not perceived by sense, as not being an idea; when, therefore, we see the colour, size, figure, and motions of a man, we perceive only certain sensations or ideas excited in our own minds; and these being exhibited to our view in sundry distinct collections, serve to mark out unto us the existence of finite and created spirits like ourselves. Hence it is plain, we do not see a man, if by *man* is meant that which lives, moves, perceives, and thinks as we do: but only such a certain collection of ideas, as directs us to think there is a distinct principle of thought and motion like to ourselves, accompanying and represented by it. And after the same manner we see God; all the difference is, that whereas some one finite and narrow assemblage of ideas denotes a particular human mind, whithersoever we direct our view, we do at all times and in all places perceive manifest tokens of the Divinity: every thing we see, hear, feel, or anywise perceive by sense, being a sign or effect of the power of God; as is our perception of those very motions, which are produced by men.

It is therefore plain, that nothing can be more evident to anyone that is capable of the least reflection, than the existence of God, or a spirit who is intimately present to our minds, producing in them all that variety of ideas and sensations which continually affect us, on whom we have an absolute, an entire dependance; in short, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.'

That the discovery of this great truth which lies so near and obvious to the mind, should be attained to by the reason of so very few, is a sad instance of the stupidity and inattention

of men, who, though they are surrounded with such clear manifestations of the Deity, are yet so little affected by them, that they seem, as it were, blinded with excess of light.

2. *Appeal to the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland.*

BE not startled, reverend Sirs, to find yourselves addressed to by one of a different communion. We are indeed (to our shame be it spoken) more inclined to hate for those articles wherein we differ, than to love one another for those wherein we agree.

But if we cannot extinguish, let us at least suspend our animosities, and, forgetting our religious feuds, consider ourselves in the amiable light of countrymen and neighbours. Let us for once turn our eyes on those things in which we have one common interest. Why should disputes about faith interrupt the duties of civil life? or the different roads we take to heaven prevent our taking the same steps on earth? Do we not inhabit the same spot of ground, breathe the same air, and live under the same government? Why then should we not conspire in one and the same design, to promote the common good of our country?

We are all agreed about the usefulness of meat, drink, and clothes, and without doubt, we all sincerely wish our poor neighbours were better supplied with them. Providence and nature have done their part; no country is better qualified to furnish the necessaries of life, and yet no people are worse provided. In vain is the earth fertile, and the climate benign, if human labour be wanting. Nature supplies the materials, which art and industry improve to the use of man, and it is the want of this industry that occasions all our other wants. The public hath endeavoured to excite and encourage this most useful virtue. Much hath been done; but whether it

be from the heaviness of the climate, or from the Spanish or Scythian blood that runs in their veins, or whatever else may be the cause, there still remains in the natives of this island a remarkable antipathy to labour.

. You, gentlemen, can alone conquer their innate, hereditary sloth. Do you, then, as you love your country, exert yourselves. Certainly, planting and tilling the earth is an exercise not less pleasing than useful; it takes the peasant from his smoky cabin into the fresh air and the open field, rendering his lot far more desirable than that of the sluggard, who lies in the straw, or sits whole days by the fire. Convince your people, that not only pleasure invites, but necessity also drives them to labour. If you have any compassion for these poor creatures, put them in mind how many of them perished in a late memorable distress, through want of that provident care against a hard season, observable not only in all other men, but even in irrational animals. Set before their eyes, in lively colours, their own indigent and sordid lives, compared with those of other people, whose industry hath procured them hearty food, warm clothes, and decent dwellings. Make them sensible what a reproach it is, that a nation which makes so great pretensions to antiquity, and is said to have flourished many years ago in arts and learning, should in these days turn out a lazy, destitute, and degenerate race. Raise your voices, reverend Sirs, exert your influence, shew your authority over the multitude, by engaging them to the practice of an honest industry, a duty necessary to all, and required in all, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, whether Christians, Jews, or Pagans.

It will be alleged in excuse of their idleness, that the country people want encouragement to labour, as not having a property in the lands. There is small encouragement, say you, for them to build or plant upon another's land, wherein

they have only a temporary interest. How many industrious persons are there in all civilized countries without any property in lands, or any prospect of estates, or employments! Industry never fails to reward her votaries. There is no one but can earn a little, and little added to little makes a heap. In this fertile and plentiful island, none can perish for want but the idle and improvident. None who have industry, frugality, and foresight, but may get into tolerable if not wealthy circumstances. Are not all trades and manufactures open to those of your communion? Have you not the same free use, and may you not make the same advantage, of fairs and markets as other men? Do you pay higher duties, or are you liable to greater impositions, than your fellow-subjects? And are not the public premiums and encouragements given indifferently to artists of all communions? Have not, in fact, those of your communion a very great share of the commerce of this kingdom in their hands? And is not more to be got by this than by purchasing estates, or possessing civil employments, whose incomes are often attended with large expenses?

A tight house, warm apparel, and wholesome food, are sufficient motives to labour. If all had them, we should be a flourishing nation. And if those who take pains may have them, those who will not take pains are not to be pitied; they are to be looked on and treated as drones, the pest and disgrace of society.

XXXI.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in 1688, and died in 1744. He was confessedly the most eminent poet of his age, and he still remains unequalled in his particular style of poetry. Less vigorous and various than Dryden, on whom he modelled himself, he was a greater artist. His life was uneventful, varied only by the successive publication of his poems, and by literary quarrels into which a vain and jealous temperament was constantly leading him. Like Dryden, he modernized stories from Chaucer, wrote satires, and translated a great ancient poet. But in his satires (the *Dunciad* excepted) he is more didactic than Dryden; and in his *Moral Epistles*, and still more in his *Essay on Man*, he aims at the character of a philosophical writer. His translation of Homer, though utterly unlike the Greek in its general features, and far from an accurate representation of it in details, will probably keep his name alive as long as any of his original poems, brilliant and highly finished as these undoubtedly are. His prose writings consist chiefly of one or two prefaces, three or four occasional papers, and a large number of letters, which he elaborated with great care, and contrived to have published during his own lifetime. They are marked by great rhetorical adroitness and dexterity; but there is an absence of ease about them, even when the style is most familiar. Gray, however, himself a delightful letter-writer, said of the letters, that though not good letters, they were better things; while Cowper, on the other hand, thought him the most disagreeable maker of epistles he ever met with.

1. *Life in public and in solitude, a letter to Steele.*

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scenes of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his

companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.

2. *Homer and Virgil (from the Preface to the Iliad).*

NOTHING is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer,

boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Aeneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.



XXXII.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1689—1762.

LADY MARY PIERREPOINT was born, in 1689, at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire. Her father, the younger brother of the Earl of Kingston, became, in 1715, by creation, Duke, by the same title. As a child, she was much neglected, but her love of books stood her in place of a regular education. She taught herself Latin, and read widely if not well. In 1712, she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, who had long been attached to her. He was a man of great ability and cultivation, and in 1716 was appointed Ambassador to the Porte. Lady Mary accompanied him, and her impressions of the country, at that period so little known to English travellers, are recorded in the celebrated series of letters, which constitute her chief claim to literary reputation. In 1739, she left England, and did not return until her husband's death, in 1761. In the following year she died.

Lady Mary was at one time the intimate friend of Pope, and it is believed that her kindness induced the poet, on some occasions, to forget his usual prudence, in his relations with her. The friendship was succeeded by a violent quarrel, and for many years Pope pursued his former ally with malignant animosity. Horace Walpole has also assailed her reputation with all the wit and venom which his practised pen could command. Daring, imprudent, and reckless as Lady Mary was, there seems no adequate reason for the attacks to which she was subjected. The circumstances under which she left England and separated from her husband, were perhaps sufficient ground

for much that has been said of her. But of these circumstances posterity knows little. The introduction of inoculation into England was, perhaps, a doubtful national benefit, but Lady Mary is at least entitled to the praise of moral courage for allowing the experiment to be tried on her own son. Her literary fame has perhaps been exaggerated. The *Letters from Turkey* are full of brilliancy, sparkle, and vivacity, but they fail to impress a generation familiar with productions of a higher tone. The style of Lady Mary is entirely her own. Less artificial than Walpole's, more sustained than Cowper's, her letters resemble Lord Byron's more nearly, perhaps, than do those of any other English writer. There are touches of polished wit worthy of Addison or Steele—descriptive passages of the rarest felicity—shrewd apophthegms recalling familiar sayings in greater authors, scattered abundantly throughout the *Letters during Mr. Montagu's Embassy to Constantinople*.

1. *Adrianople (from a Letter to Mr. Pope)*.

I AM at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral. The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of

their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

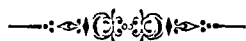
2. *A Procession to a Turkish Camp.*

FROM this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashás of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde Park; but it is very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the Grand-Signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand-Signior was at the seraglio window, to see the pro-

cession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi*, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c., so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their

arms pierced through with arrows, left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and, when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain-pashá (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, &c., with all possible civility.



XXXIII.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

1694—1773.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, one of the most shining characters of his age, was born in 1694. He was brought up chiefly under the care of his grandmother, and was sent when eighteen years of age to Cambridge, and appears even there to have devoted much attention to the formation of style, of which he became later so great a master. He entered Parliament before he was of age, but took little part in public affairs till after the death of his father in 1726. His first public employment was an embassy to Holland, in which he displayed great skill, diplomacy being peculiarly suited to his tastes and talents, from his quick insight into character, and his knowledge of foreign languages and history. A second embassy to the same country confirmed his reputation as a statesman. In 1745, at the moment of the Rebellion in Scotland, Chesterfield became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and entered on the most brilliant and useful part of his career. By impartial justice, by firmness, moderation and clemency, he kept the country tranquil, and his administration deserves the praise due to a humane, liberal, and far-sighted policy.

At the close of 1746 he became Secretary of State, and in 1748 finally withdrew from official life. In 1751, Chesterfield, with the aid of Lord Macclesfield and of the astronomer Bradley, carried out, in spite of much popular prejudice, the Reformation of the Calendar. After this, and till his death, an increasing deafness excluded Lord Chesterfield from taking part in public life. He

died in 1773, 'satiated,' as he himself said, 'with the pompous follies of this life.'

As an author, says Lord Mahon, Chesterfield's character must stand or fall by his *Letters*. Viewed as compositions, they appear almost unrivalled as models for a serious epistolary style; clear, elegant, and terse, never straining at effect, and yet never hurried into carelessness. They have incurred just reprehension on two grounds—that they insist too much on manners and graces instead of on more solid acquirements, and that some of their maxims are repugnant to good morals; even when right in themselves, the maxims laid down seldom rest on higher motives than those of expediency, reputation, or personal advantage.

1. *The State of France in 1753.*

WHEREVER you are, inform yourself minutely of, and attend particularly to, the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His Ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion are divided in their notions of it; which is saying that they hate one another. The clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The army must, without doubt, take, in

their own minds at least, different parts in all these disputes, which, upon occasion, would break out. Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the Praetorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The Janissaries in Turkey, and the regiments of Guards in Russia, do the same now. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *sprejudicati*; the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in Government, now exist, and daily increase in France. I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am sure, wants rest; for it wants men and money: the Republic of the United Provinces wants both still more: the other Powers cannot well dance, when neither France nor the Maritime Powers can, as they used to do, pay the piper. The first squabble in Europe that I foresee will be about the Crown of Poland, should the present King die; and therefore I wish his Majesty a long life and a merry Christmas.

2. *Casuistry and Common Sense.*

PRAY let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason, and plain common sense, suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced, that whatever breaks into

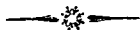
it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal. I do not know a crime in the world which is not, by the casuists among the Jesuits (especially the twenty-four collected, I think, by Escobar) allowed in some, or many, cases not to be criminal. The principles first laid down by them are often specious, the reasonings plausible, but the conclusion always a lie: for it is contrary to that evident and undeniable rule of justice which I have mentioned above, of not doing to any one what you would not have him do to you. But, however, these refined pieces of casuistry and sophistry being very convenient and welcome to people's passions and appetites, they gladly accept the indulgence, without desiring to detect the fallacy of the reasoning: and, indeed, many, I might say most, people are not able to do it, which makes the publication of such quibblings and refinements the more pernicious. I am no skilful casuist, nor subtle disputant; and yet I would undertake to justify and qualify the profession of a highwayman, step by step, and so plausibly as to make many ignorant people embrace the profession, as an innocent, if not even a laudable one; and to puzzle people of some degree of knowledge to answer me point by point. I have seen a book, entitled *Quidlibet ex Quolibet*, or, the art of making anything out of anything; which is not so difficult as it would seem, if once one quits certain plain truths, obvious in gross to every understanding, in order to run after the ingenious refinements of warm imaginations and speculative reasonings. Doctor Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, a very worthy, ingenious and learned man, has written a book to prove that there is no such thing as matter, and that nothing exists but in idea: that you and I only fancy ourselves eating, drinking, and sleeping; you at Leipsig, and I at London:

that we think we have flesh and blood, legs, arms, &c., but that we are only spirit. His arguments are, strictly speaking, unanswerable; but yet I am so far from being convinced by them, that I am determined to go on to eat and drink, and walk and ride, in order to keep that *matter*, which I so mistakenly imagine my body at present to consist of, in as good plight as possible. Common sense (which, in truth, is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of: abide by it; it will counsel you best. Read and hear, for your amusement ingenious systems, nice questions subtly agitated, with all the refinements that warm imaginations suggest; but consider them only as exercitations for the mind, and return always to settle with common sense.

3. *Good Manners.*

THERE should be in the least, as well as in the greatest parts of a gentleman, *les manières nobles*. Sense will teach you some, observation others: attend carefully to the manners, the diction, the motions, of people of the first fashion, and form your own upon them. On the other hand, observe a little those of the vulgar, in order to avoid them; for though the things which they say or do may be the same, the manner is always totally different; and in that, and nothing else, consists the characteristic of a man of fashion. The lowest peasant speaks, moves, dresses, eats, and drinks as much as a man of the first fashion, but does them all quite differently; so that by doing and saying most things in a manner opposite to that of the vulgar, you have a great chance of doing and saying them right. There are gradations in awkwardness and vulgarism, as there are in everything else. *Les manières de Robe*, though not quite right, are still better than *les manières Bourgeoises*; and these, though

bad, are still better than *les manières de Campagne*. But the language, the air, the dress, and the manners of the Court, are the only true standard *des manières nobles, et d'un honnête homme*. *Ex pede Herculem* is an old and true saying, and very applicable to our present subject; for a man of parts, who has been bred at Courts, and used to keep the best company, will distinguish himself, and is to be known from the vulgar, by every word, attitude, gesture, and even look. I cannot leave these seeming *minuties*, without repeating to you the necessity of your carving well, which is an article, little as it is, that is useful twice every day of one's life; and the doing it ill is very troublesome to one's self, and very disagreeable, often ridiculous, to others.



XXXIV.

HENRY FIELDING.

1707—1754.

HENRY FIELDING was born, in 1707, at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire. His father, General Edmund Fielding, who belonged to a younger branch of the Denbigh family, had served under Marlborough, and was a person of good position in society, but seems to have set his son the bad example of extravagance. Henry Fielding was educated at Eton, where he is said to have acquired a great familiarity with the Latin and Greek classics. He afterwards studied jurisprudence at Leyden, but was compelled to return to England in consequence of his father's inability to support him at that University. Finding himself at the age of twenty thrown upon his own resources, 'with an allowance from his father, which,' (as he said himself), 'any one might pay who could, and with no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman,' he preferred the former alternative, and became a dramatic author. None of his farces or comedies obtained, or indeed deserved, any considerable success; they can hardly be said to contain any promise of his future excellence. At the age of twenty-eight he married, and, inheriting at the same time a small estate, retired to the country. Here however in two years he had completely ruined himself by a ludicrous extravagance, and returned to London to study law. To maintain himself and his family he again wrote plays, and was besides concerned in more than one of the periodicals of the day. At thirty-five the desire of ridiculing Richardson's *Pamela* suggested to him the composition of *Joseph Andrews*, and having once found the true bent of his genius, he followed it up with ardour, and,

while still occupied with periodical writing and with the duties of a stipendiary magistracy, he found time for the production of his later and equally celebrated novels. But his health, which had long been declining, at last gave way altogether, and in 1754, as a last chance for life, he sailed for Lisbon, but only to die there in the autumn of the same year.

Fielding's English is pure, simple, and unaffected. But his high place in English literature is due, not so much to his style, as to his transcendent genius as a novelist; to his wide human sympathies, his just conception and sharp delineation of character, his humour, and the buoyant sense of the enjoyment of life which he has infused into pages composed, not unfrequently, under the pressure of much physical suffering.

1. *The Rescue of a Kitten.*

THIS gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but little a-head of us. The captain swaggered, and declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and, making a sudden tack, stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water; an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, 'I own, extremely

surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness, than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment, in a few minutes, returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader: the kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; and having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But, as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

2. *The Sea Captain.*

BUT, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him, that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse that I very hastily, and very foolishly, resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summon a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice; so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quicksand. Nor can we wonder at this when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture; but I immediately forgave him.

And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving if they were much wiser than they are; because it was convenient for me so to do.

