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THE DOCTOR,

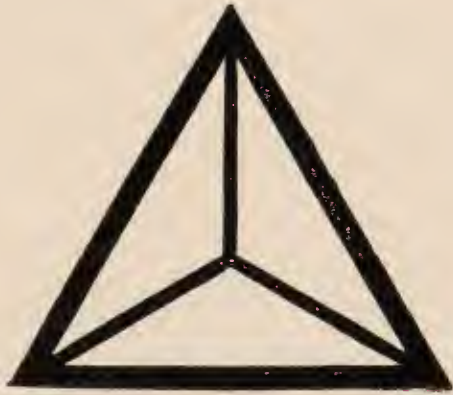
*&c.*

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

BUTLER'S REMAINS.

THE DOCTOR.

&c.



VOL. III.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND  
LONGMAN.

1835.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY W. NICOL, 51, PALL MALL.





## PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

" Ἄγε νῦν, ὦ—καρδία

" ἀπελθ' ἐκεῖσε,—

————— εἰποῦσ' ἅττ' ἂν αὐτῇ σοι δοκῇ,  
τόλμησον, ἴθι, χώρησον, ἄγαμαι καρδιάς.

ARISTOPHANES.

*Je vas de nouveau percer mon tonneau, et de la traicte, laquelle par deux precedents volumes vous est assez cogneuë, vous tirér du creux de nos passetemps epicenaires un galant tiercin, et consecutivement un joyeux quart de sentences Pantagruelliques. Par moy vous sera licite les appeller Diogeniques.—Et peur n'ayez que le vin faille.—Autant que vous en tireray par la dille, autant en entonneray per le bondon. Ainsi demourera le tonneau inex- puisible. Il a source vive et veine perpetuelle.* RABELAIS.

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

In music, notes must be some high, some base.  
And this I say, these pages have intendment,  
Still kept within the lists of good sobriety,  
To work in men's ill manners good amendment.

Wherefore if any think the book unseasonable,  
 Their stoic minds are foes to good society,  
 And men of reason may think them unreasonable.  
 It is an act of virtue and of piety,  
 To warn men of their sins in any sort,  
 In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

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

HENRY MORE.

*Scribere fert animus multa et diversa, nec uno  
 Gurgite versari semper; quo flamina ducent  
 Ibimus, et nunc has, nunc illas nabimus undas;  
 Ardua nunc ponti, nunc littora tuta petemus.  
 Et quanquam interdum fretus ratione, latentes  
 Naturæ tentabo vias, atque abdita pandam,*

*Præcipuè tamen illa sequar quæcunque videntur  
 Prodesse, ac sanctos mortalibus addere mores,  
 Heu penitus (liceat verum mihi dicere) nostro  
 Extinctos ævo.*

PALINGENIUS.

*Ja n'est besoin (amy Lecteur !) t'escrire  
 Par le menu le prouffit et plaisir  
 Que recevras si ce livre veux lire,  
 Et d'icelluy le sens prendre au desir ;  
 Veuille donc prendre à le lire loisir,  
 Et que ce soit avecq intelligence.  
 Si tu le fais, propos de grand plaisance  
 Tu y verras, et moult prouffiteras ;  
 Et si tiendras en grand resjouissance  
 Le tien esprit, et ton temps passeras.*

JEAN FAVRE.

“ Gods me ! how now ! what present have we here ? ”

“ A Book that stood in peril of the press ;  
 But now it's past those pikes, and doth appear  
 To keep the lookers on from heaviness.”

“ What stuff contains it ? ” — “ Fustian, perfect spruce,  
 Wit's gallimalfry, or wit fried in steaks.”

“ From whom came it, a God's name ? ” — “ From his Muse,  
 (Oh do not tell !) that still your favour seeks.”

“ And who is that ? ” — “ Truth that is I.” — “ What I ?  
 I per se I, great I, you would say.” — “ No !  
 Great I indeed *you* well may say ; but I  
 Am little i, the least of all the row.”

DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

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

MONTALVAN.

The reader must not expect in this work merely the private uninteresting history of a single person. He may expect whatever curious particulars can with any propriety be connected with it. Nor must the general disquisitions and the incidental narratives of the present work be ever considered as actually digressionary in their natures, and as merely useful in their notices. They are all united with the rest, and form proper parts of the whole. They have some of them a necessary connexion with the history of the Doctor; they have many of them an intimate relation, they have all of them a natural affinity to it. And the Author has endeavoured, by a judicious distribution of them through the work, to prevent that disgusting uniformity, and to take off that uninteresting personality, which must necessarily result from the merely barren and private annals of an obscure individual. He has thus in some measure adopted the elegant principles of modern gardening. He has thrown down the close hedges and the high walls that have confined so many biographers in their views. He has called in the scenes of the neighbouring country to his aid, and has happily combined them into his own plan. He has drawn off the attention from the central point before it became languid and exhausted, by fetching in some objects from society at large, or by presenting some view of the philosophy of man. But he has been cautious of multiplying

objects in the wantonness of refinement, and of distracting the attention with a confused variety. He has always considered the history of the Doctor, as the great fixed point, the enlivening centre, of all his excursions. Every opening is therefore made to carry an actual reference, either mediate or immediate, to the regular history of the Doctor. And every visto is employed only for the useful purpose of breaking the stiff straight lines, of lighting up the dark, of heightening the little, and of colouring over the lifeless, in the regular history of the Doctor.

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

*Chi tristezza da se cacciar desia,  
Legga quest' opra saporita e bella.* BERTOLDO.

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

ARBUTHNOT.

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

P. RUBIGALLUS PANNONIUS.

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

CHAUCER.

## CONTENTS.

---

  
INTERCHAPTER VII.—p. 1.

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

---

  
If

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

MIDDLETON.

## INTERCHAPTER VIII.—p. 13.

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

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

---

## INTERCHAPTER IX.—p. 21.

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

---

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

---



## INTERCHAPTER X.—p. 30.

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

---

*Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che in vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito.*

IL CORTEGIANO.

---

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.—p. 43.

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

---

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

PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

---

CHAPTER LXXIX.—p. 53.

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

---

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

---

CHAPTER LXXX.—p. 59.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHEW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE  
MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY AC-  
QUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD,  
THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

---

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

---

CHAPTER LXXXI.—p. 64.

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

---

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

LORD STERLINE.

---

CHAPTER LXXXII.—p. 71.

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

---

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

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.—p. 76.

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

---

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

*Troilus.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Troilus.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Troilus.* Still have I tarried.

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.—p. 83.

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

---

*Enobarbus.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lepidus.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Enobarbus.* Not if the small come first.

SHAKESPEAR.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXV.—p. 86.

THE DOCTOR'S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN. EARLY  
FRIENDSHIP. COWPER'S MELANCHOLY OBSERVA-  
TION THAT GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY  
TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES TO BE COR-  
RECTED. YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN  
THE COMMON COURSE OF THINGS. A FINE FRAG-  
MENT BY WALTER LANDOR.

---

*Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren unstands.*

*Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!*

*Jenes süsse Gedünge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,*

*Ach, wer schützt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth!*

*Klein erscheint es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;*

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

GOETHE.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.—p. 99.

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

---

*Que sea Medico mas grave  
 Quien mas aforismos sabe,  
 Bien puede ser.  
 Mas que no sea mas experto  
 El que mas huviere muerto,  
 No puede ser. GONGORA.*

---

## CHAPTER LXXXVII.—p. 111.

ASTROLOGY. ALMANACKS. PRISCILLIANISM RE-  
 TAINED IN THEM TO THIS TIME.

---

I wander 'twixt the poles  
 And heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentricals,  
 Centers, concentricks, circles and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.—p. 120.

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

---

*Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.*

PEDRO DE CIEÇA DE LEON.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.—p. 124.

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

---

*Quid de pulcibus? vitæ salientia puncta.* COWLEY.

---

## CHAPTER XC.—p. 144.

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

---

*Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolé toutes les Pantarches des Cieux, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces, Uranopetes et Ombrophores.*

RABELAIS.

---

## CHAPTER XCI.—p. 157.

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

---

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

BAYLE.

---



## CHAPTER XCII.—p. 173.

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

---

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

---

## CHAPTER XCIII.—p. 188.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND  
ANSWERED.

---

᾿Ω πολλὰ λέξας ἄρτι κἀνόνητ' ἔπη,  
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκέτ' οὐδέν ; SOPHOCLES.

---

## CHAPTER XCIV.—p. 200.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCIES TO THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS.

---

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

---

## CHAPTER XCV.—p. 207.

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

---

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

DOCTOR DOUBLE-ALE.

---

## CHAPTER XCVI.—p. 217.

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

---

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

BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

---

## CHAPTER XCVII.—p. 229.

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

---

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

---

## CHAPTER XCVIII.—p. 237.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE  
SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

---

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

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

WITHER.

---

## CHAPTER XCIX.—p. 248.

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

---

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

LEONE MEDICO (HEBREW.)

---

## CHAPTER C.—p. 258.

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

---

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

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

---

CHAPTER CI.—p. 266.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND  
HIS FAMILY.

---

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

---

INTERCHAPTER XI.—p. 274.

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

---

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

TUSSER.

---

## CHAPTER CII.—p. 280.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

---

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

---

## CHAPTER CIII.—p. 294.

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

---

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

---

## CHAPTER CIV.—p. 307.

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

---

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

ROBERT GREENE.

---

## CHAPTER CV.—p. 318.

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

---

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

QUESTION DE AMOR.

---



## INTERCHAPTER XII.—p. 329.

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

---

*Ἐνθα γὰρ τι δεῖ ψεῦδος λεγέσθαι λεγέσθω.*

HERODOTUS.

---

## INTERCHAPTER XIII.—p. 339.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

---

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,  
To see if I can all men beguile.

Ha, my name, my name would ye so fain know ?

Yea, I wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.

A, a, now I have it ! I have it indeed !

My name is Ambidexter, I signify one

That with both hands finely can play.

KING CAMBYSES.

---

## ERRATA.

Page 43—in the heading of the chapter, *for* FEELING, *read* POETRY.

75—line 9—*for invent*, *read invert*.

92—line 1—place at the end of the line a semicolon.

122—line 6—*for close*, *read closed*.

190—line 1—*for as one of*, *read in company with*.

# THE DOCTOR,

&c.

---

## INTERCHAPTER VII.

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

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If

You play before me, I shall often look on you,  
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Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,  
And truly when I am least offended with you ;

It is my humour.

MIDDLETON.

---

WHEN St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what  
manner a man might best become learned, he  
answered, “ by reading one book ;” “ meaning,”  
says Bishop Taylor, “ that an understanding

entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not." Lord Holland's poet, the prolific Lope de Vega tells us to the same purport ;

*Que es estudiante notable  
El que lo es de un libro solo.  
Que quando no estavan llenos  
De tantos libros ajenos,  
Como van dexando atras,  
Sabian los hombres mas  
Porque estudiavan en menos.*

The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. Like your sharp shooter, he knows his piece perfectly, and is sure of his shot. I would therefore modestly insinuate to the reader what infinite advantages would be possessed by that fortunate person who shall be the *homo hujus libri*.

According to the Lawyers the King's eldest son is for certain purposes of full age as soon as he is born,—great being the mysteries of Law ! I will not assume that in like manner *hic liber* is at once to acquire maturity of fame ; for fame, like the oak, is not the product of a single generation ; and a new book in its reputation is

but as an acorn, the full growth of which can be known only by posterity. The Doctor will not make so great a sensation upon its first appearance as Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler*, or the first two Cantos of *Don Juan*; still less will it be talked of so universally as the murder of Mr. Weire. Talked of however it will be, widely, largely, loudly and *lengthily* talked of: lauded and vituperated, vilified and extolled, heartily abused, and no less heartily admired.

Thus much is quite certain; that before it has been published a week, eight persons will be named as having written it: and these eight positive lies will be affirmed each as positive truths on positive knowledge.

Within the month Mr. Woodbee will write to one Marquis, one Earl, two Bishops, and two Reviewers-Major assuring them that he is *not* the Author. Mr. Sligo will cautiously avoid making any such declaration, and will take occasion significantly to remark upon the exceeding impropriety of saying to any person that a work which has been published anonymously is supposed to be his. He will observe also that it is

altogether unwarrantable to ask any one under such circumstances whether the report be true. Mr. Blueman's opinion of the book will be asked by four and twenty female correspondents, all of the order of the stocking.

Professor Wilson will give it his hearty praise. Sir Walter Scott will deny that he has any hand in it. Mr. Coleridge will smile if he is asked the question. If it be proposed to Sir Humphrey Davy he will smile too, and perhaps blush also. The Laureate will observe a careless silence; Mr. Wordsworth a dignified one. And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.

The Opium-Eater while he peruses it, will doubt whether there is a book in his hand, or whether he be not in a dream of intellectual delight.

“My little more than nothing” Jeffrey the second,—(for of the small Jeffreys Jeffrey Hudson must always be the first)—will look less when he pops upon his own name in its pages. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan is Jeffrey the third: he

must have been placed second in right of seniority, had it not been for the profound respect with which I regard the University of Glasgow. The Rector of Glasgow takes precedence of the Mayor of Garratt.

And what will the Reviewers do? I speak not of those who come to their office, (for such there are, though few,) like Judges to the bench, stored with all competent knowledge and in an equitable mind; prejudging nothing, however much they may foreknow; and who give their sentence without regard to persons, upon the merits of the case;—but the aspirants and wranglers at the bar, the dribblers and the spit-fires, (there are of both sorts;)—the puppies who bite for the pleasure which they feel in exercising their teeth, and the dogs whose gratification consists in their knowledge of the pain and injury that they inflict;—the creepers of literature, who suck their food like the ivy from what they strangulate and kill; they who have a party to serve, or an opponent to run down; what opinion will they pronounce in their utter ignorance of the author? They cannot play

without a bias in their bowls!—Aye, there's the rub!

Ha ha, ha ha! this World doth pass  
 Most merrily, I'll be sworn,  
 For many an honest Indian Ass  
 Goes for a Unicorn.  
 Farra diddle dyno,  
 This is idle fyno!  
 Tygh hygh, tygh hygh! O sweet delight!  
 He tickles this age that can  
 Call Tullia's ape a marmasite,  
 And Leda's goose a swan.\*

Then the discussion that this book will excite among blue stockings, and blue beards! The stir! the buzz! the bustle! The talk at tea tables in the country and *conversazione* in town,—in Mr. Murray's room, at Mr. Longman's dinners, in Mr. Hatchard's shop,—at the Royal Institution,—at the Alfred, at the Admiralty, at Holland House!—Have you seen it?—Do you understand it? Are you not disgusted with it?—Are you not provoked at it?—Are you not delighted with it? Whose is it? Whose can it be? Is it Walter Scott's?—There is no Scotch in

\* BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.



the book,—and that hand is never to be mistaken in its masterly strokes.—Is it Lord Byron's?—Lord Byron's! Why the Author fears God, honours the King, and loves his country and his kind. Is it by Little Moore?—If it were we should have sentimental lewdness, Irish patriotism which is something very like British treason, and a plentiful spicing of personal insults to the Prince Regent. Is it the Laureate?—He lies buried under his own historical quartos! There is neither his mannerism, nor his moralism, nor his methodism. Is it Wordsworth?—What,—an Elephant cutting capers on the slack wire!—Is it Coleridge?—The method indeed of the book might lead to such a suspicion,—but then it is intelligible throughout. Mr. A——?—there is Latin in it. Mr. B——?—there is Greek in it. Mr. C——?—it is written in good English. Mr. Hazlitt? It contains no panegyric upon Bonaparte; no imitations of Charles Lamb; no plagiarisms from Mr. Coleridge's conversation; no abuse of that gentleman, Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth,—and no repetitions of himself. Certainly therefore it is *not* Mr. Hazlitt's.

Is it Charles Lamb ?

Baa ! Baa ! good Sheep, have you any wool ?  
Yes marry, that I have, three bags full.

*Good* Sheep I write here, in emendation of the nursery song ; because nobody ought to call this Lamb a *black* one.

Comes it from the Admiralty ? There indeed wit enough might be found and acuteness enough, and enough of sagacity, and enough of knowledge both of books and men ; but when

The Raven croaked as she sate at her meal  
And the Old Woman knew what he said,—\*

the Old Woman knew also by the tone who said it.

Does it contain the knowledge, learning, wit, sprightliness, and good sense, which that distinguished patron of letters my Lord Puttiface Papinhead has so successfully concealed from the public and from all his most intimate acquaintance during his whole life ?

Is it Theodore Hook with the learned assistance of his brother the Archdeacon ?—A good guess that of the Hook : have an eye to it !

\* SOUTHEY.

“ I guess it is our Washington Irving,” says the New Englander. The Virginian replies “ I reckon it may be ;” and they agree that none of the Old Country Authors are worthy to be compared with him.

Is it Smith ?

Which of the Smiths ? for they are a numerous people. To say nothing of Black Smiths, White Smiths, Gold Smiths, and Silver Smiths, there is Sidney, who is Joke-Smith to the Edinburgh Review ; and William, who is Motion Smith to the Dissenters Orthodox and Heterodox, in Parliament, having been elected to represent them,—to wit the aforesaid Dissenters—by the citizens of Norwich. And there is *Cher Bobus* who works for nobody ; and there is Horace and his brother James, who work in Colburn’s forge at the sign of the Camel. You probably meant these brothers ; they are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink ; and to their praise be it spoken with no gall in it. But their wares are of a very different quality.

Is it the Author of *Thinks I to myself?*—

“Think you so,” says I to myself I. Or the Author of the Miseries of Human Life? George Coleman? Wrangham,—unfrocked and in his lighter moods? Yorick of Dublin? Dr. Clarke? Dr. Busby? The Author of My Pocket Book? D’Israeli? Or that phenomenon of eloquence, the celebrated Irish Barrister, Counsellor Phillips? Or may it not be the joint composition of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan? he compounding the speculative, scientific and erudite ingredients; she intermingling the lighter parts, and infusing her own grace, airiness, vivacity and spirit through the whole. A well-aimed guess: for they would throw out opinions differing from their own, as ships in time of war hoist false colours; and thus they would enjoy the baffled curiosity of those wide circles of literature and fashion in which they move with such enviable distinction both at home and abroad.

Is it Mr. Mathurin? Is it Hans Busk?—

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride,

Busk ye, my winsome marrow!

Is it he who wrote of a World without Souls,

and made the Velvet Cushion relate its adventures ?

Is it Rogers ?—The wit and the feeling of the book may fairly lead to such an ascription, if there be sarcasm enough to support it. So may the Pleasures of Memory which the Author has evidently enjoyed during the composition.

Is it Mr. Utinam ? He would have written it,—if he could—Is it Hookham Frere ? He could have written it,—if he would.—Has Matthias taken up a new Pursuit in Literature ? Or has William Bankes been trying the experiment whether he can impart as much amusement and instruction by writing, as in conversation ?

Or is it some new genius ‘breaking out at once like the Irish Rebellion a hundred thousand strong ?’ Not one of the Planets, nor fixed stars of our Literary System, but a Comet as brilliant as it is eccentric in its course.

Away the dogs go, whining here, snuffing there, nosing in this place, pricking their ears in that, and now full-mouthed upon a false scent,—and now again all at fault.

Oh the delight of walking invisible among mankind !

*This passage refers to the author's  
own life and is not to be taken  
literally.*

“Whoever he be,” says Father O’Faggot, “he is an audacious heretic.” “A schoolmaster, by his learning,” says Dr. Fullbottom Wigsby. The Bishop would take him for a Divine, if there were not sometimes a degree of levity in the book, which though always innocent, is not altogether consistent with the gown. Sir Fingerfee Dolittle discovers evident marks of the medical profession. “He has manifestly been a traveller” says the General, “and lived in the World.” The man of letters says it would not surprize him if it were the work of a learned Jew. Mr. Dullman sees nothing in the book to excite the smallest curiosity; he really does not understand it, and doubts whether the Author himself knew what he would be at. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Dry declares, with a harsh Scotch accent, “Its just parfit nonsense.”

## INTERCHAPTER VIII.

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

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

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THE Commentators in the next millennium, and even in the next century, will I foresee, have no little difficulty, in settling the chronology of this opus. I do not mean the time of its conception, the very day and hour of that happy event having been recorded in the seventh chapter, A. I. : nor the time of its birth,

that, as has been registered in the weekly Literary Journals, having been in the second week of January, 1834. But at what intervening times certain of its Chapters and Inter Chapters were composed.

A similar difficulty has been found with the Psalms, the Odes of Horace, Shakespeare's Plays, and other writings sacred or profane, of such celebrity as to make the critical enquiry an object of reasonable curiosity, or of real moment.

They however who peruse the present volume while it is yet a new book, will at once have perceived that between the composition of the preceding Chapter and their perusal thereof, an interval as long as one of Nourjahad's judicial visitations of sleep must have elapsed. For many of the great performers who figured upon the theatre of public life when the anticipations in that Chapter were expressed, have made their exits ; and others who are not there mentioned, have since that time made their entrances.

The children of that day have reached their stage of adolescence ; the youth are now in mid



life ; the middle-aged have grown old, and the old have passed away. I say nothing of the political changes that have intervened. Who can bestow a thought upon the pantomime of politics, when his mind is fixed upon the tragedy of human life ?

Robert Landor, (a true poet like his great brother, if ever there was one) says finely in his *Impious Banquet*,

There is a pause near death when men grow bold  
Toward all things else :

Before that awful pause, whenever the thought is brought home to us, we feel ourselves near enough to grow indifferent to them, and to perceive the vanity of all earthly pursuits, those only excepted which have the good of our fellow creatures for their object, and tend to our own spiritual improvement.

But this is entering upon a strain too serious for this place ; though any reflection upon the lapse of time and the changes that steal on us in its silent course leads naturally to such thoughts.

*Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,  
 Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.  
 Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor ;  
 Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,  
 Voxque aliud mutata sonat.\**

Sir Thomas Lawrence was told one day that he had made a portrait which he was then finishing, ten years too young, "Well," he replied, "I have ; and I see no reason why it should not be made so." There was this reason : ten years if they bring with them only their ordinary portion of evil and of good, cannot pass over any one's head without leaving their moral as well as physical traces, especially if they have been years of active and intellectual life. The painter therefore who dips his brush in Medea's kettle, neither represents the countenance as it is, nor as it has been.

"And what does that signify?" Sir Thomas might ask in rejoinder.—What indeed ! Little to any one at present, and nothing when the very few who are concerned in it shall have passed away, —except to the artist. The merits of his picture

\* PETRARCH.

*This very anecdote is  
 very same words Jonathan told me  
 his own portrait painted by*

as a work of art are all that will then be considered; its fidelity as a likeness will be taken for granted, or be thought of as little consequence as in reality it then is.

Yet if Titian or Vandyke had painted upon such a principle, their portraits would not have been esteemed as they now are. We should not have felt the certainty which we now feel, that in looking at the pictures of the Emperor Charles V. and of Cortes; of King Charles the Martyr, and of Strafford, we see the veritable likeness and true character of those ever-memorable personages.

Think of the changes that any ten years in the course of human life produce in body and in mind, and in the face, which is in a certain degree the index of both. From thirty to forty is the decade during which the least outward and visible alteration takes place; and yet how perceptible is it even during that stage in every countenance that is composed of good flesh and blood! For I do not speak of those which look as if they had been hewn out of granite, cut out

of a block, cast in bronze, or moulded either in wax, tallow, or paste.

Ten years !

Quarles in those Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man, which he presents to the Reader as an Egyptian dish drest in the English fashion ; symbolizes it by the similitude of a taper divided into eight equal lengths, which are to burn for ten years each,—if the candle be not either wasted, or blown out by the wind, or snuffed out by an unskilful hand, or douted (to use a good old word) with an extinguisher, before it is burnt down to the socket. The poem which accompanies the first print of the series, begins thus, in pyramidal stanzas ; such they were designed to be, but their form resembles that of an Aztecan or Mexican Cu, rather than of an Egyptian pyramid.

1.

Behold

How short a span

Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man !

In those well-temper'd days, his time was then

Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

## 2.

Alas

And what is that !

They come and slide and pass

Before my pen can tell thee what.

The posts of life are swift, which having run

Their seven short stages o'er; their short-liv'd task is done.

“I had an old grand-uncle,” says Burns, “with whom my mother lived awhile in her girlish years. The good man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of the Life and Age of Man.”

It is certain that this old song was in Burns's mind when he composed to the same cadence those well-known stanzas of which the burthen is that “man was made to mourn.” But the old blind man's tears were tears of piety, not of regret; it was his greatest enjoyment thus to listen and to weep; and his heart the while was not so much in the past, as his hopes were in the future. They were patient hopes; he knew in Whom he believed, and was awaiting his deli-

verance in God's good time. *Sunt homines qui cum patientiâ moriuntur ; sunt autem quidam perfecti qui cum patientiâ vivunt.*\* Burns may perhaps have been conscious in his better hours (and he had many such,) that he had inherited the feeling (if not the sober piety,) which is so touchingly exemplified in this family anecdote ;—that it was the main ingredient in the *athanasia* of his own incomparable effusions ; and that without it he never could have been the moral, and therefore never the truly great poet that he eminently is.

\* ST. AUGUSTIN.

## INTERCHAPTER IX.

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

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

JOHN NEWTON.

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BUT the most illustrious exemplification of the difficulty which the Doctorean or Dovean commentators will experience in settling the chronology of these chapters, is to be found in the history of the Koran.

Mahommedan Doctors are agreed that the first part or parcel of their sacred book which was revealed to the Prophet, consisted of what now stands as the first five verses of the ninety-sixth chapter; and that the chapter which ought

to be the last of the whole hundred and fourteen, because it was the last which Mahommed delivered, is placed as the ninth in order.

The manner in which the book was originally produced and afterwards put together explains how this happened.

Whenever the Impostor found it convenient to issue a portion, one of his disciples wrote it, from his dictation, either upon palm-leaves or parchment, and these were put promiscuously into a chest. After his death Abubeker collected them into a volume, but with so little regard to any principle of order or connection, that the only rule which he is supposed to have followed was that of placing the longest chapters first.

Upon this M. Savary remarks, *ce bouleversement dans un ouvrage qui est un recueil de préceptes donnés dans différens temps et dont les premiers sont souvent abrogés par les suivans, y a jetté la plus grand confusion. On ne doit donc y chercher ni ordre ni suite.* And yet one of the chapters opens with the assertion that “a judicious order reigns in this book,”—according to Savary’s version, which here follows those com-



mentators who prefer this among the five interpretations which the words may bear.

Abubeker no doubt was of opinion that it was impossible to put the book together in any way that could detract from its value and its use. If he were, as there is every reason to think, a true believer, he would infer that the same divine power which revealed it piece-meal would preside over the arrangement, and that the earthly copy would thus miraculously be made a faithful transcript of the eternal and uncreated original.

If, on the other hand, he had been as audacious a knave as his son-in-law, the false prophet himself, he would have come with equal certainty to the same conclusion by a different process: for he would have known that if the separate portions, when they were taken out of the chest, had been shuffled and dealt like a pack of cards, they would have been just as well assorted as it was possible to assort them.

A north-country dame in days of old economy, when the tailor worked for women as well as men, delivered one of her nether garments to a

professor of the sartorial art with these directions :

“ Here Talleor, tak this petcut ; thoo mun bin’ me’t, and thoo mun tap-bin’ me’t ; thoo mun turn it rangsid afoor, tapsid bottom, insid oot : thoo can do’t, thoo mun do’t, and thoo mun do’t speedly.”—Neither Bonaparte nor Wellington ever gave their orders on the field of battle with more precision, or more emphatic and authoritative conciseness.

Less contrivance was required for editing the Koran, than for renovating this petticoat : The Commander of the Faithful had only to stitch it together and bin’ me’t.

The fable is no doubt later than Abubeker’s time that the first transcript of this book from its eternal and uncreated original in the very essence of the Deity, is on the Preserved Table, fast by the throne of God ; on which Table all the divine decrees of things past, passing and to come are recorded. The size of the Table may be estimated by that of the Pen wherewith these things were written on it. The Great Pen was one of the first three created things ; it is in length, five hun-

dred years' journey, and in breadth, eighty; and I suppose the rate of an Angel's travelling is intended, which considerably exceeds that of a rail-road, a race-horse, or a carrier-pigeon. A copy of the Koran, transcribed upon some celestial material from this original on the Preserved Table, bound in silk, and ornamented with gold and set with precious stones from Paradise, was shown to the Prophet by the Angel Gabriel, once a year, for his consolation, and twice during the last year of his life.

Far later is the legend transmitted by the Spanish Moor, Mahomet Rabadan, that Othman arranged the fragments and copied them in the Prophet's life-time; and that when this transcript was completed Gabriel presented the Prophet with another copy of the whole, written by his own arch-angelic hand in heaven, whereby the greatest honour and most perfect satisfaction that could be given to man were imparted, and the most conclusive proof afforded of the fidelity with which Othman had executed his holy task. For when his copy was collated with the Angel's it was found to be so exact, "that not the least

tittle was variated or omitted, but it seemed as if the same hand and pen had written them both," the only difference being in the size of the letters, and consequently of the two books, and in their legibility.

Gabriel's copy was contained in sixteen leaves, the size of a Damascus coin not larger than an English shilling; and the strokes of the letters were so much finer than any human hair, or any visible thread, that they are compared to the hairs of a serpent, which are so fine that no microscope has ever yet discovered them. They were plainly legible to all who were pure and undefiled; but no unclean person could discern a single syllable, nor could any pen ever be made fine enough to imitate such writing. The ink was of a rich purple, the cover of a bright chesnut colour. Mahommed continually carried this wonderful book about him in his bosom, and when he slept he had it always under his pillow or next his heart. After his decease it disappeared, nor though Othman and Ali diligently sought for it, could it ever be found; it was believed therefore to have returned to the place from whence it came.

But this is a legend of later date ; and learned Mahommedans would reject it not merely as being apocryphal, but as false.