Wednesday. This morning the captain dressed himself in scarlet, in order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman, who hath seen a great deal of the world in foreign parts, and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain; but a most unfortunate accident happened; for, as the wind was extremely rough, and against the hoy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of great seamanship, in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard; or, at least, so disabled them, that they were no longer of any use, and unable to reach the ship; but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, though the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best-natured fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shewn it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the

cabin. I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying, they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of which we have above set down a pregnant example in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt, as if they had been his own.

3. *Good Breeding in the first half of the Eighteenth Century.*

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed, not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate cheerfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polyspherchon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time

before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are; and being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers, she believes so; you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time, before the gentleman, in a dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table, to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially

as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally, if his company be such as would desire it) yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine, if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the bottle, or fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people.

XXXV.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709—1784.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, born 1709, died 1784. He was the chief literary man of his time; he wrote poems, moral and controversial essays, and biographies. He also composed his celebrated *English Dictionary*. His principal works are two satires, *London*, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*; moral essays, published in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*; *Rasselas*, and *Lives of the Poets*. He is, however, best known through his *Life* by Boswell.

It has been said of Johnson, that while the lives of other authors were known because of their writings, his writings are known because of his life. That this is so, is due in part to his having found in Boswell an incomparable biographer. It is due also to the fact that Johnson occupied a peculiar position. In his time the world of literature was a comparatively small world, the members of which were familiar with each other, and marked off from the rest of society as a distinct class. Over this world Johnson ruled as undisputed king. He held his position mainly by his unparalleled powers of conversation, but he was also, from the fame of his writings, the acknowledged head of the literary profession.

His satires, his controversial works, his moral essays, and even his dictionary, were among the most popular works of their day, and were considered no less remarkable for beauty of style than for vigour of thought. The verdict of posterity has not altogether ratified the judgment of Johnson's contemporaries. His

style, which was the source of his popularity, in the 18th century, injures his reputation with modern readers. His settled preference for words derived from Latin sources is opposed to modern taste, and frequently gives to his sentences an air of cumbrous pedantry. Moreover, his thoughts, are more remarkable for their vigorous good sense than for their originality or profoundness. As a critic, he displays far more acuteness than subtlety, and rarely criticises with effect any writers but those who, like Pope, belong to his own school of sentiment. Yet, on the whole, his *Lives of the Poets* are the best of his works. They are written in a style which is dignified without being pedantic, and contain many reflections well deserving attention. It is, in fact, Johnson's great merit, that he never wrote unless he had something to say, and that he could always express exactly what he meant to say in precise language. Few writers who have filled as many volumes, have written as little that was not worth writing as Johnson.

1. *The Happy Valley.*

THE place, which the wisdom, or policy, of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abissinan princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded, on every side, by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed, whether it was the work of nature, or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl, whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain, on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees; the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks; and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey, by the mountains which confined them. On one part, were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added, at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of musick; and during eight days every one, that resided in the valley, was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musi-

cians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted, whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight, which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired, that it might be perpetual; and, as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

2. *Pope.*

OF Pope's social qualities, if an estimate be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said, as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he that writes to his friend, lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the 'Golden Age,' and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and certainly what we hide from ourselves, we do not shew to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are

considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to give or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed, they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with affectation and ambition: to know whether he

disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

3. *Shenstone.*

Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed by the most supercilious observer to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well.

This praise was the praise of Shenstone; but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttleton was his neighbour, and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the petty state that appeared behind it. For awhile the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow who was trying to make himself admired; but when by degrees the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they

took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity, and where there is vanity there will be folly.

The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye: he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of the grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof, but could spare no money for its reparation.

In time, his expenses brought clamours about him that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer he would have been assisted by a pension: such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was never asked is not certain; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

4. *To the Earl of Chesterfield.*

MY LORD—I have lately been informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little

accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that

the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation. My lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



XXXVI.

DAVID HUME.

1711—1776.

✓ DAVID HUME was born at Edinburgh in 1711, and died there in 1776. His father was a small Scottish laird of the great Border clan of Home or Hume. His mother was a daughter of Sir David Falconer, President of the College of Justice. She was a woman of singular merit; and being left a widow with several young children, devoted herself to their education. David, the second son, was left with a very slender inheritance, and it was resolved that he should try his fortunes at the law. But this study was distasteful to him, and for a few months he entered the house of a merchant at Bristol. Trade, however, he disliked even more than law, and at twenty-three he resolved to devote his life to philosophy and literature. For the next three years he lived with great frugality in a French country town, where he wrote his *Treatise on Human Nature*, and then came to London to publish it. At his brother's house in Scotland he heard that it had fallen 'dead-born from the press.' Here he continued to live for some years, and in 1742 published the first part of his *Essays*, which were received somewhat more favourably. His studious habits were a few years later interrupted by an engagement to serve as secretary to General Sinclair, during that officer's military embassy to Vienna and Turin. Returning to his brother's hospitable house, he published in 1751 the second part of his *Essays*, and recast the first part. This first part related to the Principles of Morals, and he considered it his best work; but it failed to achieve so high a place in popular esteem as the political discourses which formed the second part.

He now made Edinburgh his head-quarters, and being appointed Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, obtained what he chiefly valued, a great command of books. This led him to historical studies; and in 1754 he published his *History of Charles I.* But his first trial in this department met with no encouragement; in twelve months only forty-five copies were sold. Notwithstanding, in two years' time he put out a continuation of the *History of the Stuarts, from the Death of Charles I to the Revolution of 1688*; and this volume had much greater success. Partly by this history, but still more by the *Natural History of Religion*, which appeared about the same time, he gained a character for irreligion. In the following year he completed his *History of England*; the *House of Tudor* furnishing the subject of his next volumes, and the *Early Annals* being published last in order.

His name had now become famous; and in 1763, when he visited Paris as attached to Lord Hertford's Embassy, he was received by the literary society of that city with extraordinary enthusiasm. Returning to England in 1766, he was appointed Under-Secretary of State by General Conway, brother of Lord Hertford, and served for two or three years in the Home Office. In 1769 he retired for the last time to Edinburgh, in the possession of a handsome income. But in 1775 he was attacked by a lingering disorder, which he bore with unflinching patience and cheerfulness till he died in his sixty-fifth year.

The philosophical opinions of this eminent man, especially in their bearing on theological subjects, cannot be discussed in this place. The style in which he wrote reflects his character with great exactness: it is simple and luminous; not calculated to raise high admiration or greatly excite the feelings, but seldom failing to win the reader by its singular grace and unaffected ease.

✓ 1. *Eloquence in Ancient and Modern Times.*

It is seldom or never found, when a false taste in poetry or eloquence prevails among any people, that it has been

preferred to a true, upon comparison and reflection. It commonly prevails merely from ignorance of the true, and from the want of perfect models to lead men into a juster apprehension, and more refined relish of those productions of genius. When *these* appear, they soon unite all suffrages in their favour, and, by their natural and powerful charms, gain over even the most prejudiced to the love and admiration of them. The principles of every passion, and of every sentiment, is in every man; and, when touched properly, they rise to life, and warm the heart, and convey that satisfaction, by which a work of genius is distinguished from the adulterate beauties of a capricious wit and fancy. And, if this observation be true, with regard to all the liberal arts, it must be peculiarly so with regard to eloquence; which, being merely calculated for the public, and for men of the world, cannot, with any pretence of reason, appeal from the people to more refined judges, but must submit to the public verdict without reserve or limitation. Whoever, upon comparison, is deemed by a common audience the greatest orator, ought most certainly to be pronounced such by men of science and erudition. And though an indifferent speaker may triumph for a long time, and be esteemed altogether perfect by the vulgar, who are satisfied with his accomplishments, and know not in what he is defective; yet, whenever the true genius arises, *he* draws to him the attention of every one, and immediately appears superior to his rival.

Now, to judge by this rule, ancient eloquence, that is, the sublime and passionate, is of a much juster taste than the modern, or the argumentative and rational, and, if properly executed, will always have more command and authority over mankind. We are satisfied with our mediocrity, because we have had no experience of anything better: but

the ancients had experience of both; and upon comparison, gave the preference to that kind of which they have left us such applauded models. For, if I mistake not, our modern eloquence is of the same style or species with that which ancient critics denominated Attic eloquence, that is, calm, elegant, and subtile, which instructed the reason more than affected the passions, and never raised its tone above argument or common discourse. Such was the eloquence of Lysias among the Athenians, and of Calvus among the Romans. These were esteemed in their time; but, when compared with Demosthenes and Cicero, were eclipsed like a taper when set in the rays of a meridian sun. Those latter orators possessed the same elegance, and subtilty, and force of argument with the former; but, what rendered them chiefly admirable, was that pathetic and sublime, which, on proper occasions, they threw into their discourse, and by which they commanded the resolution of their audience.

Of this species of eloquence we have scarcely had any instance in England, at least in our public speakers. In our writers, we have had some instances which have met with great applause, and might assure our ambitious youth of equal or superior glory in attempts for the revival of ancient eloquence. Lord Bolingbroke's productions, with all their defects in argument, method, and precision, contain a force and energy which our orators scarcely ever aim at; though it is evident that such an elevated style has much better grace in a speaker than in a writer, and is assured of more prompt and more astonishing success. It is there seconded by the graces of voice and action: the movements are mutually communicated between the orator and the audience: and the very aspect of a large assembly, attentive to the discourse of one man, must inspire him with a peculiar elevation, sufficient to give a propriety to the strongest figures

and expressions. It is true, there is a great prejudice against *set speeches*; and a man cannot escape ridicule, who repeats a discourse as a schoolboy does his lesson, and takes no notice of anything that has been advanced in the course of the debate. But where is the necessity of falling into this absurdity? A public speaker must know beforehand the question under debate. He may compose all the arguments, objections, and answers, such as he thinks will be most proper for his discourse. If anything new occur, he may supply it from his own invention; nor will the difference be very apparent between his elaborate and his extemporary compositions. The mind naturally continues with the same *impetus* or *force*, which it has acquired by its motion, as a vessel, once impelled by the oars, carries on its course for some time when the original impulse is suspended.

2. *The Virtues of Cheerfulness and of Magnanimity.*

WHOEVER has passed an evening with serious melancholy people, and has observed how suddenly the conversation was animated, and what sprightliness diffused itself over the countenance, discourse, and behaviour of every one, on the accession of a good-humoured, lively companion; such a 'one' will easily allow, that cheerfulness carries great merit with it, and naturally conciliates the good-will of mankind. No quality, indeed, more readily communicates itself to all around; because no one has a greater propensity to display itself in jovial talk and pleasant entertainment. The flame spreads through the whole circle; and the most sullen and morose are often caught by it. That the melancholy hate the merry, even though Horace says it, I have some difficulty to allow; because I have always observed that, where the jollity is moderate and decent, serious people are so much

the more delighted, as it dissipates the gloom with which they are commonly oppressed, and gives them an unusual enjoyment.

From this influence of cheerfulness, both to communicate itself, and to engage approbation, we may perceive that there is another set of mental qualities, which, without any utility or any tendency to farther good, either of the community or of the possessor, diffuse a satisfaction on the beholders, and procure friendship and regard. Their immediate sensation to the person possessed of them is agreeable: others enter into the same humour, and catch the sentiment, by a contagion or natural sympathy: and as we cannot forbear loving whatever pleases, a kindly emotion arises towards the person who communicates so much satisfaction. He is a more animating spectacle: his presence diffuses over us more serene complacency and enjoyment: our imagination, entering into his feelings and disposition, is affected in a more agreeable manner, than if a melancholy, dejected, sullen, anxious temper were presented to us. Hence the affection and approbation which attend the former; the aversion and disgust with which we regard the latter.

Few men would envy the character which Cæsar gives of Cassius :

He loves no play,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

Not only such men, as Cæsar adds, are commonly dangerous, but also, having little enjoyment within themselves, they can never become agreeable to others, or contribute to social entertainment. In all polite nations and ages, a relish

for pleasure, if accompanied with temperance and decency, is esteemed a considerable merit, even in the greatest men; and becomes still more requisite in those of inferior rank and character. It is an agreeable representation, which a French writer gives of the situation of his own mind in this particular: 'Virtue I love,' says he, 'without austerity, pleasure without effeminacy, and life without fearing its end.'

Who is not struck with any signal instance of greatness of mind or dignity of character; with elevation of sentiment, disdain of slavery, and with that noble pride and spirit which arises from conscious virtue? The sublime, says Longinus, is often nothing but the echo or image of magnanimity: and where this quality appears in any one, even though a syllable be not uttered, it excites our applause and admiration; as may be observed of the famous silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey*, which expresses more noble disdain and resolute indignation than any language can convey.

'Were I Alexander,' said Parmenio, 'I would accept of these offers made by Darius.'—'So would I too,' replied Alexander, 'were I Parmenio.' This saying is admirable, says Longinus, from a like principle.

'Go!' cries the same hero to his soldiers, when they refused to follow him to the Indies, 'go, tell your countrymen, that you left Alexander completing the conquest of the world.' 'Alexander,' said the Prince of Condé, who always admired this passage, 'abandoned by his soldiers among barbarians, not yet fully subdued, felt in himself such dignity and right of empire, that he could not believe it possible that any one would refuse to obey him. Whether in Europe or in Asia, among Greeks or Persians, all was indifferent to him: wherever he found men, he fancied he should find subjects.'

The confidant of Medea in the tragedy recommends caution and submission; and, enumerating all the distresses

of that unfortunate heroine, asks her, what she has to support her against her numerous and implacable enemies? 'Myself,' replies she; 'Myself, I say, and it is enough.' Boileau justly recommends this passage as an instance of true sublime.

When Phocion, the modest and gentle Phocion, was led to execution, he turned to one of his fellow-sufferers, who was lamenting his own hard fate, 'Is it not glory enough for you,' says he, 'that you die with Phocion?'

Place in opposition the picture which Tacitus draws of Vitellius, fallen from empire, prolonging his ignominy from a wretched love of life, delivered over to the merciless rabble; tossed, buffeted, and kicked about; constrained, by their holding a poniard under his chin, to raise his head, and expose himself to every contumely. What abject infamy! what low humiliation! Yet even here, says the historian, he discovered some symptoms of a mind not wholly degenerate. To a tribune who insulted him, he replied, 'I am still your emperor.'

We never excuse the absolute want of spirit and dignity of character, or a proper sense of what is due to one's self in society, and the common intercourse of life. This vice constitutes what we properly call meanness, when a man can submit to the basest slavery, in order to gain his ends, fawn upon those who abuse him, and degrade himself by intimacies and familiarities with undeserving inferiors. A certain degree of generous pride or self-value is so requisite, that the absence of it in the mind displeases, after the same manner as the want of a nose, eye, or any of the most material features of the face, or members of the body.

3. *Of the Association of Ideas.*

IT is evident, that there is a principle of connection between the different thoughts or ideas of the mind, and that, in their appearance to the memory or imagination, they introduce each other with a certain degree of method and regularity. In our more serious thinking or discourse, this is so observable, that any particular thought, which breaks in upon the regular tract or chain of ideas, is immediately remarked and rejected. And even in our wildest and most wandering reveries, nay, in our very dreams, we shall find, if we reflect, that the imagination ran not altogether at adventures, but that there was still a connection upheld among the different ideas which succeeded each other. Were the loosest and freest conversation to be transcribed, there would immediately be observed something which connected it in all its transitions. Or where this is wanting, the person who broke the thread of discourse might still inform you, that there had secretly revolved in his mind a succession of thought, which had gradually led him from the subject of conversation. Among different languages, even when we cannot suspect the least connection or communication, it is found, that the words expressive of ideas the most compounded, do yet nearly correspond to each other; a certain proof that the simple ideas comprehended in the compound ones were bound together by some universal principle, which had an equal influence on all mankind.

Though it be too obvious to escape observation, that different ideas are connected together, I do not find that any philosopher has attempted to enumerate or class all the principles of association; a subject, however, that seems worthy of curiosity. To me there appear to be only three

principles of connection among ideas, namely, resemblance, contiguity in time or place, and cause or effect.

That these principles serve to connect ideas, will not, I believe, be much doubted. A picture naturally leads our thoughts to the original. The mention of one apartment in a building naturally introduces an inquiry or discourse with the others; and if we think of a wound, we can scarcely forbear reflecting on the pain which follows it. But that this enumeration is complete, and that there are no other principles of association except these, may be difficult to prove to the satisfaction of the reader, or even to a man's own satisfaction. All we can do, in such cases, is to run over several instances, and examine carefully the principle which binds the different thoughts to each other, never stopping till we render the principle as general as possible. The more instances we examine, and the more care we employ, the more assurance shall we acquire, that the enumeration which we form from the whole is complete and entire.



XXXVII.

LAURENCE STERNE.

1713—1768.

STERNE was born, in 1713, at Clonmel in Ireland, where his father, who had served as a subaltern officer in Marlborough's wars, happened to be quartered. His brothers and sisters, with one exception, died either in infancy or in early life, and Laurence was throughout of a weak constitution. Till he was ten years old he followed with his mother the shifting of his father's quarters. Then he was put to a good school at Halifax, and finally sent by an uncle to Jesus College, Cambridge, whence he took the degree of B.A. in 1736. This uncle had valuable preferment and good interest in the Diocese of York, of which Laurence's great-grandfather had been Archbishop. It was this probably that led the nephew to the clerical profession, which can scarcely have sate easily upon him. His uncle soon got him the living of Sutton in the East Riding, and a prebendal stall at York. This enabled him to marry (after two years' courtship) in 1741. For nearly twenty years he lived unknown to the world at the remote village of Sutton, doing the duty of that and of another benefice which he held at Stillington, except when he was in York. His friends seem chiefly to have been among the Yorkshire gentry, who commonly then lived for some part of the year in the county-town. In 1759, Lord Falconbridge gave him the living of Coxwold, a pleasant village in a valley under the Hambleton Hills, which was his home—when he was at home—for the rest of his life. In the same year he became suddenly famous by the publication of the first part of 'Tristram Shandy.'