Before I have done with the subject, let me here, on the competent authority of Major Edward Moore, inform the European reader, who may be ignorant of Arabic, that the name of the Arabian False Prophet is, in the language of his own country, written with four letters—M. H. M. D.—a character called *teshdid* over the medial M denoting that sound to be prolonged or doubled ; so that Mahammad would better than any other spelling represent the current vernacular pronunciation.

Here let me observe by the way that the work which the reader has now the privilege of perusing is as justly entitled to the name of the Koran as the so called pseudo-bible itself, because the word signifies “ *that which ought to be read ;*” and moreover, that, like the Musselman’s Koran, it might also be called Dhikr, which is, being interpreted, “ *the Admonition,*” because of the salutary instruction and advice which it is intended to convey.

Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,  
 Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!  
 Truths that the theorist could never reach,  
 And observation taught me, I would teach.\*

Having given the reader this timely intimation I shall now explain in what my commentators will find a difficulty of the same kind as that which Abubeker would have had, if, in putting together the disorderly writings entrusted to his care, he had endeavoured to arrange them according to the order in which the several portions were produced.

When Mahommed wanted to establish an ordinance for his followers, or to take out a license for himself for the breach of his own laws, as when he chose to have an extra allowance of wives, or coveted those of his neighbours, he used to promulgate a fragment of the Koran, revealed *pro re natá*, that is to say in honest old English *for the nonce*. It has been determined with sufficient accuracy at what times certain portions were composed, because the circumstances in his public or private history which

\* COWPER.

rendered them necessary, or convenient, are known. And what has been done with these parts, might have been done with the whole, if due pains had been taken, at a time when persons were still living who knew when, and why, every separate portion had been,—as they believed,—revealed. This would have required more diligence than the first Caliph had either leisure or inclination to bestow, and perhaps more sagacity than he possessed: the task would have been difficult, but it was possible.

But my commentators will never be able to ascertain anything more of the chronology of this Koran, than the dates of its conception, and of its birth-day, the interval between them having been more than twenty years.

## INTERCHAPTER X.

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

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*Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi  
 un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che en vero  
 vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per  
 transito.*

IL CORTEGIANO.

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HENRY MORE, in the Preface General to the collection of his philosophical writings, says to the reader, “if thy curiosity be forward to enquire what I have done in these new editions of my books, I am ready to inform thee that I have



taken the same liberty in this Intellectual Garden of my own planting, that men usually take in their natural ones; which is, to set or pluck up, to transplant and inoculate, where and what they please. And therefore if I have rased out some things, (which yet are but very few) and transposed others, and interserted others, I hope I shall seem injurious to no man in ordering and cultivating this Philosophical Plantation of mine according to mine own humour and liking."

Except as to the rasing out, what our great Platonist has thus said for himself, may here be said for me. "Many things," as the happy old lutanist, Thomas Mace, says, "are good, yea, very good; but yet upon after-consideration we have met with the comparative, which is better; yea, and after that, with the superlative, (best of all), by adding to, or altering a little, the same good things."

During the years that this Opus has been in hand, (and in head and heart also) nothing was expunged as if it had become obsolete because the persons therein alluded to had

departed like shadows, or the subjects there touched on had grown out of date; but much was introduced from time to time where it fitted best. Allusions occur in relation to facts which are many years younger than the body of the chapter in which they have been grafted, thus rendering it impossible for any critic, however acute, to determine the date of any one chapter by its contents.

What Watts has said of his own Treatise upon the Improvement of the Mind may therefore with strict fidelity be applied to this book, which I trust, O gentle Reader, thou wilt regard as specially conducive to the improvement of thine. “The work was composed at different times, and by slow degrees. Now and then indeed it spread itself into branches and leaves, like a plant in April, and advanced seven or eight pages in a week; and sometimes it lay by without growth, like a vegetable in the winter, and did not increase half so much in the revolution of a year. As thoughts occurred to me in reading or meditation, or in my notices of the various appearances of things

among mankind, they were thrown under appropriate heads, and were, by degrees, reduced to such a method as the subject would admit. The language and dress of these sentiments is such as the present temper of mind dictated, whether it were grave or pleasant, severe or smiling. And a book which has been twenty years in writing may be indulged in some variety of style and manner, though I hope there will not be found any great difference of sentiment." With little transposition Watts' words have been made to suit my purpose; and when he afterwards speaks of "so many lines altered, so many things interlined, and so many paragraphs and pages here and there inserted," the circumstances which he mentions as having deceived him in computing the extent of his work, set forth the embarrassment which the commentators will find in settling the chronology of mine.

The difficulty would not be obviated were I, like Horace Walpole, (though Heaven knows for no such motives as influenced that posthumous libeller,—) to leave a box containing the

holograph manuscript of this Opus in safe custody, with an injunction that the seals should not be broken till the year of our Lord, 2000. Nothing more than what has been here stated would appear in that inestimable manuscript. Whether I shall leave it as an heir-loom in my family, or have it deposited either in the public library of my Alma Mater, or that of my own College, or bequeath it as a last mark of affection to the town of Doncaster, concerns not the present reader. Nor does it concern him to know whether the till-then-undiscoverable name of the author will be disclosed at the opening of the seals. An adequate motive for placing the manuscript in safe custody is, that a standard would thus be secured for posterity whereby the always accumulating errors of the press might be corrected. For modern printers make more and greater blunders than the copyists of old.

In any of those works which posterity will not be "willing to let perish," how greatly would the interest be enhanced, if the whole history of its rise and progress were known,

and amid what circumstances, and with what views, and in what state of mind, certain parts were composed. Sir Walter, than whom no man ever took more accurate measure of the public taste, knew this well; and posterity will always be grateful to him for having employed his declining years in communicating so much of the history of those works which obtained a wider and more rapid celebrity than any that ever preceded them, and perhaps than any that ever may follow them.

An author of the last generation, (I cannot call to mind who,) treated such an opinion with contempt, saying in his preface that "there his work was, and that as the Public were concerned with it only as it appeared before them, he should say nothing that would recal the blandishments of its childhood:" whether the book was one of which the maturity might just as well be forgotten as the nonage, I do not remember. But he must be little versed in bibliology who has not learnt that such reminiscences are not more agreeable to an author himself, than they are to his readers, (if he

obtain any,) in after times; for every trifle that relates to the history of a favourite author, and of his works, then becomes precious.

Far be it for me to despise the relic-mongers of literature, or to condemn them, except when they bring to light things which ought to have been buried with the dead; like the Dumfries craniologists, who, when the grave of Burns was opened to receive the corpse of his wife, took that opportunity of *abstracting* the poet's skull that they might make a cast from it! Had these men forgotten the malediction which Shakespeare utters from his monument? And had they never read what Wordsworth says to such men in his Poet's epitaph—

Art thou one all eyes,  
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?  
 Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 Thy pin-point of a soul away!

O for an hour of Burns' for these men's sake!

Were there a Witch of Endor in Scotland it would be an act of comparative piety in her to bring up his spirit; to stigmatize them in verses that would burn for ever would be a gratification for which he might think it worth while to be thus brought again upon earth.

But to the harmless relic-mongers we owe much; much to the Thomas Hearnes and John Nichols, the Isaac Reids and the Malones, the Haslewoods and Sir Egertons. Individually, I owe them much, and willingly take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation. And let no one suppose that Sir Egerton is disparaged by being thus classed among the pioneers of literature. It is no disparagement for any man of letters, however great his endowments, and however extensive his erudition, to take part in those patient and humble labours by which honour is rendered to his predecessors, and information preserved for those who come after him.

But in every original work which lives and deserves to live there must have been some charms which no editorial diligence can pre-

serve, no critical sagacity recover. The pictures of the old masters, suffer much when removed from the places for which, (and in which, many of them,) they were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other Plunder-Master-General in Napoleon's armies, and have past from thence,—honestly as regards the purchaser,—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place, and in the same light. Still it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it,—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot transplant them. The picture in its new situation is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things.

Literary works of imagination, fancy or feeling, are liable to no injury of this kind; but in common with pictures they suffer a partial de-



terioration in even a short lapse of time. In such works as in pictures, there are often passages which once possessed a peculiar interest, personal and local, subordinate to the general interest. The painter introduced into an historical piece the portrait of his mistress, his wife, his child, his dog, his friend, or his faithful servant. The picture is not as a work of art the worse where these persons were not known, or when they are forgotten : but there was once a time when it excited on this account in very many beholders a peculiar delight which it can never more impart.

So it is with certain books ; and though there is perhaps little to regret in any thing that becomes obsolete, an author may be allowed to sigh over what he feels and knows to be evanescent.

Mr. Pitt used to say of Wilberforce that he was not so single minded in his speeches as might have been expected from the sincerity of his character, and as he would have been if he had been less dependent upon popular support. Those who knew him, and how he was connected, he said, could perceive that some things in his

best speeches were intended to *tell* in such and such quarters,—upon Benjamin Sleek in one place, Isaac Drab in another, and Nehemiah Wilyman in a third.—Well would it be if no man ever looked askant with worse motives!

Observe, Reader, that I call him simply Wilberforce, because any common prefix would seem to disparage that name, especially if used by one who regarded him with admiration; and with respect, which is better than admiration, because it can be felt for those only whose virtues entitle them to it; and with kindness, which is better than both, because it is called forth by those kindly qualities that are worth more than any talents, and without which a man, though he may be both great and good, never can be amiable. No one was ever blest with a larger portion of those gifts and graces which make up the measure of an amiable and happy man.

It will not be thought then that I have repeated with any disrespectful intention what was said of Wilberforce by Mr. Pitt. The observation was brought to mind while I was thinking how many passages in these volumes

were composed with a double intention, one for the public and for posterity, the other private and personal, written with special pleasure on my part, *speciali gratiâ*, for the sake of certain individuals. Some of these which are calculated for the meridian of Doncaster the commentators may possibly, if they make due research, discover; but there are others which no ingenuity can detect. Their quintessence exhales when the private, which was in these cases the primary intention has been fulfilled. Yet the consciousness of the emotions which those passages will excite, the recollections they will awaken, the surprize and the smile with which they will be received,—yea and the melancholy gratification,—even to tears,—which they will impart, has been one and not the least of the many pleasures which I have experienced while employed upon this work.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-  
 -νος ὠκέα βέλη  
 Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας  
 Φωνᾶντα συννετοῖσιν.\*

But while thus declaring that these volumes

\* PINDAR.

contain much covert intention of this kind, I utterly disclaim all covert malevolence. My roving shafts are more harmless even than bird bolts, and can hurt none on whom they fall. The arrows with which I take aim carry tokens of remembrance and love, and may be likened to those by which intelligence has been conveyed into besieged places. Of such it is that I have been speaking. Others indeed I have in the quiver which are pointed and barbed.

ἔμοι μὲν ὦν Μοῖσα καρτερώ-  
-τατον βέλος ἀλκᾷ τρέφει.\*

When one of these is let fly, (with sure aim and never without just cause,) it has its address written on the shaft at full length, like that which Aster directed from the walls of Methone to Philip's right eye.

*Or' c'est assez s' estre esgare de son grand chemin : j'y retourne et le bats, et le trace comme devant.†*

\* PINDAR.

† BRANTOME.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

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

---

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

PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

---

I return to the loves of Leonard and Margaret.

That poet asked little from his mistress, who entreated her to bestow upon him, not a whole look, for this would have been too great a mercy for a miserable lover, but part of a look, whether it came from the white of her eye, or the black: and if even that were too much, then he besought her only to seem to look at him :

*Un guardo—un guardo? no, troppo pietate  
 E per misero Amante un guardo intero;  
 Solo un de' vostri raggi, occhi girate,  
 O parte del bel bianco, o del bel nero.  
 E se troppo vi par, non mi mirate;  
 Ma fate sol semblante di mirarmi,  
 Che nol potete far senza bear mi.\**

This is a new thought in amatory poetry; and the difficulty of striking out a new thought in such poetry, is of all difficulties the greatest. Think of a look from the white of an eye! Even part of a look however is more than a lady will bestow upon one whom she does not favour; and more than one whom she favours will consent to part with. An *Innamorato Furioso* in one of Dryden's tragedies says:

I'll not one corner of a glance resign!

Poor Robert Greene, whose repentance has not been disregarded by just posterity, asked his mistress in his licentious days, to look upon him with one eye, (no doubt he meant a sheep's eye;) this also was a new thought; and he gave the reason for his request in this sonnet—

On women nature did bestow two eyes,  
 Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,

\* CHIABRERA.

Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,  
 And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.  
 But why did nature, in her choice combining,  
 Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face?  
 That they might favour two with equal grace.  
 Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,  
 With the other granted Mars his wished glee.  
 If she did so whom Hymen did defy,  
 Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me!  
 In vain else nature gave two stars to thee.  
 If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,  
 Allow of two, and prove not nature vain.

Love, they say, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting. Some painters it has certainly made; whether it ever made a poet may be doubted: but there can be no doubt that under its inspiration more bad poetry has been produced than by any, or all other causes.

Hæc via jam cunctis nota est, hæc trita poetis  
 Materia, hanc omnis tractat ubique liber.\*

As the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
 Even so by Love the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly.†

\* SCAURANUS.

† SHAKESPEARE.

Vanity, presumption, ambition, adulation, malice and folly, flatulent emptiness and ill digested fulness, misdirected talent and misapplied devotion, wantonness and want, good motives, bad motives, and mixed motives have given birth to verses in such numberless numbers, that the great lake of Oblivion in which they have sunk, must long ago have been filled up, if there had been any bottom to it. But had it been so filled up, and a foundation thus laid, the quantity of love poems which have gone to the same place, would have made a pile there that would have been the eighth wonder of the world. It would have dwarfed the Pyramids. Pelion upon Ossa would have seemed but a type of it; and the Tower of Babel would not, even when that Tower was at its highest elevation, have overtopt it, though the old rhyme says that

Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell,  
And seven mile still stand and ever shall.

*Ce n'est que feu de leurs froids chaleurs,  
Ce n'est qu' horreur de leurs feintes douleurs,  
Ce n'est encor de leurs souspirs et pleurs,  
Que vents, pluie, et orages :*



*Et bref, ce n'est à ouïr leurs chansons,  
De leurs amours, que flammes et glaçons,  
Fleches, liens, et mille autres façons*

*De semblables outrages.*

*De voz beautez, ce n'est que tout fin or,  
Perles, crystal, marbre, et ivoryre encor,  
Et tout l'honneur de l'Indique thresor,*

*Fleurs, lis, œillets, et roses :*

*De voz douceurs ce n'est que sucre et miel,  
De voz rigueures n'est qu' aloës, et fiel,  
De voz esprits c'est tous ce que le ciel*

*Tient de graces encloses.*

\* \* \* \*

*Il n'y a roc, qui n'entende leurs voix,  
Leurs piteux cris ont faict cent mille fois  
Pleurer les monts, les plaines, et les bois,*

*Les antres et fontaines.*

*Bref, il n'y a ny solitaires lieux,  
N'y lieux hantez, voyre mesmes les cieux,  
Qui ça et là ne montrent à leurs yeux*

*L'image de leurs peines.*

*Cestuy-la porte en son cueur fluctueux  
De l'Ocean les flots tumultueux,  
Cestuy l'horreur des vents impetueux*

*Sortans de leur caverne :*

*L'un d'un Caucase, et Mongibel se plaingt,  
L'autre en veillant plus de songes se peingt,  
Qu'il n'en fut onq'en cest orme, qu'on feinct*

*En la fosse d'Averne.*

*Qui contrefaict ce Tantale mourant  
 Bruslé de soif au milieu d'un torrent,  
 Qui repaissant un aigle devorant,  
 S'accoustre en Promethee :*  
*Et qui encor, par un plus chaste vœu,  
 En se bruslant, veult Hercule estre veu,  
 Mais qui se mue en eau, air, terre, et feu,  
 Comme un second Protee.*  
*L'un meurt de froid, et l'autre meurt de chaud ;  
 L'un vole bas, et l'autre vole haut,  
 L'un est chetif, l'autre a ce qui luy fault ;  
 L'un sur l'esprit se fonde,  
 L'autre s'arreste à la beauté du corps ;  
 On ne vid onc' si horribles discords  
 En ce cahos, qui troubloit les accords  
 Dont fut basty le monde.\**

But on the other hand if love, simple love, is the worst of poets, that same simple love, is beyond comparison the best of letter writers. In love poems conceits are distilled from the head; in love letters feelings flow from the heart; and feelings are never so feelingly uttered, affection never so affectionately expressed, truth never so truly spoken, as in such a correspondence. Oh if the disposition which exists

\* JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

at such times, were sustained through life, marriage would then be indeed the perfect union, the “excellent mystery” which our Father requires from those who enter into it, that it should be made; and which it might always be, under His blessing, were it not for the misconduct of one or the other party, or of both. If such a disposition were maintained,—“if the love of husbands and wives were grounded (as it then would be) in virtue and religion, it would make their lives a kind of heaven on earth; it would prevent all those contentions and brawlings which are the great plagues of families, and the lesser hell in passage to the greater.” Let no reader think the worse of that sentence because it is taken from that good homely old book, the better for being homely, entitled the *Whole Duty of Man*.

I once met with a book in which a servant girl had written on a blank leaf, “*not much love after marriage, but a good deal before!*” In her station of life this is but too true; and in high stations also, and in all those intermediate

grades where either the follies of the world, or its cares, exercise over us an unwholesome influence. But it is not so with well constituted minds in those favorable circumstances wherein the heart is neither corrupted by wealth, nor hardened by neediness. So far as the tendency of modern usages is to diminish the number of persons who are thus circumstanced, in that same proportion must the sum of happiness be diminished, and of those virtues which are the only safeguard of a nation. And that modern policy and modern manners have this tendency, must be apparent to every one who observes the course both of public and private life.

This girl had picked up a sad maxim from the experience of others; I hope it did not as a consequence, make her bestow too much love before marriage herself, and meet with too little after it. I have said much of worthless verses upon this subject; take now, readers, some that may truly be called worthy of it. They are by the Manchester Poet, Charles Swain.

## 1.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!  
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;  
 Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.  
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.  
 Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;  
 Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;  
 And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

## 2.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,  
 The immortal glory which hath never set;  
 The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:  
 Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!  
 Oh! who but can recall the eve they met  
 To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,  
 While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,  
 And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow,  
 And all was rapture then which is but memory now!  
 The dream of life indeed can last with none  
 of us,—  
     As if the thing beloved were all a Saint,  
     And every place she entered were a shrine:\*

but it must be our own fault, when it has past

\* GONDIBERT.

away, if the realities disappoint us : they are not “weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,” unless we ourselves render them so. The preservation of the species is not the sole end for which love was implanted in the human heart ; that end the Almighty might as easily have effected by other means : not so the developement of our moral nature, which is its higher purpose. The comic poet asserts that

*Verum illud verbum est vulgo quod dici solet,  
Omnes sibi esse melius malle, quam alteri :\**

but this is not true in love. The lover never says

*Heus proximus sum egomet mihi ;\**

He knows and understands the falsehood of the Greek adage,

*φιλεῖ δ' ἑαυτοῦ πλεῖον οὐδεὶς οὐδένα.*

and not lovers alone, but husbands and wives, and parents feel that there are others who are dearer to them than themselves. Little do they know of human nature who speak of marriage as doubling our pleasures and dividing our griefs : it doubles, or more than doubles both.

\*\* TERENCE.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

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

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

---

LEONARD was not more than eight and twenty when he obtained a living, a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than £50. a year; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable

employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly; but its course was short.

O how this spring of love resembleth  
 The uncertain glory of an April day,  
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
 And by and by a cloud takes all away !\*

Little more than five years from the time of their marriage had elapsed, before a headstone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited in the 30th year of her age.

When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had past away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolized her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in Heaven. And this second union

\* SHAKESPEARE.



nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to their child; and so doing to await his own summons, which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

— 'Tis the only discipline we are born for;  
 All studies else are but as circular lines,  
 And death the centre where they must all meet.\*

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrews that "good husbandry is good divinity;" "the truth whereof," says Fuller, "no wise man will deny." Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to

\* MASSINGER.

make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him,—for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind,—he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose,—for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear,—those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind; at first

— one of those little prating girls

Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories;\*

\* DRYDEN.

afterwards, as she grew up, a favourite with the village school-mistress, and with the whole parish; docile, good-natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as a lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

Oh Christ !

How that which was the life's life of our being,  
Can pass away, and we recall it thus !\*

That resemblance which was strong in childhood, lessened as the child grew up; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and when hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart.

\* ISAAC COMNENUS.

Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven.

## CHAPTER LXXX.

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHEW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE  
 MEN MAY TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY AC-  
 QUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS THROUGH THE WORLD,  
 THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE THEM.

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— Thus they who reach  
 Grey hairs, die piece meal.      SOUTHEY.

---

THE name of Leonard must now be dropt as we proceed. Some of the South-American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their personal appellations, (as most names were originally derived,) from beasts, birds, plants and other visible objects, abolish upon the death of every individual the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language,

owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An abolition almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance. The name, Leonard, was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be Doctor'd and Professor'd; to be Captain'd,

Major'd, Colonel'd, General'd, or Admiral'd ;—  
to be Sir John'd, my-Lorded, or your-Graced.  
“ You and I,” says Cranmer in his Answer to  
Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—  
“ you and I were delivered from our surnames  
when we were consecrated Bishops ; sithence  
which time we have so commonly been used of  
all men to be called Bishops, you of Winchester,  
and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the  
people know not that your name is Gardiner,  
and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we  
being called to the name of Lords, have not  
forgotten our own baser estates, that once we  
were simple squires !” But the emotion with  
which the most successful suitor of Fortune  
hears himself first addressed by a new and ho-  
nourable title, conferred upon him for his  
public deserts, touches his heart less, (if that  
heart be sound at the core,) than when after  
long absence, some one who is privileged so to  
use it, accosts him by his christian name,—that  
household name which he has never heard but  
from his nearest relations, and his old familiar  
friends. By this it is that we are known to all

around us in childhood ; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is past ; and as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them.

It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives of erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and of affection ! They are weakened and dissolved by fatal circumstances and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.

“ Our men of rank,” said my friend one day when he was speaking upon this subject, “ are not the only persons who go by different appellations in different parts of their lives. We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I



was Dan in my father's house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr. Guy if they were still living. Upon my removal to Doncaster my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintance Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the Doctor, and not among my patients only; friends, acquaintance and strangers address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be any thing but the Doctor again,—till I am registered at my burial by the same names as at my christening.”

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

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

---

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

LORD STERLINE.

---

IN the once popular romance of Astrea the question *si Amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée?* is debated in reference to the faithful shepherd, Tyrcis, who having lost his mistress Cleon (Cleon serving for a name feminine in French, as Stella has done in English,) and continuing constant to her memory, is persecuted by the pertinacious advances of Laonice. The sage shepherd, Sylvandre, before whom the point is argued, and to whom it is referred for judgement, delivers, to the great

disappointment of the lady, the following sentence. *Qu'une Amour perissable n'est pas vray Amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui luy à donné naissance. C'est pourquoy ceux qui ont aimé le corps seulement, doivent enclorre toutes les amours du corps dans le mesme tombeau ou il s'enserre: mais ceux qui outre cela ont aimé l'esprit, doivent avec leur Amour voler apres cet esprit aimé jusques au plus haut ciel, sans que les distances les puissent separer.*

The character of a constant mourner is sometimes introduced in romances of the earlier and nobler class; but it is rare in those works of fiction, and indeed it is not common in what has happily been called the romance of real life. Let me however restrict this assertion within its proper bounds. What is meant to be here asserted (and it is pertinent to this part of our story,) is, that it is not common for any one who has been left a widow, or widower, early in life, to remain so always out of pure affection to the memory of the dead, unmingled with any other consideration or cause. Such constancy can be found only where there is the union of

a strong imagination and a strong heart,—which perhaps is a rare union ; and if to these a strong mind be united, the effect would probably be different.

It is only in a strong imagination that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold, as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one ; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect is likely to give way. A deep sense of religion would avert the latter alternative ; but I will not say that it is any preservative against the former.

A most affecting instance of this kind is related by Dr. Uwins in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage-coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed—“ he is dead !” But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. “ From that fatal moment,”

says the Author, “ has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach ; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, ‘ He is not come yet ! I will return to-morrow ! ’ ”

There is a more remarkable case in which love, after it had long been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man residing in the neighbourhood of that city found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits ; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterwards, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication

was a little grandchild, who strikingly resembled the portrait ; to her he was perfectly docile ; and a day or two before his death, he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin,—a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

Mr. Newton, of Olney, says, that once in the West Indies, upon not receiving letters from his wife in England, he concluded that surely she was dead, and this apprehension affected him so much that he was nearly sinking under it. “ I felt,” says he, “ some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness which is commonly called a broken heart : and indeed, I wonder that this case is not more common than it appears to be. How often do the potsherds of the earth presume to contend with their Maker ! and what a wonder of mercy is it that they are not all broken !”

This is a stern opinion ; and he who delivered it held stern tenets, though in his own disposition compassionate and tender. He was one who could project his feelings, and relieve himself in the effort. No husband ever loved

his wife more passionately, nor with a more imaginative affection; the long and wasting disease by which she was consumed, affected him proportionably to this deep attachment; but immediately upon her death he roused himself, after the example of David, threw off his grief, and preached her funeral sermon. He ought to have known that this kind of strength and in this degree, is given to very few of us;—that a heart may break, even though it be thoroughly resigned to the will of God, and acquiesces in it, and has a lively faith in God's mercies;—yea that this very resignation, this entire acquiescence, this sure and certain hope, may even accelerate its breaking; and a soul thus chastened, thus purified, thus ripened for immortality, may unconsciously work out the deliverance which it ardently, but piously withal, desires.

What were the Doctor's thoughts upon this subject, and others connected with it, will appear in the proper place. It is touched upon here in relation to Leonard. His love for Margaret might be said to have begun with

her life, and it lasted as long as his own. No thought of a second marriage even entered his mind; though in the case of another person, his calm views of human nature and of the course of life would have led him to advise it.



## CHAPTER LXXXII.

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

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

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

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WHEN Deborah was about nineteen, the small pox broke out in Doncaster, and soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning every where a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong that Mr. Bacon though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful, but advisable, refrained from having his daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it dur-

ing her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour ; still more because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where consequently the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child ; and that as a pastor also it became him now in his own family to set an example to his parishioners.

Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgement, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented ; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr. Bacon therefore went to

Doncaster and called upon Dr. Dove. “ I do not,” said he, “ ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated ; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care,—putting our trust in Providence.”

Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr. Bacon and the Doctor, farther than that they knew each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance the Doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

“ Did he fall in love with his patient ? ”

“ No, ladies.”

You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love once, though

I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion is in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love, to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.

For here let me set before the judicious Reader certain pertinent remarks by the pious and well known author of a popular treatise upon the Right Use of Reason,—a treatise which has been much read to little purpose. That author observes that “those writers and speakers, whose chief business is to amuse or delight, to allure, terrify or persuade mankind, do not confine themselves to any natural order, but in a cryptical or hidden method, adapt every thing to their designed ends. Sometimes they omit those things which might injure their design, or grow tedious to their hearers, though they seem to have a necessary relation to the point in

hand : sometimes they add those things which have no great reference to the subject, but are suited to allure or refresh the mind and the ear. They dilate sometimes, and flourish long upon little incidents ; and they skip over, and but lightly touch the drier part of the theme.— They omit things essential which are not beautiful ; they insert little needless circumstances and beautiful digressions ; they invent times and actions, in order to place every thing in the most affecting light ;—they place the first things last, and the last things first with wonderful art ; and yet so manage it as to conceal their artifice, and lead the senses and passions of their hearers into a pleasing and powerful captivity.”

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

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

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

*Troilus.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Troilus.* Have I not tarried ?

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

*Troilus.* Still have I tarried.

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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I passed over fourteen years of the Doctor's boyhood and adolescence, as it may be remem-

bered was stated in the twenty-fifth Chapter ; but I must not in like manner pass over the years that intervened between his first acquaintance with Deborah Bacon, and the happy day whereon the bells of St. George's welcomed her to Doncaster as his bride. It would be as inconsistent with my design to pretermit this latter portion of his life, as it would have been incompatible with my limits to have recorded the details of the former, worthy to be recorded as they were. If any of my readers should be impatient on this occasion, and think that I ought to have proceeded to the marriage without delay, or at least to the courtship, I must admonish them in the words of a Turkish saying, that "hurry comes from the Devil, and slow advancing from Allah."—"Needs must go when the Devil drives," says the proverb : but the Devil shall never drive me. I will take care never to go at such a rate, "as if haste had maimed speed by overrunning it at starting."

"The just composer of a legitimate piece," says Lord Shaftesbury, "is like an able traveller, who exactly measures his journey, con-

siders his ground, premeditates his stages and intervals of relaxation and intention, to the very conclusion of his undertaking, that he happily arrives where he first proposed at setting out. He is not presently upon the spur, or in his full career, but walks his steed leisurely out of the stable, settles himself in his stirrups, and when fair road and season offer, puts on perhaps to a round trot, thence into a gallop, and after a while takes up. As down, or meadow, or shady lane present themselves, he accordingly suits his pace, favours his palfrey, and is sure not to bring him puffing, and in a heat, into his last inn.”

Yes, Reader,

— matter needless, of importless burden\*

may as little be expected to flow from the slit of my pen, as to “divide the lips” of wise Ulysses. On the other hand what is needful, what is weighty in its import, let who will be impatient, must not be left unsaid.

*varie fila a varie tele*

*Uopo mi son, che tutte ordire intendo.†*

\* TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

† ARIOSTO.



It is affirmed by the angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, that of corporeal things the quantity is in proportion to the quality, that which is best being always in the same degree the greatest. “ Thus in this our universe,” he says “ the water is more than the earth, the air more than the water, the fire more than the air ; the first heaven larger than the sphere of fire, the second than the first, the third than the second ; and so they proceed increasing to the tenth sphere, and to the empyrean, which is, *inestimabilis et incomparabilis magnitudinis.*”

Upon the principle which this greatest of the schoolmen has assumed, I leave the reader to infer what would be the probable and proper extent of the present opus, were I to indulge my genius and render justice to the subject. .

To make it exceed in length the histories of Sir Charles Grandison and of Clarissa Harlowe, or the bulkier romances of Calprenede and the Scuderys, it would not be necessary to handle it in the manner of a lawyer who, having no more argument than would lie in a nut-shell, wire-draws it and hammers at it, and hammers

at it and wire-draws it, and then wire-draws it and hammers at it again, like a lecturer who is exhibiting the infinite ductility of gold.

“What a gift,” says Fuller, “had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!” Mercator, in the description of Austria in his Atlas, has made mention of this Arch-Emperor of the Spintexts.

If I had been in John Halsebach’s place, my exposition of that first chapter would have been comprized in one lecture, of no hungry or sleepy duration. But if John Halsebach were in mine, he would have filled more volumes than Rees’s Cyclopedia with his account of Daniel Dove.

And yet Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna Professor. It is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with three

hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while he should be engaged in it.

It is well known upon one of the English circuits that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness whom it was necessary to produce upon the trial. But what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who upon a like emergency held the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He indeed was put to his wits end, for words wherewith to fill up the time; and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal (the biographer of Washington and the most patient of listeners,) was so far moved at last as to say, “ Mr. Such a one!—(addressing him by his name in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,)—there are some things with which the Court should be supposed to be acquainted.”

I can say with Burton, *malo decem potius*

*verba, decies repetita licet, abundare, quam unum desiderari.* “ To say more than a man can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken : but to say what a man ought to say,—there,”—with Simon the tanner of Queenborough,—“ I leave you.”

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

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

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*Enobarbus.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lepidus.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Enobarbus.* Not if the small come first.

SHAKESPEAR.

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IN the last chapter an illustration of tediousness was omitted, because it so happily exhibits the manner in which a stop may be put to a tedious discourse without incivility, that it deserves a chapter to itself.

When Madame de Stael resided at Copet, it was her custom to collect around her in the evening a circle of literati, the blue legs of Geneva, by some one of whom an essay, a disquisition, or a portion of a work in progress was frequently

read aloud to entertain the rest. Professor Dragg's History of Religion had occupied on one of those evenings more time than was thought necessary, or convenient by the company, and especially by the lady of the chateau. It began at the beginning of the world, and did not pass to the Deluge with the rapidity which Dandin required from the pleader in Racine's comedy, who in like manner opened his case before the Creation. Age after age rolled away over the Professor's tongue, the course of which seemed to be interminable as that of the hand of the dial, while the clock struck the hour, and the quarter, and the half hour, and the third quarter, and then the whole hour again, and then again the quarters. "A tedious person," says Ben Jonson, "is one a man would leap a steeple from." Madame de Stael could tolerate nothing that was dry, except her father; but she could neither leap out of her own window, nor walk out of her own room, to escape from Professor Dragg. She looked wistfully round, and saw upon many a countenance an occasional and frequent movement about the

lips, indicating that a yawn was at that moment painfully stifled in its birth. Dumont committed no such violence upon nature; he had resigned himself to sleep. The Professor went steadily on. Dumont slept audibly. The Professor was deaf to every sound but that of his own voice. Madame de Stael was in despair. The Professor coming to the end of an eloquent chapter declaimed with great force and vehemence the emphatic close, and prepared to begin the next. Just in that interstice of time, Dumont stirred and snorted. Madame de Stael seized the opportunity; she clapped her hands and ejaculated *Mon Dieu! Voyez Dumont! Il a dormi pendant deux siecles!* Dumont opened his eyes, and Professor Dragg closed his manuscript.

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

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

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*Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren umstands.*

*Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an !*

*Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,*

*Ach, wer schützt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth !*

*Klein erscheinet es nun, doch ach ! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen ;*

*Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.*

GOETHE.

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THE circumstances of my friend's boyhood and early youth, though singularly favourable to his peculiar cast of mind, in many or indeed most respects, were in this point disadvantageous, that they afforded him little or no



opportunity of forming those early friendships, which, when they are well formed, contribute so largely to our future happiness. Perhaps the greatest advantage of public education, as compared with private, is, that it presents more such opportunities than are ever met with in any subsequent stage of human life. And yet even then in friendship, as afterwards in love, we are for the most part less directed by choice than by what is called chance.

Daniel Dove never associated with so many persons of his own age at any other time as during his studies at Leyden. But he was a foreigner there, and this is almost as great an obstacle to friendship as to matrimony; and there were few English students among whom to choose. Dr. Brocklesby took his degree, and left the University the year before he entered it; Brocklesby was a person in whose society he might have delighted; but he was a cruel experimentalist, and the dispathy which this must have excited in our friend, whose love of science, ardent as it was, never overcame the sense of humanity, would have counteracted

the attraction of any intellectual powers however brilliant. Akenside, with whom in many respects he would have felt himself in unison, and by whose society he might have profited, graduated also there just before his time.

He had a contemporary more remarkable than either in his countryman John Wilkes, who was pursuing his studies there, not without some diligence, under the superintendence of a private tutor; and who obtained much notice for those lively and agreeable talents which were afterwards so flagrantly abused. But the strict and conscientious frugality which Dove observed rendered it unfit for him to associate with one who had a liberal allowance, and expended it lavishly: and there was also a stronger impediment to any intimacy between them; for no talents however companionable, no qualities however engaging, could have induced him to associate with a man whose irreligion was of the worst kind, and who delighted in licentious conversation.

There was one of his countrymen indeed there (so far as a Scotchman may be called so) with

whom he formed an acquaintance that might have ripened into intimacy, if their lots had fallen near to each other in after life. This was Thomas Dickson, a native of Dumfries; they attended the same lectures, and consorted on terms of friendly familiarity. But when their University course is completed men separate, like stage-coach travellers at the end of a journey, or fellow passengers in a ship when they reach their port. While Dove “pursued the noiseless tenor of his way” at Doncaster, Dickson tried his fortune in the metropolis, where he became Physician to the London Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died in the year 1784, and is said in his epitaph to have been “a man of singular probity, loyalty and humanity; kind to his relations, beloved by all who knew him, learned and skilful in his profession. Unfeared by the poor, he lived to do good, and died a christian believer.” For awhile some intercourse between him and the Doctor had been kept up by letters; but the intervals in their correspondence became longer and longer as each grew more engaged in business; and

new connections gradually effaced an impression which had not been made early, nor had ever been very deep. The friendship that with no intercourse to nourish it, keeps itself alive for years, must have strong roots in a good soil.

Cowper regarded these early connections in an unfavourable and melancholy mood. "For my own part," says he, "I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates out of about three hundred, in ten years time not one was left me. The truth is that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another, that looks very like a friendship; and while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and to assist each other, promises well and bids fair to be lasting. But they are no sooner separated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connexions and new employments in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and

they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this the *man* frequently differs so much from the *boy*,—his principles, manners, temper, and conduct, undergo so great an alteration,—that we no longer recognize in him our old play-fellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections.” These sentiments he has also expressed in verse.—

— school-friendships are not always found,  
 Though fair in promise, permanent and sound ;  
 The most disinterested and virtuous minds,  
 In early years connected, time unbinds ;  
 New situations give a different cast  
 Of habit, inclination, temper, taste ;  
 And he that seem'd our counterpart at first,  
 Soon shews the strong similitude reversed.  
 Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
 And make mistakes for manhood to reform.  
 Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,  
 Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known ;  
 Each dreams that each is just what he appears,  
 But learns his error in maturer years,  
 When disposition, like a sail unfurled,  
 Shews all its rents and patches to the world.

Disposition however is the one thing which undergoes no other change than that of growth in after life. The physical constitution, when any

morbid principle is innate in it, rarely alters the moral constitution—(except by a miracle of God's mercy,) never.

*ἄνθρωποις δ' αἰεὶ*

*Ὁ μὲν πονηρὸς, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακὸς.\**

“ Believe if you will,” say the Persians, “ that a mountain has removed from one place to another, but if you are told that a man has changed his nature, believe it not !”

The best of us have but too much cause for making it part of our daily prayer that we fall into no sin ! But there is an original pravity which deserves to be so called in the darkest import of the term,—an inborn and incurable disease of the moral being, manifested as soon as it has strength to show itself ; and wherever this is perceived in earliest youth, it may too surely be predicted what is to be expected when all controul of discipline is removed. Of those that bring with them such a disposition into the world, it cannot be said that they fall into sin, because it is too manifest that they seek and pursue it as the bent of their nature. No wonder that wild theories have

\* EURIPIDES.

been devised to account for what is so mysterious, so awful, and yet so incontestable! Zephaniah Holwell, who will always be remembered for his sufferings in the Black Hole, wrote a strange book in which he endeavoured to prove that men were fallen angels, that is, that human bodies are the forms in which fallen angels are condemned to suffer for the sins which they have committed in their former state. Akin to this is the Jewish fancy, held by Josephus, as well as his less liberalized countrymen, that the souls of wicked men deceased, got into the bodies of the living and possessed them; and by this agency they accounted for all diseases. Holwell's theory is no doubt as old as any part of the Oriental systems of philosophy and figments; it is one of the many vain attempts to account for that fallen nature of which every man who is sincere enough to look into his own heart, finds there what may too truly be called an indwelling witness. Something like the Jewish notion was held by John Wesley and Adam Clarke; and there are certain cases in which it is difficult not

to admit it, especially when the question of the demoniacs is considered. Nor is there any thing that shocks us in supposing this to be possible for the body, and the mind also, as depending upon the bodily organs.—But that the moral being, the soul itself, the life of life, the immortal part, should appear, as so often it undoubtedly does, to be thus possessed, this indeed is of all mysterious things the darkest.

For a disposition thus evil in its nature it almost seems as if there could be no hope. On the other hand there is no security in a good one, if the support of good principles, (that is to say, of religion—of christian faith—) be wanting. It may be soured by misfortunes, it may be corrupted by wealth, it may be blighted by neediness, it may lose “all its original brightness.”

School friendships arise out of sympathy of disposition at an age when the natural disposition is under little controul and less disguise; and there are reasons enough, of a less melancholy kind than Cowper contemplated, why so few of these blossoms set, and of those which



afford a promise of fruit, why so small a proportion should bring it to maturity. “The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie;”\* and even when not thus dissolved, the mutual attachment which in boyhood is continually strengthened by similarity of circumstance and pursuits, dies a natural death in most cases when that similarity ceases. If one goes north in the intellectual bearings of his course in life, and the other south, they will at last be far as the poles asunder. If their pursuits are altogether different, and their opinions repugnant, in the first case they cease to think of each other with any warm interest; in the second, if they think of each other at all, it is with an uncomfortable feeling, and a painful sense of change.

The way in which too many ordinary minds are worsened by the mere course of time is finely delineated by Landor, in some verses which he designed as an imitation, not of a particular passage in a favourite Greek author, but of his manner and style of thought.

\* SHAKESPEAR.

Friendship, in each successive stage of life,  
 As we approach him, varies to the view ;  
 In youth he wears the face of Love himself,  
 Of Love without his arrows and his wings.  
 Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan  
 Thou findest him ; or hearest him resign,  
 To some dog-pastor, by the quiet fire,  
 With much good will and jocular adieu,  
 His age-worn mule, or broken-hearted steed.  
 Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace ;  
 Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear  
 Thou art the best good fellow in the world,  
 But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove !  
 Or laughter wag his newly bearded chin  
 At recollection of his childish hours.  
 But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,  
 When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory fails,  
 Look at yon fig-tree statue ! golden once,  
 As all would deem it, rottenness falls out  
 At every little hole the worms have made ;  
 And if thou triest to lift it up again  
 It breaks upon thee ! Leave it ! touch it not !  
 Its very lightness would encumber thee.  
 Come—thou has seen it : 'tis enough ; be gone !

The admirable writer who composed these  
 verses in some melancholy mood, is said to  
 be himself one of the most constant and affec-  
 tionate of friends. It may indeed safely be

affirmed, that generous minds when they have once known each other, never can be alienated as long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. No distance of place, or lapse of time can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth. There are even some broken attachments in friendship as well as in love which nothing can destroy, and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption.

There are a few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me; and who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far

asunder, we know that we are travelling the same road toward our resting place in heaven. "There is such a pleasure as this," says Cowper, "which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation."

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

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

---

*Que sea Medico mas grave  
 Quien mas aforismos sabe,  
 Bien puede ser.  
 Mas que no sea mas experto  
 El que mas huviere muerto,  
 No puede ser. GONGORA.*

---

OF all the persons with whom Daniel Dove associated at Doncaster, the one who produced the most effect upon his mind was his master and benefactor, Peter Hopkins. The influence indeed which he exercised, insensibly as it were, upon his character, was little less than that

whereby he directed and fixed the course of his fortune in life. A better professional teacher in his station could no where have been found ; for there was not a more skilful practitioner in the Three Ridings, consequently not in England ; consequently not in Christendom, and by a farther consequence not in the world. Fuller says of Yorkshire that “ one may call, and justify it to be the best shire in England ; and that not by the help of the general katachresis of *good* for *great*, (as a *good* blow, a *good* piece, &c.) but in the proper acceptation thereof. If in Tully’s Orations, all being excellent, that is adjudged *optima quæ longissima*, the best which is the longest ; then by the same proportion, this Shire, partaking in goodness alike with others, must be allowed the best.” Yorkshire therefore being the best county in England, as being the largest, of necessity it must have as good practitioners in medicine, as are to be found in any other county ; and there being no better practitioner than Peter Hopkins there, it would have been in vain to seek for a better elsewhere.

As good a one undoubtedly might have been found ;

I trust there were within this realm

Five hundred as good as he,\*

though there goes more to the making of a Peter Hopkins than of an Earl Percy. But I very much doubt, (and this is one of the cases in which doubt scarcely differs a shade from disbelief)—whether there could any where have been found another person whose peculiarities would have accorded so curiously with young Daniel's natural bent, and previous education. Hopkins had associated much with Guy, in the early part of their lives ; (it was indeed through this connection that the lad was placed at Doncaster) ; and like Guy he had tampered with the mystical sciences. He knew the theories, and views, and hopes—

which set the Chymist on

To search that secret-natured stone,

Which the philosophers have told,

When found, turns all things into gold ;

But being hunted and not caught,

Oh ! sad reverse ! turns gold to nought.†

\* CHEVY CHACE.

† ARBUTHNOT.

This knowledge he had acquired, like his old friend, for its own sake,—for the pure love of speculation and curious enquiry,—not with the slightest intention of ever pursuing it for the desire of riches. He liked it, because it was mysterious; and he could listen with a half-believing mind to the legends (as they may be called) of those Adepts who from time to time have been heard of, living as erratic a life as the Wandering Jew; but with this difference, that they are under no curse, and that they may forego their immortality, if they do not choose to renew the lease of it, by taking a dose of the elixir in due time.

He could cast a nativity with as much exactness, according to the rules of art, as William Lilly, or Henry Coley, that Merlinus Anglicus Junior, upon whom Lilly's mantle descended; or the Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, William Bredon, a profound Divine, and “absolutely the most polite person for nativities in that age;” who being Sir Christopher Heydon's chaplain, had a hand in composing that Knight's Defence of Judicial Astrology; but withal was



so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the bell ropes, and smoke them.

Peter Hopkins could erect a scheme either according to the method of Julius Firmicus, or of Aben-Ezra, or of Campanus, Alcabitius, or Porphyrius, “for so many ways are there of building these houses in the air;” and in that other called the Rational Way, which in a great degree superseded the rest, and which Johannes Muller, the great Regiomontanus, gave to the world in his Tables of Directions drawn up at the Archbishop of Strigonia’s request. He could talk of the fiery and the earthly Trignons, the aerial and the watery; and of that property of a triangle—(now no longer regarded at Cambridge) whereby Sol and Jupiter, Luna and Venus, Saturn and Mercury, respectively become joint Trigonocrators, leaving Mars to rule over the watery Trigon alone. He knew the Twelve Houses as familiarly as he knew his own; the Horoscope, which is the House of Life, or more awfully to unlearned ears *Domus Vitæ*; the House of Gain and the House of Fortune;—

for Gain and Fortune no more keep house together in heaven, than either of them do with Wisdom and Virtue, and Happiness on earth; the Hypogeum, or House of Patrimony, which is at the lowest part of heaven, the *Imum Cæli*, though it be in many respects a good house to be born in here below; the Houses of Children, of Sickness, of Marriage and of Death; the House of Religion; the House of Honours, which being the Mesouranema, is also called the Heart of Heaven; the Agathodemon, or House of Friends, and the Cacodemon, or House of Bondage. All these he knew, and their Consignificators, and their Chronocrators or Alfridarii, who give to these Consignificators a septennial dominion in succession.

He could ascertain the length of the planetary hour at any given time and place, anachronism being no where of greater consequence,—for if a degree be mistaken in the scheme, there is a year's error in the prognostication, and so in proportion for any inaccuracy more or less. Sir Christopher Heydon, the last great champion of this occult science, boasted of possess-

ing a watch so exact in its movements, that it would give him with unerring precision not the minute only, but the very scruple of time. That erudite professor knew—

*In quas Fortunæ leges quæque hora valeret ;*

*Quantaque quam parvi facerent discrimina motus.\**

Peter Hopkins could have explained to a student in this art, how its astronomical part might be performed upon the celestial globe “with speed, ease, delight, and demonstration.” He could have expatiated upon conjunctions and oppositions ; have descanted upon the four Cardinal Houses ; signs fixed, moveable, or common ; signs human and signs bestial ; semi-sextiles, sextiles, quintiles, quartiles, tredeciles, trines, biquintiles and quincunxes ; the ascension of the planets, and their declination ; their dignities essential and accidental ; their exaltation and retrogradation ; till the hearer by understanding a little of the baseless theory, here and there, could have persuaded himself that he comprehended all the rest. And if it had been necessary to exact implicit and pro-

\* MANILIUS.

found belief, by mysterious and horrisonant terms, he could have amazed the listener with the Lords of Decanats, the Five Fortitudes, and the Head and Tail of the Dragon; and have astounded him by ringing changes upon Al-mugea, Cazimi, Hylech, Aphetes, Anacretes and Alcochodon.

“ So far,” says Fabian Withers, “ are they distant from the true knowledge of physic which are ignorant of astrology, that they ought not rightly to be called physicians, but deceivers :— for it hath been many times experimented and proved, that that which many physicians could not cure or remedy with their greatest and strongest medicines, the astronomer hath brought to pass with one simple herb, by observing the moving of the signs.—There be certain evil times and years of a man’s life, which are at every seven years’ end. Wherefore if thou wilt prolong thy days, as often as thou comest to every seventh or ninth year (if thou givest any credit to Marsilius Ficinus, or Firmicus), diligently consult with an astronomer, from whence and by what means any

peril or danger may happen, or come unto thee; then either go unto a physician, or use discretion and temperance, and by that means thou mayest defer and prolong thy natural life through the rules of astronomy, and the help of the physician. Neither be ashamed to enquire of the physician what is thy natural diet, and of the astronomer what star doth most support and favour thy life, and to see in what aspect he is with the moon.”

That once eminent student in the mathematics and the celestial sciences, Henry Coley, who, as Merlin junior continued Lily's Almanac, and published also his own yearly *Nuncius Sydereus*, or Starry Messenger,—the said Coley, whose portrait in a flowing wig and embroidered band, most unlike to Merlin, has made his Ephemeris in request among the Graingerites,—he tells us it is from considering the nature of the planets, together with their daily configurations, and the mixture of their rays or beams of light and heat, that astrologers deduce their judgement of what may *probably*, not *positively* happen: for Nature, he observes, works very abstrusely;

and one person may be able to make a better discovery than another, whence arise diversities of opinion too often about the same thing. The physician knows that the same portion of either single or compound simples will not work upon all patients alike ; so neither can the like portion and power of qualities stir up, or work always the same ; but may sometimes receive either *intention* or *remission* according to the disposed aptness of the subject, the elements or elementary bodies not always admitting of their powers alike, or when they be overruled by more potent and prevalent operations. For universal and particular causes do many times differ so as the one hinders the operation of the other ; and Nature may sometimes be so abstrusely shut up, that what we see not may overpower and work beyond what we see.”

Thus were these professors of a pseudo-science always provided with an excuse, however grossly their predictions might be contradicted by the event. It is a beautiful specimen of the ambiguity of the art that the same aspect threatened a hump-back, or the loss of an eye ; and that

the same horoscope which prognosticated a crown and sceptre, was held to be equally accomplished if the child were born to a fool's-cap, a bauble, and a suit of motley. "The right worshipful, and of singular learning in all sciences, Sir Thomas Smith, the flower in his time of the University of Cambridge," and to whom, more than to any other individual, both Universities are beholden; for when Parliament, in its blind zeal for ultra-reformation, had placed the Colleges, as well as the Religious Houses, at the King's disposal, he, through Queen Katharine Par, prevailed upon Henry to preserve them, instead of dividing them also among the great court cormorants; and he it was who reserved for them the third part of their rents in corn, making that a law which had always been his practice when he was Provost of Eton:— This Sir Thomas used, as his grateful pupil Richard Eden has recorded, to call astrology *ingeniosissimam artem mentiendi*,—the most ingenious art of lying.

Ben Jonson's servant and pupil\* has given

\* BROOME.

some good comic examples of the way in which those who honestly endeavoured to read the stars might be deceived,—though when the stars condescended “to palter in a double sense” it was seldom in so good a humour.

One told a gentleman

His son should be a man-killer, and be hang'd for't ;  
 Who after proved a great and rich physician,  
 And with great fame, in the University  
 Hang'd up in picture for a grave example !

— Another schemist

Found that a squint-eyed boy should prove a notable  
 Pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief ;  
 When he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,  
 And at last died a Judge !



## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

ASTROLOGY. ALMANACKS. PRISCILLIANISM RE-  
TAINED IN THEM TO THIS TIME.

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I wander 'twixt the poles  
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentricals,  
Centers, concentricks, circles and epicycles.

ALBUMAZAR.

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THE connection between astrology and the art of medicine is not more firmly believed in Persia at this day, than it was among the English people during the age of almanack-makers. The column which contained the names of the saints for every day, as fully as they are still given in Roman Catholic almanacks, was less frequently consulted than those in which the aspects were set down, and the signs and the parts of the human body under their respective governance. Nor was any page in the book regarded with

more implicit belief than that which represented the “Anatomy of Man’s body as the parts thereof are governed by the twelve Constellations, or rather by the Moon as she passeth by them.” In those representations man indeed was not more uglily than fearfully made,—as he stood erect and naked, spiculated by emitted influences from the said signs, like another St. Sebastian; or as he sate upon the globe placed like a butt for him, while they radiated their shafts of disease and pain.

Portentous as the Homo in the almanack is, he made a much more horrific appearance in the *Margarita Philosophica* which is a Cyclopaedia of the early part of the 16th century. There Homo stands, naked but not ashamed, upon the two Pisces, one foot upon each, the Fish being neither in air, nor water, nor upon earth, but self-suspended as it appears in the void. Aries has alighted with two feet on Homo’s head, and has sent a shaft through the forehead into his brain. Taurus has quietly seated himself across his neck. The Gemini are riding astride a little below his right shoulder. The whole trunk is

laid open, as if part of the old accursed punishment for high treason had been performed upon him. The Lion occupies the thorax as his proper domain, and the Crab is in possession of the abdomen. Sagittarius, volant in the void, has just let fly an arrow, which is on the way to his right arm. Capricornius breathes out a visible influence that penetrates both knees; Aquarius inflicts similar punctures upon both legs. Virgo fishes as it were at his intestines; Libra at the part affected by schoolmasters in their anger; and Scorpio takes the wickedest aim of all.

The progress of useful knowledge has in our own days at last banished this man from the almanack; at least from all annuals of that description that carry with them any appearance of respectability. If it has put an end to this gross superstition, it has done more than the Pope could do fourteen centuries ago, when he condemned it, as one of the pernicious errors of the Priscillianists.

In a letter to Turribius, Bishop of Astorga, concerning that heresy, Pope St. Leo the Great

says : “ *Si universæ hæreses, quæ ante Prisciliani tempus exortæ sunt, diligentius retractentur, nullus pene invenitur error de quo non traxerit impietas ista contagium : quæ non contenta eorum recipere falsitates, qui ab Evangelio Christi sub Christi nomine deviarunt, tenebris se etiam paganitatis immersit, ut per magicarum artium prophana secreta, et mathematicorum vana mendacia, religionis fidem, morumque rationem in potestate dæmonum, et in affectu syderum collocarent. Quod si et credi liceat et doceri, nec virtutibus præmium, nec vitiis pœna debebitur, omniaque non solum humanarum legum, sed etiam divinarum constitutionum decreta solventur : quia neque de bonis, neque de malis actibus ullum poterit esse iudicium, si in utramque partem fatalis necessitas motum mentis impellit, et quicquid ab hominibus agitur, non est hominum, sed astrorum. Ad hanc insaniam pertinet prodigiosa illa totius humani corporis per duodecim Cæli signa distinctio, ut diversis partibus diversæ præsideant potestates ; et creatura, quam Deus ad imaginem suam fecit, in tantâ sit obligatione syderum, in quantâ est connectione membrorum.*”

But invention has been as rare among heretics as among poets. The architect of the Priscillian heresy (the male heresy of that name, for there was a female one also) borrowed this superstition from the mathematicians,—as the Romans called the astrological impostors of those times. For this there is the direct testimony of Saint Augustine: *Astruunt etiam fatalibus stellis homines colligatos, ipsumque corpus nostrum secundum duodecim signa cœli esse compositum; sicut hi qui Mathematici vulgo appellantur, constituentes in capite Arietem, Taurum in cervice, Geminos in humeris, Cancrum in pectore, et cetera nominatim signa percurrentes ad plantas usque perveniunt, quas Piscibus tribuunt, quod ultimum signum ab Astrologis nuncupatur.*

These impostors derived this part of their craft from Egypt, where every month was supposed to be under the care of three Decans or Directors, for the import of the word must be found in the neighbouring language of the Hebrews and Syrians. There were thirty six of these, each superintending ten days; and these Decans were believed to exercise the most ex-

tensive influence over the human frame. Astrological squares calculated upon this mythology are still in existence. St. Jerome called it the opprobrium of Egypt.

The medical superstition derived from this remote antiquity has continued down to the present generation in the English almanacks, is still continued in the popular almanacks of other countries, and prevails at this time throughout the whole Mahomedan and Eastern world. So deeply does error strike its roots, and so widely scatter its seeds; and so difficult is it to extirpate any error whatsoever, or any evil, which it is the interest of any class of men to maintain. And the rogues had much to say for themselves.

“Notwithstanding the abuses put upon the art of Astrology,” said an eminent Professor, “doubtless some judgement may be made thereby what any native may be by nature prone or addicted to. For the aspects of the Planets among themselves, as also the Fixed Stars, ’tis more than supposed, may cause many strange effects in sublunary bodies, but especially in

those that have been almost worn out with decrepit age, or debilitated with violent or tedious diseases; wherefore this knowledge may be requisite, and of excellent use to physicians and chirurgeons, &c. for old aches and most diseases do vary according to the change of the air and weather, and that proceeds from the motion of the heavens and aspects of the planets.”—Who that has any old aches in his bones,—or has felt his corns shoot—but must acknowledge the truth that was brought forward here in support of an impudent system of imposture? The natural pride, and the natural piety of man, were both appealed to when he was told that the stars were appointed for signs and tokens,—that “the reason why God hath given him an upright countenance is, that he might converse with the celestial bodies, which are placed for his service as so many diamonds in an azure canopy of perpetuity,”—and that astrologers had a large field to walk in, for “all the productions of Time were the subjects of their science, and there is nothing under the Sun but what is the birth of Time.” There is no truth however pure, and

however sacred, upon which falsehood cannot fasten, and engraft itself therein.

Laurence Humphrey, who was sufficiently known in Queen Elizabeth's days as one of the standard-bearers of the non-conformists, but who, like many others, grew conformable in the end as he grew riper in experience and sager in judgement,—in his *Optimates* or *Treatise concerning Nobility*, which he composed for the use of that class and of the Gentry, observed how “this science above all others was so snatched at, so beloved, and even devoured by most persons of honour and worship, that they needed no excitement to it, but rather a bridle; no trumpeter to set them on, but a reprover to take them off from their heat. Many,” he said, “had so trusted to it, that they almost distrusted God.” He would not indeed wholly condemn the art, but the nobility should not have him a persuader nor an applauder of it; for there were already enough! In vain might a Bishop warn his hearers from the pulpit and from the press that “no soothsayer, no palterer, no judicial astrologer is able to tell any man



the events of his life." Man is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

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

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*Diré aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.*

PEDRO DE CIECA DE LEON.

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WHILE I was writing that last chapter, a flea appeared upon the page before me, as there did once to St. Dominic.

But the circumstances in my case and in St. Dominic's were different.

For, in the first place I, as has already been said, was writing; but St. Dominic was reading.

Secondly, the flea which came upon my

paper was a real flea, a flea of flea-flesh and blood, partly flea-blood and partly mine, which the said flea had flea-feloniously appropriated to himself by his own process of flea-botomy. That which appeared upon St. Dominic's book was the Devil in disguise.

The intention with which the Devil abridged himself into so diminutive a form, was that he might distract the Saint's attention from his theological studies, by skipping upon the page, and perhaps provoke him to unsaintlike impatience by eluding his fingers.

But St. Dominic was not so to be deceived : he knew who the false flea was !

To punish him therefore for this diabolical intrusion, he laid upon him a holy spell whereby Flea Beelzebub was made to serve as a marker through the whole book. When Dominic, whether in the middle of a sentence or at the end, lifted his eyes from the page in meditation, Flea Beelzebub moved to the word at which the Saint had paused,—he moved not by his own diabolical will, but in obedience to an impulse which he had no power to resist ;

and there he remained, having as little power to remove, till the Saint's eye having returned to the book, and travelled farther, stopt at another passage. And thus St. Dominic used him through the volume, putting him moreover whenever he close the book to the *peine forte et dure*.