It was finished at intervals during the next six years. The money which he made by it enabled him to live a good deal in London, where he was made a fashionable 'lion,' and to spend more than two years in France and Italy. This sojourn abroad suggested the 'Sentimental Journey,' published at the beginning of 1768, in which year he died.

Of these two exquisite works of humour, as no extracts are given from them, nothing need be said, except so far as they explain the affected style of his Sermons, from which the following passages are taken. These, it must be noticed, were preached to fashionable congregations, after he had become famous as a sentimental humourist. Thus in matter they represent an accommodation of Christian morals and religion to the requirements of an audience who expected from him laughter or the luxury of tears, and the awkwardness of this compromise appears also in the manner, which lacks the charm of his more spontaneous writing.

1. *The House of Mourning and the House of Feasting.*

IT is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

That I deny:—but let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it,—'for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart; sorrow is better than laughter:—'for a crack-brained order of Carthusian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world. For what purpose, do you imagine, has God made us? for the social sweets of the well-watered valleys, where he has planted us; or for the dry and dismal desert of a Sierra Morena? Are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them,—believe our own hearts, and say, as our text would have us, that they

are better than those of joy? Did the best of Beings send us into the world for this end,—to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten a life short and vexatious enough already? Do you think, my good preacher, that He who is infinitely happy can envy us our enjoyments? or that a Being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage? or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard jostlings he is sure to meet with? Consider, I beseech you, what provision and accommodation the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way sorrowing—how many caravanseras of rest—what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it—what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us; some of which he has made so fair, so exquisitely fitted for this end, that they have power over us for a time, to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.

I will not contend at present against this rhetoric; I would choose rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and say we are travellers, and, in the most affecting sense of that idea, that, like travellers, though upon business of the last and nearest concern to us, we may surely be allowed to amuse ourselves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are sent upon; and if we can so order it as not to be led out of the way by the variety of prospects, edifices, and ruins which solicit us, it would be a nonsensical piece of saint-errantry to shut our eyes.

But let us not lose sight of the argument in pursuit of the simile.

Let us remember, various as our excursions are—that we have still set our faces towards Jerusalem,—that we have a place of rest and happiness, towards which we hasten, and that the way to get there is not so much to please our hearts, as to improve them in virtue;—that mirth and feasting are usually no friends to achievements of this kind—but that a season of affliction is in some sort a season of piety—not only because our sufferings are apt to put us in mind of our sins, but that, by the check and interruption which they give to our pursuits, they allow us what the hurry and bustle of the world too often deny us,—and that is a little time for reflection, which is all that most of us want to make us wiser and better, men;—that at certain times it is so necessary a man's mind should be turned 'towards itself that, rather than want occasions, he had better purchase them at the expense of his present happiness.—He had better, as the text expresses it, *go to the house of mourning*, where he will meet with something to subdue his passions, than to the house of feasting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them. That whereas the entertainments and caresses of the one place expose his heart and lay it open to temptations—the sorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally shut them from it. So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way which can only lead him to the accomplishment of his own wishes.

This is the full force of the wise man's declaration.

2. *The Good and Ill of Travelling.*

THE love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems woven into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of Nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge. Strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page, and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling; the passion is no way bad, but, as others are, in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit;—the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest, of other nations;—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments;—by tasting perpetually the varieties of Nature, to know what *is good*,—by observing the address and arts of man, to conceive what *is sincere*; and, by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners, to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home,—carries our youth too early out to turn this venture

to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels looks more like a copy than an original,—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so uncompromising a setting out,—without *carte*,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever?—and may he not be said to escape well, if he return to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son:—a scholar.

If wisdom can speak in no other language but Greek or Latin,—you do well;—or, if mathematics will make a man a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done;—but the upshot will be generally this, that, in the most pressing occasions of address,—if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry, and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world not merely from books,—but from his own experience;—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made *the tour of Europe with success*;—

——That is, without breaking his own or his pupil's neck; for, if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss *valet de Chambre*,—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, *if God permit*, much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least;—he will learn the amount, to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns, instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper than if the youth had been left to make the tour and the bargain himself.—Look at our governor, I beseech you!—see, he is an inch taller, as he relates the advantages!

—And here endeth his pride, his knowledge, and his use.

But, when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place, that company which is really good is very rare, and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived as in the advantages proposed from our connexions and discourse with the *literati*, &c., in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years of study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade drops at once:—and this is the reason, however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives, owing to their suspicion, or, perhaps, conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants worth the trouble of their bad language, or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal: the consequence of which is that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and, as bad company is always ready, and ever lying in wait, the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity with the prodigal in the Gospel.

3. *The Length of Life.*

THERE is something strange in it that life should appear so short *in the gross*,—and yet so long *in the detail*. Misery may make it so, you'll say,—but we will exclude it;—and still you'll find, though we all complain of the shortness of life, what numbers there are who seem quite overstocked with the days and hours of it, and are continually sending out into the highways and streets of the city, to compel guests to come in, and take it off their hands; to do this with ingenuity and forecast is not one of the least arts and businesses of life itself; and they who cannot succeed in it carry as many marks of distress about them as Bankruptcy herself could wear. Be as careless as we may, we shall not always have the power;—nor shall we always be in a temper to let the account run thus. When the blood is cooled, and the spirits, which have hurried us on through half our days, before we have numbered one of them, are beginning to retire,—then Wisdom will press a moment to be heard;—afflictions, or a bed of sickness, will find their hours of persuasion;—and, should they fail, there is something yet behind: Old Age will overtake us at the last, and with its trembling hand hold up the glass to us as it did to the patriarch.

XXXVIII.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

1717—1797.

HORACE WALPOLE was born in London in 1717, and educated at Eton, where his acquaintance with the poet Gray commenced. In 1734 he went to King's College, Cambridge. In 1739, after he had obtained by his father's patronage several lucrative appointments, he went abroad, and travelled, for the most part in company with Gray, through France and Italy. On his return to England, in 1741, he entered Parliament, and sat as member for Callington, Castle Rising, and, lastly, for Lynn; but, though he remained in Parliament till 1768, he appears to have been rather a spectator than an actor in politics, and seldom took any part in debate.

He devoted much of his time to the embellishment of his villa at Strawberry Hill, where he accumulated a large collection of pictures, curiosities, and *objets de vertu*. In 1791 he succeeded his nephew as Earl of Orford, but never took his seat in the House of Lords. He died in 1797, in his 80th year.

Horace Walpole's name is found in several departments of literature; to be a novelist, dramatist, historian, connoisseur was among his aims; but in all things, and above all things, as has been justly said, he was an amateur. —

It is by his *Letters* that he is best known to a later generation. In them he appears as a man of the world, witty, ingenious, entertaining, and always graceful; but though he amuses us by liveliness of diction, and felicity in anecdote, his style is artificial, his sentiments are destitute of elevation and tenderness, and are often frivolous.

1. *The Rebel Lords at their Trial.*

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster-hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian

in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, hé is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, ‘Come, come, put it with me.’ At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair—as, I believe, uncle to

his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, guilty upon my honour.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with 'old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?' When my 'Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my Lord was guilty, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

2. *Letter to Sir Horace Mann.*

I MUST answer for your brother a paragraph that he showed me in one of your letters: 'Mr. W.'s letters are full of wit; don't they adore him in England?' Not at all—and I don't wonder at them; for if I have any wit in my letters, which I do not at all take for granted, it is ten to one that I have none out of my letters. A thousand people can write, that cannot talk; and besides, you know (or I conclude so, from the little one hears stirring,) that numbers of the English have wit, who don't care to produce it. Then, as to adoring: you now see only my letters, and you may be sure I take care not to write you word of any of my bad qualities, which other people must see in the gross; and that may be a great hindrance to their adoration. Oh! there are a thousand other reasons I could give you, why I am not the least in fashion. I came over in an ill season: it is a million to one

that nobody thinks a declining old Minister's son has wit, At any time, men in opposition have always most; but now, it would be absurd for a courtier to have even common sense. There is not a Mr. Sturt, or a Mr. Stewart, whose names begin but with the first letters of Stanhope, that has not a better chance than I, for being liked. I can assure you, even those of the same party would be fools, not to pretend to think me one. Sir Robert has showed no partiality for me; and do you think they would commend where he does not? even supposing they had no envy, which, by the way, I am far from saying they have not. Then, my dear child, I am the coolest man of my party, and if I am ever warm, it is by contagion; and where violence passes for parts, what will indifference be called? But how could you think of such a question? I don't want money, consequently no old women pay me or my wit; I have a very flimsy constitution, consequently the young women won't taste my wit, and it is a long while before wit makes its own way in the world, especially as I never prove it, by assuring people that I have it by me. Indeed, if I were disposed to brag, I could quote two or three half-pay officers, and an old aunt or two, who laugh prodigiously at everything I say; but till they are allowed judges, I will not brag of such authorities.

If you have a mind to know who is adored and has wit, there is old Churchill has as much wit as ever—except that he has lost two teeth. There are half a dozen Scotchmen who vote against the Court, and are cried up by the Opposition for wit, to keep them steady. They are forced to cry up their parts, for it would be too barefaced to commend their honesty. Then Mr. Nugent has had a great deal of wit till within this week; but he is so busy and so witty, that even his own party grow tired of him. His plump wife, who talks of nothing else, says he entertained her all the way on the road with repeating his speeches.

XXXIX.

GILBERT WHITE.

1720—1793.

GILBERT WHITE was born at Selborne, July 18, 1720. He received an excellent classical education, and became Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in March, 1744. Of his life nothing is known beyond what is contained in the following few words prefixed to a new edition of the *History of Selborne*:—

‘Of an unambitious temper and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in rural occupations and the study of Nature. Though several occasions offered of settling upon a College living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. Here his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26, 1793.’

Gilbert White’s *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, his only work, is the record of his life-long observation of the habits of animals and the aspects of Nature. It derives the charm which makes it an unique book in natural history, from the freshness and vividness of its descriptions of the instincts and ways of animals, which formed for him the object of a close daily attention. He was not a systematic naturalist; yet the new species which he added to the British Fauna, among which were two quadrupeds—the harvest mouse, *mus messorius*, and the great bat, *vespertilio noctula*, sufficiently attest his skill in distinguishing animal forms. He portrays the life of birds with especial sympathy and delicacy. What he tells, he tells in a style simple and unaffected, yet of a purity and elegance which he perhaps owed to his classical training.

1. *The Fern or Churn-owl.*

ON the 12th of July I had an opportunity of contemplating the motions of the *capri-mulgus* or fern-owl, as it was playing round a large oak that swarmed with *scarabæi solstitiales* or fern-chafers. The powers of its wing were wonderful, exceeding, if possible, the various evolutions and quick turns of the swallow genus. The circumstance that pleased me most was, that I saw it distinctly more than once put out its short leg while on the wing, and by a bend of the head deliver somewhat into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw.

There is no bird whose manners I have studied more. It is a wonderful and curious creature. Though sometimes it may chatter as it flies, yet in general it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough. I have for many an half-hour watched it as it sat with its under mandible quivering, and particularly this summer. It perches usually on a bare twig with its head lower than its tail. It is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of day; so exactly, that I have known it strike up more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun, which we can hear when the weather is still. It appears to me past all doubt that its notes are formed by organic impulse, by the powers of the part of its windpipe formed for sound, just as cats purr. As my neighbours were assembled in an hermitage on the side of a steep hill where we drink tea, one of these churn-owls came and settled on the cross of that little straw edifice and began to chatter, and continued his note for many minutes. We were all struck with wonder to find that the organs of

that little animal when put in motion gave a sensible vibration to the whole building.

2. *Earth-worms.*

LANDS that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably, the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away; and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms; the former because they render their walks unsightly, and make them much work: and the latter because, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But these men would find that the earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation; and consequently sterile: and besides, in favour of worms, it should be hinted

that green corn, plants, and flowers, are not so much injured by them as by many species of *coleoptera* (scarabs), and *tipulæ* (long-legs), in their larva, or grub-state; and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails, called slugs, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field and garden.

Worms work most in the spring; but by no means lie torpid in the dead months; are out every mild night in the winter, as any person may be convinced that will take the pains to examine his grass-plots with a candle.

3. *An Idiot Boy at Selborne.*

WE had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he doted away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives: and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or *bee-bird*; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so

take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called *bee-wine*. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion: and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.

When a tall youth, he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.



XL.

ADAM SMITH.

1723—1790.

ADAM SMITH was born at Kirkaldy in 1723, and received his early education in the grammar school of that place. In 1737 he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he remained for three years, and then entered Balliol College, Oxford, as Exhibitioner on Snell's foundation. He appears to have resided at Oxford for about seven years, and is said to have there commenced the study of those moral and political sciences of which he became so great a master. He left Oxford in 1747, and resided at Kirkaldy and Edinburgh until, in 1751, he was elected Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. In 1752 he was further promoted to the chair of Moral Philosophy, which he filled for many years. It was during this time, in 1759, that he published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*.

In 1763 he resigned his professorship, and travelled for more than two years on the continent as tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch.

On his return, in 1766, he again settled in Kirkaldy, and was for ten years occupied in the production of his great work, the *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, which appeared in 1776.

He survived its publication for fifteen years, and had the satisfaction of witnessing its effect in the commencement of that peaceful revolution of opinion, which, by reversing the policy of restriction and isolation, has been productive of such signal blessings to the nations of Europe. He died in Edinburgh in 1790.

Adam Smith is a great master of lucid and graceful exposition, in which, though the literary effect is excellent, the practical aim is never sacrificed to the literary effect. His language is pervaded

by the philosophic calmness and the kindliness of his mind. These are the characteristics alike of his writings as a moral philosopher and as a political economist. They had a great influence in diffusing the sound doctrines of political economy with which his name is identified.

1. *The Comforts of Life owing to Co-operation and the Division of Labour.*

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of, beyond what he himself has occasion for; and, every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive, that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the woolcomber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join

their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation, in particular, how many shipbuilders, sailors, sailmakers, ropemakers, must have been employed, in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider, only, what a variety of labour is requisite, in order to form that very simple machine the shears, with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal, to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in

preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

2. *Expenditure which adds to the Wealth of a Nation.*

As frugality increases, and prodigality diminishes the public capital, so the conduct of those whose expense just equals their revenue, without either accumulating or encroaching, neither increases nor diminishes it. Some modes of expense, however, seem to contribute more to the growth of public opulence than others.

The revenue of an individual may be spent, either in things which are consumed immediately, and in which one day's expense can neither alleviate nor support that of

another; or it may be spent in things more durable, which can therefore be accumulated, and in which every day's expense may, as he chooses, either alleviate or support and heighten the effect of that of the following day. A man of fortune, for example, may either spend his revenue in a profuse and sumptuous table, and in maintaining a great number of menial servants, and a multitude of dogs and horses; or, contenting himself with a frugal table and few attendants, he may lay out the greater part of it in adorning his house or his country villa, in useful or ornamental buildings, in useful or ornamental furniture, in collecting books, statues, pictures; or in things more frivolous—jewels, baubles, ingenious trinkets of different kinds; or, what is most trifling of all, in amassing a great wardrobe of fine clothes, like the favourite and minister of a great prince who died a few years ago. Were two men of equal fortune to spend their revenue, the one chiefly in the one way, the other in the other, the magnificence of the person whose expense had been chiefly in durable commodities, would be continually increasing: every day's expense contributing something to support and heighten the effect of that of the following day; that of the other, on the contrary, would be no greater at the end of the period than at the beginning. The former, too, would at the end of the period be the richer man of the two; he would have a stock of goods of some kind or other, which, though it might not be worth all that it cost, would always be worth something. No trace or vestige of the expense of the latter would remain, and the effects of ten or twenty years' profusion would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed.

As the one mode of expense is more favourable than the other to the opulence of an individual, so is it likewise to that of a nation. The houses, the furniture, the clothing of

the rich, in a little time, become useful to the inferior and middling ranks of people. They are able to purchase them when their superiors grow weary of them; and the general accommodation of the whole people is thus gradually improved, when this mode of expense becomes universal among men of fortune. In countries which have long been rich, you will frequently find the inferior ranks of people in possession both of houses and furniture perfectly good and entire, but of which neither the one could have been built, nor the other have been made for their use. What was formerly a seat of the family of Seymour, is now an inn upon the Bath-road. The marriage-bed of James the First of Great Britain, which his queen brought with her from Denmark as a present fit for a sovereign to make to a sovereign, was, a few years ago, the ornament of an ale-house at Dunfermline. In some ancient cities, which either have been long stationary or have gone somewhat to decay, you will sometimes scarce find a single house which could have been built for its present inhabitants. If you go into those houses, too, you will frequently find many excellent, though antiquated pieces of furniture, which are still very fit for use, and which could as little have been made for them. Noble palaces, magnificent villas, great collections of books, statues, pictures, and other curiosities, are frequently both an ornament and an honour not only to the neighbourhood, but to the whole country to which they belong. Versailles is an ornament and an honour to France, Stowe and Wilton to England. Italy still continues to command some sort of veneration by the number of monuments of this kind which it possesses, though the wealth which produced them has decayed, and though the genius which planned them seems to be extinguished, perhaps from not having the same employment.

XLI.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

1723—1792.

THE biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds is contained almost entirely in his paintings, like that of many other great artists. He was the son of a Devonshire clergyman, and was born in 1723: he shewed from his earliest years a strong inclination to express his ideas in lines and colours, and his father moderately and sensibly encouraged him. At seventeen, he became the pupil of Hudson, a portrait painter of deserved local reputation, who seems to have contributed in some degree to his pupil's sense of English character and power over likeness. Reynolds' successes began early, and were scarcely interrupted throughout life. His first patrons were Lords Mount Edgumbe and Keppel, whom he accompanied, in 1749, on a long yachting tour to the Mediterranean. Soon after his return, his portraits were compared to those of Vandyke. His claims as against the great Fleming rest chiefly on his painting of women and children. In rapid insight into character, in the faculty of seizing passing expressions, in subtle sympathy, and above all in purity and evenness of mind, he stands by the side of Velasquez, whom of all men, next to Michael Angelo, he most admired. He acknowledged Titian as his master in colour. He visited Holland and Belgium in 1781 and 1783, and was the first President of the Royal Academy in 1768.

His Discourses are fair examples of the 'plain style of English,' as Swift defined it, since they are distinguished for the simple use of 'proper words in proper places;' but he had not sufficient power of analysis to lay down broad theoretical prin-

ciplcs. He found British art utterly degraded: he knew that there was a great style, having seen the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, and he thought it possible that their style might be separated from their personal qualities, so that ordinary men might become great by following them. He felt he had himself, in a sense, done so, and the grave humility of his character made him habitually look on himself as a rather ordinary man of faculty, whom average men might imitate with success. His own technical triumphs depended on the most delicate and watchful study of nature in its most attractive form, for he painted, as he said, the beauties of two generations, and lived in continual attention to the faintest varieties of feature and most refined shades of colour.

Goldsmith pronounced Sir Joshua the best and wisest and mildest of men. Great natural gifts, sound though limited early teaching, the society of great and gentle persons throughout life, and the close friendship of men like Johnson and Burke until death—these things, combined with a constant avoidance of evil in all its forms, all contributed to make the character and career of the re-creator of modern English art.

1. *Gainsborough.*

WHEN such a man as Gainsborough arrives to great fame, without the assistance of an academical education, without travelling to Italy, or any of those preparatory studies which have been so often recommended, he is produced as an instance how little such studies are necessary, since so great excellence may be acquired without them. This is an inference not warranted by the success of any individual; and I trust it will not be thought that I wish to make this use of it.

It must be remembered that the style and department of

art which Gainsborough chose, and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were everywhere about him; he found them in the streets and in the fields, and, from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of the various masters, though they are, in my opinion, always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. It cannot be denied, that excellence in the department of the art which he professed may exist without them; that in such subjects, and in the manner that belongs to them, the want of them is supplied, and more than supplied, by natural sagacity, and a minute observation of particular nature. If Gainsborough did not look at Nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter, and gave a faithful, if not a poetical, representation of what he had before him.

Though he did not much attend to the works of the great historical painters of former ages, yet he was well aware that the language of the art—the art of imitation—must be learned somewhere; and as he knew that he could not learn it in an equal degree from his contemporaries, he very judiciously applied himself to the Flemish School, who are undoubtedly the greatest masters of one necessary branch of art; and he did not need to go out of his own country for examples of that school: from that he learnt the harmony of colouring, the management and disposition of light and shadow, and every means which the masters of it practised, to ornament and give splendour to their works. And to satisfy himself as well as others, how well he knew the

mechanism and artifice which they employed to bring out that tone of colour which we so much admire in their works, he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at the first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned, he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes; and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own.

Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdael, and others of those schools. In his fancy pictures, when he had fixed on his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other; such a grace, and such an elegance, as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste; for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish School, nor indeed to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace, which are neither theirs nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

2. *Michael Angelo.*

THE sudden maturity to which Michael Angelo brought our art, and the comparative feebleness of his followers and

imitators, might perhaps be reasonably, at least plausibly explained, if we had time for such an examination. At present I shall only observe, that the subordinate parts of our art, and perhaps of other arts, expand themselves by a slow and progressive growth; but those which depend on a native vigour of imagination generally burst forth at once in fulness of beauty. Of this Homer probably, and Shakspeare more assuredly, are signal examples. Michael Angelo possessed the poetical part of our art in a most eminent degree; and the same daring spirit, which urged him first to explore the unknown regions of the imagination, delighted with the novelty, and animated by the success of his discoveries, could not have failed to stimulate and impel him forward in his career beyond those limits, which his followers, destitute of the same incentives, had not strength to pass.

To distinguish between correctness of drawing and that part which respects the imagination, we may say the one approaches to the mechanical (which in its way, too, may make just pretensions to genius), and the other to the poetical. To encourage a solid and vigorous course of study, it may not be amiss to suggest, that perhaps a confidence in the mechanic produces a boldness in the poetic. He that is sure of the goodness of his ship and tackle puts out fearlessly from the shore; and he who knows that his hand can execute whatever his fancy can suggest, sports with more freedom in embodying the visionary forms of his own creation. I will not say Michael Angelo was eminently poetical, only because he was greatly mechanical; but I am sure that mechanic excellence invigorated and emboldened his mind to carry painting into the regions of poetry, and to emulate that art in its most adventurous flights. Michael Angelo equally possessed both qualifications.

The great artist who has been so much the subject of the

present discourse, was distinguished even from his infancy for his indefatigable diligence; and this was continued through his whole life, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed himself, did not labour from necessity, more than he did from choice. Indeed, from all the circumstances related of his life, he appears not to have had the least conception that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration. I have no doubt that he would have thought it no disgrace, that it should be said of him, as he himself said of Raffaelle, that he did not possess his art from nature, but by long study. He was conscious that the great excellence to which he arrived was gained by dint of labour, and was unwilling to have it thought that any transcendent skill, however natural its effects might seem, could be purchased at a cheaper price than he had paid for it. This seems to have been the true drift of his observation. We cannot suppose it made with any intention of depreciating the genius of Raffaelle, of whom he always spoke, as *Condivi* says, with the greatest respect: though they were rivals, no such illiberality existed between them; and Raffaelle on his part entertained the greatest veneration for Michael Angelo, as appears from the speech which is recorded of him, that he congratulated himself, and thanked God, that he was born in the same age with that painter.

If the high esteem and veneration in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever

it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet, however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man.

I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—MICHAEL ANGELO.



XLII.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1729—1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born 1729, at Pallasmore, in County Longford, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1745—1749. After some studies at Leyden, he took a medical degree at Louvain, and travelled on foot through a part of the Continent, 1754—1755. Having tried without success to earn his livelihood as a schoolmaster, he became a hack writer for booksellers in 1757; attracted the attention of critics by the essays entitled *The Citizen of the World*, in 1760; and in 1764 produced his two most successful works, *The Traveller*, a poem, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a novel. From that time, partly as an essayist, partly as a writer for the stage, Goldsmith kept himself constantly before the public; produced another classical poem, the *Deserted Village*, in 1770, and compiled *School Histories of Rome, England, and Greece*, and a *History of Animated Nature*, for the London booksellers, 1767—1773. But, careless of making or saving money, Goldsmith was always in difficulties, and his early death, in 1774, was probably hastened by mental disquietude.

The peculiar merits of Goldsmith's writings are clearness of thought, ease of style, and simple language. He never writes for effect, and there is scarcely a sentence in his works that a child might not understand. Yet in powers of judgment and thought, as well as in warm and deep sympathies, he was far above the great mass of his contemporaries. He was the first to predict the French Revolution, and the Swedish *coup-d'état*. He is perhaps the only writer of his times who thoroughly understood the

Continent. Nor was he less observant of English society, and the *Deserted Village* is constantly quoted by economists in illustration of the change which has gradually substituted large estates for the small holdings of a numerous yeomanry. Among modern authors Goldsmith has been especially imitated by Washington Irving.

1. *The Political Condition of Sweden, France, and Holland.*

SWEDEN, though now seemingly a strenuous assertor of its liberties, is probably only hastening on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The deluded people will, however, at last perceive the miseries of an aristocratical government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men is ever more painful than that of one only. They will fly from this most oppressive of all forms, where one single member is capable of controlling the whole, to take refuge under the throne, which will ever be attentive to their complaints. No people long endure an aristocratical government, when they can apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but, upon the first opportunity, they will ever take a refuge in despotism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that king-

dom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free.

When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia, I find them the great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe, the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer assertors of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power. Without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves; their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve to invite some neighbouring invader.

2. *Dr. Primrose in Prison.*

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

'Excuse me,' returned I, 'these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes; my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up

even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?’

Thus saying I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when

manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day: a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.'

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

3. *Indecencies of Antigallican feeling.*

THE French have been long acknowledged to have much bravery: a great part of Europe has owned their superiority in this respect; and I know scarcely any country but that which has beaten them, that dares deny the contrary. In short, I consider them in the same light with the subordinate characters in an epic poem, who are generally described as very terrible, only to heighten our idea of the hero who conquers them.

To beat the French, and to scold them too, is out-heroding Herod; if we were not able to knock them o' the head, I should not be displeased if we shewed our resentment by addressing their ears with reproach; but as it is, we only resemble a country justice, who, not content with putting a culprit in the stocks, stands by to reproach him for getting there.

Jack Reptile is a professed Antigallican: he gets drunk with French wine three times a week. To convince the world of his detestation of Monsieur Soup-maigre, he assures the company he has once, when he was young, boxed three Frenchman, '*one down l'other come on,*' and beat them all; he wonders how French scoundrels can live who

eat nothing but salads and frogs the whole year round. Jack hates everything that is French, except their wine, and has been known to quarrel with some of his countrymen for wearing a bag-wig. His virulence against the enemy has even soured his disposition to his friends, and he seems never happy except when indulging invective.

If the present war or its causes happen to be the subject of conversation, he lays all the blame upon them alone, and can see neither avarice nor injustice in the planters, of our side. If peace be the topic, 'his counsel is for open war;' nor can he think any terms honourable or advantageous that do not put us in possession, not only of all we have conquered, but almost all the enemy have to lose. Thus, while our soldiers earn victory abroad, Jack enjoys the price of it at home, and, unacquainted with the perils they endure, seems unmindful how long they undergo them. War gives him no uneasiness; he sits and soaks in profound security; the distresses, the calamities of mankind, neither interrupt his tranquillity, nor lessen his draught; the miseries of his fellow-creatures, like the pictures of a battle, serve rather to excite pleasure than pain. Ten thousand fallen on one field make a curious article in the gazette. Hundreds sunk to the bottom by one broadside, furnish out the topic of the day, and zest his coffee: the very tempest guides him to his harbour. In short, he fancies he shews his loyalty by reproaches, and his courage by continuing the war.

What I would intend by all this, is to persuade my countrymen by the fire-side to behave with the same degree of merit with those in the field; while they cover us with glory abroad, let us not tarnish it by invectives at home. I scarce read a periodical paper that is not filled with indecencies of this kind, and as many of these papers pass into other countries, what idea will they form, not only of

our good sense but humanity, when they see us thus depreciating the enemies we have subdued? This, in fact, is lessening ourselves. An easy conquest is no very honourable one. I remember to have heard M. Voltaire observe, in a large company at his house at Monrion, that at the battle of Dettingen, the English exhibited prodigies of valour; but they soon lessened their well-bought conquest, by lessening the merits of those they had conquered. Their despising the French then, he continued to observe, was probably the cause of their defeat at Fontenoy: one army fought with all the security of presumption; the other with all the fury of men willing to rescue their character from undeserved contempt.

4. *A General Election.*

THE English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our feast of the lanterns, in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkies, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with

success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity, assemble and eat upon it: nor has it ever been known, that they filled the bellies of the poor, till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy?

The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

5. *The History of a Spider.*

IN this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

XLIII.

EDMUND BURKE.

1729—1797.

EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin, Jan. 12, 1729. His first official connection with English politics was as Private Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1765. His first speech in the House of Commons was delivered early in that year on the too memorable Stamp Act, which Lord Rockingham had brought in a Bill to repeal. Of this celebrated debate Macaulay says, 'Two great orators and statesmen, belonging to two different generations, put forth all their powers in defence of the Bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was, indeed, a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.' Macaulay's description of Burke as an orator is worth quoting. He speaks of him as 'ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern.'

From 1765 to 1797, Burke was one of the chief moving forces in English politics. His views on domestic politics may best be gathered from his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, 1770, and from his two admirable speeches at Bristol, 1774 and 1780.

The three great external 'questions' with which his name is imperishably linked, are the American War, the Government of India, and the French Revolution. Two of his greatest speeches are those on 'American Taxation,' 1774, and on 'Conciliation

with America,' in 1775. The peroration of this latter oration is, perhaps, the noblest specimen of his most elevated style. It is there that his celebrated aphorism occurs: 'Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together.' In the former speech are found his famous portraits of his most eminent contemporaries—the great Earl of Chatham, that *clarum et venerabile nomen*; the brilliant but flashy Charles Townshend; the laborious but pedantic George Grenville. The passage containing these personal sketches are models of ironical and yet genuinely respectful eulogy.

The government of India had a special fascination for Burke's large and humane spirit. His chief utterances on the subject are his speeches on 'Mr. Fox's East India Bill,' 1783; on 'the Nabob of Arcot's Debts,' 1785 (regarded by Lord Brougham as his very greatest oration); and the numerous speeches connected with the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Burke's whole heart, as well as his imagination, was with the natives of India. He felt their wrongs as an outrage on England and on himself.

The French Revolution, 1789-1797, called forth all his energies during the closing years of his life. His celebrated *Reflections*, published in 1790, filled all Europe with admiration. Perhaps the chief permanent power of this great work lies in its eloquent testimony to the value of sentiment in politics as opposed to naked reason;—of settled institutions as opposed to experiments based on abstract principles;—of slow and cautious development as the sole practical guarantee of well-ordered liberty. The beneficent side of the French Revolution was hid from Burke. He could see neither the necessity of its consequence upon the hopeless corruptions of the old system, nor yet the promise which it held out for the future. Indeed, the idea of human progress, with or without revolution, was not one which coloured his life. He had a profound sense of individual weakness. The checks and the compromises of the English Constitution he had come to venerate almost as fundamental principles of nature.

The *Reflections* were followed by numerous other pamphlets on

the same absorbing subject, including his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, 1796.

Burke died, in 1797, at Beaconsfield, broken-hearted by the death of his son. The passage referring to this bereavement in his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, 1796, is perhaps the most pathetic utterance that ever fell from a statesman.

We have no space to speak of Burke as the friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, or as the generous patron of Crabbe. It is to his character as a writer and speaker on politics that the foregoing brief remarks are addressed. In this there is a oneness and a genuineness which make him by far the most interesting politician (if we except the elder Pitt) of the eighteenth century. In all that he has written or spoken we discern the same earnest spirit: often intemperate in expression, but always sound at the core; always elevated and magnanimous, detesting everything sordid, penetrating into the principles of things, of human society and civil institutions; carrying into public life that intense admiration of everything lofty and noble, which few public men have ardour to feel or courage to express; ever calling upon this great nation (to apply his own eloquent words) 'to auspicate all her public proceedings with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda.*'

1. *Peroration of the Speech on Conciliation with America.*

FOR that service, for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government;—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them

from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another: that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty

mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill, which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made

the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*)—lay the first stone of the temple of peace; and I move you,

‘That the colonies and plantations of Great Britain in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments, and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not had the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any knights and burgesses, or others, to represent them in the high court of Parliament.’

2. *The Decay of Chivalrous Sentiment.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a

nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to

submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason.* All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

3. *On the Death of his Son.*

HAD it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family : I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. *He* would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir

of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain,

and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

4. *The Devastation of the Carnatic.*

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatick an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the

mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatick. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of

hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

5. *Charles James Fox.*

AND now, having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say then, that it will be a distinction honourable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This

is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory: he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honour, under the burthen of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires, of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.

He has faults; but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march, of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults, there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in a descendant of Henry the Fourth of France, as they did exist in that father of his country. Henry the Fourth wished that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom. That sentiment of homely benevolence was worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of kings. But he wished perhaps for more than could be obtained, and the goodness of the man exceeded the power of the king. But this gentleman, a subject, may this day say this at least, with truth, that he secures the rice in his pot to every man in India. A poet of antiquity thought

it one of the first distinctions to a prince whom he meant to celebrate, that through a long succession of generations, he had been the progenitor of an able and virtuous citizen, who by force of the arts of peace, had corrected governments of oppression, and suppressed wars of rapine.