When Dominic had finished the volume, he dismissed his marker. Had it been a heretic, instead of the Devil, the canonized founder of the Friars Predicant, and Patron Saint of the Inquisition, would not have let him off so easily.

Indeed I cannot but think that his lenity in this case was ill-placed. He should have dealt with that flea as I did with mine.

“How, Mr. Author, was that?”

“I dealt with it, Sir, as Agesilaus unceremoniously did with one victim upon the altar of Chalciœcious Pallas, at the same time that with all due ceremony he was sacrificing another. An ox was the premeditated and customary victim; the extemporaneous and extraordinary one was a six-footed ‘small deer.’ Plutarch thought the fact worthy of being recorded; and we may infer from it that the

Spartans did not always comb their long hair so carefully as the Three Hundred did at Thermopylæ, when on the morning of that ever glorious fight, they made themselves ready to die there in obedience to the institutions of their country. What the King of Lacedæmon did with his crawler, I did with my skipper;—I cracked it, Sir.”

“ And for what imaginable reason can you have thought fit to publish such an incident to the world ?”

“ For what reason, Sir ?—why, that Hop-o'-my-thumb the critic may know what he has to expect, if I lay hold of him !”

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

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

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*Quid de pulicibus? vitæ salientia puncta.* COWLEY.

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Now, Reader, having sent away the small Critic with a flea in his ear, I will tell you something concerning one of the curiosities of literature.

The most famous flea, for a real flea, that has yet been heard of,—for not even the King of the Fleas, who, as Dr. Clarke and his fellow traveller found to their cost, keeps his court at Tiberias, approaches it in celebrity,—nor the flea of that song, which Mephistopheles sung

in the cellar at Leipzig,—that flea for whom the King ordered breeches and hose from his own tailor; who was made prime minister; and who, when he governed the realm, distinguished himself, like Earl Grey, by providing for all his relations:—the most illustrious, I say, of all fleas,—*pulicum facile princeps*—was that flea which I know not whether to call Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, or Pasquier's flea, or the flea of Poitiers.

In the year 1579, when the *Grands Jours*, or Great Assizes, were held at Poitiers under President de Harlay, Pasquier, who was one of the most celebrated advocates, most accomplished scholars, and most learned men in France, attended in the exercise of his profession. Calling there one day upon Madame des Roches and her daughter, Mademoiselle Catherine, whom he describes as *l'une des plus belles et sages de nostre France*, while he was conversing with the young lady he espied a flea, *parquée au beau milieu de son sein*.

Upon this Pasquier made such a speech as a Frenchman might be expected to make upon so

felicitous an occasion, admiring the taste of the flea, envying its happiness, and marvelling at its boldness *de s'estre mise en si beau jour ; parce que jaloux de son heur, peu s'en falloit*, he says, *que je ne misse la main sur elle, en deliberation de luy faire un mauvais tour ; et bien luy prenoit qu'elle estoit en lieu de franchise !* This led to a *contention mignarde* between the young lady and the learned lawyer, who was then more than fifty years of age ; *finalemeut, ayant esté l'autheur de la noise*, says Pasquier, *je luy dis que puisque ceste Puce avoit receu tant d'heur de se repaistre de son sang, et d'estre reciproquement honorée de nos propos, elle meritoit encores d'estre enchâssée dedans nos papiers, et que tres-volontiers je m'y employerois, si cette Dame vouloit de sa part faire le semblable ; chose qu'elle m'accorda liberalement.* Each was in earnest, but each, according to the old Advocate, supposed the other to be in jest : both went to work upon this theme after the visit, and each finished a copy of verses about the same time, *tombants en quelques rencontres de mots les plus signalez pour le subject.* Pasquier thinking to



surprize the lady, sent his poem to her as soon as he had transcribed it, on a Sunday morning,—the better the day the better being the deed: and the lady apprehending that they might have fallen upon some of the same thoughts, lest she should be suspected of borrowing what she knew to be her own, sent back the first draught of her verses by his messenger, not having had time to write them fairly out.

*Heureuse, certes, rencontre et jouyssance de deux esprits, qui passe d'un long entrejet, toutes ces opinions follastres et vulgaires d'amour. Que si en cecy tu me permets d'y apporter quelque chose de mon jugement je te diray, qu'en l'un tu trouveras les discours d'une sage fille, en l'autre les discours d'un homme qui n'est pas trop fol; ayants l'un et l'autre par une bienséance des nos sexes joiüé tels roolles que devions.*

The Demoiselle after describing in her poem the feats of the flea, takes a hint from the resemblance in sound between *puce* and *pucelle*, and making an allegorical use of mythology, makes by that means a decorous allusion to the vulgar

notion concerning the unclean circumstances by which fleas, as they say, are bred :

*Puce, si ma plume estoit digne,  
Je descrirois vostre origine ;  
Et comment le plus grand des Dieux,  
Pour la terre quittant les cieux,  
Vous fit naître, comme il me semble,  
Orion et vous tout ensemble.*

She proceeds to say that Pan became enamoured of this sister of Orion ; that Diana to preserve her from his pursuit, metamorphosed her into a flea (*en puce*,) and that in this transformation nothing remained of her

*Sinon*

*La crainte, l'adresse, et le nom.*

Pasquier in his poem gave himself a pretty free scope in his imaginary pursuit of the flea, and in all the allusions to which its name would on such an occasion invite an old Frenchman. If the story had ended here, it would have been characteristic enough of French manners, *Or voy, je te prie*, says Pasquier, *quel fruict nous a produit cette belle altercation, ou pour mieux*

*dire, symbolization de deux ames. Ces deux petits Jeux poëtiques commencerent à courir par les mains de plusieurs, et se trouverent si agreables, que sur leur modelle, quelques personnages de marque voulurent estre de la partie; et s'employèrent sur mesme subject à qui mieux mieux, les uns en Latin, les autres en François, et quelques-uns en l'une et l'autre langue: ayant chacun si bien exploité en son endroict, qu'à chacun doit demeurer la victoire.*

Among the distinguished persons who exercised their talents upon this worthy occasion, Brisson was one; that Brisson of whom Henri III. said that no king but himself could boast of so learned a subject; who lent the assistance of his grèat name and talents towards setting up the most lawless of all tyrannies, that of an insurrectionary government; and who suffered death under that tyranny, as the reward which such men always (and righteously as concerns themselves however iniquitous the sentence) receive from the miscreants with whom they have leagued. He began his poem much as a scholar might be expected to do, by

alluding to the well known pieces which had been composed upon somewhat similar subjects.

*Fælices meritò Mures Ranæque loquaces*

*Queis cæci vatis contigit ore cani :*

*Vivet et extento lepidus Passerculus ævo*

*Cantatus numeris, culte Catulle tuis.*

*Te quoque, parve Culex, nulla unquam muta silebit*

*Posteritas, docti suave Maronis opus.*

*Ausoniusque Pulex, dubius quem condidit auctor,*

*Canescet sæclis innumerabilibus.*

*Pictonici at Pulicis longè præclarius est sors,*

*Quem fovet in tepido casta puella sinu.*

*Fortunate Pulex nimium, tua si bona noris,*

*Alternis vatum nobilitate metris.*

In the remainder of his poem Brisson takes the kind of range which, if the subject did not actually invite, it seemed at least to permit. He produced also four Latin epigrams against such persons as might censure him for such a production, and these, as well as the poem itself, were translated into French by Pasquier. This was necessary for the public, not for Madame des Roches, and her daughter, who were versed both in Latin and Greek. Among the numerous persons whom the Assizes had

brought to Poitiers, whether as judges, advocates, suitors, or idlers, every one who could write a Latin or a French verse tried his skill upon this small subject. *Tout le Parnasse latin et françois du royaume*, says Titon du Tillet, *voulut prendre part a cette rare decouverte, surtout apres avoir reconnu que la fille, quoique tres-sage, entendoit raillerie.* There is one Italian sonnet in the collection, one Spanish, and, according to the Abbe Goujet, there are some Greek verses, but in the republication of Pasquier's works these do not appear: they were probably omitted, as not being likely ever again to meet with readers. Some of the writers were men whose names would have been altogether forgotten if they had not been thus preserved; and others might as well have been forgotten for the value of any thing which they have left; but some were deservedly distinguished in their generation, and had won for themselves an honourable remembrance, which will not pass away. The President Harlay himself encouraged Pasquier by an eulogistic epigram,

and no less a person than Joseph Scaliger figures in Catullian verse among the flea-poets.

The name of the *Demoiselle des Roches* afforded occasion for such allusions to the rocks of Parnassus as the dealers in common place poetry could not fail to profit by.

*Nil rerum variat perennis ordo.*

*Et constant sibi Phæbus et sorores ;*

*Nec Pulex modo tot simul Poetas,*

*Sed Parnassia fecit ipsa rupes*

*Rupes, aut Heliconia Hippocrene.*

These verses were written by Pithou, to whose satirical talents his own age was greatly indebted for the part which he took in the *Satyre Menippée* ; and to whose collections and serious researches his country will always remain so. Many others harped upon the same string ; and Claude Binet, in one of his poems, compared the Lady to Rochelle, because all suitors had found her impregnable.

Nicolas Rapin, by way of varying the subject, wrote a poem in vituperation of the aforesaid flea, and called it *La Contrepuce*. He would

rather, he said, write in praise of a less mentionable insect; which however he did mention; and moreover broadly explained, and in the coarsest terms, the Lady's allusion to Orion.

The flea having thus become the business, as well as the talk of Poictiers, some epigrams were sported upon the occasion.

*Causidicos habuit vigilantes Curia; namque*

*Illis perpetuus tinnit in aure Pulex.*

The name of Nicolas Rapinus is affixed to this; that of Raphael Gallodonus to the following,

*Ad consultissimos Supremi Senatus Gallici Patronos, in Rupeæ Pulicem ludentes.*

*Abdita causarum si vis responsa referre,*

*Hos tam perspicuos consule Causidicos:*

*Qui juris callent apices, vestigia morsu*

*Metiri pulicum carmine certa sciunt.*

*Ecquid eos latuisse putas dum seria tractant,*

*Qui dum nugantur, tam bene parva canunt?*

The President of the Parliament of Paris, Pierre de Soulfour, compared the flea to the Trojan horse, and introduced this gigantic compliment with a stroke of satire.

*Quid Magni peperere Dies? res mira canenda est,  
 Vera tamen; Pulicem progenuere brevem.  
 Quicquid id est, tamen est magnum; Magnisque Diebus  
 Non sine divino numine progenitum.  
 Ille utero potuit plures gestare poetas,  
 Quam tulit audaces techna Pelasga duces.  
 Tros equus heröes tantos non fudit ab alvo,  
 Dulcisonos vates quot tulit iste Pulex:*

Pasquier was proud of what he had done in starting the flea, and of the numerous and distinguished persons who had been pleased to follow his example in poetizing upon it; *pour memorial de laquelle*, he says, *j'ai voulu dresser ce trophée, qui est la publication de leurs vers*. So he collected all these verses in a small quarto volume, and published them in 1582, with this title. *LA PUCE; ou Jeux Poëtiques Francois et Latins: composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poictiers l'an 1579: dont Pasquier fut le premier motif*. He dedicated the volume to the President Harlay, in the following sonnet:

*Pendant que du Harlay de Themis la lumiere,  
 Pour bannir de Poictou l'espouventable mal,  
 Exerçant la justice à tous de poids égal,  
 Restabliesoit l'Astrée en sa chaire premiere;*



*Quelques nobles esprits, pour se donner carrière,  
 Voulurent exalter un petit animal,  
 Et luy coler aux flancs les aisles du cheval  
 Qui prend jusque au ciel sa course coutumiere.  
 Harlay, mon Achille, relasche tes esprits;  
 Sousguigne d'un bon œil tant soit peu ces escrits,  
 Il attendent de toy, ou la mort, ou la vie :  
 Si tu pers à les lire un seul point de ton temps,  
 Ils vivront immortels dans le temple des ans,  
 Malgre l'oubly, la mort, le mesdire et l'envie.*

The original volume would have passed away with the generation to which it belonged, or if preserved, it would, like many others more worthy of preservation, have been found only in the cabinets of those who value books for their rarity rather than their intrinsic worth: this would have been its fate if it had not been comprized in the collective edition of Pasquier's works, which, as relating to his own times, to the antiquities of his country, and to French literature, are of the greatest importance. It was properly included there, not merely because it is characteristic of the nation, and of the age, but because it belongs to the history of the individual.

Here in England the Circuit always serves to sharpen the wits of those who are waiting, some of them hungrily, and but too many hopelessly, for practice; and as nowhere there is more talent running to seed than at the bar, epigrams circulate there as freely as opinions,—and much more harmlessly. But that the elders of the profession, and the judges should take part in such levities as the *Jeux Poétiques* of Poitiers, would at all times have been as much out of character in England, as it would be still in character among our lighter-heeled, lighter-hearted, and lighter-headed neighbours. The same facility in composing Latin verse would not now be found at the French bar; but if a flea were started there, a full cry might as easily be raised after it, as it was at the *Grands Jours* held under the President Harlay; and they who joined in the cry would take exactly the same tone. You would find in their poetry just as much of what Pasquier calls *mignardise*, and just as little exertion of intellect in any other direction.

It is not language alone, all but all-powerful

in this respect as language is, which makes the difference in whatever belongs to poetry, between the French and the English. We know how Donne has treated this very subject; and we know how Cleveland, and Randolph and Cowley would have treated it, licentiously indeed, but with such a profusion of fantastic thought, that a prodigality of talent would seem even greater than the abuse. In later times, if such a theme had presented itself, Darwin would have put the flea in a solar microscope, and painted the monster with surprising accuracy in the most elaborate rhymes: he would then have told of fleas which had been taken and tamed, and bound in chains, or yoked to carriages; and this he would have done in couplets so nicely turned, and so highly polished, that the poetical artist might seem to vie with the flea-tamer and carriage-builder in patience and in minute skill. Cowper would have passed with playful but melancholy grace

From gay to grave, from lively to severe,

and might have produced a second *Task*. And in our own days, Rogers would case the flea,

like his own gnat, in imperishable amber. Leigh Hunt would luxuriate in a fairy poem, fanciful as Drayton's *Nymphidia*, or in the best style of Herrick. Charles Lamb would crack a joke upon the subject; but then he would lead his readers to think while he was amusing them, make them feel if they were capable of feeling, and perhaps leave them in tears. Southey would give us a strain of scornful satire and meditative playfulness in blank verse of the Elizabethan standard. Wordsworth,—no, Wordsworth would disdain the flea: but some imitator of Wordsworth would enshrine the flea in a Sonnet the thought and diction of which would be as proportionate to the subject matter, as the Great Pyramid is to the nameless one of the Pharaohs for whose tomb it was constructed. Oxford and Cambridge would produce Latin verses, good in their manner as the best of Pasquier's collection, and better in every thing else; they would give us Greek verses also, as many and as good. Landor would prove himself as recondite a Latinist as Scaliger, and a better poet; but his hendecasyllables would not be so

easily construed. Cruikshank would illustrate the whole collection with immortal designs, such as no other country, and no other man could produce. The flea would be introduced upon the stage in the next new Pantomime; Mr. Irving would discover it in the Apocalypse; and some preacher of Rowland Hill's school would improve it (as the phrase is) in a sermon, and exhort his congregation to *flee* from sin.

I say nothing of Mr. Moore, and the half dozen Lords who would *mignardise* the subject like so many Frenchmen. But how would Bernard Barton treat it? Perhaps Friend Barton will let us see in one of the next year's Annuals.

I must not leave the reader with an unfavourable opinion of the lady whose flea obtained such singular celebrity, and who *quoique tres sage entendoit raillerie*. Titon du Tillet intended nothing equivocal by that expression; and the tone which the Flea-poets took was in no degree derogatory to her, for the manners of the age permitted it. Les Dames des Roches both mother and daughter, were remarkable, and exemplary women; and there was a time when Poitiers

derived as much glory from these blue ladies as from the Black Prince. The mother after living most happily with her husband eight and twenty years, suffered greatly in her widowhood from vexatious lawsuits, difficult circumstances, and broken health; but she had great resources in herself, and in the dutiful attachment of Catherine, who was her only child, and whom she herself had nursed and educated; the society of that daughter enabled her to bear her afflictions, not only with patience but with cheerfulness. No solicitations could induce Catherine to marry; she refused offers which might in all other respects have been deemed eligible, because she would not be separated from her mother, from whom she said death itself could not divide her. And this was literally verified, for in 1587 they both died of the plague on the same day.

Both were women of great talents and great attainments. Their joint works in prose and verse were published in their life time, and have been several times reprinted, but not since the year 1604. The poetry is said to be of little value;

but the philosophical dialogues are praised as being neither deficient in genius nor in solidity, and as compositions which may still be perused with pleasure and advantage. This is the opinion of a benevolent and competent critic, the Abbe Goujet. I have never seen the book.

Before I skip back to the point from which my own flea and the Poitiers' flea have led me, I must tell a story of an English lady who under a similar circumstance was not so fortunate as Pasquier's accomplished friend. This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad who had been employed only in farm work was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his Mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that altho' no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awk-

wardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly Thomas having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress, and for awhile he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests : when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions ;— a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion ; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the



business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of shewing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The Lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party—*a vlea, a vlea ! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en !*

## CHAPTER XC.

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

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*Voulant doncques satisfaire à la curiosité de tous bons compagnons, j'ay revolvé toutes les Pantarches des Cieux, calculé les quadrats de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que jamais penserent tous les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces, Uranopetes et Omprophozes.*

RABELAIS.

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A MINUTE'S recollection will carry the reader back to the chapter whereon that accidental immolation took place, which was the means of introducing him to the *bas-bleus* of Poitiers. We were then engaged upon the connection which in Peter Hopkins's time still subsisted between astrology and the practice of medicine.

Court de Gebelin in his great hypothetical,

fanciful, but withal ingenious, erudite, and instructive work, says that the almanack was one of the most illustrious and most useful efforts of genius of the first men, and that a complete history of it would be a precious canvas for the history of the human race, were it not that unfortunately many of the necessary materials have perished. *On peut assurer, he says, que sans almanach, les operations de l'agriculture seroient incertaines ; que les travaux des champs ne se rencontreroient que per hazard dans les tems convenables : qui il n'y auroit ni fêtes ni assemblées publiques, et que la memoire des tems anciens ne seroit qu'un cahos.*

This is saying a little too much. But who is there that has not sometimes occasion to consult the almanack? Maximilian I. by neglecting to do this, failed in an enterprize against Bruges. It had been concerted with his adherents in that turbulent city, that he should appear before it at a certain time, and they would be ready to rise in his behalf, and open the gates for him. He forgot that it was leap year, and came a day too soon; and this error on his part cost many

of the most zealous of his friends their lives. It is remarkable that neither the historian who relates this, nor the writers who have followed him, should have looked in the almanack to guard against any inaccuracy in the relation; for they have fixed the appointed day on the eve of St. Matthias, which being the 23d of February, could not be put out of its course by leap year.

This brings to my recollection a legal anecdote, that may serve in like manner to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinize the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey if I remember rightly) for high-way robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moon-light night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the

alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon ; it was during the dark quarter ! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor however had stated every thing truly ; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the counsel came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

There is a pleasing passage in Sanazzaro's Arcadia, wherein he describes two large beechen tablets, suspended in the temple of Pan, one on each side of the altar, *scritte di rusticane lettere ; le quali successivamente di tempo in tempo per molti anni conservate dai passati pastori, contenevano in se le antiche leggi, e gli ammaestramenti della pastorale vita : dalle quali tutto quello che fra le selve oggi se adopra, ebbe prima origine.* One of these tablets contained directions for the management of cattle. In the other *eran notati tutti i di dell' anno, e i varj mutamenti delle stagioni, e la inequalità delle notte e del giorno, insieme con la osservazione delle ore, non poco necessarie a viventi, e li non*

*falsi pronostici delle tempestati: e quando il Sole con suo nascimento denunzia serenita, e quando pioggia, e quando venti, e quando grandini; e quali giorni son della luna fortunati, e quali infelici alle opre de' mortali: e che ciascuno in ciascuna ora dovesse fuggire, o seguire, per non offendere le osservabili volonta degli Dei.*

It is very probable that Sanazzaro has transferred to his pastoral, what may then have been the actual usage in more retired parts of the country; and that before the invention of printing rendered almanacks accessible to every one, a calendar, which served for agricultural as well as ecclesiastical purposes, was kept in every considerable church. Olaus Magnus says that the northern countrymen used to have a calendar cut upon their walking sticks (*baculos annales*, he calls them); and that when they met at church from distant parts, they laid their heads together and made their computations. The origin of these wooden almanacks, which belong to our own antiquities, as well as to those of Scandinavia, is traced hypothetically

to the heathen temple, authentically to the church. It has been supposed that the Cimbri received the Julian calendar from Cæsar himself, after his conquest as it is called of Britain ; and that it was cut in Runic characters for the use of the priests, upon the rocks, or huge stones, which composed their rude temples, till some one thought of copying it on wood and rendering it portable, for common use :—*donec tandem*, (are Wormius's words), *ingenii rarâ dexteritate emersit ille, quisquis tandem fuerit, qui per lignea hæcce compendia, tam utile tamque necessarium negotium plebi communicandum duxit : cujus nomen si exstaret æquiore jure fastis hisce insereretur, quam multorum tituli, quos boni publici cura vix unquam tetigit.*

The introduction of the Julian calendar at that time is however nothing better than an antiquary's mere dream. At a later period the Germans, who had much more communication with the Romans than ever the Scandinavians had, divided the year into three seasons, if Tacitus was rightly informed ; this being one consequence of the little regard which they paid

to agriculture. *Hyems et ver et æstas intellectum ac vocabula habent ; autumnus perinde nomen ac bona ignorantur.*

Moreover Wormius was assured, (and this was a fact which might well have been handed down by memory, and was not likely to have been recorded), that the wooden almanacks were originally copied from a written one in a very antient manuscript preserved in the church at Drontheim. There is no proof that a pagan *Rimstoke* ever existed in those countries. The clergy had no interest in withholding this kind of knowledge from the people even in the darkest ages of papal tyranny and monkish imposture. But during the earlier idolatries of the Romans it seems to have been withheld ; and it was against the will of the Senate that the *Fasti* were first divulged to the people by Cneius Flavius Scriba.

The carelessness of the Romans during many ages as to the divisions of time, seems scarcely compatible even with the low degree of civilization which they had attained. We are told that when the Twelve Tables were formed, no other



distinctions of the day than those of sunrise and sunset were known among them by name ; that some time after they begun to compute from noon to noon ; and that for three hundred years they had nothing whereby to measure an hour, nor knew of any such denomination, *tamdiu populi Romani indiscreta lux fuit*. A brazen pillar, which marked the hour of noon by its shortest shadow, was the only means of measuring time, till, in the first Punic war, the Consul M. Valerius Messala brought thither a sun-dial from the spoils of Catana in Sicily. This was in the 477th year of the City ; and by that dial the Romans went ninety-nine years without adapting it to the meridian of Rome. A better was then erected ; but they were still without any guide in cloudy weather, till in the year 595 after the building of the City, Scipio Nasica introduced the water-clock, which is said to have been invented about eighty years before by Ctesibius of Alexandria. When the Romans had begun to advance in civilization, no people ever made a more rapid progress in all the arts and abuses which follow in its train. Astrology

came with astronomy from the East, for science had speedily been converted into a craft, and in the age of the Cæsars the Egyptian professors of that craft were among the pests of Rome.

More than one Roman calendar is in existence, preserved by the durability of the material, which is a square block of marble. Each side contains three months, in parallel columns, headed by the appropriate signs of the zodiac. In these the astronomical information was given, with directions for the agricultural business of the month, and notices of the respective gods under whose tutelage the months were placed, and of the religious festivals in their course, with a warning to the husbandmen against neglecting those religious duties, upon the due performance of which the success of their labours depended.

Those learned authors who look in the Scriptures for what is not to be found there, and supply by conjectures whatever they wish to find, have not decided whether astronomy was part of Adam's infused knowledge, or whether it was acquired by him, and his son Seth; but

from Seth they say it descended to Abraham, and he imparted it to the Egyptians. Whatever may be thought of this derivation, the Egyptian mind seems always to have pullulated with superstition, as the slime of their own Nile is said to have fermented into low and loathsome forms of miscreated life. The Rabbis say that ten measures of witchcraft were sent into the world, and Egypt got nine of them.

The Greeks are said to have learnt from the Babylonians the twelve divisions of the day. The arrow-headed inscriptions at Babylon are supposed by some of those who have bestowed most attention upon them to be calendars ; and there can be little doubt that where the divisions of time were first scientifically observed, there the first calendar would be formed. In Egypt however it is that we hear of them first ; and such resemblances exist between the Egyptian calendar, and the oldest of those which have been discovered in the north of Europe, that Court de Gebelin supposes they must have had a common origin, and in an age anterior to those Chaldeans whose astronomical observa-

tions ascended nineteen hundred years before the age of Alexander. This is too wild an assumption to be soberly maintained. What is common to both found its way to Scandinavia in far later times. Christianity was imported into those countries with all the corruptions which it had gathered in the East as well as in the West; and the Christian calendar brought with it as many superstitions of European growth, as there was room for inserting. There was room for many even upon the Norwegian staff.

The lineal descendant of that *rimstoke* was still in use in the middle of England at the close of the 17th century; though it was then, says Plot, a sort of antiquity so little known that it had hardly been heard of in the southern parts, and was understood but by few of the gentry in the northern. Clogg was the English name, whether so called from the word log, because they were generally made of wood, and not so commonly of oak or fir as of box; or from the resemblance of the larger ones to the clogs, “wherewith we restrain the wild, extrava-

gant, mischievous motions of some of our dogs," he knew not. There were some few of brass. Some were of convenient size for the pocket; and there were larger ones, which used to hang at one end of the mantle tree of the chimney for family use; as in Denmark the *rimstoke* was found in every respectable yeoman's house at the head of the table, or suspended from a beam. Plot minutely and carefully described these, and endeavoured, but not always with success, to explain some of the hieroglyphes or symbols by which the festivals were denoted; all which he had seen had only the Prime (or Golden Number) and the immoveable feasts; the Prime, so called as indicating *primas lunas* through the year, our ancestors set in the margin of their calendars in characters of gold,—and thence its other name.

The rudest that has ever been discovered was found in pulling down part of a chateau in Bretagne. Its characters had so magical an appearance, that it would have been condemned by acclamation to the flames, if the Lord of the Chateau had not rescued it, thinking it was

more likely to puzzle an antiquary than to raise the Devil. He sent it to Sainte-Palaye, and M. Lancelot succeeded in fully explaining it. Most barbarous as it was, there is reason for concluding that it was not older than the middle of the 17th century.

In Peter Hopkins's time the clogg was still found in farm houses. He remembered when a countryman had walked to the nearest large town, thirty miles distant, for the express purpose of seeing an almanack, the first that had been heard of in those parts. His enquiring neighbours crowded round the man on his return. "Well—well," said he, "I know not! it maffles and talks. But all I could make out is that Collop Monday falls on a Tuesday next year."

## CHAPTER XCI.

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

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

BAYLE.

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THERE is no superstition, however harmless it may appear, and may indeed long continue to be, but has in it some latent evil. Much has arisen from the distinction of unlucky days, which may very innocently and naturally have originated, though it was afterwards dexterously applied by astrologers, and by the priests of false religions, to their own purposes. No

one would willingly commence an important undertaking on the anniversary of a day which had brought to him some great and irreparable calamity. It would be indecent to fix upon St. Bartholomew's for a day of public rejoicing in France ; or in Portugal upon that day on which Lisbon was laid in ruins by the great earthquake. On the other hand an English General, and an English army, would feel something more than their wonted hope and expectation of victory, if they gave the enemy battle on the anniversaries of Waterloo, or Blenheim, Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. God be thanked neither our fleets, or armies have ever yet caused a day to be noted with black in the English calendar !

But many a good ship has lost that tide which might have led to fortune, because the captain and the crew thought it unlucky to begin their voyage on a Friday. You were in no danger of being left behind by the packet's sailing on that day, however favourable the wind, if it were possible for the captain to devise any excuse for remaining till the morrow in harbour.



Lord Byron partook this superstition ; and if any thing of the slightest importance in which he was concerned were commenced on a Friday, he was seriously disconcerted.

Such however are the effects of superstitious animosity, that (as the Puritans in the next generation made Christmas-day a fast by an ordinance of Parliament) in James the first's reign Friday was kept as a sort of holyday. The biographer of a Spanish lady, who came to England for the purpose of secretly serving the Roman Catholic cause, says " that among her other griefs she had that of hearing the wheel go round, by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on every Friday, delighting to profane with forbidden food that day on which the catholics, by fasting and other works of penitence, manifested their sense, every week throughout the year, of the sufferings of their Lord and Saviour. In all English houses," he says, " both private and public (to which latter great part of the people went for their meals) all kinds of meat roasted and boiled, are seen on Fridays, Good Friday not excepted, as if it

were a land of Jews or Turks. The nobles in particular reserve their feasts and entertainments of all kinds of meats and delicacies for Fridays. It is the sport of the great, and their sort of piety, to testify by these sacrileges their hatred to the Roman church.”

There is probably some exaggeration in this statement; and if the biographer was conversant with the history of his own country, he must have known that there was a time when his own countrymen made it a point of duty to eat pork on Saturdays, for the sake of despising the Jews. But the practice cannot have been so common as he represents it, for if it had, Friday would not have retained its inauspicious character to the present time. Yet even this which is in common opinion the most unlucky of all the days, may, from particular circumstances, deserve it appears to be marked with a white stone. Upon a trial brought at the Chelmsford Assizes, by a disconsolate widow against a faithless suitor, for breach of promise, a letter of the defendant's was produced, containing this

passage : “ Mrs. Martha Harris, you say I have used you ill ; but I do not think I have at all ; for I told you not to count too much, lest something should happen to disappoint. You say the day was mine ; but respecting that, I said, ‘ if before harvest it must be very soon, or it would be in-harvest ;’ and you said ‘ fix any time soon.’ But you said you should like to marry on a Friday, for you thought that a good day ; for on a Friday your husband died, and on a Friday I first came to see you, and Friday was market day.”

Old opinions, however groundless, are not often so easily overcome. The farmer has let precious days pass by without profiting by favourable weather, because he was warned against them by his almanack, or by tradition ; and for the same reason, measures which might have relieved and saved a patient, have been fatally procrastinated. There were about thirty days in the christian year to which such malignant influences were imputed, that the recovery of any person who fell ill upon them was thought

to be almost impossible : in any serious disease how greatly must this persuasion have increased the danger !

More than half the days in the year are unlucky in Madagascar : and the Ombiasses, as the sort of bastard Mahomedan jugglers in that great island are called, have made the deluded people believe that any child born on one of those days, will, if it be allowed to grow up, prove a parricide, be addicted to every kind of wickedness, and moreover be miserable throughout the whole course of its life. The infant is always exposed in consequence ; and unless some humaner parents employ a slave or relation to preserve it, and remove it for ever from their knowledge, it is left for beasts, birds, or reptiles to devour !

The unfortunate days in Christendom, according to the received superstition in different countries, were either a little more or less than thirty,—about a twelfth part of the year ; the fortunate were not quite so many, all the rest are left, if the astrologers had so pleased, in their natural uncertainty. And how uncertain

all were is acknowledged in the oldest didactics upon this subject, after what were then the most approved rules had been given.

“Αἰδε μὲν ἡμέραι εἰσὶν ἐπιχθονίοις μέγ’ ὄνειαρ.  
 “Αἰ δ’ ἄλλαι μεταδουποῖ, ἀκήριοι, οὔτι φερουσαι.  
 Ἄλλος δ’ ἀλλοίην αἰνεῖ, παῦροι δὲ τ’ ἴσασι.  
 Ἄλλοτε μητρυιῇ πελεῖ ἡμέρη, ἄλλοτε μήτηρ.  
 Τάων ἐυδαίμων τε καὶ ὄλβιος ὃς τάδε πάντα  
 Ἐιδὼς ἐργάζεται ἀναίτιος ἀθανάτοισιν,  
 Ὅρονιθας κρίνων, καὶ ὑπερβασίας ἀλεείνων.\*

These are the days of which the careful heed  
 Each human enterprise will favouring speed :  
 Others there are, which intermediate fall,  
 Mark’d with no auspice, and unomen’d all :  
 And these will some, and those will others praise ;  
 But few are vers’d in mysteries of days.  
 Now as a stepmother the day we find  
 Severe, and now as is a mother kind.  
 O fortunate the man ! O blest is he,  
 Who skill’d in these, fulfills his ministry :—  
 He to whose note the auguries are giv’n,  
 No rite transgress’d, and void of blame to Heaven.†

The fixed days for good and evil were said to have been disclosed by an angel to Job. I know not whether it comes from the Rabbinical mint

\* HESIOD.

† ELTON.

of fables that Moses determined upon Saturday for the Israelites' Sabbath, because that day is governed by Saturn, and Saturn being a malignant planet, all manner of work that might be undertaken on the Saturday might be expected not to prosper. The Sabbatarians might have found here an astrological argument for keeping their sabbath on the same day as the Jews.

Sunday however is popularly supposed in France to be a propitious day for a Romish sabbath,—which is far better than a Sir-Andrew-Agnewish one. *Il est reconnu*, says a Frenchman, whose testimony on such a point is not invalidated by his madness,—*que les jours de la semaine ne peuvent se ressembler, puisqu'ils coulent sous l'influence de differentes planettes. Le soleil, qui preside au dimanche, est censé nous procurer un beau jour plus riant que les autres jours de la semaine ; et voila aussi pourquoi on se reserve ce jour pour se livrer aux plaisirs et amusements honnêtes.*

The Jews say that the Sun always shines on Wednesdays, because his birth day was on

Wednesday, and he keeps it in this manner every week. In Feyjoo's time the Spaniards had a proverbial saying, that no Saturday is ever without sunshine ; nor could they be disabused of this notion because in their country it is really a rare thing to have a Saturday, or any other day, in some part or other of which the sun is not seen. But on the Wednesday in Passion week they held that it always rains, because on that day it was that Peter went out and wept bitterly, and they think that it behoves the heavens to weep, after this manner, as if in commemoration of his tears.

The saints indeed have been supposed to affect the weather so much upon their own holidays, that a French Bishop is said to have formed an ingenious project for the benefit of a particular branch of agriculture, by reforming a small part of the Calendar. This prelate was the Bishop of Auxerre, Francis D'Inteville, first of that name. He had observed that for many years the vineyards had suffered severely on certain Saints days, by frost, hail, cold rains or blighting winds, and he had come to the con-

clusion that though the said Saints had their festivals during the time when the sun is passing through Taurus, they were nevertheless *Saints gresleurs, geleurs, et gasteurs du bourgeon*.

Now this Bishop loved good wine, *comme fait tout homme de bien* ; and he conceived that if these foul weather Saints, who seemed in this respect to act as if they had enrolled themselves in a Temperance Society, were to have their days changed, and be callendared between Christmas Day and St. Typhaines, they might hail, and freeze and bluster to their hearts content ; and if their old festivals were assigned to new patrons, who were supposed to have no dislike for vineyards, all would go on well. St. George, St. Mark, St. Philip and St. Vitalis were some of the Saints who were to be provided for at Christmas ; St. Christopher, St. Dominic, St. Laurence and St. Magdalene, the most illustrious of those who should have been installed in their places,—for on their days *tant s'en faut qu'on soit en danger de gelée, que lors mestier au monde n'est qui tant soit de requeste comme est des faiseurs de friscades, et refrais-*



*chisseurs de vin.* These changes however in the Saints' administration were not effected; and it appears by Rabelais' manner of relating the fact, that the Bishop never got from the optative to the potential mood.

Master Rabelais says that the Bishop called the mother of the Three Kings St. Typhaine;— it is certain that such a Saint was made out of *La Sainte Epiphanié*, and that the Three Kings of Cologne were filiated upon her. But whether or not this Prelate were in this respect as ignorant as his flock, he is praised by writers of his own communion for having by his vigilance and zeal kept his diocese as long as he lived, free from the Lutheran pestilence. And he deserves to be praised by others for having given a fine organ to his cathedral, and a stone pulpit, which was scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the whole kingdom.

The Japanese, who are a wise people, have fixed upon the five most unfortunate days in the year for their five great festivals; and this they have done purposely, and prudently, in order by this universal mirth to divert and

propitiate their Camis, or Deities ; and also by their custom on those days of wishing happiness to each other, to avert the mishaps that might otherwise befall them. They too are careful never to begin a journey at an inauspicious time, and therefore in all their road and house books there is a printed table, shewing what days of the month are unfortunate for this purpose : they amount to four and twenty in the year. The wise and experienced Astrologer, Abino Seimei, who invented the table, was a personage endowed with divine wisdom, and the precious gift of prognosticating things to come. It is to be presumed that he derived this from his parentage, which was very remarkable on the mother's side. Take, gentle Reader, for thy contentment, what Lightfoot would have called no lean story.

Prince Abino Jassima was in the Temple of Inari, who, being the God and the Protector of Foxes, ought to have a temple in the Bishoprick of Durham, and in Leicestershire, and wherever Foxes are preserved. Foxes' lungs, it seems, were then as much esteemed as a medicine by

the Japanese, as Fox-glove may be by European physicians ; and a party of Courtiers were fox-hunting at this time in order to make use of the lungs in a prescription. They were in full cry after a young fox, when the poor creature ran into the temple, and instead of looking for protection to the God Inari, took shelter in Prince Jassima's bosom. The Prince on this occasion behaved very well, and the fox-hunters very ill, as it may be feared most foxhunters would do in similar circumstances. They insisted upon his turning the fox out ; he protested that he would commit no such crime, for a crime it would have been in such a case ; they attempted to take the creature by force, and Prince Jassima behaved so bravely that he beat them all, and set the fox at liberty. He had a servant with him, but whether this servant assisted him, has not been recorded ; neither is it stated that the Fox God, Inari, took any part in the defence of his own creature and his princely votary ; though from what followed it may be presumed that he was far from being an unconcerned spectator. I pass over the historical

consequences which make “the hunting of that day” more important in Japanese history, than that of Chevy Chace is in our own. I pass them over because they are not exactly pertinent to this place. Suffice it to say that King Jassima, as he must now be called, revenged his father’s murder upon these very hunters, and succeeded to his throne ; and then, after his victory, the fox appeared, no longer in vulpine form, but in the shape of a lady of incomparable beauty, whom he took to wife, and by whom he became the happy father of our Astrologer, Abino Seimei. Gratitude had moved this alopegyne, gynalopex, fox-lady, or lady-fox, to love ; she told her love indeed,—but she never told her gratitude : nor did King Jassima know, nor could he possibly suspect, that his lovely bride had been that very fox whose life he had with so much generosity and courage preserved,—that very fox, I say, “another and the same ;”—never did he imagine, nor never could he have imagined this, till an extraordinary change took place in his beautiful and beloved wife. Her ears, her nose, her claws and her

tail began to grow, and by degrees this wonderful creature became a fox again! My own opinion is, that she must have been a daughter of the great Fox-God Inari himself.

Abino Seimei, her son, proved to be, as might have been expected, a cunning personage, in the old and good meaning of that word. But as he inherited this cunning from his mysterious mother, he derived also an equal share of benevolence from his kind-hearted father, King Jassima : and therefore, after having calculated for the good of mankind the table of unfortunate days, he, for their farther good, composed an *Uta*, or couplet, of mystical words, by pronouncing which, the poor traveller who is necessitated to begin a journey upon one of those days, may avert all those evils, which, if he were not preserved by such a spell, must infallibly befall him. He did this for the benefit of persons in humble life, who were compelled at any time to go wherever their lords and masters might send them. I know not whether Lord Byron would have ventured to set out on a Friday, after reciting these words, if he had

been made acquainted with their value ; but here they are, expressed in our own characters, to gratify the “ curious in charms.”

Sada Mejesi Tabicatz Fidori Josi Asijwa,  
Omojitatz Figo Kitz Nito Sen.

## CHAPTER XCII.

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

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

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FEW things in this world are useless,—none indeed but what are of man's own invention. It was one of Oberlin's wise maxims that nothing should be destroyed, nothing thrown away, or wasted ; he knew that every kind of refuse which will not serve to feed pigs, may be made to feed both man and beast in another way by

serving for manure : perhaps he learnt this from the Chinese proverb, that a wise man saves even the parings of his nails and the clippings of his beard, for this purpose. “To burn a hair,” says Darwin, “or a straw, unnecessarily, diminishes the sum of matter fit for quick nutrition, by decomposing it nearly into its elements : and should therefore give some compunction to a mind of universal sympathy.” Let not this cant about universal sympathy nauseate a reader of common sense, and make him regard Darwin’s opinion here with the contempt which his affectation deserves. Every thing may be of use to the farmer. And so it is with knowledge ; there is none, however vain in itself and however little it may be worth the pains of acquiring it, which may not at some time or other be turned to account.

Peter Hopkins found that his acquaintance with astrology was sometimes of good service in his professional practice. In his days most of the Almanacs contained Rules Astrological showing under what aspects and positions different modes of remedy were to be administered,



and different complexions were to let blood. He had often to deal with persons who believed in their Almanack as implicitly as in their Bible, and who studied this part of it with a more anxious sense of its practical importance to themselves. When these notions were opposed to the course of proceeding which the case required, he could gain his point by talking to them in their own language, and displaying, if it were called for, a knowledge of the art which might have astonished the Almanack-maker himself. If he had reasoned with them upon any other ground, they would have retained their own opinion, even while they submitted to his authority; and would neither have had faith in him, nor in his prescriptions.

Peter Hopkins would never listen to any patient who proposed waiting for a lucky day before he entered upon a prescribed course of medicine. "Go by the moon as much as you please," he would say; "have your hair cut, if you think best while it waxes, and cut your corns while it wanes; and put off any thing till a lucky day that may as well be done on one day

as another. But the right day to be bled is when you want bleeding; the right day for taking physic is when physic is necessary.”

He was the better able to take this course, because he himself belonged to the debateable land between credulity and unbelief. Some one has said that the Devil’s dubitative is a negative, —*dubius in fide, infidelis est* ;\* and there are cases, as in Othello’s, in which from the infirmity of human nature, it is too often seen that

to be once in doubt

Is—once to be resolved.

There is however a state of mind, or to speak more accurately a way of thinking, in which men reverse the Welshman’s conclusion in the old comedy, and instead of saying ‘it may be, but it is very impossible,’ resolve within themselves that it is very impossible, but it may be. So it was in some degree with Peter Hopkins; his education, his early pursuits, and his turn of mind disposed him to take part with what was then the common opinion of common men,

\* SEXTUS PYTHAGORAS.

and counterbalanced, if they did not perhaps a little preponderate against the intelligence of the age, and his own deliberate judgment if he had been called upon seriously to declare it. He saw plainly that astrology had been made a craft by means whereof knaves practised upon fools ; but so had his own profession ; and it no more followed as a necessary consequence from the one admission that the heavenly bodies exercised no direct influence upon the human frame, than it did from the other that the art of medicine was not beneficial to mankind.

In the high days of astrology when such an immediate influence was affirmed upon the then undisputed authority of St. Augustin, it was asked how it happened that the professors of this science so frequently deceived others, and were deceived themselves ? The answer was that too often instead of confining themselves within the legitimate limits of the art, they enlarged their phylacteries too much. Farther, that there were many more fixed stars than were known to us, yet these also must have their influence ; and moreover that the most

learned professors differed upon some of the most important points. Nevertheless so many causes and effects in the course of nature were so visibly connected, that men, whether astrologers or not, drew from them their own conclusions, and presaged accordingly : *mirum non est, si his et similibus solerter pensiculatis, non tam astrologi quam philosophi, medici, et longá experientiâ edocti agricolæ et nautæ, quotidie de futuris multa vera predicunt, etiam sine astrologiæ regulis de morbis, de annonâ, deque tempestatibus.*

All persons in Peter Hopkins's days believed that change of weather may be looked for at the change of the Moon ; and all men except a few philosophers believe so still, and all the philosophers in Europe could not persuade an old sailor out of the belief. And that the tides have as much influence over the human body in certain stages of disease, as the moon has over the tides, is a popular belief in many parts of the world. The Spaniards think that all who die of chronic diseases breathe their last during the ebb. Among the wonders of

the Isle and City of Cadiz, which the historian of that city, Suares de Salazar, enumerates, one is, according to P. Labat, that the sick never die there while the tide is rising or at its height, but always during the ebb : he restricts the notion to the Isle of Leon, but implies that the effect was there believed to take place in diseases of any kind, acute as well as chronic. “ Him fever,” says the Negro in the West Indies, “ shall go when the water come low. Him alway come hot when the tide high.”

If the Negroes had ever heard the theory of the tides which Herrera mentions, they would readily believe it, and look upon it as completely explaining the ground of their assertion ; for according to that theory the tides are caused by a fever of the sea, which rages for six hours, and then intermits for as many more.

But the effect of the tides upon the human constitution in certain states is not a mere vulgar opinion. Major Moor says that near the tropics, especially in situations where the tide of the sea has a great rise and fall, scarcely any person, and certainly no one affected with fever-

ish or nervous symptoms, is exempted from extraordinary sensations at the periods of spring tides. That these are caused by the changes of the moon he will not say, for he had never fully convinced himself, however plausible the theory, that the coincident phenomena of spring tides, and full and change of the moon, were cause and effect; but at the conjunction and opposition, or what amounts to the same, at the spring tides, these sensations are periodically felt. There is an account of one singular case in which the influence was entirely lunar. When Mr. Galt was travelling in the Morea, he fell in with a peasant, evidently in an advanced stage of dropsy, who told him, that his father had died of a similar complaint, but differing from his in this remarkable respect—the father's continued to grow regularly worse, without any intervals of alleviation; but at the change of the moon the son felt comparatively much easier. As the moon advanced to the full, the swelling enlarged; and as she waned, it again lessened. Still, however, though this alteration continued, the disease was gaining ground.

“The moon,” Mr. Galt observes, “has, or is believed to have, much more to say in the affairs of those parts, than with us. The climate is more regular ; and if the air have tides, like the ocean, of course their effects are more perceptible.”

In an early volume of the Philosophical Transactions are some observations made by Mr. Paschal on the motions of diseases, and on the births and deaths of men and other animals, in different parts of the day and night. Having suspected, he says, that the causes of the tides at sea exert their power elsewhere, though the effect may not be so sensibly perceived on the solid as on the fluid parts of the globe, he divided, for trial of this notion, the natural day into four senaries of hours ; the first consisting of three hours before the moon’s southing, and three after ; the second, of the six hours following ; and the third and fourth contained the two remaining quarters of the natural day. Observing then the times of birth and death, both in human and other subjects, as many as came within the circle of his knowledge, he found, he says, none that were born or died a

natural death in the first and third senaries, (which he called first and second tides,) but every one either in the second or fourth senaries, (which he called the first and second ebbs). He then made observations upon the motions of diseases, other circumstances connected with the human frame, alterations of the weather, and such accounts as he could meet with of earthquakes and other things, and he met with nothing to prevent him from laying down this as a maxim :—that motion, vigour, action, strength, &c., appear most and do best, in the tiding senaries ; and that rest, relaxation, decay, dissolution, belong to the ebbing ones.

This theorist must have been strongly possessed with a favorite opinion, before he could imagine that the deep subterranean causes of earthquakes could in any degree be affected by the tides. But that the same influences which occasion the ebb and flow of the ocean have an effect upon certain diseases, is a conclusion to which Dr. Pinckard came in the West Indies, and Dr. Balfour in the East, from what they observed in the course of their own practice,



and what they collected from the information of others. "In Bengal," Dr. Balfour says, "there is no room to doubt that the human frame is affected by the influences connected with the relative situations of the sun and moon. In certain states of health and vigour, this influence has not power to show itself by any obvious effects, and in such cases its existence is often not acknowledged. But in certain states of debility and disease it is able to manifest itself by exciting febrile paroxysms. Such paroxysms shew themselves more frequently during the period of the spring tides, and as these advance become more violent and obstinate, and on the other hand tend no less invariably to subside and terminate during the recess.

I have no doubt, says this practitioner, that any physician who will carefully attend to the diurnal and nocturnal returns of the tides, and will constantly hold before him the prevailing tendency of fevers to appear at the commencement, and during the period of the spring; and to subside and terminate at the commencement

and during the period of the recess, will soon obtain more information respecting the phenomena of fevers, and be able to form more just and certain judgements and prognostics respecting every event, than if he were to study the history of medicine, as it is now written, for a thousand years. There is no revolution or change in the course of fevers that may not be explained by these general principles in a manner consistent with the laws of the human constitution, and of the great system of revolving bodies which unite together in producing them.

Dr. Balfour spared no pains in collecting information to elucidate and confirm his theory during the course of thirty years practice in India. He communicated upon it with most of the European practitioners in the Company's dominions; and the then Governor General, Lord Teignmouth, considered the subject as so important, that he properly as well as liberally ordered the correspondence and the treatise, in which its results were embodied, to be printed and circulated at the expense of the government. The author drew up his scheme of an Astro-

nomical Ephemeris, for the purposes of Medicine and Meteorology, and satisfied himself that he had “discovered the laws of febrile paroxysms, and unfolded a history and theory of fevers entirely new, consistent with itself in every part, and with the other appearances of nature, perfectly conformable to the laws discovered by the immortal Newton, and capable of producing important improvements in medicine and meteorology. He protested against objections to his theory as if it were connected with the wild and groundless delusions of astrology. Yet the letter of his correspondent, Dr. Helenus Scott, of Bombay, shews how naturally and inevitably it would be connected with them in that country. “The influence of the moon on the human body,” says that physician, “has been observed in this part of India by every medical practitioner. It is universally acknowledged by the doctors of all colours, of all casts, and of all countries. The people are taught to believe it in their infancy, and as they grow up, they acknowledge it from experience. I suppose that in the northern latitudes this

power of the moon is far less sensible than in India. Here we universally think that the state of weakly and diseased bodies is much influenced by its motions. Every full and change increases the number of the patients of every practitioner. That the human body is affected in a remarkable manner by them I am perfectly convinced, and that an attention to the power of the moon is highly necessary to the medical practitioner in India.”

This passage tends to confirm, what indeed no judicious person can doubt, that the application of astrology to medicine, though it was soon perverted, and debased till it became a mere craft, originated in actual observations of the connection between certain bodily affections, and certain times and seasons. Many, if not most of the mischievous systems in physics and divinity have arisen from dim perceptions or erroneous apprehensions of some important truth. And not a few have originated in the common error of drawing bold and hasty inferences from weak premises. Sailors say, what they of all men have most opportunities of ob-

serving, that the moon as it rises clears the sky of clouds : *a puesta del sol*, says a Spanish chronicler, *parescio la luna, e comio poco a poco todas las nuves*. The “learned and reverend” Dr. Goad, sometime Master of Merchant Taylors’ School, published a work “of vast pains, reading and many years experience,” which he called “*Astro-Meteorologia*, or a Demonstration of the Influences of the Stars in the alterations of the Air; proving that there is not an Earthquake, Comet, Parhelia, Halo, Thunder-storm or Tempest, or any other Phenomena, but is referable to its particular planetary aspect, as the subsolar cause thereof.”

## CHAPTER XCIII.

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED  
AND ANSWERED.

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ἽΩ πολλὰ λέξας ἄρτι κἀνόνητ' ἔπη,  
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκέτ' οὐδὲν ;      SOPHOCLES.

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NOVEL readers are sometimes so impatient to know how the story is to end, that they look at the last chapter, and so—escape, should I say—or forfeit that state of agitating suspense in which it was the author or authoress's endeavour to keep them till they should arrive by a regular perusal at the well-concealed catastrophe. It may be apprehended that persons of this temper, having in their composition much more of Eve's curiosity than of Job's patience, will regard with some dis-

pleasure a work like the present, of which the conclusion is not before them ; and some perhaps may even be so unreasonable as to complain that they go through chapter after chapter without making any progress in the story. “What care the Public,” says one of these readers, (for every reader is a self-constituted representative of that great invisible body)—“what do the Public care for Astrology and Almanacks, and the Influence of the Tides upon diseases, and Mademoiselle des Roches’s flea, and the Koran, and the Chronology of this fellow’s chapters, and Potteric Carr, and the Corporation of Doncaster, and the Theory of Signatures, and the Philosophy of the Alchemists, and the Devil knows what besides ! What have these things to do with the subject of the book, and who would ever have looked for them in a Novel ?”

“A Novel do you call it, Mr. Reader ?”

“Yes, Mr. Author, what else should I call it ? It has been reviewed as a Novel and advertised as a Novel.”

“I confess that in this very day’s newspaper

it is advertised as one of four new Novels ; the first in the list being ‘ Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak,’ a Legend of Devon, by Mrs. Bray : the second, ‘ Dacre,’ edited by the Countess of Morley ; Mr. James’s ‘ Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall,’ is the third : fourthly, comes the dear name of ‘ The Doctor ;’ and last in the list, ‘ The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Seventeenth Century.’ ”

I present my compliments to each and all of the authoresses and authors with whom I find myself thus associated. At the same time I beg leave to apologize for this apparent intrusion into their company, and to assure them that the honour which I have thus received has been thrust upon me. Dr. Stegman had four patients whose disease was that they saw themselves double : “ they perceived,” says Mr. Turner, “ another self, exterior to themselves !” I am not one of Dr. Stegman’s patients ; but I see myself double in a certain sense, and in that sense have another and distinct self,—the one incog, the other out of cog. Out of cog I should



be as willing to meet the novelist of the Polish Court, as any other unknown brother or sister of the quill. Out of cog I should be glad to shake hands with Mr. James, converse with him about Charlemagne, and urge him to proceed with his French biography. Out of cog I should have much pleasure in making my bow to Lady Morley or her editee. Out of cog I should like to be introduced to Mrs. Bray in her own lovely land of Devon, and see the sweet innocent face of her humble friend Mary Colling. But without a proper introduction I should never think of presenting myself to any of these persons; and having incog the same sense of propriety as out of cog, I assure them that the manner in which my one self has been associated with them is not the act and deed of my other self, but that of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Longman, my very worthy and approved good publishers.

“ Why, Mr. Author, you do not mean to say that the book is not printed as a novel, does

not appear as one, and is not intended to pass for one. Have you the face to deny it?"

*“Lecteur, mon ami, la demande est bien faite sans doute, et bien apparente; mais la response vous contentera, ou j’ai le sens malgallefretu!”*

*“Lecteur, mon ami!* an Incog has no face. But this I say in the face, or in all the faces, of that Public which has more heads than a Hindu Divinity, that the character and contents of the book were fairly, fully, carefully and considerately denoted,—that is to say, notified or made known, in the title-page. Turn to it, I intreat you, Sir! The first thing which you cannot but notice, is, that it is in motley. Ought you not to have inferred, concerning the author, that in his brain

—he hath strange places cramm’d

With observation, the which he vents

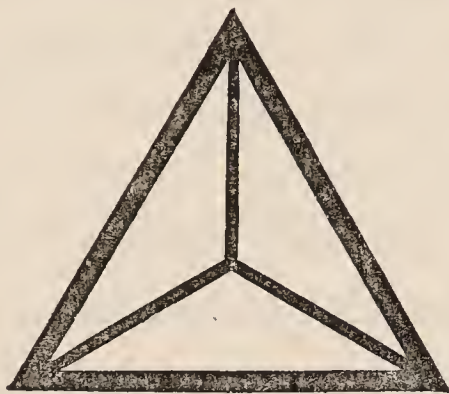
In mangled forms.\*

And if you could fail to perceive the conspicuous and capacious

&c,

\* SHAKESPEARE.

which in its omnisignificance may promise anything, and yet pledges the writer to nothing; and if you could also overlook the mysterious monograph



your attention was invited to all this by a sentence of Butler's on the opposite page, so apposite that it seems as if he had written it with a second-sight of the application thus to be made of it: "There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." This was the remark of one whose wisdom can never be obsolete; and whose wit, though much of it has become so, it will always be worth while for an Englishman to study and to understand.

Mr. D'Israeli has said that "the false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader, and that titles are generally too prodigal of their promises;" but yet there is an error on the other hand to be avoided, for if they say too little they may fail of attracting notice. I bore in mind what Baillet says upon this subject, to which he has devoted a long chapter : *le titre d'un Livre doit être son abrégé, et il en doit renfermer tout l'esprit, autant qu'il est possible. Il doit être le centre de toutes les paroles et de toutes les pensées du Livre ; de telle sorte qu'on n'y en puisse pas même trouver une qui n'y dit de la correspondance et du rapport.* From this rule there has been no departure. Every thing that is said of Peter Hopkins relates to the Doctor prospectively, because he was the Doctor's master : every thing that may be said of, or from myself, relates to the Doctor retrospectively, or reflectively, because he, though in a different sense, was mine : and every thing that is said about anything else, relates to him col-

laterally, being either derivative or tributary, either divergent from the main subject, or convergent to its main end.

But albeit I claim the privilege of motley, and in right thereof

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please ;——\*

yet I have in no instance abused that charter, nor visited any one too roughly. Nor will I ever do against all the world what John Kin-saider did, in unseemly defiance,—nor against the wind either ; though it has been no maxim of mine, nor ever shall be, to turn with the tide, or go with the crowd, unless they are going my road, and there is no other way that I can take to escape the annoyance of their company.

“ And is this any reason, Mr. Author, why you should get on as slowly with the story of your book, as the House of Commons with the business of the nation, in the present reformed Parliament, with Lord Althorpe for its leader ?”

\* SHAKESPEARE.

“ Give me credit, Sir, for a temper as imperturbably good as that which Lord Althorpe presents, like a sevenfold shield of lamb’s wool, to cover him against all attacks, and I will not complain of the disparagement implied in your comparison.”

“ Your confounded good temper, Mr. Author, seems to pride itself upon trying experiments on the patience of your readers. Here I am in the middle of the third volume, and if any one asked me what the book is about, it would be impossible for me to answer the question. I have never been able to guess at the end of one chapter, what was likely to be the subject of the next.

“ Let me reply to that observation, Sir, by an anecdote. A collector of scarce books was one day showing me his small but curious hoard ; ‘ Have you ever seen a copy of this book ? ’ he asked, with every rare volume that he put into my hands : and when my reply was that I had not, he always rejoined with a look and tone of triumphant delight, ‘ I should have been exceedingly sorry if you had ! ’

“ Let me tell you another anecdote, not less to the purpose. A thorough-bred fox-hunter found himself so much out of health a little before the season for his sport began, that he took what was then thought a long journey to consult a physician, and get some advice which he hoped would put him into a condition for taking the field. Upon his return his friends asked him what the Doctor had said, ‘ Why,’ said the Squire, ‘ he told me that I’ve got a dyspepsy:—I don’t know what that is: but it’s some damn’d thing or other I suppose!’— My good Sir, however much at a loss you may be to guess what is coming in the next chapter, you can have no apprehension that it may turn out anything like what he, with too much reason, supposed a dyspepsy to be.

“ *Lecteur, mon ami*, I have given you the advantage of a motto from Sophocles, and were it as apposite to me, as it seems applicable when coming from you, I might content myself with replying to it in a couplet of the honest old wine-bibbing, Water-poet:—

That man may well be called an idle mome  
That mocks the Cock because he wears a comb.