Indole próh quanta juvenis, quantumque daturus
 Ausoniae populis ventura in saecula civem.
 Ille super Gangem, super exauditus et Indos,
 Implebit terras voce; et furialia bella
 Fulmine compescet linguae.—

This was what was said of the predecessor of the only person to whose eloquence it does not wrong that of the mover of this bill to be compared. But the Ganges and the Indus are the patrimony of the fame of my honourable friend, and not of Cicero. I confess, I anticipate with joy the reward of those, whose whole consequence, power, and authority, exist only for the benefit of mankind; and I carry my mind to all the people, and all the names and descriptions, that, relieved by this bill, will bless the labours of this Parliament, and the confidence which the best House of Commons has given to him who the best deserves it. The little cavils of party will not be heard, where freedom and happiness will be felt. There is not a tongue, a nation, or religion in India, which will not bless the presiding care and manly beneficence of this house, and of him who proposes to you this great work. Your names will never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness, in whatever language, or with whatever rites, pardon is asked for sin, and reward for those who imitate the Godhead in His universal bounty to His creatures. These honours you deserve, and they will surely be paid, when all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage, are swept into oblivion.

I have spoken what I think, and what I feel, of the mover of this bill. An honourable friend of mine, speaking of his merits, was charged with having made a studied panegyric. I don't know what his was. Mine, I am sure, is a studied panegyric; the fruit of much meditation; the result of the observation of near twenty years. For my own part, I am happy that I have lived to see this day; I feel myself overpaid for the labours of eighteen years, when, at this late period, I am able to take my share, by one humble vote, in destroying a tyranny that exists to the disgrace of this nation, and the destruction of so large a part of the human species.



XLIV.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

WILLIAM COWPER, born in 1731, was the author of *Table Talk*, *Expostulation*, *The Task*, and other poems, besides Hymns contributed to the Olney collection, and translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. His prose writings consist solely of letters written to various friends, to whom he was deeply attached. He lived in extreme retirement in the bosom of a religious family—the Unwins, and his letters touch upon such subjects as naturally belong to a quiet and contemplative life; they abound in religious meditations, in descriptions of domestic scenes, and in disclosures of his own feelings and states of mind, besides occasional allusions to his own peculiar trials. Political reflections occasionally occur, given with the modesty of a secluded observer. There is a good deal of literary criticism, especially latterly when he is engaged in writing himself, and when comments upon his own poetry are coming in from the world without. The letters are a perfect pattern of a natural, simple, and refined epistolary style, the gentleness and playfulness of which could only belong to one, who was writing for no eye but that of his friend, without a thought of publication. He suffered through life from a nervous melancholy, amounting at times to insanity. He died in 1800.

1. *His Life at Olney.*

I LIVE in a world abounding with incidents, upon which many grave, and perhaps some profitable observations might

be made; but those incidents never reaching my unfortunate ears, both the entertaining narrative and the reflection it might suggest are to me annihilated and lost. I look back to the past week, and say, what did it produce? I ask the same question of the week preceding, and duly receive the same answer from both,—nothing!—A situation like this, in which I am as unknown to the world, as I am ignorant of all that passes in it, in which I have nothing to do but to think, would exactly suit me, were my subjects of meditation as agreeable as my leisure is uninterrupted. My passion for retirement is not at all abated, after so many years spent in the most sequestered state, but rather increased;—a circumstance I should esteem wonderful to a degree not to be accounted for, considering the condition of my mind, did I not know, that we think as we are made to think, and of course approve and prefer, as Providence, who appoints the bounds of our habitation, chooses for us. Thus am I both free and a prisoner at the same time. The world is before me; I am not shut up in the Bastille; there are no moats about my castle, no locks upon my gates, of which I have not the key;—but an invisible, uncontrollable agency, a local attachment, an inclination more forcible than I ever felt, even to the place of my birth, serves me for prison-walls, and for bounds which I cannot pass. In former years I have known sorrow, and before I had ever tasted of spiritual trouble. The effect was an abhorrence of the scene in which I had suffered so much, and a weariness of those objects which I had so long looked at with an eye of despondency and dejection. But it is otherwise with me now. The same cause subsisting, and in a much more powerful degree, fails to produce its natural effect. The very stones in the garden-walls are my intimate acquaintance. I should miss almost the minutest object, and be disagreeably affected by

its removal, and am persuaded that were it possible I could leave this incommodious nook for a twelvemonth, I should return to it again with rapture, and be transported with the sight of objects which to all the world beside would be at least indifferent; some of them perhaps, such as the ragged thatch and the tottering walls of the neighbouring cottages, disgusting. But so it is, and it is so, because here is to be my abode, and because such is the appointment of Him that placed me in it.—

Iste terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet.

It is the place of all the world I love the most, not for any happiness it affords me, but because here I can be miserable with most convenience to myself and with the least disturbance to others.

2. *Time an Enemy and a Friend.*

It costs me not much difficulty to suppose that my friends who were already grown old when I saw them last, are old still; but it costs me a good deal sometimes to think of those who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye-witness of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets that by this time the picture may have lost much of its likeness, through the alteration that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impressions Time may have made upon your person, for while his claws, (as our grannams called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheath

them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury to others. But though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though even in this respect his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with them who, like you, can stand a tiptoe on the mountain top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished.

3. *His two Goldfinches.*

I HAVE two goldfinches, which in the summer occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall: the windows and the doors stood wide open. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and on my return was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him, and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird, but casting my eye upon the other cage perceived my mistake. Its inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening, where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it afforded him, than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. I returned him to his

proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour's cage, kissing him, as at the first, and singing, as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as for the sake of its gratification had twice declined an opportunity to be free, and, consenting to their union, resolved that for the future one cage should hold them both. I am glad of such incidents; for at a pinch, and when I need entertainment, the versification of them serves to divert me.

4. *Occupations of Life before the Flood.*

LET our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and pleads its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How could these seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now.

I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chace, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primaeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and, if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

XLV.

EDWARD GIBBON.

1737—1794.

EDWARD GIBBON was born in 1737. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was converted to Catholicism at the age of sixteen, but returned to the Protestant faith in the following year, upon a visit to Switzerland. He served in the Militia, and sat for nine years in Parliament as member for Liskeard and Lymington. He spent the latter part of his life at Lausanne, where he completed the great work of his life, the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. As a master of the ornate style of English writing, he stands alone amidst British authors, while the immense extent of his knowledge places him in the first rank of historians. There is something pompous in the march of his sentences, and something laboured in his continually recurring antithesis, which a severe taste can hardly approve, but every word in him is full of meaning, and for the condensed and eloquent expression of thought and knowledge combined, he is without an equal.

1. *The Age of the Antonines.*

IF a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian

to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose characters and authority commanded involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves as the accountable ministers of the laws. Such princes deserved the honour of restoring the republic, had the Romans of their days been capable of enjoying a rational freedom.

The labours of these monarchs were overpaid by the immense reward that inseparably waited on their success; by the honest pride of virtue, and by the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness of which they were the authors. A just but melancholy reflection embittered, however, the noblest of human enjoyments. They must often have recollected the instability of a happiness which depended on the character of a single man. The fatal moment was perhaps approaching, when some licentious youth, or some jealous tyrant, would abuse, to the destruction, that absolute power, which they had exerted for the benefit of their people. The ideal restraints of the senate and the laws might serve to display the virtues, but could never correct the vices, of the emperor. The military force was a blind and irresistible instrument of oppression; and the corruption of Roman manners would always supply flatterers eager to applaud, and ministers prepared to serve, the fear or the avarice, the lust or the cruelty, of their masters.

These gloomy apprehensions had been already justified by the experience of the Romans. The annals of the

emperors exhibit a strong and various picture of human nature, which we should vainly seek among the mixed and doubtful characters of modern history. In the conduct of those monarchs we may trace the utmost lines of vice and virtue; the most exalted perfection, and the meanest degeneracy of our own species. The golden age of Trajan and the Antonines had been preceded by an age of iron. It is almost superfluous to enumerate the unworthy successors of Augustus. Their unparalleled vices, and the splendid theatre on which they were acted, have saved them from oblivion. The dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the feeble Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid inhuman Domitian, are condemned to everlasting infamy. During fourscore years (excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign) Rome groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republic, and was fatal to almost every virtue, and every talent, that arose in that unhappy period.

2. *Disbelief of Paganism prevalent in the Roman World.*

WHEN Christianity appeared in the world, even these faint and imperfect impressions had lost much of their original power. Human reason, which by its unassisted strength is incapable of perceiving the mysteries of faith, had already obtained an easy triumph over the folly of Paganism; and when Tertullian or Lactantius employ their labours in exposing its falsehood and extravagance, they are obliged to transcribe the eloquence of Cicero or the wit of Lucian. The contagion of these sceptical writings had been diffused far beyond the number of their readers. The fashion of incredulity was communicated from the

philosopher to the man of pleasure or business, from the noble to the plebeian, and from the master to the menial slave who waited at his table, and who eagerly listened to the freedom of his conversation. On public occasions the philosophic part of mankind affected to treat with respect and decency the religious institutions of their country; but their secret contempt penetrated through the thin and awkward disguise; and even the people, when they discovered that their deities were rejected and derided by those whose rank or understanding they were accustomed to reverence, were filled with doubts and apprehensions concerning the truth of those doctrines, to which they had yielded the most implicit belief. The decline of ancient prejudice exposed a very numerous portion of human kind to the danger of a painful and comfortless situation. A state of scepticism and suspense may amuse a few inquisitive minds. But the practice of superstition is so congenial to the multitude, that if they are forcibly awakened, they still regret the loss of their pleasing vision. Their love of the marvellous and supernatural, their curiosity with regard to future events, and their strong propensity to extend their hopes and fears beyond the limits of the visible world, were the principal causes which favoured the establishment of Polytheism. So urgent on the vulgar is the necessity of believing, that the fall of any system of mythology will most probably be succeeded by the introduction of some other mode of superstition. Some deities of a more recent and fashionable cast might soon have occupied the deserted temples of Jupiter and Apollo, if, in the decisive moment, the wisdom of Providence had not interposed a genuine revelation, fitted to inspire the most rational esteem and conviction, whilst, at the same time, it was adorned with all that could attract the curiosity, the wonder, and the veneration of the people. In their actual disposition, as many

were almost disengaged from their artificial prejudices, but equally susceptible and desirous of a devout attachment; an object much less deserving would have been sufficient to fill the vacant place in their hearts, and to gratify the uncertain eagerness of their passions. Those who are inclined to pursue this reflection, instead of viewing with astonishment the rapid progress of Christianity, will perhaps be surprised its success was not still more rapid and still more universal.

3. *At Lausanne—the last lines of the last page.*

I HAVE presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

XLVI.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS—‘JUNIUS.’

1740—1818.

THE Letters of Junius appeared in the *Public Advertiser* at intervals from 1767 to 1772. Their authorship is unknown. It has been ascribed to at least forty or fifty distinguished men, among others to Burke, Lyttleton, and Gibbon. The general belief appears now to be that the Letters were written by Sir Philip Francis. Francis was born in 1740, and died in 1818. He was for some years a clerk in the War Office, and was afterwards appointed a member of the Supreme Council at Calcutta, during the governorship of Warren Hastings, with whom he was engaged in constant feuds, and whose prosecution he actively promoted.

The Letters of Junius were the most famous political writings of their day, and now that many of the persons and topics with which they deal are forgotten, retain their reputation on account of their style.

The Letters are mainly direct attacks on the personal as well as the public character of the statesman to whom they are addressed. Their tone of bitter and sarcastic invective gains additional force from the constant insinuation that the writer reserves worse accusations to be brought against his victim at some future time.

To a modern reader the effect of the invective is injured by its personal character, but this did not detract from its influence among the contemporaries. They felt that his attacks were on the whole just, and that their violence was excused by the circumstances of the time. It was a period of national disaster and

of political corruption. When the public good was sacrificed to the meanest private objects, it was necessary to attack the private life of political leaders. As politics had become a matter of personal intrigue, a writer on public affairs had a justification which he does not now possess for the use of personalities. The judgment formed by Junius of the statesmen of his day has been confirmed by the verdict of posterity. His attacks, though sometimes unjust to individuals, were a protest against real and gross abuses, and gave vent to a feeling of public indignation which was in that age denied any other expression.

1. *From a Letter to the Duke of Grafton.*

IF nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed, under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive

step, you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamours of faction. A dark ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed, to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue, on which every Englishman, of the narrowest capacity, may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people, upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution, before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from *their* decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you, at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what

you also may expect in return from *their* spirit and *their* resentment.

2. *From a Letter to the Duke of Grafton.*

WITH what force, my Lord, with what protection are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom, in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your Sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress, but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote, which you have already paid for—another must be purchased; and to save a minister, the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance; or, if *their* protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles, which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court, in which prayers are morality, and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover, that this is a contention, in which every thing may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without

favour, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful, if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning, which in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty, by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred, until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption, at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

XLVII.

WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD STOWELL.

1745—1836.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Baron Stowell, the elder brother of Lord Eldon, was the eldest son of a coalfitter of Newcastle. He was born October 8th, 1745, at the time when the insurgents under Charles Edward were advancing into England. He was fortunate in his first teacher at the Grammar School of Newcastle, and after an honourable career at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became a Fellow of University. At Oxford he remained until 1799, and filled some College and University offices with great distinction. Eleven years before he finally quitted the University, he had been elected a member of 'The Club,' which Johnson and Burke had made famous. He attached himself to the Doctors' Commons bar, and rapidly rose into eminence as an advocate. Promotion followed in due course. In 1798 he became Judge of the Admiralty Court. In 1801 he was elected member for the University of Oxford, and retained the honour until his elevation to the peerage in 1821. In 1828 he retired. The last part of his life was clouded by the shadow of imbecility. He died in 1836, in his ninety-first year.

Lord Stowell, as an authority in the particular branch of the law with which he was conversant, stands unrivalled. His judgments have been praised by those most qualified to pronounce an opinion, as masterpieces of sagacity and penetration. His grasp of principles is comprehensive. He possesses, moreover, the power of seizing on the essential points in cases abounding in detail, and of presenting the main features of an intricate question in a way which the most careless or unlearned reader can

easily comprehend. His style, though sometimes diffuse, is always elegant and graceful. He was familiar with the masters of English prose, and it is his especial distinction to have woven into the fabric of his Judgments, passages which will bear comparison with many of the best known specimens of our literature.

1. *The Contract of Marriage.*

MARRIAGE, in its origin, is a contract of natural law; it may exist between two individuals of different sexes, although no third person existed in the world, as happened in the case of the common ancestors of mankind. It is the parent, not the child, of civil society, '*Principium urbis et quasi seminarium Reipublicae.*' In civil society it becomes a civil contract, regulated and prescribed by law, and endowed with civil consequences. In most civilized countries, acting under a sense of the force of sacred obligations, it has had the sanctions of religion superadded: it then becomes a religious, as well as a natural, and civil contract; for it is a great mistake to suppose that, because it is the one, therefore it may not likewise be the other. Heaven itself is made a party to the contract, and the consent of the individuals, pledged to each other, is ratified and consecrated by a vow to God. It was natural enough that such a contract should, under the religious system which prevailed in Europe, fall under ecclesiastical notice and cognizance, with respect both to its theological and its legal constitution; though it is not unworthy of remark that, amidst the manifold ritual provisions, made by the Divine Lawgiver of the Jews for various offices and transactions of life, there is no ceremony prescribed for the celebration of marriage. In the Christian Church marriage was elevated

in a later age to the dignity of a sacrament, in consequence of its divine institution, and of some expressions of high and mysterious import respecting it contained in the sacred writings. The law of the Church, the canon law (a system which, in spite of its absurd pretensions to a higher origin, is in many of its provisions deeply enough founded in the wisdom of man,) although, in conformity to the prevailing theological opinion, it revered marriage as a sacrament, still so far respected its natural and civil origin, as to consider, that where the natural and civil contract was formed it had the full essence of matrimony without the intervention of the priest; it had even in that state the character of a sacrament; for it is a misapprehension to suppose, that this intervention was required as matter of necessity, even for that purpose, before the Council of Trent.

2. *Places, and Rites, of Sepulture.*

THE practice of sepulture has also varied with respect to the places where performed. In ancient times, caves seem to have been in high request—then gardens, or other private demesnes of proprietors—incloded spaces out of the walls of towns—or by the sides of roads (*siste viator*)—and finally, in Christian countries, churches and church-yards, where the deceased could receive the pious and charitable wishes of the faithful, who resorted thither on the various calls of public worship. In our own country, the practice of burying in churches is said to be anterior to that of burying in, what are now called, church-yards, but was reserved for persons of pre-eminent sanctity of life. Men of less memorable merit were buried in incloded places not connected with the sacred edifices themselves. But a connection, imported from Rome by Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, took place

about the year 750; and spaces of ground adjoining the churches were carefully inclosed, and solemnly consecrated and appropriated to the burials of those who had been entitled to attend divine service in those churches; and who now became entitled to render back into those places their remains to earth, the common mother of mankind, without payment for the ground which they were to occupy, or for the pious offices which solemnized the act of interment.

In what way the mortal remains are to be conveyed to the grave, and there deposited, I do not find any positive rule of law, or of religion, that prescribes. The authority under which the received practices exist, is to be found in our manners, rather than in our laws—they have their origin in natural sentiments of public decency and private affection—they are ratified by common usage and consent; and being attached to a subject of the gravest and most impressive nature, remain unaltered by private caprice and fancy, amidst all the giddy revolutions that are perpetually varying the modes and fashions that belong to the lighter circumstances of human life.