But no one who knows a hawk from a hernshaw, or a sheep's head from a carrot, or the Lord Chancellor Brougham in his wig and robes, from a Guy Vaux on the fifth of November, can be so mistaken in judgment as to say that I make use of many words in making nothing understood ; nor as to think me,

*ἄνθρωπον ἀγριοποιόν, ἀθαδόστομον,  
ἔχοντ' ἀχαλινον, ἀκρατῆς, ἀπύλωτον στόμα,  
ἀπεριλάλητον, κομποφακελοῤῥήμονα.\**

Any subject is inexhaustible if it be fully treated of ; that is, if it be treated doctrinally and practically, analytically and synthetically, historically and morally, critically, popularly and eloquently, philosophically, exegetically and æsthetically, logically, neologically, etymologically, archaiologically, Daniologically and Doveologically, which is to say, summing up all in one, Doctorologically.

\* ARISTOPHANES.



Now, my good Reader, whether I handle my subject in any of these ways, or in any other legitimate way, this is certain, that I never handle it as a cow does a musquet; and that I have never wandered from it, not even when you have drawn me into a Tattle-de-Moy.

“*Auctor incomparabilis*, what is a Tattle-de-Moy?”

“*Lecteur mon ami*, you shall now know what to expect in the next chapter, for I will tell you there what a Tattle-de-Moy is.”

## CHAPTER XCIV.

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCIES TO THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS.

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

HIGGINS.

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A **TATTLE-DE-MOY**, reader, was “ a new-fashioned thing ” in the year of our Lord 1676, “ much like a Seraband, only it had in it more of conceit and of humour : and it might supply the place of a seraband at the end of a suit of lessons at any time.” That simple-hearted, and therefore happy old man, Thomas Mace, invented it himself, because he would be a little modish, he said ; and he called it a Tattle-de-Moy, “ because it tattles, and seems to speak those very words or syllables. Its humour,” said he, “ is toyish, jocund, harmless and pleasant ; and

as if it were one playing with, or tossing, a ball up and down : yet it seems to have a very solemn countenance, and like unto one of a sober and innocent condition, or disposition ; not antic, apish, or wild.”

If indeed the gift of prophecy were imparted, or imputed to musicians as it has sometimes been to poets, Thomas Mace might be thought to have unwittingly foreshewn certain characteristics of the unique opus which is now before the reader : so nearly has he described them when instructing his pupils how to give right and proper names to all lessons they might meet with.

“ There are, first, Preludes ; then, secondly, Fancies and Voluntaries ; thirdly, Pavines ; fourthly, Allmaines ; fifthly, Airs ; sixthly, Galliards ; seventhly, Corantoes ; eighthly, Serabands ; ninthly, Tattle-de-Moys ; tenthly, Chichonas ; eleventhly, Toys or Jiggs ; twelfthly, Common Tunes ; and, lastly, Grounds, with Divisions upon them.

“ The Prelude is commonly a piece of confused, wild, shapeless kind of intricate play, (as most

use it) in which no perfect form, shape, or uniformity can be perceived ; but a random business, pottering and grooping, up and down, from one stop, or key, to another ; and generally so performed, to make trial, whether the instrument be well in tune or not ; by which doing after they have completed their tuning, they will (if they be masters) fall into some kind of voluntary or fancical play more intelligible ; which (if he be a master able) is a way whereby he may more fully and plainly shew his excellency and ability, than by any other kind of undertaking ; and has an unlimited and unbounded liberty, in which he may make use of the forms and shapes of all the rest.”

Here the quasi-prophetic lutanist may seem to have described the ante-initial chapters of this opus, and those other pieces which precede the beginning thereof, and resemble

A lively prelude, fashioning the way  
In which the voice shall wander.\*

For though a censorious reader will pick out

\* KEATS.

such expressions only as may be applied with a malign meaning ; yet in what he may consider confused and shapeless, and call pottering and grooping, the competent observer will recognize the hand of a master, trying his instrument and tuning it ; and then passing into a voluntary whereby he approves his skill, and foreshows the spirit of his performance.

The Pavines, Master Mace tells us, are lessons of two, three, or four strains, very grave and solemn ; full of art and profundity, but seldom used in “ these our light days,” as in many respects he might well call the days of King Charles the Second. Here he characterises our graver Chapters, which are in strains so deep, so soothing, and so solemn withal, that if such a Pavine had been played in the hall of the palace at Aix, when King Charlemagne asked the Archbishop to dance, the invitation could not have been deemed indecorous.

Allmaines are very airy and lively, and generally in common or plain time. Airs differ from them only in being usually shorter, and of a more rapid and nimble performance.—With

many of these have the readers of the Doctor been amused.

Galliards, being grave and sober, are performed in a slow and large triple time. Some of the chapters relating to the history of Doncaster come under this description : especially that concerning its Corporation, which may be called a Galliard *par excellence*.

The Corantoes are of a shorter cut, and of a quicker triple time, full of sprightfulness and vigour, lively, brisk and cheerful : the Serabands of the shortest triple time, and more toyish and light than the Corantoes. There are of both kinds in these volumes, and skilfully are they alternated with the Pavines :

Now the musician

Hovers with nimble stick o'er squeaking crowd

Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat—\*

and anon a strain is heard—

Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,

With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain

From mortal or immortal minds.†

\* MARSTON.

† MILTON.

And there are Chichonas also, which consist of a few conceited notes in a grave kind of humour ; these are the Chapters which the Honourable Fastidious Feeblewit condemns as being in bad taste, and which Lord Makemotion Ganderman pronounces poor stuff ; but at which Yorickson smiles, Macswift's countenance brightens, and Fitzrabelais laughs outright.

No prophecies can be expected to go upon all fours ; and nothing in this opus corresponds to Master Mace's Toys, or Jiggs, which are " light, squibbish things, only fit for fantastical and easy light-headed people ;" nor to his common Tunes.

Last in his enumeration is the Ground : this, he says, is " a set number of slow notes, very grave and stately ; which, after it is expressed once or twice very plainly, then he that hath good brains and a good hand, undertakes to play several divisions upon it, time after time, till he has shewed his bravery, both of invention and execution." My worthy friend Dr. Dense can need no hint to make him perceive how happily this applies to the ground of the present

work, and the manner of treating it. And if Mr. Dulman disputes the application, it can only be because he is determined not to see it. All his family are remarkable for obstinacy.

And here taking leave for awhile of the good old lutanist, I invite the serious and the curious to another Pavine among the stars.



## CHAPTER XCV.

WHEREIN MENTION IS MADE OF LORD BYRON, RON-  
SARD, RABBI KAPOL AND CO. IT IS SUGGESTED  
THAT A MODE OF READING THE STARS HAS BEEN  
APPLIED TO THE RECOVERY OF OBLITERATED RO-  
MAN INSCRIPTIONS ; AND IT IS SHOWN THAT A MA-  
THEMATICIAN MAY REASON MATHEMATICALLY, AND  
YET LIKE A FOOL.

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

DOCTOUR DOUBBLE-ALE.

---

LORD BYRON calls the Stars the poetry of  
heaven, having perhaps in mind, Ben Jonson's

expression concerning bell-ringing. Ronsard calls them the characters of the sky :

—*Alors que Vesper vient embrunir nos yeux,*  
*Attaché dans le ciel je contemple les cieux,*  
*En qui Dieu nous escrit, en notes non obscures,*  
*Les sorts et les destins de toutes creatures.*  
*Car luy, en desdaignant (comme font les humains)*  
*D'avoir encre et papier et plume entre les mains,*  
*Par les astres du ciel, qui sont ses caracteres,*  
*Les choses nous predict et bonnes et contraires.*  
*Mais les hommes, chargez de terres et du trespas,*  
*Meprisent tel escrit, et ne le lisent pas.*

The great French poet of his age probably did not know that what he thus said was actually believed by the Cabalists. According to them the ancient Hebrews represented the stars, severally and collectively, by the letters of their alphabet; to read the stars, therefore, was more than a metaphorical expression with them. And an astral alphabet for genethliacal purposes was published near the close of the fifteenth century, at Cracow, by Rabbi Kapol Ben Samuel, in a work entitled “The Profundity of Profundities.”

But as this would rest upon an insecure foun-

dation,—for who could be assured that the alphabet had been accurately made out?—it has been argued that the Heavens are repeatedly in the Scriptures called a Book, whence it is to be inferred that they contain legible characters : that the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis ought to be translated, “ In the beginning God created the letter, or character of the Heavens ;” and that in the nineteenth Psalm we should read “ their line,” instead of “ their sound has gone forth into all lands,” this referring to their arrangement in the firmament like letters upon a roll of parchment. Jews, Platonists and Fathers of the Church, are shewn to have believed in this celestial writing. And there can be no question but that both the language and the characters must be Hebrew, that being the original speech, and those the original characters, and both divinely communicated to man, not of human invention. But single stars are not to be read as letters, as in the Astral Alphabet. This may be a convenient mode of noting them in astronomical observations ; the elements of this celestial science are more recondite

in proportion as the science itself is more mysterious. An understanding eye may distinguish that the stars in their groups form Hebrew letters, instead of those imaginary shapes which are called the signs of the Zodiac.

But as the Stars appear to us only as dots of light, much skill and sagacity are required for discovering how they combine into the complex forms of the Hebrew alphabet. The astral scholar reads them as antiquaries have made out inscriptions upon Roman buildings by the marks of the nails, when the letters themselves had been torn away by rapacious hands for the sake of the metal. Indeed it is not unlikely that the Abbé Barthelemi took the hint from the curiously credulous work of his countryman, Gaffarel, who has given examples of this celestial writing from the Rabbis Kapol, Chomer and Abiudan. In these examples the stars are represented by white spots upon the black lines of the Hebrew letter. The Abbé, when he writes upon this subject to Count Caylus, seems not to have known that Peiresc had restored ancient inscriptions by the same means; if,

however, he followed the example of Peiresc without chusing to mention his name, that omni-erudite man himself is likely to have seen the books from whence Gaffarel derived his knowledge.

There is yet another difficulty ; even the book of Heaven is not stereotyped ; its types are continually changing with the motion of the heavenly bodies, and changes of still greater importance are made by the appearance of new stars.

One important rule is to be observed in perusing this great stelliscript. He who desires to learn what good they prefigure, must read them from West to East ; but if he would be forewarned of evil, he must read from North to West ; in either case beginning with the stars that are most vertical to him. For the first part of this rule, no better reason has been assigned than the conjectural one, that there is a propriety in it, the free and natural motion of the stars being from West to East ; but for the latter part a sufficient cause is found in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah : *septentrione*

*pandetur malum.* “ Out of the North evil shall break forth.”

Dionyse Settle was persuaded that Martin Frobisher, being a Yorkshire-man, had, by his voyage in search of a north-west passage, repelled the rehearsal of those opprobrious words ; not only he, but many worthy subjects more, as well as the said Dionyse, who was in the voyage himself, being “ Yorkshire too.”

But why should evil come from the North ? “ I conceive,” says Gaffarel, “ it would stand with sound philosophy to answer, by reason of the darkness and gloominess of the air of those parts, caused by the great distance of the Sun ; and also by reason of the Evil Spirits which inhabit dark places.” This reason becomes stronger when it is considered that the word which in the Vulgate is rendered *pandetur*, may also be rendered *depingetur*, so that the verse might be translated, “ all evils shall be described (or written), from the North ;” and if written, then certainly to be read from that direction.

This theory of what Southey has called “ the

language of the lights of Heaven," is Jewish. Abu Almasar (nominally well known as Albu-mazar, by which name the knaves called him who knew nothing of him or his history), derived all religions from the Planets. The Chaldean, he said, was produced by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mars ; the Egyptian, by Jupiter with the Sun ; Judaism, by Jupiter with Saturn ; Christianity, by Jupiter with Mercury ; Mahomedanism, by Jupiter with Venus. And in the year 1460, when, according to his calculation, the conjunction of Jupiter and Mercury would again occur, he predicted that the Christian religion would receive its death blow, and the religion of Antichrist begin. Pursuing these fancies, others have asserted that the reason why the Jewish nation always has been miserable, and always must be so, is because their religion was formed under the influences of Saturn :—

Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.\*

\* WALLENSTEIN.

A malevolent planet he is, and also an unfortunate one, and it was he that

With lead-coloured shine lighting it into life,\*

threw a tincture of severity and moroseness over the religion of the Jews; he it was that made them obstinate and covetous, and their Sabbath accordingly is his day. In like manner the character of the Turks and their day of rest have been determined by the planet Venus, which is the star of their religion. And as Christianity began under the influence of the Sun, Sunday is the Christian Sabbath; and the visible head of the Christian Church has his seat in Rome, which is a solar city, its foundations having been laid when the Sun was in Leo, his proper House. Farther proof of this influence is, that the Cardinals wear red, which is a solar colour.

Dr. Jenkin, in his Discourses upon the Reasonableness and certainty of the Christian Religion, takes into his consideration the opinion of those persons who thought that the stars

\* WAI LENSTEIN.



would shine to little purpose unless there were other habitable worlds besides this earth whereon we dwell. One of the uses for which they serve he supposes to be this, that in all ages the wits of many men whose curiosity might otherwise be very ill employed, have been busied in considering their end and nature, and calculating their distances and motions :—a whimsical argument, in advancing which he seems to have forgotten the mischievous purposes to which so much of the wit which had taken this direction had been applied.

Yet these fancies of the wildest astrologers are not more absurd than the grave proposition of John Craig, whose “*Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*” were published in London at the close of the 17th century. He asserted, and pretended to show by mathematical calculations, that the probability of the truth of the Gospel history was as strong at that time, as it would have been in the days of our Saviour himself, to a person who should have heard it related by twenty-eight disciples ; but that, upon the same mathematical grounds,

the probability will entirely cease by the year 3150; there would then be no more faith on earth, and, consequently, according to St. Luke, the world would then be at an end, and the Son of Man would come to judge the quick and the dead.

Bayle always ridiculed that sort of evidence which is called mathematical demonstration.

## CHAPTER XCVI.

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

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

BUSONE DA GUBBIO.

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WHEN Miller talked of his friend Herschel's good fortune, and of his astronomical discoveries, and of his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who, while in his absence she could get possession of his twenty-feet reflector, amused herself with sweeping the sky, and searching for comets in the neighbourhood of the sun, the warm-hearted and musical-minded man used to wish that the science of acoustics had

been advanced in the same degree as that of optics, and that his old friend, when he gave up music as a profession, had still retained it as a pursuit ; for, had he constructed auditory tubes of proportionate power and magnitude to his great telescope, “ who knows,” said Miller, “ but we might have been enabled to hear the music of the spheres !” Pythagoras used to listen to that music, when he retired into the depths of his own being ; and, according to his disciples, to him alone of all mortals has it been audible. But philosophers in modern times have thought that the existence of this music is more than an enthusiast’s dream, a poet’s fiction, or an impostor’s fable. They say it may be inferred as probable from some of Newton’s discoveries ; and as a consequence of that principle of harmony which in some parts of the system of nature is so clearly shown, and in others so mysteriously indicated.

As for the Doctor, when Miller talked to him of Miss Herschel’s performances in sky-sweeping and comet-hunting, it reminded him of the nursery song, and he quoted the lines,

Old woman, old woman whither so high ?  
 I'm going to sweep cobwebs off the sky,  
 And I shall be back again by and bye :

not meaning, however, any disrespect to the lady, nor knowing any thing of her age.

Herschel would have opened no new field of speculation for Peter Hopkins, if Hopkins had lived till that day ; but he would have eradicated the last remains of his lurking belief in astrology, by showing how little those who pretended to read the stars, had seen or known of them. The old man would have parted with it easily, though he delighted in obsolete knowledge, and took as much interest in making himself acquainted with the freaks of the human mind, as with the maladies of the human frame. He thought that they belonged to the same study ; and the affection which he had so soon contracted for his pupil, was in no small degree occasioned by his perceiving in him a kindred disposition. Mr. Danby says, “ there is perhaps more of instinct in our feelings than we are aware of, even in our esteem of each other ;”

it is one of the many wise remarks of a thoughtful man.

This intellectual sympathy contributed much to the happiness of both, and no little to the intellectual progress of the younger party. But Hopkins's peculiar humour had rendered him indifferent upon some points of great moment. It had served as a prophylactic against all political endemics, and this had been a comfortable security for him in times when such disorders were frequent and violent; and when though far less malignant than those of the present age, they were far more dangerous, in individual cases. The reader may perhaps remember (and if not, he is now reminded of it), how, when he was first introduced to Peter Hopkins, it was said that any king would have had in him a quiet subject, and any church a contented conformist. He troubled himself with no disputations in religion, and was troubled with no doubts, but believed what he was taught to believe, because he had been taught to believe it; and owing to the same facility of mind, under any change of

dynasty, or revolution of government that could have befallen, he would have obeyed the ruling power. Such would always be the politics of the many, if they were let alone; and such would always be their religion. As regards the civil point this is the best condition in which a people can be, both for themselves and their rulers; and if the laws be good and well administered, the form of government is good so far as it is causative of those effects, and so far as it is not causative, it is a trifle for which none but fools would contest. The proper end of all government being the general good, provided that good be attained it is infinitesimally insignificant by what means. That it can be equally attained under any form, is not asserted here. The argument from the analogy of nature which might seem to favour such an assertion cannot be maintained. The Bees have their monarchy, and the Ants their republic; but when we are told to go to the Ant and the Bee, and consider their ways, it is not that we should borrow from them formic laws or apian policy. Under the worst scheme of govern-

ment the desired end would be in a great degree attainable, if the people were trained up as they ought to be in the knowledge of their Christian duties; and unless they are so trained, it must ever be very imperfectly attained under the best.

Forms of government alone deserving to be so called of whatever kind, are here intended, not those of savage or barbarous times and countries. Indeed it is only in advanced stages of society that men are left sufficiently to themselves to become reasonably contented; and then they may be expected, like our friend Peter Hopkins, to be better subjects than patriots. It is desirable that they should be so. For good subjects promote the public good at all times, and it is only in evil times that patriots are wanted,—such times as are usually brought on by rash, or profligate and wicked men, who assume the name.

From this political plasticity, in his days and in his station, no harm could arise either to himself or others. But the same temperament in religion, though doubtless it may reach the



degree of saving faith, can hardly consist with an active and imaginative mind. It was fortunate therefore for the Doctor, that he found a religious friend in Mr. Bacon. While he was at Leyden his position in this respect had not been favorable. Between the Dutch language and the Burgemeester's daughter, St. Peter's Kirk had not been a scene of much devotion for him. Perhaps many Churches in his own Country might have produced no better effect upon him at that time of life ; but the loose opinions which Bayle had scattered were then afloat in Holland, and even these were less dangerous to a disposition such as his, than the fierce Calvinistic tenets by which they were opposed. The former might have beguiled him into scepticism, the latter might have driven him into unbelief, if the necessary attention to his professional studies, and an appetite for general knowledge, which found full employment for all leisure hours, had not happily prevented him from entering without a guide upon a field of enquiry, where he would either have been en-

tangled among thorns, or beset with snares and pitfalls.

True indeed it is that nothing but the most injurious and inevitable circumstances could have corrupted his natural piety, for it had been fostered in him by his father's example, and by those domestic lessons which make upon us the deepest and most enduring impressions. But he was not armed, as it behoved him to be, against the errors of the age, neither those which like the pestilence walked in noon day, nor those which did their work insidiously and in darkness.

Methodism was then in its rampant stage; the founders themselves had not yet sobered down; and their followers, though more decent than the primitive Quakers, and far less offensive in their operations, ran, nevertheless, into extravagancies which made ill-judging magistrates slow in protecting them against the insults and outrages of the rabble. The Dissenters were more engaged in controversy amongst themselves than with the Establishment; their old

heaven had at that time no mass whereon to work, but it was carefully preserved. The Nonjurors, of all sects (if they may be called a sect), the most respectable in their origin, were almost extinct. The Roman Catholics were quiet, in fear of the laws,—no toleration being then professed for a Church which proclaimed, and every where acted upon, the principle of absolute intolerance; but there were few populous parts of the kingdom in which there was not some secular priest, or some regular, not indeed

Black, white and grey with all their trumpery,

for neither the uniform nor the trumpery were allowed,—but Monk, or Friar or Jesuit in lay-clothing, employed in secretly administering to the then decreasing numbers of their own communion, and recruiting them whenever they safely could; but more generally venturing no farther than to insinuate doubts, and unsettle the belief, of unwary and unlearned members of the established religion, for this could always be done with impunity. And in this they aided, and were aided by, those who in that age were

known by the name, which they had arrogated to themselves, of Free-thinkers.

There was among the higher classes in those days a fashion of infidelity, imported from France; Shaftesbury and "the cankered Bolingbroke" (as Sir Robert Walpole used justly to call that profligate statesman), were beholden for their reputation more to this, than to any solidity of talents, or grace of style. It had made much less way in middle life than in the higher and lower ranks; for men in middle life, being generally trained up when children in the way they should go, were less likely to depart from it than those who were either above or below them in station; indeed they were not exposed to the same dangers. The principles which were veiled, but not disguised, by Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and exposed in their nakedness by Wilkes and his blasphemous associates at their orgies, were discussed in the Robin Hood Society, by men who were upon the same level with the holders-forth at the Rotunda in our own times, but who differed from them in these respects, that they neither

made a trading profession of impiety, nor ventured into the treason-line.

Any man may graduate in the schools of Irreligion and Mispolicy, if he have a glib tongue and a brazen forehead ; with these qualities, and a small portion of that talent which is producible on demand, he may take a wrangler's degree. Such men were often met with in the common walks of society, before they became audacious enough to show themselves upon the public theatre, and aspire to form a party in the state. Peter Hopkins could listen to them just with as much indifference as he did to a Jacobite, a Nonjuror, or one to whom the memory of Oliver and the Saints in buff was precious. The Doctor, before he happily became acquainted with Mr. Bacon, held his peace when in the presence of such people, but from a different cause : for though his heart rose against their discourse, and he had an instinctive assurance that it was equally pernicious and false, he had not so stored himself with needful knowledge as to be able to confute the common places of an infidel propagandist. But

it has an ill effect upon others, when a person of sounder judgment and more acquirements than themselves, remains silent in the company of such talkers ; for, from whatever motive his silence may proceed, it is likely to be considered, both by the assailants of the truth, and by the listeners, as an admission of his inability to maintain the better cause. Great evil has arisen to individuals, and to the community, from allowing scoffers to go unrebuked in private life ; and fallacies and falsehoods to pass uncontradicted and unexposed in those channels through which poison is conveyed to the public mind.

## CHAPTER XCVII.

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE. CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

TIME AND CHANGE. WILKIE AND THE MONK IN  
THE ESCURIAL.

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

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IN a Scotch village the Manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best ; almost, indeed, what in old times the Mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is

the result and the reward of order and neatness : and when the reunion which blessed them both, rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learnt there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep every thing in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty ; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character, or the other, or takes a type of in-



sanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found ; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterize, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence,—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father,—to say to Him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, “Thy will be done !”—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away, as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which perhaps none but the afflicted heart is capable,—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires.

This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favored by the Gods: *ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκουσιν*. It was because he was “a mere philosopher,” that he failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that “blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit.” And the heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest distress, hath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What if she had been summoned in the

flower of her years, and from a state of connubial happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted,—how surely must it have faded! how easily might that happiness have been interrupted by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solicitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were sinful as well as selfish to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was that he loved her too well to bring her

again into this world of instability and trial.  
Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

*Ah ! male FORTUNÆ devota est ara MANENTI !*

*Fallit, et hæc nullas accipit ara preces.\**

All things here are subject to Time and Mutability :

*Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,*

*Hora furaci rapiet sinistrâ.†*

We must be in Eternity before we can be secure against change. “ The world,” says Cowper, “ upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.”

It was to the perfect Order he should find in that state upon which he was about to enter, that the judicious Hooker looked forward at his death with placid and profound contentment. Because he had been employed in contending against a spirit of insubordination and schism which soon proved fatal to his country ; and because his life had been passed under the perpetual discomfort of domestic discord, the

\* WALLIUS.

† CASIMIR.

happiness of Heaven seemed, in his estimation, to consist primarily in Order, as indeed in all human societies this is the first thing needful. The discipline which Mr. Bacon had undergone was very different in kind : what he delighted to think, was, that the souls of those whom death and redemption have made perfect, are in a world where there is no change, nor parting, where nothing fades, nothing passes away and is no more seen, but the good and the beautiful are permanent.

*Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone ;*

*Ma, chi non ve la pone ?\**

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, " I have sate daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years ; during that time my companions have dropt off, one after another,—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself ; more than one

\* PETRARCH.

generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged ! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows !”

I wish I could record the name of the Monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

“ The shows of things are better than themselves,” says the author of the Tragedy of Nero, whose name also, I could wish had been forthcoming ; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles :—

‘Ορῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν  
 “Εἰδῶλ’, ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.\*

These are reflections which should make us think

Of that same time when no more change shall be,  
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd  
 Upon the pillars of Eternity,  
 That is contraire to mutability ;  
 For all that moveth doth in change delight :  
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight,  
 O that great Sabaoth God grant me that sabbath’s sight !†

\* SOPHOCLES.

† SPENCER.

## CHAPTER XCVIII.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE  
SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

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

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

WITHER.

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THERE is a book written in Latin by the Flemish  
 Jesuit Sarasa, upon the Art of rejoicing always

in obedience to the Apostle's precept,—‘*Ars semper gaudendi, demonstrata ex solâ consideratione Divinæ Providentiæ.*’ Leibnitz and Wolf have commended it; and a French Protestant minister abridged it under the better title of *L’Art de se tranquiliser dans tous les evenemens de la vie.* “I remember,” says Cowper, “reading many years ago, a long treatise on the subject of consolation, written in French; the author’s name I have forgotten; but I wrote these words in the margin,—‘special consolation!’ at least for a Frenchman, who is a creature the most easily comforted of any in the world!” It is not likely that this should have been the book which Leibnitz praised; nor would Cowper have thus condemned one which recommends the mourner to seek for comfort, where alone it is to be found, in resignation to God’s will, and in the prospect of the life to come. The remedy is infallible for those, who, like Mr. Bacon, faithfully pursue the course that the only true philosophy prescribes.

At first, indeed, he had felt like the bereaved



maiden in Schiller's tragedy, and could almost have prayed like her, for a speedy deliverance,—

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
 Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.  
 Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück !  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

But even at first the sense of parental duty withheld him from such a prayer. The grief, though “ fine, full, perfect,” was not a grief that

violenter in a sense as strong  
 As that which causeth it.\*

There was this to compress, as it were, and perhaps to mitigate it, that it was wholly confined to himself, not multiplied among others, and reflected from them. In great public calamities when fortunes are wrecked in revolutionary storms, or families thinned or swept off by pestilence, there may be too many who look upon it as

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*;†

\* SHAKSPEARE.

† INCERTI AUCTORIS.

and this is not so much because

— fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,\*

and that

— the mind much sufferance doth oerskip  
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship\*

as because the presence of a fellow sufferer at such times calls forth condolence, when that of one who continues in the sunshine of fortune might provoke an envious self-comparison, which is the commonest of all evil feelings. But it is not so with those keener griefs which affect us in our domestic relations. The heart-wounds which are inflicted by our fellow creatures, are apt to fester: those which we receive in the dispensations of Almighty wisdom and the course of nature, are remedial and sanative. There are some fruits which must be punctured before they can ripen kindly; and there are some hearts which require an analogous process.

He and Margaret had been all in all to each other, and the child was too young to understand her loss, and happily just too old to feel

it as an infant would have felt it. In the sort of comfort which he derived from this sense of loneliness, there was nothing that resembled the pride of stoicism; it was a consideration that tempered his feelings and assisted in enabling him to control them, but it concentrated and perpetuated them.

Whether the souls of the departed are cognizant of what passes on earth, is a question which has been variously determined by those who have reasoned concerning the state of the dead. Thomas Burnet was of opinion that they are not, because they “rest from their labours.” And South says, “it is clear that God sometimes takes his Saints out of the world for this very cause, that they may not see and know what happens in it. For so says God to King Josiah, ‘Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace; neither shall thy eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and the inhabitants thereof.’” This he adduces as a conclusive argument against the invocation of Saints, saying the “discourse would

have been hugely absurd and inconsequent, if so be the saints separation from the body gave them a fuller and a clearer prospect into all the particular affairs and occurrences that happen here upon earth.”

Aristotle came to an opposite conclusion; he thought not only that the works of the deceased follow them, but that the dead are sensible of the earthly consequences of those works, and are affected in the other world by the honour or the reproach which is justly ascribed to their memory in this. So Pindar represents it as one of the enjoyments of the blessed, that they behold and rejoice in the virtues of their posterity :

Ἔστι δὲ καὶ τι θανόντεσσιν μέρος  
 Καννόμον ἐρδόμενον,  
 Κατακρύπτει δ' οὐ κόνις  
 Συγγόνων κεδνὰν χάριν.\*

So Sextus, or Sextius, the Pythagorean, taught; “*immortales crede te manere in judicio honores et pœnas.*” And Bishop Ken deemed

\* PINDAR.

it would be an addition to his happiness in Paradise, if he should know that his devotional poems were answering on earth the purpose for which he had piously composed them :

— should the well-meant songs I leave behind  
 With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,  
 'Twill heighten even the joys of Heaven to know  
 That in my verse the Saints hymn God below.

The *consensus gentium universalis*, is with the Philosophers and the Bishop, against South and Burnet : it affords an argument which South would not have disregarded, and to which Burnet has, on another occasion, triumphantly appealed.

All sacrifices to the dead, and all commemorations of them, have arisen from this opinion, and the Romish Church established upon it the most lucrative of all its deceitful practises. Indeed the belief in apparitions, could not prevail without it ; and that belief, which was all but universal a century ago, is still, and ever will be held by the great majority of mankind. Call it a prejudice if you will : “ what is an universal

prejudice," says Reginald Heber, "but the voice of human nature?"—And Shakespeare seems to express his own opinion when he writes, "They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

That the spirits of the departed are permitted to appear only for special purposes, is what the most credulous believer in such appearances would probably admit, if he reasoned at all upon the subject. On the other hand, they who are most incredulous on this point, would hardly deny that to witness the consequences of our actions may be a natural and just part of our reward or punishment in the intermediate state. We may well believe that they whom faith has sanctified, and who upon their departure join the spirits of the "just made perfect," may at once be removed from all concern with this world of probation, except so far as might

add to their own happiness, and be made conducive to the good of others, in the ways of Providence. But by parity of reason, it may be concluded that the sordid and the sensual, they whose affections have been set upon worldly things, and who are of the earth earthy, will be as unable to rise above this earth, as they would be incapable of any pure and spiritual enjoyment. “He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.” When life is extinguished, it is too late for them to struggle for deliverance from the body of that death, to which, while the choice was in their power, they wilfully and inseparably bound themselves. The popular belief that places are haunted where money has been concealed (as if where the treasure was and the heart had been, there would the miserable soul be also), or where some great and undiscovered crime has been committed, shews how consistent this is with our natural sense of likelihood and fitness.

There is a tale in the Nigaristan of Kemal-Pascha-zade, that one of the Sultans of Khorassan saw in a dream, Mahmoud a hundred

years after his death, wandering about his palace,—his flesh rotten, his bones carious, but his eyes full, anxious and restless. A dervise who interpreted the dream, said that the eyes of Mahmoud were thus troubled, because the kingdom, his beautiful spouse, was now in the embrace of another.

This was that great Mahmoud the Gaznevide, who was the first Mohammedan conqueror that entered India, and the first who dropt the title of Malek and assumed that of Sultan in its stead. He it was, who after having broken to pieces with his own hands the gigantic idol of Soumenat, put to death fifty thousand of its worshippers, as a further proof of his holy Mohammedan indignation. In the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East, to be displayed before him,—the latter were so numerous that they were arranged in separate cabinets according to their



colour and size. It was in the royal residence which he had built for himself in Gazna, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt conviction that all is vanity, he wept like a child. "What toils," said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures, and what cares in preserving them, and now I am about to die and leave them!" In this same palace he was interred, and there it was that his unhappy ghost, a century afterwards, was believed to wander.

## CHAPTER XCIX.

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

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

LEONE MEDICO (HEBREO.)

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MR. BACON'S parsonage was as humble a dwelling in all respects as the cottage in which his friend Daniel was born. A best kitchen was its best room, and in its furniture an Observantine Friar would have seen nothing that he could have condemned as superfluous. His college and later school books, with a few volumes which had been presented to him by the more grateful of his pupils, composed his scanty

library: they were either books of needful reference, or such as upon every fresh perusal might afford new delight. But he had obtained the use of the Church Library at Doncaster, by a payment of twenty shillings, according to the terms of the foundation. Folios from that collection might be kept three months, smaller volumes, one or two, according to their size; and as there were many works in it of solid contents as well as sterling value, he was in no such want of intellectual food, as too many of his brethren are, even at this time. How much good might have been done, and how much evil might probably have been prevented, if Dr. Bray's design for the formation of parochial libraries had been every where carried into effect!

The parish contained between five and six hundred souls. There was no one of higher rank among them than entitled him, according to the custom of those days, to be stiled gentleman upon his tombstone. They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, ale-houses to brutalize, nor newspapers

to mislead them. At first coming among them he had won their good will by his affability and benign conduct, and he had afterwards gained their respect and affection in an equal degree.

There were two services at his church, but only one sermon, which never fell short of fifteen minutes in length, and seldom extended to half an hour. It was generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in these days; but there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his congregation liked that they should be repeated.

Young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions, in an excellent little book addressed by a Father to his Son, preparatory to his receiving holy orders. Its title is a "Monitor for Young Ministers," and every parent who has a son so circumstanced, would do well to put it into his

hands. "It is not possible," says this judicious writer, "that a young minister can at first be competent to preach his sermons with effect, even if his abilities should qualify him to write well. His very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, will preclude him from being effective. Unquestionably it is very rare indeed for a man of his age to have his mental abilities sufficiently chastened, or his method sufficiently settled, to be equal to the composition of a sermon fit for public use, even if it should receive the advantage of chaste and good delivery. On every account therefore, it is wise and prudent to be slow and backward in venturing to produce his own efforts, or in thinking that they are fit for the public ear. There is an abundant field of the works of others open to him, from the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, even at his highest maturity. There is clearly no *want* of new compositions, excepting on some new or occasional emergencies: for there is not an

open subject in the Christian religion, which has not been discussed by men of the greatest learning and piety, who have left behind them numerous works for our assistance and edification. Many of these are so neglected, that they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort,—till experience and a rational and chastened confidence shall warrant him in believing himself qualified to work upon his own resources.”

“ He that learns of young men,” says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, “ is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine out of the wine-press ; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.”\*

It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this, that Mr. Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural humility. His only ambition was to be useful ; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sin-

\* LIGHTFOOT.

cere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation. He was especially careful never to weary them, and therefore never to preach any thing which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling: and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word stile, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson and Jeremy

Taylor, of Barrow, and South and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

Mr. Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor overvalued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that they who listened to it would be able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would do any thing more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. "Wud I hae the persumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and



she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out.

“ Well Master Jackson,” said his Minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; “ well Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at Church!” “ Aye Sir,” replied Jackson, “ it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to Church o’ Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o’ nothing.”

“ Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it.”\* The author to whose little book† I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying “ Such was the religion of this worthy man,” justly adds, “ and such must be the religion of

\* FULLER.

† Few Words on many Subjects.

most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise."

IX  
"In spite," says this judicious writer, "of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity, be the case with all men, who from defect of nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion, should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience,

forbearance, and a great latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt.”

## CHAPTER C.

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

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

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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THE first thing which Mr. Bacon had done after taking possession of his vicarage, and obtaining such information about his parishioners as the more considerate of them could impart, was to enquire into the state of the children in every household. He knew that to win the mother's

good will was the surest way to win that of the family, and to win the children was a good step toward gaining that of the mother. In those days reading and writing were thought as little necessary for the lower class, as the art of spelling for the class above them, or indeed for any except the learned. Their ignorance in this respect was sometimes found to be inconvenient, but by none, perhaps, except here and there by a conscientious and thoughtful clergyman, was it felt to be an evil,—an impediment in the way of that moral and religious instruction, without which men are in danger of becoming as the beasts that perish. Yet the common wish of advancing their children in the world, made most parents in this station desire to obtain the advantage of what they called book-learning for any son who was supposed to manifest a disposition likely to profit by it. To make him a scholar was to raise him a step above themselves.

*Qui ha les lettres, ha l'adresse*

*Au double d'un qui n'en ha point.\**

Partly for this reason, and still more that in-

\* BAIF.

dustrious mothers might be relieved from the care of looking after their children, there were few villages in which, as in Mr. Bacon's parish, some poor woman in the decline of life and of fortune, did not obtain day-scholars enough to eke out her scanty means of subsistence.

The village Schoolmistress, such as Shenstone describes in his admirable poem, and such as Kirke White drew from the life, is no longer a living character. The new system of education has taken from this class of women the staff of their declining age, as the spinning jennies have silenced the domestic music of the spinning wheel. Both changes have come on unavoidably in the progress of human affairs. It is well when any change brings with it nothing worse than some temporary and incidental evil; but if the moral machinery can counteract the great and growing evils of the manufacturing system, it will be the greatest moral miracle that has ever been wrought.

Sunday schools, which make Sunday a day of toil to the teachers, and the most irksome day of the week to the children, had not at that

time been devised as a palliative for the profligacy of large towns, and the worsened and worsening condition of the poor. Mr. Bacon endeavoured to make the parents perform their religious duty toward their children, either by teaching them what they could themselves teach, or by sending them where their own want of knowledge might be supplied. Whether the children went to school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the Creed and the Commandments, at home. These he thought were better learnt at the mothers' knees than from any other teacher; and he knew also how wholesome for the mother it was that the child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine. In a purely agricultural parish, there were at that time no parents in a state of such brutal ignorance as to be unable to teach these, though they might never have been taught to read. When the father or mother could read, he expected that they should also teach their children the catechism; in other cases this was left to his humble co-adjutrix the schoolmistress.

During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechizing the children, after the second lesson in the evening service. His method was to ask a few questions in succession, and only from those who he knew were able to answer them; and after each answer he entered into a brief exposition suited to their capacity. His manner was so benevolent, and he had made himself so familiar in his visits, which were at once pastoral and friendly, that no child felt alarmed at being singled out; they regarded it as a mark of distinction, and the parents were proud of seeing them thus distinguished. This practice was discontinued in winter; because he knew that to keep a congregation in the cold is not the way either to quicken or cherish devotional feeling. Once a week during Lent he examined all the children, on a week day; the last examination was in Easter week, after which each was sent home happy with a homely cake, the gift of a wealthy parishioner, who by this means contributed not a little to the good effect of the pastor's diligence.



The foundation was thus laid by teaching the rising generation their duty towards God and towards their neighbour, and so far training them in the way that they should go. In the course of a few years every household, from the highest to the lowest,—(the degrees were neither great nor many), had learnt to look upon him as their friend. There was only one in the parish whose members were upon a parity with him in manners, none in literary culture; but in good will, and in human sympathy, he was upon a level with them all. Never interfering in the concerns of any family, unless his interference was solicited, he was consulted upon all occasions of trouble or importance. Incipient disputes, which would otherwise have afforded grist for the lawyer's mill, were adjusted by his mediation; and anxious parents, when they had cause to apprehend that their children were going wrong, knew no better course than to communicate their fears to him, and request that he would administer some timely admonition. Whenever he was thus called on, or had of himself perceived that reproof or warn-

ing was required, it was given in private, or only in presence of the parents, and always with a gentleness which none but an obdurate disposition could resist. His influence over the younger part of his flock was the greater because he was no enemy to any innocent sports, but on the contrary was pleased to see them dance round the may-pole, encouraged them to dress their doors with oaken boughs on the day of King Charles's happy restoration, and to wear an oaken garland in the hat, or an oak-apple on its sprig in the button hole ; went to see their bonfire on the fifth of November, and entertained the morris-dancers when they called upon him in their Christmas rounds.

Mr. Bacon was in his parish what a moralizing old poet wished himself to be, in these pleasing stanzas :—

I would I were an excellent divine,  
 That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,  
 That men might hear out of this mouth of mine  
 How God doth make his enemies his friends ;  
 Rather than with a thundering and long prayer  
 Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be  
 But a religious servant of my God :  
 And know there is none other God but He,  
 And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,  
 Joy in his grace and live but in his love,  
 And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer  
 For all estates within the state of grace ;  
 That careful love might never know despair,  
 Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;  
 And this would I both day and night devise  
 To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,  
 Persuade the troubled soul to patience,  
 The husband care, and comfort to the wife,  
 To child and servant due obedience,  
 Faith to the friend and to the neighbour peace,  
 That love might live, and quarrels all might cease ;

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,  
 Confession unto all that are convicted,  
 And patience unto all that are displeased,  
 And comfort unto all that are afflicted,  
 And mercy unto all that have offended,  
 And grace to all, that all may be amended.\*

\* N. B., supposed to be NICHOLAS BRETON.

## CHAPTER CI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND  
HIS FAMILY.

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

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IN all Mr. Bacon's views he was fortunate enough to have the hearty concurrence of the wealthiest person in the parish. This was a good man, Allison by name, who having realized a respectable fortune in the metropolis as a tobacconist, and put out his sons in life according to their respective inclinations, had retired from business at the age of threescore, and established himself with an unmarried daughter, and a maiden sister some ten years younger than himself, in his native village, that he might there,

when his hour should come, be gathered to his fathers.

“The providence of God,” says South, “has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil: custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself, live out of it.” The great preacher contrasts this with the wearisomeness of an idle life, and the misery of a continual round of what the world calls pleasure. “But now,” says he, “if God has interwoven such a contentment with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-governed life ”

This passage bears upon Mr. Allison’s case, partly in the consolatory fact which it states,

and wholly in the application which South has made of it. At the age of fourteen he had been apprenticed to an Uncle in Bishopsgate Street-within; and twenty years after, on that Uncle's death, had succeeded to his old and well-established business. But though he had lived there prosperously and happily six and twenty years longer, he had contracted no such love for it as to overcome the recollections of his childhood. Grateful as the smell of snuff and tobacco had become to him, he still remembered that cowslips and violets were sweeter; and that the breath of a May morning was more exhilarating than the air of his own shop, impregnated as it was with the odour of the best Virginia. So having buried his wife, who was a Londoner, and made over the business to his eldest son, he returned to his native place, with the intention of dying there; but he was in sound health of body and mind, and his green old age seemed to promise,—as far as any thing can promise,—length of days.

Of his two other sons, one had chosen to be a clergyman, and approved his choice both by

his parts and diligence, for he had gone off from Merchant-Taylors' School to St. John's, Oxford, and was then a fellow of that college. The other was a Mate in the Merchants' service, and would soon have the command of a ship in it. The desire of seeing the world led him to this way of life; and that desire had been unintentionally implanted by his father, who, in making himself acquainted with every thing relating to the herb out of which his own fortune was raised, had become fond of reading voyages and travels. His conversation induced the lad to read these books, and the books confirmed the inclination which had already been excited; and as the boy was of an adventurous temper, he thought it best to let him follow the pursuit on which his mind was bent.

The change to a Yorkshire village was not too great for Mr. Allison, even after residing nearly half a century in Bishopsgate Street-within. The change in his own household indeed rendered it expedient for him to begin, in this sense, a new life. He had lost his mate; the young birds were full-fledged and had taken

flight ; and it was time that he should look out a retreat for himself and the single nestling that remained under his wing, now that his son and successor had brought home a wife. The marriage had been altogether with his approbation ; but it altered his position in the house, and in a still greater degree his sister's ; moreover, the nest would soon be wanted for another brood. Circumstances thus compelled him to put in effect what had been the dream of his youth, and the still remote intention of his middle age.

Miss Allison, like her brother, regarded this removal as a great and serious change, preparatory to the only greater one in this world that now remained for both ; but like him she regarded it rather seriously than sadly, or sadly only in the old sober meaning of the word ; and there was a soft, sweet, evening sunshine in their prospect, which both partook, because both had retained a deep affection for the scenes of their childhood. To Betsey, her niece, nothing could be more delightful than the expectation of such a removal. She, who was then



only entering her teens, had nothing to regret in leaving London ; and the place to which she was going was the very spot which, of all others in this wide world, from the time in which she was conscious of forming a wish, she had wished most to see. Her brother, the sailor, was not more taken with the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, or Dampier's Voyages, than she was with her aunt's details of the farm and the dairy at Thaxted Grange, the May-games and the Christmas gambols, the days that were gone, and the elders who were departed. To one born and bred in the heart of London, who had scarcely ever seen a flock of sheep, except when they were driven through the streets, to or from Smithfield, no fairy tale could present more for the imagination than a description of green fields and rural life. The charm of truth heightened it, and the stronger charm of natural piety ; for the personages of the tale were her near kin, whose names she had learnt to love, and whose living memory she revered, but whose countenances she never could behold till she should

be welcomed by them in the everlasting mansions of the righteous.

None of the party were disappointed when they had established themselves at the Grange. Mr. Allison found full occupation at first in improving the house, and afterwards in his fields and garden. Mr. Bacon was just such a clergyman as he would have chosen for his parish priest if it had been in his power to chuse, only he would have had him provided with a better benefice. The single thing on which there was a want of agreement between them, was, that the Vicar neither smoked nor took snuff; he was not the worse company on this account, for he had no dislike to the fragrance of a pipe; but his neighbour lost the pleasure which he would have had in supplying him with the best pig-tail, and with Strasburg or Rappee. Miss Allison fell into the habits of her new station the more easily, because they were those which she had witnessed in her early youth; she distilled waters, dried herbs, and prepared conserves,—which were at the

service of all who needed them in sickness. Betsey attached herself at first sight to Deborah, who was about five years elder, and soon became to her as a sister. The Aunt rejoiced in finding so suitable a friend and companion for her niece ; and as this connection was a pleasure and an advantage to the Allison's, so was it of the greatest benefit to Deborah.

What of her ensues

I list not prophecy, but let Time's news  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth. Of this allow  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;  
 If never yet, the Author then doth say  
 He wishes earnestly you never may.\*

\* SHAKSPEARE.

## INTERCHAPTER XI.

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

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

TUSSER.

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THE wisest of men hath told us that there is a time for every thing. I have been considering what time is fittest for studying this elaborate *opus*, so as best to profit by its recondite stores of instruction, as the great chronicler of Garagantua says, *avec espoir certain d'acquerrir moult prudence et preud'hommie à la ditte lecture, la quelle vous relevera de tres-hauts sacrements et mysteres horrifiques.*

The judicious reader must ere this have perceived that this work, to use the happy expres-

sion of the *Demoiselle de Gournay*, is, *edifié de telle sort que les mots et la matière sont con-substantiels*. In one sense indeed it is,

Meet for all hours and every mood of man ;\*

but all hours are not equally meet for it. For it is not like Sir Walter Scott's novels, fit for men, women and children, at morning, noon, or night, summer and winter, and every day, among all sorts of people,—Sundays excepted with the religious public. Equally sweet in the mouth it may be to some ; but it will not be found equally light of digestion.

Whether it should be taken upon an empty stomach, must depend upon the constitution of the reader. If he is of that happy complexion that he awakes in the morning with his spirits elastic as the air, fresh as the dawn, and joyous as the sky-lark, let him by all means read a chapter before breakfast. It will be a carminative, a cordial for the day. If on the contrary his faculties continue to feel the influence of the leaden sceptre till breakfast has

\* DR. BUTT.

resuscitated them, I advise him not to open the book before the stomach has been propitiated by a morning offering.

Breakfast will be the best time for batchelors, and especially for lawyers. They will find it excellent to prime with.

I do not recommend it at night. Rather, indeed, I caution the reader against indulging in it at that time. Its effect might be injurious, for it would counteract the genial tendency to repose which ought then to be encouraged. Therefore when the hour of sleep approaches, lay this book aside, and read four pages upon political economy,—it matters not in what author, though the Scotch are to be preferred.

Except at night, it may be perused at any time by those who have the *mens sana in corpore sano*; those who fear God, honor the King, love their country and their kind, do their duty to their neighbours, and live in the performance and enjoyment of the domestic charities.

*Should you like to see the same to me*

It will be an excellent Saturday book for Rowland Hill; his sermon will be pleasanter for it next day.

The book is good for valetudinarians, and may even be recommended in aid of Abernethy's blue-pill. But I do not advise it with water-gruel nor sago; hardly with chicken-broth, calf's-foot-jelly or beef-tea. It accords well with a course of tonics. But a convalescent will find it best with his first beef-steak and glass of wine.

The case is different for those who have either a twist in the head or a morbid affection about the pericardium.

If Grey Bennet will read it,—(from which I dehort him) he should prepare by taking the following medicine to purge cholera:

℞. *Extract : Colocynth : Comp : gr. x.*

*Calomel : gr. v.*

*Syr : q. s. f. Massa in pilulas iij. dividenda.*

—*Sumat pilulas iij horá somni.*

It will do Lord Holland no harm.

Lord John Russel is recommended to use sage tea with it. If this operate as an altera-

tive, it may save him from taking oil of rue hereafter in powerful doses.

For Mr. Brougham, a strong decoction of the herb *lunaria*, will be needful,—a plant “elegantly so named by the elder botanists, and by all succeeding ones, from *luna*, the moon, on account of the silvery semi-transparent aspect, and broad circular shape of its seed-vessels.” *Honesty*, or *satin-flower*, are its trivial names. It is recommended in this case not so much for the cephalic properties which its Linnean appellation might seem to denote, as for its emollient and purifying virtue.

The Lord Chancellor must never read it in his wig. Dr. Parr, never without it.

Mr. Wilberforce may dip into it when he will. At all times it will find him in good humour, and in charity with all men. Nay, if I whisper to him that it will be no sin to allow himself a few pages on a Sunday, and that if the preacher under whom he has been sitting, should have given his discourse a strong spice of Calvinism, it may then be useful to have recourse to it;—though he should be shocked



at the wholesome hint, the worst thing he will say of the incognizable incognito from whom it comes, will be Poo-oo-oo-r cree-ee-eature ! shaking his head, and lowering it at the same time till his forehead almost touches the table, and his voice, gradually quickening in speed and sinking in tone, dies away to a whisper, in a manner which may thus be represented in types :

Pooo-oo-oo-oo-r Crēēēature

Poo-oo-oo-oo-r Crēēature

Poo-oo-ōō-r Crēature

Pōō-ōō-r Crēature

Pōōōōr Crēature

Pōōōr Crēature

Pōōr Crēature

Pōōr Crētūre

Poor Cretur

Poor Crtur

Poo Crtr

PooCrt

## CHAPTER CII.

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST.

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

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MR. ALLISON was as quiet a subject as Peter Hopkins, but he was not like him a political quietist from indifference, for he had a warm sense of loyalty, and a well rooted attachment to the constitution of his country in church and state. His ancestors had suffered in the Great Rebellion, and much the greater part of their never large estates had been alienated to raise the fines imposed upon them as delinquents. The uncle whom he succeeded in Bishopsgate

Street, had, in his early apprenticeship, assisted at burning the Rump, and in maturer years had joined as heartily in the rejoicings, when the Seven Bishops were released from the Tower : he subscribed to Walker's " Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy," and had heard sermons preached by the famous Dr. Scott, (which were afterwards incorporated in his great work upon the Christian Life,) in the church of St. Peter le Poor (oddly so called, seeing that there are few districts within the City of London so rich, insomuch that the last historian of the metropolis believed the parish to have scarcely a poor family in it) ; and in All-hallows, Lombard Street, where, during the reign of the Godly, the puritanical vestry passed a resolution that if any persons should come to the church " on the day called Christ's birth-day," they should be compelled to leave it.

In these principles Mr. Allison had grown up ; and without any profession of extra-religion, or ever wearing a sanctified face, he had in the evening of his life attained " the end of the commandment, which is charity, proceeding

from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned." London in his days was a better school for young men in trade than it ever was before, or has been since. The civic power had quietly and imperceptibly put an end to that club-law which once made the apprentices a turbulent and formidable body, at any moment armed as well as ready for a riot; and masters exercised a sort of parental controul over the youth entrusted to them, which in later times it may be feared has not been so conscientiously exerted, because it is not likely to be so patiently endured. Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition, which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age. At all times men have been to be found, who engaged in hazardous speculations, gamester-like, according to their opportunities, or who mistaking the means for the end, devoted themselves with miserable fidelity to the service of Mammon. But "Live and let live," had not yet become a maxim of obsolete morality. We

had our monarchy, our hierarchy and our aristocracy,—God be praised for the benefits which have been derived from all three, and God in his mercy continue them to us ! but we had no plutarchy, no millionaires, no great capitalists to break down the honest and industrious trader with the weight of their overbearing and overwhelming wealth. They who had enriched themselves in the course of regular and honourable commerce, withdrew from business, and left the field to others. Feudal tyranny had past away, and moneyed tyranny had not yet arisen in its stead—a tyranny baser in its origin, not more merciful in its operations, and with less in its appendages to redeem it.

Trade in Mr. Allison's days was a school of thrift and probity, as much as of profit and loss ; such his shop had been when he succeeded to it upon his uncle's decease, and such it continued to be when he transmitted it to his son. Old Mr. Strahan the printer (the founder of his typarchical dynasty) said to Dr. Johnson, that “ there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money ;”

and he added, that “ the more one thinks of this, the juster it will appear.” Johnson agreed with him ; and though it was a money-maker’s observation, and though the more it is considered now, the more fallacious it will be found, the general system of trade might have justified it at that time. The entrance of an Exciseman never occasioned any alarm or apprehension at No. 113, Bishopsgate Street-Within, nor any uncomfortable feeling, unless the officer happened to be one, who, by giving unnecessary trouble, and by gratuitous incivility in the exercise of authority, made an equitable law odious in its execution. They never there mixed weeds with their tobacco, nor adulterated it in any worse way ; and their snuff was never rendered more pungent by stirring into it a certain proportion of pounded glass. The duties were honestly paid, with a clear perception that the impost fell lightly upon all whom it affected, and affected those only who chose to indulge themselves in a pleasure which was still cheap, and which, without any injurious privation, they might forego. Nay, when our good man expatiated upon the

uses of tobacco, which Mr. Bacon demurred at, and the Doctor sometimes playfully disputed, he ventured an opinion that among the final causes for which so excellent an herb had been created, the facilities afforded by it toward raising the revenue in a well-governed country like our own, might be one.

There was a strong family likeness between him and his sister, both in countenance and disposition. Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence, if she had been allotted to him for help-mate. But though she had, in Shakspeare's language, "withered on the virgin thorn," hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable, but sickly sister-in-law, from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, the transfer of the business to the eldest, and the breaking up of his old establishment, to the widower and his daughter, the only child who cleaved to him,—

not like Ruth to Naomi, by a meritorious act of duty, for in her case it was in the ordinary course of things, without either sacrifice or choice; but the effect in endearing her to him was the same.

In advanced stages of society, and no where more than in England at this time, the tendency of all things is to weaken the relations between parent and child, and frequently to destroy them, reducing human nature in this respect nearer to the level of animal life. Perhaps the greater number of male children who are "born into the world" in our part of it, are *put out* at as early an age, proportionally, as the young bird is driven from its nest, or the young beast turned off by its dam as being capable of feeding and protecting itself; and in many instances they are as totally lost to the parent, though not in like manner forgotten. Mr. Allison never saw all his children together after his removal from London. The only time when his three sons met at the Grange, was when they came there to attend their father's funeral; nor would they then have been assembled, if



the Captain's ship had not happened to have recently arrived in port.

This is a state of things more favorable to the wealth than to the happiness of nations. It was a natural and pious custom in patriarchal times that the dead should be gathered unto their people. "Bury me," said Jacob, when he gave his dying charge to his sons,—“bury me with my fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.” Had such a passage occurred in Homer, or in Dante, all critics would have concurred in admiring the truth and beauty of the sentiment. He had buried his beloved Rachel by the way where she died; but although he remembered this at his death, the orders which he gave were that his own remains should be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers. The same feeling prevails among many, or most of those savage

tribes who are not utterly degraded. With them the tree is not left to lie where it falls. The body of one who dies on an expedition is interred on the spot, if distance or other circumstances render it inconvenient to transport the corpse ; but however long the journey, it is considered as a sacred duty that the bones should at some time or other be brought home. In Scotland, where the common rites of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burial-grounds in the remoter parts are preserved, may be referred as much to natural feeling, as to hereditary pride.

But as indigenous flowers are eradicated by the spade and plough, so this feeling is destroyed in the stirring and bustling intercourse of commercial life. No room is left for it : as little of it at this time remains in wide America as in thickly peopled England. That to which soldiers and sailors are reconciled by the spirit of their profession and the chances of war and of the seas, the love of adventure and the desire of advancement cause others to regard with the

same indifference ; and these motives are so prevalent, that the dispersion of families and the consequent disruption of natural ties, if not occasioned by necessity, would now in most instances be the effect of choice. Even those to whom it is an inevitable evil, and who feel it deeply as such, look upon it as something in the appointed course of things, as much as infirmity and age and death.

It is well for us that in early life we never think of the vicissitudes which lie before us ; or look to them only with pleasurable anticipations as they approach.

#### Youth

Knows nought of changes : Age hath traced them oft,  
Expects and can interpret them.\*

The thought of them, when it comes across us in middle life, brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a passing cloud. We turn our eyes from them while they are in prospect, but when they are in retrospect many a longing lingering look is cast behind. So long

\* ISAAC COMMENUS.

as Mr. Allison was in business he looked to Thaxted Grange as the place where he hoped one day to enjoy the blessings of retirement,— that *otium cum dignitate*, which in a certain sense the prudent citizen is more likely to attain than the successful statesman. It was the pleasure of recollection that gave this hope its zest and its strength. But after the object which during so many years he had held in view, had been obtained, his day-dreams, if he had allowed them to take their course, would have recurred more frequently to Bishopsgate Street than they had ever wandered from thence to the scenes of his boyhood. They recurred thither oftener than he wished, although few men have been more masters of themselves; and then the remembrance of his wife, whom he had lost by a lingering disease in middle age; and of the children, those who had died during their childhood, and those who in reality were almost as much lost to him in the ways of the world, made him alway turn for comfort to the prospect of that better state of existence in which they should once more all be gathered

together, and where there would be neither change nor parting. His thoughts often fell into this train, when on summer evenings he was taking a solitary pipe in his arbour, with the church in sight, and the church yard wherein at no distant time he was to be laid in his last abode. Such musings induced a sense of sober piety,—of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which might vainly have been sought at prayer meetings, or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings.

The happiness which he had found in retirement was of a different kind from what he had contemplated : for the shades of evening were gathering when he reached the place of his long-wished-for rest, and the picture of it which had imprinted itself on his imagination was a morning view. But he had been prepared for this by that slow change of which we are not aware during its progress till we see it reflected in others, and are thus made conscious of it in our-

selves ; and he found a satisfaction in the station which he occupied there, too worthy in its nature to be called pride, and which had not entered into his anticipations. It is said to have been a saying of George the Third, that the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed, was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as a Justice of the Peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. This was just Mr. Allison's position : there was nothing which brought him into rivalry or competition with the surrounding Squirarchy, and the yeomen and peasantry respected him for his own character, as well as for his name's-sake. He gave employment to more persons than when he was engaged in trade, and his indirect influence over them was greater ; that of his sister was still more. The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been as well as for what she now was ; the young looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied

in vain. She it was who provided those much approved plum-cakes, not the less savoury for being both homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in a parish which are the province of the Clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed; and she rendered Mr. Bacon the farther, and to him individually the greater service of imparting to his daughter those instructions which she had no mother to impart. Deborah could not have had a better teacher; but as the present chapter has extended to a sufficient length,

*Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,  
Per non venire a noja a me e voi.\**

\* ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

## CHAPTER CIII.

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

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

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THE house wherein Mr. Allison realized by fair dealing and frugality the modest fortune which enabled him to repurchase the homestead of his fathers, is still a Tobacconists, and has continued to be so from “ the palmy days ” of that trade, when King James vainly endeavoured by the expression of his royal dislike, to discountenance the newly-imported practice of smoking ; and Joshua Sylvester thundered from Mount



Helicon a Volley of Holy Shot, thinking that thereby “ Tobacco” should be “ battered, and the Pipes shattered, about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise overlove so loathsome vanity.” For he said,

“ If there be any Herb in any place  
 Most opposite to God’s good Herb of Grace,  
 ’Tis doubtless this ; and this doth plainly prove it,  
 That for the most, most graceless men do love it.”