3. *The Story of an Unhappy Marriage.*

THE truth of the case, according to the impression which the whole of it makes upon my mind, is this:—Two persons marry together; both of good moral characters, but with something of warmth, and sensibility, in each of their tempers; the husband is occasionally inattentive; the wife has a vivacity that sometimes offends and sometimes is offended; something like unkindness is produced, and is then easily inflamed; the lady broods over petty resentments, which are anxiously fed by the busy whispers of humble confidantes; her complaints, aggravated by their

reports, are carried to her relations, and meet perhaps with a facility of reception, from their honest but well-intentioned minds. A state of mutual irritation increases; something like incivility is continually practising; and, where it is not practised, it is continually suspected; every word, every act, every look, has a meaning attached to it; it becomes a contest of spirit, in form, between two persons eager to take, and not absolutely backward to give, mutual offence; at last the husband breaks up the family connection, and breaks it up with circumstances sufficiently expressive of disgust: treaties are attempted, and they miscarry, as they might be expected to do, in the hands of persons strongly disaffected towards each other; and then, for the very first time, a suit of cruelty is thought of; a libel is given in, black with criminating matter; recrimination comes from the other side; accusations rain heavy and thick on all sides, till all is involved in gloom, and the parties lose total sight of each other's real character, and of the truth of every one fact which is involved in the cause.

Out of this state of darkness and error it will not be easy for them to find their way. It were much to be wished that they could find it back again to domestic peace and happiness.

XLVIII.

DUGALD STEWART.

1753—1828.

DUGALD STEWART was born at Edinburgh in 1753. He was educated at the High School of that city and at the University of Glasgow. When only twenty years of age he was called to Edinburgh to assist his father, the eminent geometrician, Matthew Stewart, in the duties of the mathematical chair, which on attaining his majority he was appointed to fill. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh in 1785, and held that office till his death in 1828. He is probably the most popular and widely read of British philosophical writers, and the most typical representative of what is called the Scottish School. In ethics he maintains with Bishop Butler, whose views he has done much to illustrate and unfold, the primitive and absolute authority of conscience. In mental philosophy his plan is to distinguish, describe, and analyze the faculties of the mind as they exist in mature and civilized beings; he never attempts, as is so frequently done at the present time, to trace back these faculties to their earliest germs, to examine them in connection with their physiological accompaniments, and thus to compare them with analogous manifestations in infants, savages, and brutes. His lectures on *Political Economy*, which formed a part of his course, are in a somewhat fragmentary condition, as he did not live to revise them for publication. They are founded mainly on the views of Adam Smith. Though perhaps not a very profound, and certainly not an original thinker, he is acute, judicious, and learned, and his

style is always elegant and interesting. Those who desire, by the study of a single author, to obtain a succinct account of the principal ancient and modern philosophical systems, can hardly be directed to any better source than his lectures on the *Active and Moral Powers*, and his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. A compendium of these lectures, which fill five octavo volumes, is given in an unusually attractive form, considering its brevity, in his *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*. It has thence become an extremely popular text-book of mental and moral science.

1. *The Sense of Duty and the Pursuit of Happiness.*

ALTHOUGH philosophers have shown that a sense of duty, and an enlightened regard to our own happiness, conspire in most instances to give the same direction to our conduct, so as to put it beyond a doubt that, even in this world, a virtuous life is true wisdom, yet this is a truth by no means obvious to the common sense of mankind, but deduced from an extensive view of human affairs, and an accurate investigation of the remote consequences of our different actions. It is from experience and reflection, therefore, we learn the connexion between virtue and happiness; and, consequently, the great lessons of morality which are obvious to the capacity of all mankind could never have been suggested to them merely by a regard to their own interest. Indeed, this discovery which experience makes to us of the connexion between virtue and happiness, both in the case of individuals and of political societies, furnishes one of the most pleasing subjects of speculation to the philosopher, as it places in a striking point of view the unity of design which takes place in our constitution, and opens encouraging and

delightful prospects with respect to the moral government of the Deity.

This observation leads me to remark further, that the man who is most successful in the pursuit of happiness, is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit. To do so, and to be continually occupied with schemes on the subject, would fill the mind with anxious conjectures about futurity, and with perplexing calculations of the various chances of good and evil; whereas the man whose ruling principle of action is a sense of duty, conducts himself in the business of life with boldness, consistency and dignity, and finds himself rewarded with that happiness which so often eludes the pursuit of those who exert every faculty of the mind in order to attain it.

Something very similar to this takes place with regard to nations. From the earliest accounts of mankind, politicians have been employed in devising schemes of national aggrandizement, and have proceeded on the supposition, that the prosperity of their own country could only be advanced by depressing all others around them. It has now been shown with irresistible evidence, that those views were founded on mistake, and that the prosperity of a country is intimately connected with that of its neighbours; insomuch that the enlightened statesman, instead of embarrassing himself with the care of a machine whose parts were become too complicated for any human comprehension, finds his labour reduced to the simple business of observing the rules of justice and humanity. It is remarkable, that, long before the date of these profound speculations in politics, for which we are indebted to Mr. Smith and to the French economists, Fenelon was led merely by the goodness of his heart, and by his speculative conviction of the intimate connexion between virtue and happiness under the moral government of God, to recom-

mend a free trade as an expedient measure in policy, and to reprobate the mean ideas of national jealousy as calculated to frustrate the very ends to which they are supposed to be subservient. Indeed I am inclined to think, that, as in conducting the affairs of private life, 'the integrity of the upright man' is his surest guide, so in managing the affairs of a great empire, a strong sense of justice, and an ardent zeal for the rights and for the happiness of mankind, will go farther to form a great and successful statesman, than the most perfect acquaintance with political details, unassisted by the direction of these inward monitors.

2. *The Rapidity of Thought in Interpreting Language.*

WHEN I consult Johnson's Dictionary, I find many words of which he has enumerated forty, fifty, or even sixty different significations; and, after all the pains he has taken to distinguish these from each other, I am frequently at a loss how to avail myself of his definitions. Yet, when a word of this kind occurs to me in a book, or even when I hear it pronounced in the rapidity of discourse, I at once select, without the slightest effort of conscious thought, the precise meaning which it was intended to convey. How is this to be explained but by the light thrown upon the problematical term by the general import of the sentence?—a species of interpretation easily conceivable, where I have leisure to study the context deliberately; but which, in the circumstances I have now supposed, implies a quickness in the exercise of the intellectual powers, which, the more it is examined, will appear the more astonishing. It is constant habit alone that keeps these intellectual processes out of view;—giving to the mind such a celerity in its operations, as eludes the utmost vigilance of our attention; and exhibiting to the eyes

of common observers, the use of speech, as a much simpler, and less curious phenomenon, than it is in reality.

A still more palpable illustration of the same remark presents itself, when the language we listen to admits of such transpositions in the arrangement of words as are familiar to us in the Latin. In such cases, the artificial structure of the discourse suspends, in a great measure, our conjectures about the sense, till at the close of the period, the verb in the very instant of its utterance, unriddles the enigma. Previous to this, the former words and phrases resemble those detached and unmeaning patches of different colours, which compose what opticians call an anamorphosis; while the effect of the verb, at the end, may be compared to that of the mirror by which the anamorphosis is reformed, and which combines these apparently fortuitous materials into a beautiful portrait or landscape.

In instances of this sort, it will be generally found, upon an accurate examination, that the intellectual act, as far as we are able to trace it, is altogether simple, and incapable of analysis; and that the elements into which we flatter ourselves we have resolved it, are nothing more than the grammatical elements of speech;—the logical doctrine about the comparison of ideas bearing a much closer affinity to the task of a school-boy in parsing his lesson, than to the researches of philosophers, able to form a just conception of the mystery to be explained.

These observations are general, and apply to every case in which language is employed. When the subject, however, to which it relates, involves notions which are abstract and complex, the process of interpretation becomes much more complicated and curious; involving, at every step, that species of mental induction which I have already endeavoured to describe. In reading, accordingly, the most perspicuous

discussions, in which such notions form the subject of the argument, little instruction is received, till we have made the reasonings our own, by revolving the steps again and again in our thoughts. The fact is, that, in cases of this sort, the function of language is not so much to convey knowledge (according to the common phrase) from one mind to another, as to bring two minds into the same train of thinking; and to confine them, as nearly as possible, to the same track. Many authors have spoken of the wonderful mechanism of speech; but none has hitherto attended to the far more wonderful mechanism which it puts into action behind the scene.



XLIX.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

1762—1835.

WILLIAM COBBETT was born in 1762. He was the son of a farmer at Farnham, in Surrey, and passed his childhood in rustic occupations. When about twenty-two, he enlisted as a private soldier, and rose by merit to the rank of Sergeant-Major. On returning to England with his regiment in 1791, after a four years' stay in America, he obtained his discharge, having served eight years, during seven of which he was a noncommissioned officer. Early in 1792 he married and went to France, but in a few months, at the outbreak of the Revolution, he embarked at Havre for America, where he resided for eight years. He there commenced his career as an author and editor, and also underwent his first prosecution for the violence of his attacks on the personal and political characters of public men. He returned to England in 1800, and started first the *Porcupine* and then the *Weekly Register*, which was continued till his death, at first as a high Tory publication, and later, after Cobbett's own change of political views, as an ultra-Radical journal. He was twice prosecuted and fined for libel on different members of the Government, and in 1809 fined and imprisoned for two years. In 1817, to avoid a fourth prosecution under the 'Six Acts Bill,' he fled to America, where he remained for two years, till the repeal of the Act which had driven him into exile. He twice endeavoured to enter Parliament, and finally, in 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, was elected Member for Oldham. He died in 1835.

Besides his writings as a journalist, Cobbett published numerous popular Treatises. His *Rural Rides* abounds with descriptive passages of great beauty. As a political writer, he was celebrated for the vehemence of his language, and a certain rough vigour of style.

1. *The Institution of Property.*

THUS, then, we see that labour must have been the foundation of all property. Mr. Tull, who was a very learned lawyer, as well as the greatest writer on agriculture that ever lived, claimed an exclusive right to the produce of his book, because he had written it,—because it was something proceeding from the labour of his own mind; and thereupon he says, ‘There is no property of any description, if it be rightfully held, which had not its foundation in labour.’ And it must have been thus, because men never could have been so foolish, so lost to all sense of self-preservation, as to suffer a few persons, comparatively, to take possession of the whole earth, which God had given to all of them for a common possession, unless these comparatively few persons had first performed, or their progenitors had performed, some labour upon these several spots of earth, the like of which labour, or a part of which labour, had not been performed by men in general.

When the earth came to be more peopled than it had been for a long time, the common benefit of all demanded that some agreement should be entered into, which would secure to the possessors of particular parcels of land the exclusive possession and enjoyment of them and of their fruits, and that there should be laws to protect them in that enjoyment. When this state of things came, it was called

civil society ; and laws, made by the common assent of any community of men, came to supply the place of the law of nature. These laws of civil society restrained individuals from following, in certain cases, the dictates of their own will ; they protected the industrious against the depredations of the lazy ; they protected the weak against the violence of the unjust strong ; they secured men in possession of land, houses, and goods, that were called 'theirs.' The words 'mine' and 'thine,' which mean 'my own' and 'thy own,' were invented to designate what we now call a property in things ; the meaning of the word 'property' being this, that the thing is a man's own, or the own of a body of men ; and that no other man, or body of men, have any right to partake in the possession, the use, or the fruits of it. The law necessarily makes it criminal in one man to take away or injure the property of another man. It was, even before this law of civil society, a crime against natural justice to do certain things against our neighbour ; to kill him, to wound him, to slander him, to expose him to suffer from want of food, or raiment, or shelter. These and many other things were crimes in the eye of the law of nature ; but, to take a share of a man's victuals or clothing, to insist upon sharing a part of the good things that he might happen to have in his possession, could be no crime, because there was no positive property in anything, except in a man's body itself or, at most, in such things as he had in his immediate possession and use, or as had been produced by his labour or that of his children. For instance, a hare, a pheasant, a deer, that he had caught ; beer or wine that he had made ; raiment that he had made ; or a dwelling-place that he had built.

2. *The National Debt and Foreign Politics in 1826.*

I KNOW nothing of the politics of the Bourbons; but, though I can easily conceive that they would not like to see an end of the paper system and a consequent Reform, in England; though I can see very good reasons for believing this, I do not believe that Canning will induce them to sacrifice their own obvious and immediate interests for the sake of preserving our funding system. He will not get them out of Cadiz, and he will not induce them to desist from interfering in the affairs of Portugal, if they find it their interest to interfere. They know, that we cannot go to war. They know this as well as we do; and every sane person in England seems to know it well. No war for us without Reform! We are come to this at last. No war with this Debt; and this Debt defies every power but that of Reform. Foreign nations were, as to our real state, a good deal enlightened by 'late panic.' They had hardly any notion of our state before that. That opened their eyes, and led them to conclusions that they never before dreamed of. It made them see that that which they had always taken for a mountain of solid gold, was only a great heap of rubbishy, rotten paper! And they now, of course, estimate us accordingly. But it signifies not what they think, or what they do, unless they will subscribe and pay off this Debt for the people at Whitehall. The foreign governments (not excepting the American) all hate the English Reformers; those of Europe, because our example would be so dangerous to despots; and that of America, because we should not suffer it to build fleets and to add to its territories at pleasure. So that, we have not only our own borough-mongers and

tax-eaters against us; but also all foreign governments. Not a straw, however, do we care for them all, so long as we have for us the ever-living, ever-watchful, ever-efficient, and all-subduing Debt! Let our foes subscribe, I say, and pay off that Debt; for until they do that, we snap our fingers at them.

✓ 3. *Woodland Countries.*

I CANNOT quit Battle without observing, that the country is very pretty all about it. All hill, or valley. A great deal of wood-land, in which the underwood is generally very fine, though the oaks are not very fine, and a good deal covered with moss. This shows that the clay ends before the tap-root of the oak gets as deep as it would go; for, when the clay goes the full depth, the oaks are always fine.—The woods are too large and too near each other for hare-hunting; and, as to coursing, it is out of the question here. But it is a fine country for shooting and for harbouring game of all sorts.—It was rainy as I came home; but the woodmen were at work. A great many hop-poles are cut here, which makes the coppices more valuable than in many other parts. The women work in the coppices, shaving the bark of the hop-poles, and, indeed, at various other parts of the business.—Little boys and girls shave hop-poles and assist in other coppice work very nicely. And it is pleasant work when the weather is dry over head. The woods, bedded with leaves as they are, are clean and dry under foot. They are warm, too, even in the coldest weather. When the ground is frozen several inches deep in the open fields, it is scarcely frozen at all in a coppice where the underwood is a good plant, and where it is nearly high enough to cut. So that the woodman's is really a pleasant

life. We are apt to think that the birds have a hard time of it in winter. But we forget the warmth of the woods, which far exceeds anything to be found in farm yards. When Sidmouth started me from my farm, in 1817, I had just planted my farm yard round with a pretty coppice. But, never mind, Sidmouth and I shall, I dare say, have plenty of time and occasion to talk about that coppice, and many other things, before we die. And, can I, when I think of these things now, pity those to whom Sidmouth owed his power of starting me!—But let me forget the subject for this time at any rate.—Woodland countries are interesting on many accounts. Not so much on account of their masses of green leaves, as on account of the variety of sights and sounds and incidents that they afford. Even in winter the coppices are beautiful to the eye, while they comfort the mind with the idea of shelter and warmth. In spring they change their hue from day to day during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch to the full expansion of those of the ash; and, even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view, what in the vegetable creation is so delightful to behold as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and bluebells? The opening of the birch leaves is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle, and the thrush to sing; and, just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches burst forth in songs from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky. These are amongst the means which Providence has benignantly appointed to sweeten the toils by which food and raiment are produced; these the English ploughman could once hear without the sorrowful reflection that he himself was a pauper, and that the bounties of nature had, for

him, been scattered in vain ! And shall he never see an end to this state of things ! Shall he never have the due reward of his labour ! Shall unsparing taxation never cease to make him a miserable dejected being, a creature famishing in the midst of abundance, fainting, expiring with hunger's feeble moans, surrounded by a carolling creation ! O ! accursed paper-money ! Has hell a torment surpassing the wickedness of thy inventor !



L.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, in August, 1771. As a poet, he stands not in the first rank, but very high in the second. No poet of modern times has so nearly caught the ancient Homeric fervour of narrative in verse. As a writer of prose fiction he stands at the head of English novelists. There is no one in this class who, either in the delineation of characters or the construction of plots, has trod so nearly, though at a long interval, in the footsteps of Shakespeare. Of the historical romance he may be considered the inventor. In his mixture of pathos and humour, especially in the Scottish characters, in his power of reproducing the general effect of the scenes of the past, though often with much inaccuracy in detail, he is unrivalled. By the healthy and elevating influence of his works, he has probably done more to purify English literature than any writer since Addison. His power of interesting his readers, both as a poet and as a prose writer, is almost unbounded; but his style suffered from his fertility, and will not stand the test of a critical examination. His love for medieval antiquity, of which the first example was his collection of the *Border Minstrelsy*—probably the fountain-head of all his other works—places him foremost amongst the restorers of that taste. His life was on the whole happy, though the last years of it were spent, and his declining strength wasted, in a fruitless struggle to bear up against commercial difficulties. He died at his seat of Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832, and is buried at Dryburgh.

1. *Sunset in a Storm.*

THE sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knock-winnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to

the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

2. *The Discovery of the Tomb of Robert the Bruce.*

SUCH of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and

removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognised, nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King, could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child; you must

remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

3. *The Prayer of Louis the Eleventh.*

ABOVE the little door, in memory perhaps of the deed which had been done within, was a rude niche, containing a crucifix cut in stone. Upon this emblem the King fixed his eyes, as if about to kneel, but stopped short, as if he applied to the blessed image the principles of worldly policy, and deemed it rash to approach its presence without having secured the private intercession of some supposed favourite. He therefore turned from the crucifix as unworthy to look upon it, and selecting from the images with which, as often mentioned, his hat was completely garnished, a representation of the Lady of Clery, knelt down before it, and made the following extraordinary prayer; in which, it is to be observed, the grossness of his superstition induced him, in some degree, to consider the Virgin of Clery as a different person from the Madonna of Embrun, a favourite idol, to whom he often paid his vows.

‘Sweet Lady of Clery,’ he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke—‘blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a King, my power is great, my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I would double the *gabelle* on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors—fill up these tremendous moats—lead me, as a

mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given thy sister the county of Boulogne, to be held of her for ever, have I no means of shewing devotion to thee also? Thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had promised the province to my brother Charles; but he, thou knowest, is dead—poisoned by that wicked Abbé of Saint John d'Angely, whom, if I live, I will punish!—I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word—If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy child, that he will pardon all past sins, and one—one little deed, which I must do this night—nay, it is no *sin*, dearest Lady of Clery—no sin, but an act of justice privately administered; for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a Prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not deserving of thy protection; leave him to my care; and hold it as good service that I rid the world of him, for the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care—a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes, as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp, or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only consider how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! and I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this shall be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted.'

After this extraordinary contract with the object of his adoration, Louis recited, apparently with deep devotion, the seven penitential psalms in Latin, and several aves and prayers especially belonging to the service of the Virgin. He then arose, satisfied that he had secured the intercession of the Saint to whom he had prayed, the rather, as he craftily reflected, that most of the sins for which he had requested her mediation on former occasions had been of a different character, and that, therefore, the Lady of Clery was less likely to consider him as a hardened and habitual shedder of blood, than the other saints whom he had more frequently made confidants of his crimes in that respect.



LI.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1771—1845.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH was born in the year 1771, and died in the year 1845. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and during the greater part of his life an intimate friend of Lord Grey, Lord Holland, and the other leaders of the Whig party. He was made a Canon of Bristol in 1828, and of St. Paul's in 1831.

His principal writings are:—(1) *Peter Plymley's Letters on the Subject of the Catholics*, 'to my brother Abraham who lives in the country,' in which he attacks Mr. Perceval and the Ministers of the day; these first appeared in the year 1807. (2) His Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, written after he was a Canon, in defence of Cathedral Establishments. In the first of them there occurs the facetious description of the Meeting at Dort. (3) An unfinished Fragment on the Irish Church. (4) A Pamphlet on the Ballot. (5) Lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution. (6) Numerous contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. There is an excellent memoir of him, written by his daughter, Lady Holland.

Sydney Smith was one of the most free and independent and genial of human beings. There was no man who fought for more good causes, or whose voice was oftener lifted up in the interests of humanity and justice. In estimating this part of his character, we must not forget his own remark, that 'the first thirty years of this century were a dreary time for Liberal clergymen.' His wit was the vehicle of strong sense, applied generally to the best of purposes; his conversation was at least equal to his writings. If not to be ranked with Swift and Sterne, he may still claim a high place in the list of English Humourists.

1. *Bentham's Book of Fallacies summed up in
Noodle's Oration.*

WHAT would our ancestors say to this, Sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? (*Hear, hear!*) Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? (*Loud cries of Hear! hear!*) If this measure is right, would it have escaped the wisdom of those Saxon progenitors to whom we are indebted for so many of our best political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would such a notable discovery have been reserved for these modern and degenerate times? Besides, Sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask the honourable gentleman if this is the time for carrying it into execution—whether, in fact, a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has chosen? If this were an ordinary measure, I should not oppose it with so much vehemence; but, Sir, it calls in question the wisdom of an irrevocable law—of a law passed at the memorable period of the Revolution. What right have we, Sir, to break down this firm column, on which the great men of that day stamped a character of eternity? Are not all authorities against this measure—Pitt, Fox, Cicero, and the Attorney and Solicitor General? The proposition is new, Sir; it is the first time it was ever heard in this House. I am not prepared, Sir—this House is not prepared, to receive it. The measure implies a distrust of his Majesty's government; their disapproval is sufficient to warrant opposition. Precaution only is requisite where danger is apprehended. Here the high character of the individuals in question is a

sufficient guarantee against any ground of alarm. Give not, then, your sanction to this measure; for, whatever be its character, if you do give your sanction to it, the same man by whom this is proposed, will propose to you others to which it will be impossible to give your consent. I care very little, Sir, for the ostensible measure; but what is there behind? What are the honourable gentleman's future schemes? If we pass this bill, what fresh concessions may he not require? What further degradation is he planning for his country? Talk of evil and inconvenience, Sir! look to other countries—study other aggregations and societies of men, and then see whether the laws of this country demand a remedy, or deserve a panegyric. Was the honourable gentleman (let me ask him) always of this way of thinking? Do I not remember when he was the advocate in this House of very opposite opinions? I not only quarrel with his present sentiments, Sir, but I declare very frankly I do not like the party with which he acts. If his own motives were as pure as possible, they cannot but suffer contamination from those with whom he is politically associated. This measure may be a boon to the constitution, but I will accept no favour to the constitution from such hands. (*Loud cries of Hear! hear!*) I profess myself, Sir, an honest and upright member of the British Parliament, and I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all change, and all innovation. I am satisfied with things as they are; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. The honourable gentleman pretends to justify the severity with which he has attacked the Noble Lord who presides in the Court of Chancery. But I say such attacks are pregnant with mischief to Government itself. Oppose Ministers, you oppose Government: disgrace Ministers, you disgrace Government: bring

Ministers into contempt, you bring Government into contempt; and anarchy and civil war are the consequences. Besides, Sir, the measure is unnecessary. Nobody complains of disorder in that shape in which it is the aim of your measure to propose a remedy to it. The business is one of the greatest importance; there is need of the greatest caution and circumspection. Do not let us be precipitate, Sir; it is impossible to foresee all consequences. Every thing should be gradual; the example of a neighbouring nation should fill us with alarm! The honourable gentleman has taxed me with illiberality, Sir. I deny the charge. I hate innovation, but I love improvement. I am an enemy to the corruption of Government, but I defend its influence. I dread reform, but I dread it only when it is intemperate. I consider the liberty of the press as the great Palladium of the Constitution; but, at the same time, I hold the licentiousness of the press in the greatest abhorrence. Nobody is more conscious than I am of the splendid abilities of the honourable mover, but I tell him at once, his scheme is too good to be practicable. It savours of Utopia. It looks well in theory, but it won't do in practice. It will not do, I repeat, Sir, in practice; and so the advocates of the measure will find, if, unfortunately, it should find its way through Parliament. (*Cheers.*) The source of that corruption to which the honourable member alludes, is in the minds of the people; so rank and extensive is that corruption, that no political reform can have any effect in removing it. Instead of reforming others—instead of reforming the State, the Constitution, and every thing that is most excellent, let each man reform himself! let him look at home, he will find there enough to do, without looking abroad, and aiming at what is out of his power. (*Loud cheers.*) And now, Sir, as it is frequently the custom in this House to end with a quotation,

and as the gentleman who preceded me in the debate, has anticipated me in my favourite quotation of the 'Strong pull and the long pull,' I shall end with the memorable words of the assembled Barons—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

2. *A Meeting of the Clergy at Dordrecht.*

(*A short narrative illustrating the manner in which the Deans and Chapters are supposed to have been treated by the Bishops in the Reform of the Cathedrals.*)

I MET the other day, in an old Dutch Chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation:—'And there was great store of Bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the State were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my Lords the Bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a Bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius, and Leoline the Monk, and many texts of Scripture were banded to and fro; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my Lords the Bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things, and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail, the arms and banners of the Archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favoured the Church; and

then the Archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man; but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out "Bread! bread!" for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the sleich; and when they had done crying "Bread! bread!" they called out "No Bishops!" and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my Lords the Bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then you might have seen my Lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the Monk, stood up among them and said, "Good my Lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the Church than you do should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below." And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the Bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the Bishops, brought them the dinner of the Deans and Canons; and so the Deans and Canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the window like the Bishops; and when the Count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, and that the Bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the Canons well.'

3. *From Peter Plymley's Letters.*

I CANNOT describe the horror and disgust which I felt at hearing Mr. Perceval call upon the then ministry for measures of vigour in Ireland. If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret;—if I walked to church every Sunday before eleven young gentlemen of my own begetting, with their faces washed, and their hair pleasingly combed;—if the Almighty had blessed me with every earthly comfort,—how awfully would I pause before I sent forth the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland! How easy it is to shed human blood; how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so, and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle;—how much in all ages have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind;—how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness, and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection! But what do men call vigour? To let loose hussars, and to bring up artillery; to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and push, and prime—I call this, not vigour, but the sloth of cruelty and ignorance. The vigour I love, consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a people, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful, and difficult task of increasing public happiness by allaying each particular discontent. In this way Hoche pacified La Vendée, and in this way only will Ireland ever be subdued. But this, in the eyes of Mr. Perceval, is imbecility and meanness: houses are not broke open—

women are not insulted—the people seem all to be happy; they are not rode over by horses, and cut by whips. Do you call this vigour?—Is this government?

4. *Francis Horner.*

I REMEMBER the death of many eminent Englishmen, but I can safely say, I never remember an impression so general as that excited by the death of Francis Horner. The public looked upon him as a powerful and a safe man, who was labouring not for himself or his party, but for them. They were convinced of his talents, they confided in his moderation, and they were sure of his motives; he had improved so quickly, and so much, that his early death was looked on as the destruction of a great statesman, who had done but a small part of the good which might be expected from him, who would infallibly have risen to the highest offices, and as infallibly have filled them to the public good. Then as he had never lost a friend, and made so few enemies, there was no friction, no drawback; public feeling had its free course; the image of a good and great man was broadly before the world, unsullied by any breath of hatred; there was nothing but pure sorrow! Youth destroyed before its time, great talents and wisdom hurried to the grave, a kind and good man, who might have lived for the glory of England, torn from us in the flower of his life!—but all this is gone and past, and, as Galileo said of his lost sight, ‘It has pleased God it should be so, and it must please me also.’

LII.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at the Vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, on the 21st of October, 1772. From the age of nine he was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he already gave signs of his many-sided genius, as well as of that constitutional weakness which almost overpowered it. In 1791 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge; but he had anticipated life, and his mind was too much occupied with poetry, and with that new world of speculative politics opened up to mankind by the French Revolution, to allow him to attend to the regular studies of the University, which he left in 1794 without taking a degree.

The next few years he spent mainly at Bristol, in various ineffectual attempts to obtain an income as an author, a political lecturer, a Unitarian preacher, or the editor of a newspaper. He formed a close friendship with Southey and Wordsworth, and was excited by intercourse with the latter to write his best poetry. But the interest of ethical and political speculation was beginning to overpower in him the poetical impulse, and this tendency was very much increased by his visit to Germany in 1798. He found the German Universities in the fresh enthusiasm of speculative thought which Kant had awakened, and partook in it; and, though he never ceased to be original and independent, henceforward it became more or less consciously the work of his life to absorb German thought and reproduce it in English forms. And it was a task not unworthy of him, if he had been able to fulfil it. But he had been led to soothe

rheumatic pains by the use of opium, and this habit so utterly sapped all his vital energies, that for the next fifteen years he produced no work worthy of his genius, with the exception of the essays contained in the *Friend*. From 1816 till his death, on July 25th, 1834, he resided with a physician at Highgate, and under the restraint to which he there submitted, he partially recovered, and wrote most of his works, critical, theological, and philosophical. Moreover, his great reputation made his residence a kind of centre of literary pilgrimage, and by his wonderful conversation he probably exercised a wider influence than by his books, which, though highly suggestive, are rather collections of notes and essays than complete treatises on any subject.

His writings must be viewed as the great fragments of a genius which, for want of self-command, of health, of physical and moral energy, never produced a perfect result in any one direction, though giving promise of the highest kind in many. His thought is suggestive, stimulating rather than satisfying, and the greatest result of his life was the intellectual activity he awakened in England. He prepared the way for German literature and philosophy, and broke down the wall that kept England so long shut up from the influence of European culture. Even the imperfection of his works might be useful to this end. His persevering attempts to justify everything English on principles of pure reason, opened ears to reason that otherwise would have been shut. Above all, he shows always, and always inspires, that unmistakable love of light which makes even the mistakes of genius full of interest and instruction.

1. *Of the Importance of Method.*

WHAT is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund

Burke) 'we cannot stand under the same arch-way during a shower of rain, without finding him out?' Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For if he be, as we now assume, a well-educated man as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Caesar, *insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive, that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, in which they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection,

and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the 'and then,' the 'and there,' and the still less significant, 'and so,' they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to method as employed in the formation of the understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artizan to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that every thing be in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the *good and faithful servant*, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties

performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

But as the importance of method in the duties of social life is incomparably greater, so are its practical elements proportionably obvious, and such as relate to the will far more than to the understanding. Henceforward, therefore, we contemplate its bearings on the latter.

The difference between the products of a well-disciplined and those of an uncultivated understanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the science of method, is often and admirably exhibited by our great dramatist. I scarcely need refer my readers to the Clown's evidence, in the first scene of the second act of *Measure for Measure*, or to the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

The absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes their leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well-educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. Method, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate not things only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the relations of things, either their relations to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehensions of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze these relations, with the conditions under which alone they are discoverable, is to teach the science of method . . .

Exuberance of mind, on the one hand, interferes with the forms of method; but sterility of mind, on the other, wanting the spring and impulse to mental action, is wholly destructive

of method itself. For in attending too exclusively to the relations which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth, and the moods of his own thought, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation, in which they are likewise to be placed to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue. But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all mental relations, both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all method which is not purely accidental. Hence the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration: and this from the want of a staple, or starting-post, in the narrator himself; from the absence of the leading thought, which, borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation, I may not inaptly call the initiative. On the contrary, where the habit of method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance, are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected.

2. *Veracity.*

THE assertion, that truth is often no less dangerous than falsehood, sounds less offensively at the first hearing, only because it hides its deformity in an equivocation, or double meaning of the word truth. What may be rightly affirmed of truth, used as synonymous with verbal accuracy, is transferred to it in its higher sense of veracity. By verbal truth we mean no more than the correspondence of a given fact to given words. In moral truth, we involve likewise the intention of the speaker, that his words should correspond to

his thoughts in the sense in which he expects them to be understood by others: and in this latter import we are always supposed to use the word, whenever we speak of truth absolutely, or as a possible subject of moral merit or demerit. It is verbally true, that in the sacred Scriptures it is written: 'As is the good, so is the sinner, and he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath. A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. There is one event unto all: the living know they shall die, but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward.' But he who should repeat these words, with this assurance, to an ignorant man in the hour of his temptation, lingering at the door of the alehouse, or hesitating as to the testimony required of him in the court of justice, would, spite of this verbal truth, be a liar, and the murderer of his brother's conscience. Veracity, therefore, not mere accuracy; to convey truth, not merely to say it, is the point of duty in dispute: and the only difficulty in the mind of an honest man arises from the doubt, whether more than veracity, that is, the truth and nothing but the truth—is not demanded of him by the law of conscience; whether it does not exact simplicity; that is, the truth only, and the whole truth. If we can solve this difficulty, if we can determine the conditions under which the law of universal reason commands the communication of the truth independently of consequences, we shall then be enabled to judge whether there is any such probability of evil consequences, from such communication, as can justify the assertion of its occasional criminality, as can perplex us in the conception, or disturb us in the performance, of our duty.

The conscience, or effective reason, commands the design of conveying an adequate notion of the thing spoken of, when this is practicable: but at all events a right notion, or

none at all. A schoolmaster is under the necessity of teaching a certain rule in simple arithmetic empirically,—(do so and so, and the sum will always prove true);—the necessary truth of the rule—that is, that the rule having been adhered to, the sum must always prove true—requiring a knowledge of the higher mathematics for its demonstration. He, however, conveys a right notion, though he cannot convey the adequate one.



LIII.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774—1843.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, born 1774, died 1843, was one of the most voluminous writers of his time, both in verse and prose. His poems, though far less popular than those of several of his contemporaries, attracted considerable attention, and formed the subject of much literary controversy. They belong chiefly to the earlier period of his life, previous to his appointment, in 1813, to the office of Poet Laureate. His activity as a prose writer was more persistent. He wrote history and biography, edited early romances, published the works of other authors with critical and illustrative notices of his own, and contributed very largely to reviews, chiefly on political and literary topics. As a young man he was strongly infected by the enthusiasm of the revolutionary period in which he lived; afterwards he became a warm supporter of the existing constitution in Church and State, though his general sympathy with plans of social improvement remained unabated.