Yet it was not long before the dead and un-savoury odour of that weed, to which a Parisian was made to say that “ sea-coal smoke seemed a very Portugal perfume,” prevailed as much in the raiment of the more coarsely clad part of the community, as the scent of lavender among those who were clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day : and it had grown so much in fashion, that it was said children “ began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth.”

Louis XIV. endeavoured just as ineffectually to discourage the use of snuff-taking. His *valets de chambre* were obliged to renounce it

when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy in consequence of having, to please his Majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

I know not through what intermediate hands the business at No. 113 has past, since the name of Allison was withdrawn from the firm; nor whether Mr. Evans, by whom it is now carried on there, is in any way related by descent with that family. Matters of no greater importance to most men have been made the subject of much antiquarian investigation; and they who busy themselves in such investigations must not be said to be ill employed, for they find harmless amusement in the pursuit, and sometimes put up a chance truth of which others, soon or late, discover the application. The house has at this time a more antiquated appearance than any other in that part of the street, though it was modernized some forty or fifty years after Mr. Bacon's friend left it. The first floor then projected several feet farther over the street than at present, and the second

several feet farther over the first; and the windows, which still extend the whole breadth of the front, were then composed of small casement panes. But in the progress of those improvements which are now carrying on in the city with as much spirit as at the western end of the metropolis, and which have almost reached Mr. Evans's door, it cannot be long before the house will be either wholly removed, or so altered as no longer to be recognized.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago;—their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no foot paths; spouts projected the rain-water in streams against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop, from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly

fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of these broad signs in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front-fall of this kind in Fleet-street maimed several persons, and killed “two young ladies, a cobbler, and the King’s Jeweller.”

The sign at No. 113 was an Indian Chief, smoking the calumet. Mr. Allison had found it there; and when it became necessary that a new one should be substituted, he retained the same figure,—though if he had been to chuse he would have greatly preferred the head of Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, according to the common belief, he supposed tobacco had been introduced into this country. The Water-Poet imputed it to the Devil himself, and published

A Proclamation,  
Or Approbation,  
From the King of Execration  
To every Nation,  
For Tobacco’s propagation.

Mr. Allison used to shake his head at such libellous aspersions. Raleigh was a great favo-

rite with him, and held indeed in especial respect, though not as the Patron of his old trade, as St. Crispin is of the Gentle Craft, yet as the founder of his fortune. He thought it proper, therefore, that he should possess Sir Walter's History of the World, though he had never found inclination, or summoned up resolution, to undertake its perusal.

Common sense has been defined by Sir Egerton Brydges, "to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgement, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this," he adds, "be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation." Except that there was no coarseness in his nature, this would apply to Mr. Allison. He had been bred up with the notion that it behoved him to attend to his business, and that reading formed no part of it. Nevertheless he had acquired some liking for books by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those

unfortunate volumes with which the shop was continually supplied for its daily consumption.

— Many a load of criticism,  
Elaborate products of the midnight toil  
Of Belgian brains,\*

went there ; and many a tome of old law, old physic, and old divinity ; old history as well ; books of which many were at all times rubbish ; some, which though little better, would now sell for more shillings by the page than they then cost pence by the pound ; and others, the real value of which is perhaps as little known now, as it was then. Such of these as in latter years caught his attention, he now and then rescued from the remorseless use to which they had been condemned. They made a curious assortment with his wife's books of devotion or amusement, wherewith she had sometimes beguiled, and sometimes soothed the weary hours of long and frequent illness. Among the former were Scott's " Christian Life," Bishop Bayly's " Practice of Piety," Bishop Taylor's

\* AKENSIDE.

“Holy Living and Dying,” Drelincourt on Death, with De Foe’s lying story of Mrs. Veal’s ghost as a puff preliminary, and the Night Thoughts. Among the latter were Cassandra, the Guardian and Spectator, Mrs. Rowe’s Letters, Richardson’s Novels and Pomfret’s Poems.

Mrs. Allison had been able to do little for her daughter of that little, which, if her state of health and spirits had permitted, she might have done ; this, therefore, as well as the more active duties of the household, devolved upon Elizabeth, who was of a better constitution in mind as well as body. Elizabeth, before she went to reside with her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the “Queen’s Cabinet Unlocked.” The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelt as she thought fit ; but it was written in a well-proportioned Italian hand, with fine down-

strokes and broad up-ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say, good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five and twenty years residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding school of the first repute in one of the midland counties, used to say, when they spoke of an old pupil, "*her went to school to we.*" Miss Allison's language was not of this kind,—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave a raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

She had been well instructed in ornamental work as well as ornamental penmanship. Unlike most fashions, this had continued to be in fashion because it continued to be of use; though no doubt some of the varieties which Taylor the Water-Poet enumerates in his praise of the Needle, might have been then as little understood as now :

Tent-work, Raised-work, Laid-work, Prest-work, Net-work.  
Most curious Pearl, or rare Italian Cut-work,



Fine Fern-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-stitch and Chain-stitch  
 Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch and Queen-stitch,  
 The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch and Maw-stitch,  
 The smarting Whip-stitch, Back-stitch and the Cross-stitch.

All these are good, and these we must allow ;  
 And these are every where in practice now.

There was a book published in the Water Poet's days, with the title of "School House for the Needle ; it consisted of two volumes in oblong quarto, that form being suited to its plates " of sundry sorts of patterns and examples ;" and it contained a " Dialogue in Verse between Diligence and Sloth." If Betsey Allison had studied in this " School House," she could not have been a greater proficient with the needle than she became under her Aunt's teaching : nor would she have been more

— versed in the arts

Of pies, puddings and tarts,\*

if she had gone through a course of practical lessons in one of the Pastry Schools which are common in Scotland, but were tried without success in London, about the middle of the last

\* T. WARTON.

century. Deborah partook of these instructions at her father's desire. In all that related to the delicacies of a country table, she was glad to be instructed, because it enabled her to assist her friend ; but it appeared strange to her that Mr. Bacon should wish her to learn ornamental work, for which she neither had, nor could foresee any use. But if the employment had been less agreeable than she found it in such company, she would never have disputed, nor questioned his will.

For so small a household, a more active or cheerful one could no where have been found than at the Grange. Ben Jonson reckoned among the happinesses of Sir Robert Wroth, that of being "with unbought provision blest." This blessing Mr. Allison enjoyed in as great a degree as his position in life permitted ; he neither killed his own meat nor grew his own corn ; but he had his poultry yard, his garden and his orchard ; he baked his own bread, brewed his own beer, and was supplied with milk, cream and butter from his own dairy. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the most intelligent

farmers in the neighbourhood of London, are persons who have taken to farming as a business, because of their strong inclination for rural employments ; one of the very best in Middlesex, when the Survey of that County was published by the Board of Agriculture, had been a Tailor. Mr. Allison did not attempt to manage the land which he kept in his own hands ; but he had a trusty bailiff, and soon acquired knowledge enough for superintending what was done. When he retired from trade he gave over all desire for gain, which indeed he had never desired for its own sake ; he sought now only wholesome occupation, and those comforts which may be said to have a moral zest. They might be called luxuries, if that word could be used in a virtuous sense without something so to qualify it. It is a curious instance of the modification which words undergo in different countries, that luxury has always a sinful acceptation in the southern languages of Europe, and lust an innocent one in the northern ; the harmless meaning of the latter word, we have retained in the verb *to list*.

Every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth, has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. The Grange was that spot in Deborah's retrospect.

## CHAPTER CIV.

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

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

ROBERT GREENE.

---

ONE summer evening the Doctor on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopt, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr. Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him ; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, " Come in Doctor," said he, " if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome."

The Doctor replied, "I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?" "No," said Mr. Bacon, "God be thanked! but something has occurred which concerns both."

When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought; "Nothing," said he, "I hope has happened to distress you?"—"Only to disturb us," was the reply. "Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and who is he?" feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

"Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she

would make him a good wife ; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world.”

“ And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding ?”

“ I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain : that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them ; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes ; and with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. Do you know any ill of him ? said I ; No, she replied, but I never heard any good, and that’s ill enough. And I do not like his looks.”

“ Well said, Deborah !” cried the Doctor :

clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

“ Surely, my child, said I, he is not an ill-looking person? Father, she replied, you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.”

“ Well said, Deborah !” repeated the Doctor.

“ Why Doctor, do you know any ill of him ?

“ None. But as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness.”

“ You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have



accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation.”

“ Yet,” said the Doctor, “ I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her.”

“ Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected, as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall ; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may ! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudentially formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him.”

“ And how was it possible,” replied the Doctor, “ that you could have succeeded better ? Is she not qualified to be a good man’s wife in any rank ? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion ; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable ; and for

her principles, and temper and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one."

"You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that while her habits have properly been made conformable to our poor means, and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite: though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.

"I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to

compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now,—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so.”

“Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such an apprehension?” said the Doctor.

“Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions,—sensations they might almost be called,—which as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them.”

“ Can you not describe these sensations ?”

“ No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable.”

“ Do not,” said the Doctor, “ I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences, which without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burthensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort.”

“ I have this feeling, Doctor ; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence ; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice, wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to

assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity."

"Let me feel your pulse!"

"You will detect no other disorder there," said Mr. Bacon, holding out his arm as he spake, "than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself."

"You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?"

"In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death."

"And you have made up your mind to part with her?"

“ Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so ; that it is best for herself and me.”

“ Well then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject.—You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite.—Have I your consent?”

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend’s hand prest it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

“ I dare say, Deborah,” said her father, composing himself, “ you have been telling Betsy Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused.”

“ Yes,” replied Deborah ; “ and what do you think she said ? That little as she likes him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself.”

“ And I,” said the Doctor, “ rather than such a man should have you would marry you myself.”

“ Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor ?”

“ So right, that you never pleased me so

well before ; and never can please me better,— unless you will accept of me in his stead.”

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously, and half angrily withal ; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he took her by the hand, and said, “ Will you, dear Deborah ? ” with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried, “ Father, what am I to say ? speak for me ! ” — “ Take her my friend ! ” said Mr. Bacon, “ My blessing be upon you both. And if it be not presumptuous to use the words,—let me say for myself, “ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace ! ”

## CHAPTER CV.

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

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

QUESTION DE AMOR.

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“ NOBS,” said the Doctor, as he mounted and rode away from Mr. Bacon’s garden gate, “ when I alighted and fastened thee to that wicket, I thought as little of what was to befall me then, and what I was about to do, as thou knowest of it now.”



Man has an inward voice as well as an “inward eye,”\* a voice distinct from that of conscience. It is the companion, if not “the bliss of solitude;”\* and though he sometimes employs it to deceive himself, it gives him good counsel perhaps quite as often, calls him to account, reproves him for having left unsaid what he ought to have said, or for having said what he ought not to have said, reprehends or approves, admonishes or encourages. On this occasion it was a joyful and gratulatory voice, with which the Doctor spake mentally, first to Nobs and afterwards to himself, as he rode back to Doncaster.

By this unuttered address the reader would perceive, if he should haply have forgotten what was intimated in some of the ante-initial chapters, and in the first post-initial one, that the Doctor had a horse, named Nobs; and the question Who was Nobs, would not be necessary, if this were all that was to be said concerning him. There is much to be said; the tongue that could worthily express his merits, had need be like

the pen of a ready writer ; though I will not say of him as Berni or Boiardo has said of

*quel valeroso e bel destriero,*

Argalia's horse, Rubicano, that

*Un che volesse dir lodando il vero,*

*Bisogno aria di parlar piu ch' umano.*

At present, however, I shall only say this in his praise, he was altogether unlike the horse of whom it was said he had only two faults, that of being hard to catch, and that of being good for nothing when he was caught. For whether in stable or in field, Nobs would come like a dog to his master's call. There was not a better horse for the Doctor's purpose in all England ; no, nor in all Christendom ; no, nor in all Houyhnhnmdom, if that country had been searched to find one.

*Cæsarem vehis*, said Cæsar to the Egyptian boatman. But what was that which the Egyptian boat carried, compared to what Nobs bore upon that saddle to which constant use had given its polish bright and brown ?

*Virtutem solidi pectoris hospitam*

*Idem portat equus, qui dominum.\**

\* CASIMIR.

Nobs therefore carried—all that is in these volumes ; yea, and as all future generations were, according to Madame Bourignon, actually as well as potentially, contained in Adam,—all editions and translations of them, however numerous.

But on that evening he carried something of more importance ; for on the life and weal of his rider there depended from that hour, as far as its dependence was upon anything earthly, the happiness of one of the best men in the world, and of a daughter who was not unworthy of such a father. If the Doctor had been thrown from his horse and killed, an hour or two earlier, the same day, it would have been a dreadful shock both to Deborah and Mr. Bacon ; and they would always have regretted the loss of one whose company they enjoyed, whose character they respected, and for whom they entertained a feeling of more than ordinary regard. But had such a casualty occurred now, it would have been the severest affliction that could have befallen them.

Yet till that hour Deborah had never thought of Dove as a husband, nor Dove of Deborah as

a wife,—that is, neither had ever looked at the possibility of their being one day united to each other in that relation. Deborah liked him, and he liked her; and beyond this sincere liking neither of them for a moment dreamt that the inclination would ever proceed. They had not fallen in love with each other; nor had they run in love, nor walked into it, nor been led into it, nor entrapt into it; nor had they caught it.

How then came they to be in love at last? The question may be answered by an incident which Mr. John Davis relates in his *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America*. The traveller was making his way “faint and wearily” on foot to a place called by the strange name of *Frying Pan*,—for the Americans have given all sorts of names, except fitting ones, to the places which they have settled, or discovered, and their Australian kinsmen seem to be following the same absurd and inconvenient course. It will occasion, hereafter, as much confusion as the sameness of Mahomedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mahom-

medan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, “how far, my boy, is it to Frying Pan?” The boy replied, “you be in the Pan now.”

So it was with the Doctor and with Deborah;—they found themselves in love, as much to their surprize as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the Pan, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

There's a chain of causes  
Link'd to effects,—invincible necessity  
That whate'er is, could not but so have been.\*

Into such questions, however, I enter not. “*Nolo altum sapere,*” they be matters above my capacity: the Cobler's check shall never light on my head, “*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*”† Opportunity, which makes thieves, makes lovers also, and is the greatest of all match-makers. And when opportunity came, the Doctor,

\* DRYDEN.

† THOMAS LODGE.

*Por ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe*

*La mentè,\**

acted promptly. Accustomed as he was to weigh things of moment in the balance, and hold it with as even and as nice a hand, as if he were compounding a prescription on which the life of a patient might depend, he was no shillishallier, nor ever wasted a precious minute in pro-and-conning, when it was necessary at once to decide and act.

*Chi ha tempo, e tempo aspetta, il tempo perde.†*

His first love, as the reader will remember, came by inoculation, and was taken at first sight. This third and last, he used to say, came by inoculation also; but it was a more remarkable case, for eleven years elapsed before there was an appearance of his having taken the infection. How it happened that an acquaintance of so many years, and which at its very commencement had led to confidence and esteem and familiarity and friendship, should have led no farther, may easily be explained.

\* PULCI.

† SERAFINO DA L'AQUILA.

Dove, when he first saw Deborah, was in love with another person.

He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a tendency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty-fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She, who for five of those seven years, fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment: that had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a hap-

piness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in anything relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth and tenderness and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related,—if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it :—for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr. Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well

The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.\*

His feelings upon such a point had been ex-

\* ROBERT LANDOR.



pressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose poems, more perhaps than those of any other English author, deserve to be carefully winnowed, the grain, which is of the best quality, being now lost amid the heap of chaff.

Lord keep me faithful to the trust  
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me :  
 To her now dead, preserve me just  
 In all that should performed be.  
 For tho' our being man and wife  
 Extendeth only to this life,  
 Yet neither life nor death should end  
 The being of a faithful friend.\*

The knowledge that the Doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed; and the sister-like feeling into which this had grown, underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He meantime saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon

\* WITHER.

her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the suitableness of such a marriage in other respects had ever entered into his imagination), would have seemed to him like a breach of friendship. Yet, if Mr. Bacon had died before he opened his mind to the Doctor upon occasion of Joseph Hebblethwaite's proposal, it is probable that one of the first means of consolation which would have occurred to him, would have been to offer the desolate daughter a home, together with his hand; so well was he acquainted with her domestic merits, so highly did he esteem her character, and so truly did he admire the gifts with which Nature had endowed her,—

her sweet humour

That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful ;  
 All her affections, like the dews on roses,  
 Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.\*

\* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

## INTERCHAPTER XII.

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

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"Ενθα γὰρ τι δεῖ ψεῦδος λεγέσθαι λεγέσθω.

HERODOTUS.

---

THERE is more gratitude in the world, than the worldly believe, or than the ungrateful are capable of believing. And knowing this, I consequently know how great a sacrifice I make in remaining incognito.

Reputation is a bubble upon the rapid stream of time ; popularity, a splash in the great pool

of oblivion ; fame itself but a full-blown bladder, or at best a balloon. There is no sacrifice in declining them ; for in escaping these you escape the impertinences and the intrusions which never fail to follow in their train. But that this book will find some readers after the Author's own heart is certain ; they will lose something in not knowing who the individual is with whom they would delight to form a personal, as they have already formed a moral and intellectual friendship ;

For in this world, to reckon every thing,  
 Pleasure to man there is none comparable  
 As is to read with understanding  
 In books of wisdom, they ben so delectable  
 Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable.\*

And though my loss is not of this kind, yet it is great also, for in each of these unknown admirers I lose the present advantage of a well-wisher, and the possible, or even probable benefit of a future friend.

Eugenius ! Eusebius ! Sophron ! how gladly would ye become acquainted with my outward

\* TREVISA.

man, and commune with me face to face !  
 How gladly would ye, Sophronia ! Eusebia !  
 Eugenia !

With how radiant a countenance and how light a step would Euphrosyne advance to greet me ! With how benign an aspect would Amanda silently thank me for having held up a mirror in which she has unexpectedly seen herself !

Letitia's eyes would sparkle at the sight of one whose writings had given her new joy. Penserosa would requite me with a gentle look for cheering her solitary hours, and moving her sometimes to a placid smile, sometimes to quiet and pleasurable tears.

And you, Marcellus, from whom your friends, your country and your kind have every thing to hope, how great a pleasure do I forego by rendering it impossible for you to seek me, and commence an acquaintance with the sure presentiment that it would ripen into confidence and friendship !

There is another and more immediate gratification which this resolution compels me to forego, that of gratifying those persons who, if

they knew from whom the book proceeded, would peruse it with heightened zest for its author's sake;—old acquaintance who would perceive in some of those secondary meanings which will be understood only by those for whom they were intended, that though we have long been widely separated, and probably are never again to meet in this world, they are not forgotten; and old friends, who would take a livelier interest in the reputation which the work obtains, than it would now be possible for me to feel in it myself.

“And why, Sir,” says an obliging and inquisitive reader, “should you deprive your friends and acquaintance of that pleasure, though you are willing to sacrifice it yourself?”

“Why, Sir,—do you ask?”

Ah that is the mystery  
Of this wonderful history,  
And you wish that you could tell !\*

“A question not to be asked,” said an odder person than I shall ever pretend to be, “is a question not to be answered.”

\* SOUTHEY.

Nevertheless, gentle reader, in courtesy I will give sundry answers to your interrogation, and leave you to fix upon which of them you may think likely to be the true one.

The Author may be of opinion that his name, not being heretofore known to the public, could be of no advantage to his book.

Or, on the other hand, if his name were already well known, he might think the book stands in no need of it, and may safely be trusted to its own merits. He may wish to secure for it a fairer trial than it could otherwise obtain, and intend to profit by the unbiassed opinions which will thus reach his ear; thinking complacently with Benedict, that “happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.” In one of Metastasio’s dramatic epithalamiums, Minerva says,

*l'onore, a cui  
Venni proposta anch' io  
Piu meritar, che conseguir desio ;*

and he might say this with the Goddess of Wisdom.

He may be so circumstanced that it would be inconvenient as well as unpleasant for him to offend certain persons,—Sir Andrew Agnewites for example,—whose conscientious but very mischievous notions he nevertheless thinks it his duty to oppose, when he can do so consistently with discretion.

He may have wagers dependent upon the guesses that will be made concerning him.

Peradventure it might injure him in his professional pursuits, were he to be known as an author, and that he had neglected “some sober calling for this idle trade.”

He may be a very modest man, who can muster courage enough for publication, and yet dares not encounter any farther publicity.

Unknown, perhaps his reputation  
Escapes the tax of defamation,  
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,  
While critic blockheads throw their dirt ;  
But he who madly prints his name,  
Invites his foe to take sure aim.\*

He may be so shy, that if his book were

\* LLOYD.



praised he would shrink from the notoriety into which it would bring him ; or so sensitive, that his mortification would be extreme, if it were known among his neighbours that he had been made the subject of sarcastic and contemptuous criticism.

Or if he ever possessed this diffidence he may have got completely rid of it in his intercourse with the world, and have acquired that easy habit of simulation without which no one can take his degree as Master of Arts in that great University. To hear the various opinions concerning the book and the various surmises concerning the author, take part in the conversation, mystify some of his acquaintance and assist others in mystifying themselves, may be more amusing to him than any amusement of which he could partake in his own character. There are some secrets which it is a misery to know, and some which the tongue itches to communicate ; but this is one which it is a pleasure to know and to keep. It gives to the possessor, *quasically* speaking, a double existence : the exoteric person mingles as usual in

society, while the esoteric is like John the Giganticide in his coat of darkness, or that knight who in the days of King Arthur used to walk invisible.

The best or the worst performer at a masquerade may have less delight in the consciousness or conceit of their own talents, than he may take in conversing with an air of perfect unconcern about his own dear book. It may be sport for him to hear it scornfully condemned by a friend, and pleasure to find it thoroughly relished by an enemy.

The secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.\*

Peradventure he praises it himself with a sincerity for which every reader will give him full credit; or peradventure he condemns it, for the sake of provoking others to applaud it more warmly in defence of their own favourable and pre-expressed opinion. Whether of these courses, thinkest thou, gentle reader, is he most likely to pursue? I will only tell thee that either

\* TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

would to him be equally easy and equally entertaining. “Ye shall know that we may dissemble in earnest as well as in sport, under covert and dark terms, and in learned and apparent speeches, in short sentences and by long ambage and circumstance of words, and finally, as well when we lie, as when we tell truth.”\*

In any one of the supposed cases sufficient reason is shown for his keeping, and continuing to keep his own secret.

*En nous formant, nature a ses caprices,  
Divers penchans en nous elle fait observer.  
Les uns, à s'exposer, trouvent mille délices ;  
Moi, j'en trouve à me conserver.†*

And if there be any persons who are not satisfied with this explanation, I say to them, in the words of Jupiter,

— STET PRO RATIONE VOLUNTAS.

Moreover, resting my claim to the gratitude of this generation, and of those which are to come, upon the matter of these volumes, and disclaiming for myself all merit except that of

\* PUTTENHAM.

† MOLIERE.

fidelity to the lessons of my philosopher and friend, I shall not fear to appropriate, *mutatis mutandis* and having thus qualified them, the proud words of Arrian :

Ἄλλ' ἐκεῖνο ἀναγράφω, ὅτι ἐμοὶ πατρίς τέ, καὶ γένος, καὶ ἀρχαί, οἷδε οἱ λόγοι εἰσι τέ—καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀπαξιῶ ἐμαυτὸν τῶν πρώτων ἐν τῇ φωνῇ τῆς Ἀγγλίκῃ, εἶπερ οὖν καὶ Δανιὴλ ὁ ἰατρός ἐμος τῶν ἐν τοῖς φαρμακοῖς.

## INTERCHAPTER XIII.

A PEEP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

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

KING CAMBYSES.

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BUT the question has been mooted in the literary and cerulean circles of the metropolis, whether this book be not the joint work of two or more authors. And this duality or plurality of persons in one authorship has been so confidently maintained, that if it were possible to yield upon such a point to any display of evidence and weight of authority, I must have been argued out of my own indivisible individuality.

*Fort bien ! Je le soutiens par la grande raison  
 Qu'ainsi l'a fait des Dieux la puissance suprême ;  
 Et qu'il n'est pas en moi de pouvoir dire non,  
 Et d'être un autre que moi-même.\**

Sometimes I have been supposed to be the unknown Beaumont of some equally unknown Fletcher,—the moiety of a Siamese duplicate ; or the third part of a Geryonite triplicity ; the fourth of a quaternion of partners, or a fifth of a Smectymnuan association. Nay, I know not whether they have not cut me down to the dimensions of a tailor, and dwindled me into the ninth part of an author !

Me to be thus served ! me, who am an integral, to be thus split into fractions ! me, a poor unit of humanity, to be treated like a polypus under the scissars of an experimental naturalist, or unnaturalist.

The reasons assigned in support of this plural personal hypothesis are, first, the supposed discrepancy of humour and taste apparent in the different parts of the book. Oh men ignorant of humorology ! more ignorant of psychology ! and most ignorant of Pantagruelism !

\* MOLIERE.

Secondly, the prodigal expenditure of mottoes and quotations, which they think could only have been supported by means of a pic-nic contribution. Oh men whose diligence is little, whose reading less, and whose sagacity least of all!

Yet looking at this fancy of the Public,—a creature entertained with many fancies, beset with many tormenting spirits, and provided with more than the four legs and two voices which were hastily attributed to the son of Sycorax;—a creature which, though it be the fashion of the times to seek for shelter under its gaberdine, is by this good light, “a very shallow monster,” “a most poor credulous monster!”—I say looking at this fancy of the Public in that temper with which it is my wish to regard every thing, methinks I should be flattered by it, and pleased (if any thing flattering could please me) by having it supposed upon such grounds, that this book, like the *Satyre Menippée*, is the composition of several *bons et gentils esprits du tems*,—*dans lequel souz paroles et allegations pleines de raillerie, ils boufonnerent, comme en riant le vray se peut dire*; and which

*ils firent, selon leurs humeurs, caprices et intelligences, en telle sorte qu'il se peut dire qu'ils n'ont rien oublié de ce qui se peut dire pour servir de perfection à cet ouvrage, qui bien entendu sera grandement estimé par la posterité.\**

The same thing occurred in the case of Gulliver's Travels, and in that case Arbuthnot thought reasonably; for, said he, "if this Book were to be decyphered merely from a view of it, without any hints, or secret history, this would be a very natural conclusion: we should be apt to fancy it the production of two or three persons, who want neither wit nor humour; but who are very full of themselves, and hold the rest of mankind in great contempt; who think sufficient regard is not paid to their merit by those in power, for which reason they rail at them; who have written some pieces with success and applause, and therefore presume that whatever comes from them must be implicitly received by the public. In this last particular they are certainly right; for the superficial people of the Town, who have no judg-

\* CHEVERNY.



ment of their own, are presently amused by a great name : tell them, by way of a secret, that such a thing is Dr. Swift's, Mr. Pope's, or any other person's of note and genius, and immediately it flies about like wild-fire."\*

If the Book of the Doctor, instead of continuing to appear, as it originally went forth, *simplex munditiis*, with its own pithy, comprehensive, and well-considered title, were to have a name constructed for it of composite initials, like the joint-stock volume of the five puritanical ministers above referred to, once so well known, but now preserved from utter oblivion by nothing but that name,—*vox et præterea nihil* ;—if, I say, the Book of the Doctor were in like manner to be denominated according to one or other of the various schemes of bibliogony which have been devised for explaining its phenomena, the reader might be expected in good earnest to exclaim,

Bless us ! what a word on

A title page is this !

For among other varieties, the following present themselves for choice :—

\* GULLIVER decyphered.

- Isdis. — *Isaac Isaac*
- 1 Roso. — *Robert Southey*
- Heta. *Henry Taylor*
- Harco. *Harley Colledge*
- Samro. — *Samuel Rogers*
- Grobe.
- Theho. — *Theodore Hook*
- Heneco. *Henry Colledge*
- Thojama. *Thomas Montgomery*
- Johofre. *John Jones*
- Reverne.
- 2 Hetaroso. *Henry Taylor & Robert Southey*
- 3 Walaroso. *Walter Landon, Robert Southey*
- 4 Rosogrobe. *Robert Southey*
- Venarchly.
- 5 Satacoroso. *Samuel Taylor Colledge & Robert Southey*
- Samrothomo. — *Samuel Rogers & Thomas Jones*
- Verevfrawra.
- Isdisbendis. *Isaac Isaac & Benjamin Isaac*
- Harcoheneco. *Harley Colledge & Henry Colledge*
- Henecosaheco. *Henry Colledge*
- Thehojowicro. *Theodore Hook & Isaac Isaac*
- 6 Rosohenecoharco. *Robert Southey & Harley Colledge*
- Thehojowicrogecro.

Harcohenecosaheco.

Satacoharcojotacohenecosaheco.

And thus, my Monster of the Isle, while I have listened and looked on like a spectator at a game of blind-man's-buff, or at a blindfold boat-race, have you, with your errabund guesses, veering to all points of the literary compass, amused the many-humoured yet single-minded Pantagruelist, the quotationipotent mottocrat, the entire unit, the single and whole *homo*, who subscribes himself,

with all sincerity and good will,

Most delicate Monster,

and with just as much respect as you deserve,

not your's, or any body's humble Servant,

(saving always that he is the king's dutiful subject)

and not your's, but his own, to command,

**KEWINT-HEKA-WERNER.**

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 - Chance to friendship - Love  
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