His peculiar characteristic as a writer is his command of easy, graceful, and vigorous English. He produced no great effect on his generation, either as a thinker or imaginative writer: his literary criticisms, though generally sensible, are seldom striking or profound. But his technical mastery over his own language was great; and, though he wrote incessantly, his style rarely degenerates into carelessness. In this one respect he contrasts favourably with the author who among his contemporaries may best be compared with him for facility of literary production, Sir Walter Scott.

Collections of English Poets.

THE collections of our poets are either too scanty, or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgment in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Maevius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the gods may do, certainly the public and the booksellers tolerate them. When Dr. Aikin began to re-edit Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the *Monthly Magazine*, 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist, or direct his enquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine; it gives worth to what originally was worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire, to the age of the Republic.

2. *The Evils of Half Knowledge.*

WERE it not that the present state of popular knowledge is a necessary part of the process of society, a stage through which it must pass in its progress toward something better, it might reasonably be questioned whether the misinformation of these times be not worse than the ignorance of former ages. For a people who are ignorant and know themselves to be so, will often judge rightly when they are called upon to think at all, acting from common sense, and the unperverted instinct of equity. But there is a kind of half knowledge which seems to disable men even from forming a just opinion of the facts before them,—a sort of squint in the understanding which prevents it from seeing straightforward, and by which all objects are distorted. Men in this state soon begin to confound the distinctions between right and wrong; farewell then to simplicity of heart, and with it farewell to rectitude of judgment! The demonstrations of geometry indeed retain their force with them, for they are gross and tangible: but to all moral propositions, to all finer truths they are insensible; the part of their nature which should correspond with these is stricken with dead palsy. Give men a smattering of law, and they become litigious; give them a smattering of physic, and they become hypochondriacs or quacks, disordering themselves by the strength of imagination, or poisoning others in the presumptuousness of conceited ignorance. But of all men, the smatterer in philosophy is the most intolerable and the most dangerous; he begins by unlearning his Creed and his Commandments; and in the process of eradicating what it is the business of all sound education to implant, his duty to God is discarded first, and his duty to his neighbour

presently afterwards. As long as he confines himself to private practice, the mischief does not extend beyond his private circle; there indeed it shews itself;—his neighbour's wife may be in some danger, and his neighbour's property also, if the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* should be practically inconvenient to the man of free opinions. But when he commences professor of moral and political philosophy for the benefit of the public, the fables of old credulity are then verified; his very breath becomes venomous, and every page which he sends abroad carries with it poison to the unsuspecting reader.



LIV.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775—1834.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London in 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. Being prevented from taking Orders by an impediment in his speech, he obtained, in 1792, an appointment in the East India House, which he held for upwards of thirty years. He then retired upon a liberal pension, and died in 1834.

Charles Lamb still remains one of the foremost English humorists of the nineteenth century. He reconciles, to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries or successors, the quaintness of those older authors, whom no one has ever more fully appreciated, with the common sense of his own age. His thought, like his life, was, by his own confession, fragmentary; but the broken pieces that are left to us are like broken gold, they sparkle with wit while they glow with a rich and genial humanity.

1. *A Quaker's Meeting.*

READER, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary yet not desolate; singular, yet not

without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that 'before the winds were made'? go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses:—retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting. Frequently it is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *Tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.—O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—'forty feeding like one.'—The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

2. *The Scotchman.*

I CANNOT like all people alike. I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the

experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. They beat up a little game and leave it to knottier heads to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing and again waning They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath they are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it The brain of a true Caledonian is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth, if indeed they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order His riches are always about him You cannot cry halves to anything that he finds. He does not find but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected,

person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book,' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to *John Bunce*. 'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr.——. After he had examined it minutely I ventured to ask him how he liked *My Beauty*, (a foolish name it goes by among my friends) when he very gravely assured me, that 'he had considerable respect for my character and talents' (so he was pleased to say) 'but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions' Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth which nobody doubts I was present not long since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way) that I wished it were the father instead of the son, when four of them started up at once to inform me that 'that was impossible, because he was dead.'

3. *The Beggar.*

POOR man reproaches poor man in the street with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better; while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascal, comparatively, insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none,

any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captive, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful insignia of his profession—his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on Court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of prosperity at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

4. *Fletcher and Shakspeare.*

THE scene where Ordella offers her life a sacrifice, that the king of France may not be childless, I have always considered as the finest in all Fletcher, and Ordella to be the most perfect notion of the female heroic character, next to Calantha in the 'Broken Heart.' She is a piece of sainted,

nature. Yet, noble as the whole passage is, it must be confessed that the manner of it, compared with Shakspeare's finest scenes, is faint and languid. Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. They do not join into one another like a running-hand. Fletcher's ideas moved slow; his versification, though sweet, is tedious, it stops at every turn; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other, adding image to image so deliberately, that we see their junctures. Shakspeare mingles everything, runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure. Another striking difference between Fletcher and Shakspeare is the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in some of his most admired tragedies show this. Shakspeare had nothing of this contortion in his mind, none of that craving after violent situations, and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which I think always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility. The wit of Fletcher is excellent, like his serious scenes, but there is something strained and far-fetched in both. He is too mistrustful of Nature, he always goes a little on one side of her.—Shakspeare chose her without a reserve: and had riches, power, understanding, and length of days, with her for a dowry.

LV.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775—1864.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Warwick in 1775. His family, though hardly so distinguished as he imagined it to be, was of considerable antiquity. Few men of letters have ever had greater advantages of position and circumstances. But to Landor they were little else than drawbacks. At Rugby he gained his first classical laurels, but his defiant refusal to ask pardon for an offence caused his withdrawal. At Trinity College, Oxford, he fired a fowling-piece into the window of a resident Fellow. For this he was rusticated, and though he might have returned after temporary exile, he left Oxford for ever. After some years, spent to but little purpose as a young man of fashion, he became proprietor of a considerable estate in Monmouthshire. The experiment of residence on his property was unsuccessful, and in 1815 he quitted England, and settled after a time at Florence. In 1835, however, he left his wife and family at Florence, and returned to Bath, where his head-quarters were fixed until 1858. In consequence of a miserable libel issued by him in his old age, he had to leave England, and his last years were spent at Florence, where he died in 1864, after having experienced the utmost consolation which he was capable of receiving at the hands of genius and friendship.

The fame of Landor rests chiefly on his *Imaginary Conversations*. The first series was published in 1824, and the opinion of Archdeacon Hare, that the book 'would live as long as English literature lived,' was re-echoed by Southey and Wordsworth,

and some of the best thinkers of the age. The intense energy of the author's mind, his wide range of reading, and, it must be added, his extreme and passionate view of all political questions, are evident in every page of these dialogues. A second series showed no falling off in his powers, and *Pericles and Aspasia*, a more matured but less popular work, exhibits him as perhaps the most successful modern delineator of the manners and thought of ancient Greece.

The style of Landor in poetry and prose is, at times, unequalled. He chiefly excels in manly expression of thought, and in passages of pure pathos. Mr. Emerson has well said of him, 'whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to a sacred class, among whom there are few men of the present age who have a better claim to be numbered than Mr. Landor.'

1. *Dialogue between William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

Peterborough. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Caesar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and the ideal: nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it;

for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

2. *The Story of John Wellerby.*

“ETHELBERT! I think thou walkest but little; otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell. There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of the day poetising amid the ruins of Godstow nunnery. It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farm-houses. In my memory there were still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it,

POORE ROSAMUND.

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me. The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell. He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study. He was foiled by his competitor; and now he sought consolation in poetry. Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it; or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses; he was thought to have died broken-hearted.

“About half a mile from St. John's College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others

dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags.

“After a walk in Midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

“Master Batchelor!” said I, “it is ill sleeping by the water-side.”

“No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognised poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted: I have often failed: but there is one who never has; and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

“Remembering that his mother did abide one mile further on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned him before-hand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up manfully the quarterstaff of logic, and wield it for St. John’s, come who would into the ring. “We want our man,” said he to me, “and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might have swallowed, with due exercise.” I rated him, told

him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hithert he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks.' 'Lady!' said I, 'none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine.'

"She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock, saying calmly, 'God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them.'

"Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

"The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterward he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutter's charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words:—

'JOANNES WELLERBY
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI.'"

LVI.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1785—1859.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester in 1785, and died in Edinburgh in 1859. In 1800 he went to Eton, and in 1803 he was entered at Oxford, where he studied intermittently for the space of five years. In 1808, after encountering some of those strange adventures which he commemorates, and perhaps embellishes, in his *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, he became for some time a permanent resident in the Lake Country, near his friends Wordsworth and Southey. Later in life he went to Scotland, where he remained till his death.

De Quincey is one of the most eloquent prose writers of the nineteenth century. His best passages will bear comparison with those of Milton, Taylor, or Hooker: they have the same gorgeous music, the same passionate abundance of thought. He is an unreliable critic, an erratic writer, an unscrupulous inventor of history, but as a rhetorician he is almost unrivalled.

The records of his learning and controversial power may pass with other curiosities and fleeting interests of the age; but the dreams and fantasies he has connected with the earlier epochs of his life, his solemn rhapsodies, the simple pathos of his best sketches, and the bright flashes of his humour are imperishable memorials of a peculiar genius.

1. *His Sister's Death.*

FROM the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse.
There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face;

and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead indeed—the serene and noble forehead—*that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? Had it not been so wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances, viz., when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day. Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever: and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but that also ran before us, and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me: some mighty relation between God

and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession; and when I awoke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed.

2. *Solitude.*

O BURDEN of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth which has been—in his life which is—in his death which shall be—mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be; *thou broodest* like the spirit of God, moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for the meditating child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow, bringing before it at intervals the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but even over those that kept watch outside the grave, like myself an infant of six years old, thou stretchest out a sceptre of fascination.

3. *Joan of Arc.*

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lor-

raine, that—like the shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of goodwill, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be

sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short: and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

LVII.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

1785—1860.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one of the distinguished family of that name. His chivalrous generosity, his daring courage—at times betrayed into fierce controversy—his unblemished purity of life, make him a pattern of an English soldier. ‘He was the handsomest man I ever saw,’ was the testimony of one who, without knowing who he was, saved his life in Spain by a draught of cooling beverage. His chief career was in the Peninsular War, of which he was the historian; his style is equally remarkable for its perspicuity and the vigour of its English, rising at times into passages of the finest historical eloquence.

1. *The Close of the Battle of Albuera.*

SUCH a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy’s heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory: they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fuzileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. But suddenly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies; and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture

animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. There the French reserve mixed with the struggling multitude and endeavoured to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion, the mighty mass gave way and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!

2. *The British Infantry.*

THAT the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat, with incredible vigour.

When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty and his movements free, the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not indeed possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril.

It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy, no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen, his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrowing with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove, that while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!

The result of a hundred battles and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British; but in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.

LVIII.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

1795—1842.

THOMAS ARNOLD, born in 1795, was educated at Winchester. From school he went to Oxford, where he was elected to a Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, and afterwards to a Fellowship at Oriel, at that time the most distinguished Society in the University. In 1818 he took Orders, and for nine years lived in the country as a private tutor. In 1828 he was appointed to the Head Mastership of Rugby School, the duties of which he discharged till his death with great and memorable success. In 1841 he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, but had only delivered a single course of lectures, when he died suddenly at Rugby, June 12, 1842. He published several volumes of School Sermons, a well-known edition of Thucydides, a Roman History, (which was intended to be continued to the time of Charlemagne, but at his death had only advanced as far as the latter years of the Second Punic War,) a volume of *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*, and some pamphlets on political and ecclesiastical topics.

Dr. Arnold's style underwent the same change which Lord Macaulay notes as having taken place in the style of Bacon, and also in that of Burke—a change from an almost bare simplicity to considerable richness and fullness, rising at times to a high order of eloquence. He is not always careful in the construction of his sentences, and most of his writings betray signs of haste. But he has a freshness of feeling and a glow of moral enthusiasm which impart beauty as well as force to his style, and far more than atone for occasional prolixity and negligence of expression.

1. *Reflections on the Sufferings of the Roman Commons
after the Retreat of the Gauls.*

BUT the prospect at home was not overclouded merely; it was the very deepest darkness of misery. It has been well said that long periods of general suffering make far less impression on our minds, than the short sharp struggle in which a few distinguished individuals perish; not that we over-estimate the horror and the guilt of times of open bloodshedding, but we are much too patient of the greater misery and greater sin of periods of quiet legalized oppression; of that most deadly of all evils, when law, and even religion herself, are false to their divine origin and purpose, and their voice is no longer the voice of God, but of his enemy. In such cases the evil derives advantage, in a manner, from the very amount of its own enormity. No pen can record, no volume can contain, the details of the daily and hourly sufferings of a whole people, endured without intermission, through the whole life of man, from the cradle to the grave. The mind itself can scarcely comprehend the wide range of the mischief: how constant poverty and insult, long endured as the natural portion of a degraded caste, bear with them to the sufferers something yet worse than pain, whether of the body or the feelings; how they dull the understanding and poison the morals; how ignorance and ill-treatment combined are the parents of universal suspicion; how from oppression is produced habitual cowardice, breaking out when occasion offers into merciless cruelty; how slaves become naturally liars; how they, whose condition denies them all noble enjoyments, and to whom looking forward is only despair, plunge themselves with a brute's recklessness, into the lowest sensual pleasures; how the domestic circle

itself, the last sanctuary of human virtue, becomes at length corrupted, and in the place of natural affection and parental care, there is to be seen only selfishness and unkindness, and no other anxiety on the part of the parents for their children, than that they may, by fraud or by violence, prey in their turn upon that society which they have found their bitterest enemy. Evils like these, long working in the heart of a nation, render their own cure impossible: a revolution may execute judgment on one generation, and that perhaps the very one which was beginning to see and to repent of its inherited sins; but it cannot restore life to the morally dead; and its ill success, as if in this line of evils no curse should be wanting, is pleaded by other oppressors as a defence of their own iniquity, and a reason for perpetuating it for ever.

2. *Scipio*,

A MIND like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly; it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later, the mind of the dictator Cæsar acquiesced contentedly in Epicureanism: he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power, and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals, whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen, admired, revered, but not loved. But he

could not shake off all the influences of his time; the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome, the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers, were elements too congenial to his nature, not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be, when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than Paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood, crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door, it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations, which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine: they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who in some sense have the key to them as a mystery, not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet, would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell.

3. *The Treasures of History.*

ENOUGH has been said, I think, to show that history contains no mean treasures: that as being the biography of a nation, it partakes of the richness and variety of those elements which make up a nation's life. Whatever

there is of greatness in the final cause of all human thought and action, God's glory and man's perfection, that is the measure of the greatness of history. Whatever there is of variety and intense interest in human nature,—in its elevation, whether proud as by nature or sanctified as by God's grace; in its suffering, whether blessed or unblessed, a martyrdom or a judgment; in its strange reverses, in its varied adventures, in its yet more varied powers, its courage and its patience, its genius and its wisdom, its justice and its love,—that also is the measure of the interest and variety of history. The treasures indeed are ample; but we may more reasonably fear whether we may have strength and skill to win them.



LIX.

THOMAS BABINGTON LORD MACAULAY.

1800—1859.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in 1800, and died in 1859.

He early became eminent both as a politician and as a writer. He entered Parliament in 1830, was a member of the Legislative Council of India from 1834 to 1838, and twice after his return to England (1839 and 1847) sat in the Cabinet. He was raised to the Peerage in 1857.

His main literary works are his *History of England*, his *Essays*, and his *Lays of Rome*. The *History*, of which four volumes were published during his lifetime (1848-55), and one after his death, is merely a fragment of the work he had intended to produce.

Macaulay's style is the perfection of clearness. Not an ambiguous sentence is to be found throughout his works. His writings are distinguished by great vigour, and are rendered attractive, even when dealing with subjects dry in themselves, by pointed antithesis and by profuse illustration.

His style alone would have insured his popularity, but his success as a writer was increased by other causes. From the circumstances of his life, he wrote of politics, and especially of English politics, with the advantage rarely possessed by modern literary men, of having taken an active part in public life. Hence he writes of English history with a knowledge and sympathy which cannot be gained merely from books. He had the art of clothing in the most brilliant language the views generally prevalent in his time. His opinions were almost always the opinions

of the vast majority of his readers, expressed in the most forcible and striking words.

His deficiencies are closely connected with his merits. His style itself, though perfectly clear, is wanting in compression, and is occasionally over-burdened with illustrations. His arguments, though expressed with vigour, are not always convincing, and are rarely original. His views of politics and history, and the arguments by which he supports them, are the views and arguments of the Whig writers with whom he associated. Even in his treatment of English history, he follows in the footsteps of Hallam. He has, in short, both the merits and the defects natural to a writer who employs the whole force of a powerful mind and imagination in supporting and illustrating the opinions of the sensible and liberal persons of his generation.

1. *The Puritans.*

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases

which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to

enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account.

For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

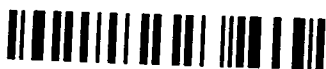
Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their

feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the World, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

2. *The Burial-place of Monmouth.*

IN the meantime, many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature,

and human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.



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